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Alphonse Daudet.

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PORT TARASCON :

THE LAST ADVENTURES OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS TARTARIN.

By ALPHONSE DAUDET, TRANSLATED BY HENRY JAMES.

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

THE three great episodes in the career of Alphonse Daudet's genial and hapless hero form together so vivid a picture and so complete a history, are so full of reciprocal reference and confirmation, that it is scarcely fair to fix our attention on one of them without bearing the others in mind. If the reader turn back to *Tartarin of Tarascon*, of which the main subject is the worthy bachelor's passion for the pursuit of imaginary beasts—of course he is incapable of killing a fly—he will see how the author has vivified the conception from the first, putting into it an intensity of life that could only throb on hilariously into new exuberances. Those readers to whom Tartarin's earlier adventures have not been definitely revealed—his visit to Algeria in pursuit of the lion of the Atlas, his wonderful appearance in Switzerland, where he qualifies himself by rare and grotesque achievements for the presidency of the Alpine Club of Tarascon, an office in regard to which the bilious Costecalde is his competitor—such uninstructed persons should turn immediately to the first and second parts of the delightful record. They will there acquire a further insight into some of the matters tantalizingly alluded to in *Port Tarascon*—the baobab and the camel, the lion-skins, the poisoned arrows, the alpenstock of honor, the critical hours passed in a dark dungeon in the Château de Chillon.

We must praise, moreover, not only the evocation of the sonorous and sociable little figure of Tartarin himself—broad of shoulder and bright of eye, bald of head, short of beard, belted on a comfortable scale for all exploits—but the bright image of the wonderfully human little town which he has made renowned, and in which the charming art of touching up the truth—the poor, bare, shabby facts of things—is represented as flourishing more than anywhere else upon earth. A compendium of all the droll idiosyncrasies of his birth-place, Tartarin makes them epic and world-famous, hands them down to a warm immortality of condonation. Daudet has humorously described in a "definitive" preface (just as he alludes to them in the opening pages of

Port Tarascon) some of the consequences, personal to himself, of this accident of his having happened to point his moral as well as adorn his tale with the little patch of Provence that sits opposite to Beaucaire by the Rhone. Guided in his irrepressible satiric play by his haunting sense of the French "Midi," his own provoking, engaging clime, it was quite at hazard that in his quest of the characteristic he put his hand on Tarascon. What he wanted was some little Southern community that he could place in comic and pathetic, at times almost in tragic, opposition to the colder, grayer Northern stripe in the national temperament. Tarascon resented at first such compromising patronage. She shook her plump brown shoulders and tried to wriggle out of custody. The quarrel, however, has now been more than made up, for the sensitive city, weighing the shame against the glory, has not, in the long-run, been perverse enough to pretend that the affair has cost her too much. It was, in fact, in regard to sweet old dusty Roman Nîmes, his native town, that he had permitted himself, in intention, the worst of his irreverences. At any rate, what most readers will say is, that if the Tarascon of fact is not like the Tarascon of art, so much the worse for the former.

Tartarin's word about himself, quoted from his historian, that he is Don Quixote in the skin of Sancho Panza, is the best summary of his contradictions. The author's treatment of these contradictions is of the happiest; he keeps the threads of the tangle so distinct, and with so light a hand. Whenever life is caught in the fact with this sort of art, what shines out even more than the freshness of the particular case is its general correspondence with our experience. It becomes typical and suggestive and confirmatory in all sorts of ways, and that is how it becomes supremely interesting. The fat little boastful bachelor by the Rhone-side, with his poisoned arrows and his baobab, his perfect candor and his tremendous lies, his good intentions and his perpetual mistakes, presents to us a kind of eternal, essential ambiguity, an antagonism which many fallible souls spend their time trying to simplify. What is this ambiguity but the opposition of the idea and the application—the beauty one

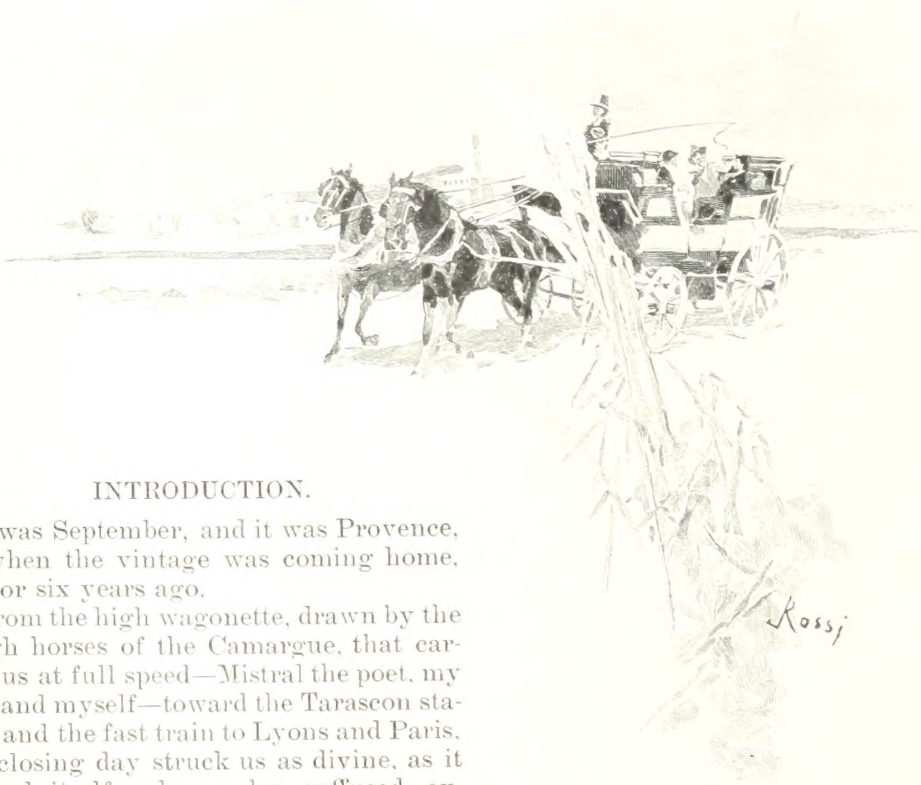
would like to compass in life and the innumerable snippets by which that beauty is abbreviated in the business of fitting it to our personal measure?

Tarascon was inordinately fond of glory. It was this love of glory at bottom that dragged it across the seas, where it so speedily became conscious of a greater need for flannel than its individual resources could supply. Delightful was M. Daudet's idea of illustrating the grotesque and inevitable compromise by the life of a whole community. We have had them all before; they all peep out in the first book of the series—Bézuquet and Pascalon, Bomparé and Bravida, Costecalde and Escourbaniès, Mademoiselle Tournatoire and her brother, the blood-letting doctor. We have listened to the mingled nasality and sonority of their chatter, and admired in several cases the bold brush of their mustaches. We move in the aroma of garlic that constitutes their social atmosphere and that suffuses somehow with incongruous picturesqueness the Gallo-Roman mementos of their civic past.

The only defect of *Port Tarascon* is that it leaves no more to come; it exhausts the possibilities. But the idea is vivid in it to the end, and poetic justice is vindicated. If the drama is over, it is the drama of the contending spirits. From the moment one of these spirits wins the victory and destroys the equi-

librium, there is nothing left for Tartarin but to retire to Beaucaire, and Beaucaire, of course, is extinction. When the Sancho Panza sees his romantic counterpart laid utterly low—I needn't mention where the victory lies, nor take the edge from the reader's own perception of the catastrophe; it is enough to say that the thrill of battle could be over only from the moment such abundant and discouraging evidence was produced of the quantity of compromise it takes to transmute our dreams into action, our inspiration into works—even Sancho Panza, for all his escape, his gain of security, weeps for the prostrate hidalgo. Tartarin is betrayed by his compromises; they rise up and jeer at him and denounce him. But he granted them in good faith; he was unconscious of them at the time. Indeed, he would have perished without them only less promptly than he perishes with them; they were as necessary to save him for an hour as they were predestined to lose him forever.

For all this, it can hardly be said that a book dissuades, however humorously and paradoxically, from action, when it is itself a performance so accomplished, so light and bright and irresistible, as the three chronicles of Tartarin. Therefore the last moral of all is, that however many traps life may lay for us, tolerably firm ground, at any rate, is to be found in perfect art.



INTRODUCTION.

IT was September, and it was Provence, when the vintage was coming home, five or six years ago.

From the high wagonette, drawn by the rough horses of the Camargue, that carried us at full speed—Mistral the poet, my son, and myself—toward the Tarascon station and the fast train to Lyons and Paris, the closing day struck us as divine, as it burned itself pale: a day suffused, ex-



VINTAGE IN PROVENCE—THE GRAPE GATHERERS.

hausted, and fevered, passionate, like the fine faces of some women there. There was not a breath of air, in spite of our rattling pace. The rank rushes, with their long ribbon leaves, were straight and stiff by the way-side; and on all the country roads, snowy white with the white of dreams, where the motionless dust creaked beneath the wheels, passed a slow procession of wagons laden with the black grape, nothing but the black, followed by young men and girls, all tall and well set up, long-legged and dark-eyed. Clusters of black eyes and of black grapes; you could see nothing else in the tubs and hods, under the slouched felt hats of the vintagers, and the head-cloth, of which the women kept the corners tight in their teeth. Here and there, in the angle of a field, against the white of the sky, rose a cross with a heavy bunch suspended as a votive offering to each of its arms. "Ve—look!" dropped from Mistral, touched and showing it, yet smiling with almost maternal pride in the candid paganism of his people; after which he took up his tale again—some scented, golden story of the Rhone-side, such as the Goethe of Provence sows broadcast from those ever-open hands of his, of which one is poetry and the other reality.

Oh miracle of words, magic concord of the hour, the scenery, and the brave rustic legend that the poet reeled off for us all along the narrow way, between the fields of mulberry and olive and vine! How

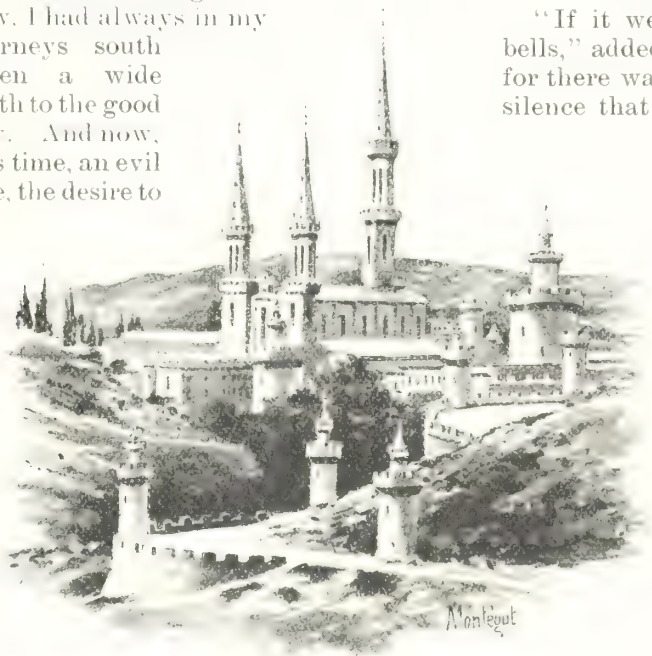
well we felt, and how fair and light was life! All of a sudden my eyes were darkened, my heart was compressed with anguish. "Father, how pale you are!" said my son; and I had scarcely strength to murmur, as I showed him the castle of King René, whose four towers in the level distance watched me come, "There's Tarascon!"

You see, we had a terrible account to settle, the Tarasconians and I! Clever people as they are—like all our people there—I knew their backs were up; they bore me a black grudge for my jokes about their town and about their great man, the illustrious, the delicious Tartarin. I had often been warned by letter, by anonymous threats: "If ever you come through Tarascon, look out!" Others had brandished over me the vengeance of the hero: "Tremble: the old lion has still his beak and claws!" A lion with a beak—the *coquer*!

Graver still, I had it from a commandant of the mounted police of the region that a bagman from Paris, who, through a sorry identity of name, or simply as a "luck," had signed "Xanthopse Decollet" on the register of the inn, had found himself assailed at the door of a café, and threatened with a bath in the Rhone. Our honest Tarasconians have in their blood this game of the ducking.

"Well, on the rainy-still morning, from the big window of Tarascon into the Rhone," is the sense of an old Provençal

catch of '93, which is still sung there, emphasized with grewsome comments on the drama of which King René's towers were at that time witness. So, as it was not quite to my taste to take a header from the big window, I had always in my journeys south given a wide berth to the good city. And now, this time, an evil fate, the desire to



"THE PRETTY CONVENT OF PAMPÉROGUSTE"

go and put my arm about my dear Mistral, the impossibility of catching the express at another point, threw me straight into the jaws of the beaked lion.

I might have managed it if there had been only Tartarin. An encounter of man to man, a duel with poisoned arrows, under the trees of the "Walk Round"—the public promenade that encircles the place—was not the sort of thing to frighten me. But the wrath of a whole people—and then the Rhone, the terrible Rhone! Ah, I can tell you, he didn't take up much room at that moment—the author of the two *Tartarins*. In vain Mistral tried to reassure me. "Oh, come! don't mind! I'll talk to the crowd," while my boy, a young medical student of the Paris hospitals, took his bistoury out of his instrument case, and prepared resolutely to rip something up. All this only deepened my gloom.

It was a strange thing, but perceptibly, as we drew nearer to the city, there were fewer and fewer people on the ways, and we met fewer of the vintagers' carts. Soon we had nothing before us but the white,

dusty road, and all around us, in the country, the space and solitude of the desert.

"It's very queer," said Mistral, under his breath, rather uneasy. "You'd say it was a Sunday."

"If it were a Sunday you'd hear the bells," added my son, in the same tone: for there was something oppressive in the silence that lay upon city and suburb.

There was nothing, not a bell, not a cry, not even the jingle of a country cart, clear in the resonant air; yet the first houses of the outer town stood up at the end of the road—one of the oil-mills, the custom-house, newly white washed.

We were getting in. And hardly had we advanced into the long street when our stupor was great to find it deserted, with doors and windows closed, without a dog or a cat, a chick or a child—without a creature: the smoky portal of the blacksmith disfeatur-

ed of the two wheels that it usually wore on either flank; and the tall trellis-screen, with which the local doorway protects itself against flies, taken in, departed, like the flies themselves, like the exquisite puff of garlic which, at that hour, should have proceeded from the local kitchen.

Tarascon without the smell of garlic! Is that the sort of thing you can fancy?

Mistral and I exchanged looks of awe, and really it was not for nothing. To expect the howl of a delirious people, and to find the place a Pompeii—as silent as death! Further on, where we could put a name on every dwelling, on all the shops familiar to our eyes from childhood, this impression of the empty and the forsaken was still more startling.

Closed was Bézuquet, the druggist, on the bit of a Square; closed likewise was Costecalde, the armorer, and Rébuffat, the pastry-cook, "the famous place for caramels." Vanished the scutcheon of Notary Cambalalette, and the sign, on painted cloth, of Marie Joseph Escourbaniès, manufacturer of the Arles sausage; for the Arles sausage has always been turned out

PORT TARASCON

at Tarascon. I point out in passing this great denial of historic justice.

But, in fine, what had become of the Tarasconians?

Now our wagonette rolled over the Long Walk, in the tepid shade, where the plane-trees interspaced their smooth white trunks, and where never a cicada was singing: the cicadas had flown away! Before the house of our Tartarin, all of whose shutters were closed—it was as blind and dumb as its neighbors—against the low wall of the bit of a garden, never a blacking-box, never a little shoeblack to call out, "A shine, Mossoo?"

"Perhaps there's cholera," one of us said.

At Tarascon, sure enough, on the arrival of an epidemic the inhabitant moves out and encamps under canvas, at a goodish distance from the town, until the bad air has passed by. At this word cholera, which throws every Provençal into a blue

lier, *Cette*." Mistral went straight off to the superintendent, an old seigneur who has never left his platform for five and thirty years.

"Well, now, Master Picard, what's the matter? Your *Tarasconians*—*Wanted*—*gone*—they? What have you done with them?"

To which the other, greatly surprised at our surprise: "Where are they? You don't know? Don't you read anything, then? Yet they've advertised it enough, their island, their Port Tarascon. Well, yes, then, my dear fellow, they've gone, the Tarasconians; gone to plant a colony; Tartarin the illustrious at their head, carrying off with them the symbol of the city—the very *Tarasque*."

He broke off to give orders, to bustle along the line, while at our feet, erect in the sunset, we saw the towers, the bell-towers and bells, of the forsaken city, its old ramparts gilded by the sun to the superb tone



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"funk," our coachman applied the whip to his steeds, and a few minutes later we pulled up at the steps of the station, perched on the very top of the great viaduct which skirts and commands the city.

Here we found life again, and human voices and faces. The trains were up and down, in and out, on the net-work of rails: they drew up with the slamming of doors, the bawling of stations: "Tarascon; stop five minutes; change for Nîmes, Montpel-

ier, *Cette*." Mistral went straight off to the superintendent, an old seigneur who has never left his platform for five and thirty years.

"And tell me, Monsieur Picard,"

BOOK FIRST.

I.

Complaints of Tarascon against the State of Things.—The Cattle.—The White Fathers.—A Tarasconian, in Paradise.—Siege and Surrender of the Abbey of Pampérigouste.

"FRANQUEBALME, old fellow, I'm not happy about France. Our rulers are putting us through."

Uttered one evening by Tartarin before the fireplace of the club, with the gesture and accent that you may imagine, these memorable words are a compendium of what was thought and said at Tarascon-on-the-Rhone two or three months before the exodus. The Tarasconian in general pays little attention to politics; indolent by nature, indifferent to everything that is not a "local interest," he holds for "the state of things," as he calls it.

All the same, for some time past there had been a lot of things to be said about the state of things.

"Our rulers are putting us through—the whole thing!" said Tartarin.



"I'M NOT HAPPY ABOUT FRANCE."

Mistral of the superintendent, who had come back to us with his good smile—no more uneasy than that at the thought of Tarascon "on the go"—"was this emigration *en masse* some time ago?"

"Six months."

"And you've had no news of them?"

"None whatever."

Cracky! as they say down there. Some time later we had news indeed, detailed and precise, sufficiently so to enable me to relate to you the exodus of this gallant little people under the lead of its hero, and the dreadful misadventures that fell upon it. Pascal has said, "We need the agreeable and the real; but this agreeable should itself be taken from the true." I have tried to conform to his doctrine. My story is taken from the true—put together from letters of the emigrants, from the *Memorial* of the young secretary of Tartarin, and from depositions published in the authorized law reports—so that when you come across some Tarasconade more extravagant than usual, I'll be hanged if I invent it!



"I DARE SAY YOU KNOW THE HISTORY OF THE TARASCONIAN."

In this "whole thing" there was first of all the prohibition of the bull-baiting.

I dare say you know the history of the Tarasconian, a very bad Christian and a reprobate of the worst kind, who, having got into Paradise by stealing a march on St. Peter when his back was turn-



"THE RABBLEPABBLE SHUT THEMSELVES UP WITH THE FATHERS."

ed, refused to go out again, in spite of the supplications of the saintly turnkey. What, in this case, did the great St. Peter do? He sent a whole flock of angels to clamor close to the highest sky, with as many voices as possible: "There! there! the cattle! There! there! the cattle!" which is the call for the great game. Harkening to this, the ruffian changes countenance.

"You go in for bull-baiting up here, then, great St. Peter?"

"Bull-baiting? Rather! And a splen-did kind, old man."

"Where do you have it, then? Where does it take place?"

"Just outside there, in front of Paradise, where there's room to turn round, you know."

At this the Tarasconian rushes out to see, and the gates of heaven are closed upon him for-ever.

If I recall this legend, as old as the benches on the "Wall Remont," it is to show, on the question of the Tarasconians for the said bull-baiting, and the indignation created by the suppression of their cherished sport.

After this came the order to turn out the White Fathers and close their pretty convent of Pampérigouste, perched on a little hill all gray and fragrant with thyme and lavender. It has been established there for ages—so that from the gates of the town you may see its belfries between the pines.

The Tarasconians were very fond of their White Fathers, so gentle and good and harmless, who had the secret for making an excellent elixir of the fragrant herbs with which the bit of a mountain is covered. They were also famous for their swallow tarts and their delicious *pains poires*, or potted pears, which are quinces done up in a fine golden paste—where the name of Pampérigouste goes to the abbey. Every Tarasconian used to hear the chimes of the monastery: the odorous breeze brought them in at the dawn with the song of the lark, and in the twilight with the melancholy cry of the curlew.

When the official notification that they were to leave their convent was served on the Fathers, they refused to go; they shut themselves up, determined to stay.

The gentlemen and ladies of Tarascon, you may well believe, took up a stand for their monks—the ladies, and all their sex, in particular, for they are very hot for religion. Urged on by their wives, from fifteen hundred to two thousand of the common sort—dock porters, stevedores on the Rhone boats, those whom the genteel people call the Rabblebabble,* and always send in first to try the water—came and shut themselves up with the Fathers in

the pretty convent of Pampérigouste. The good society, the gentlemen of the club, Tartarin at their head, had it also at heart to uphold the holy cause. There was not a minute of hesitation. But people don't throw themselves into such an enterprise with-

Tartarin, who had resolved to get through at the head of a handful of the gentlemen of the club. In Indian file, flat on their stomachs, ramping on hands and knees, with all the precautions and stratagems of the savages of Fenimore Cooper, they succeeded in wriggling through the lines, in slipping between the patrols, grazing the rows of sleeping tents, and circumventing the sentinels, while they warned each other of dangerous places by an imperfect imitation of the cry of a bird.

Oh, courage was wanted to try such a business on clear nights, when you see as well as by day! It's true that it was quite in the interest of the besiegers to let as many people as possible get into the blockaded precincts. What was wanted was rather to starve the convent out than to carry it by force. Accordingly the soldiers were ready to look a different way when they saw these prowling phantoms by moonlight and starlight. More than one officer who had taken absinthe at the club with Tartarin recognized him at a



"SUPERB HABILIMENTS OF CRUSADERS"

out preparation of any kind. That sort of slapdash is only for the Rabblebabble.

Before everything it was a question of costume. So the costumes were ordered, superb habiliments of Crusaders, long black wrappers, with a great white cross on the chest, and everywhere else—before, behind, on the shoulders—intwinnings of thigh-bones in braid. It took a long time, in particular, to put on the braid.

When everything was ready the convent was already invested; the troops surrounded it with a triple ring, encamped in the fields and on the stony sides of the little hill. The red trousers, in the thyme and lavender, looked at a distance like a flowering of poppies. You met on the roads continual patrols of cavalry—the carbine on the thigh, the scabbard swinging on the horse's flank, the revolver case in the belt.

But this exhibition of brute force was not the sort of thing to check the intrepid

distance, in spite of his crusading disguise, and greeted him with a familiar gesture.

Once in the place, Tartarin organized the defence. This devil of a fellow had a natural insight into every profession. He had read all the books on all known sieges. He formed his Tarasconians into brigades of militia, commanded by the bold Bravida, and above all, full of memories of Sebastopol and Plevna, he made them throw up earth, lots of earth, surrounding the devoted edifice with embankments, ditches, fortifications of every kind, whose circle narrowed itself little by little, so that the besieged could scarcely breathe, and were immured behind their defensive works—which was just the thing for the besiegers.

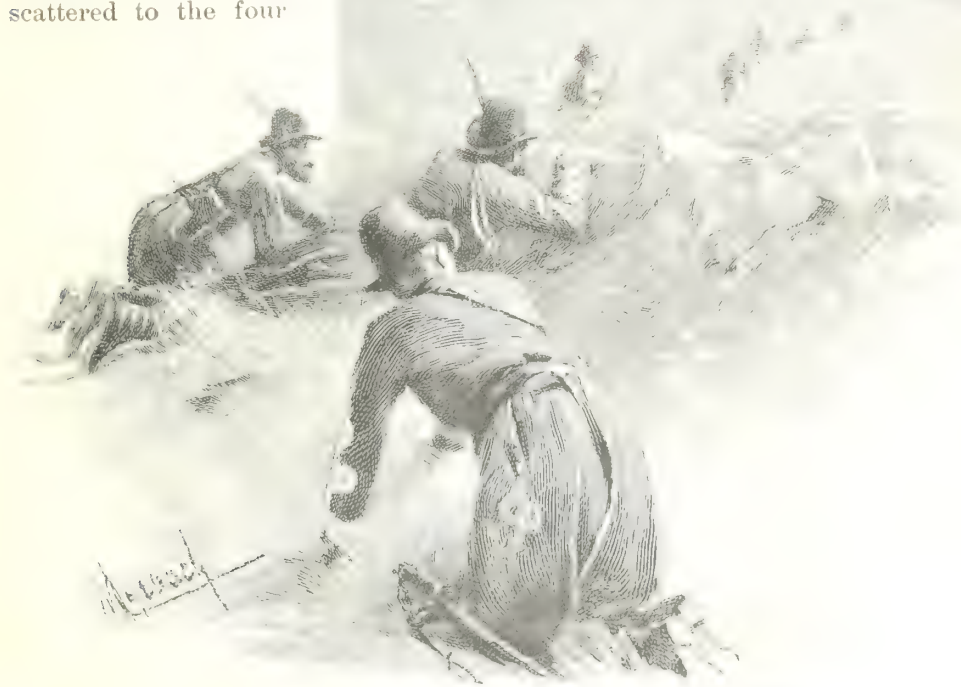
The Tarasconians were none the less delighted with the turn things were taking. They were a wonder to themselves, and their works were a wonder; they talked of nothing but the glacis, the scarp,

and the counterscarp, were full of ardor and confidence, and above all, proud of their chiefs—proud of the bold Bravida, major-general of the place, and particularly of their great man of war, their illustrious Tartarin, general-in-chief of the intrenched camp, who knew all about organizing the defence.

Transmuted into a fortress, the convent was subjected to military discipline. So it must always be when the state of siege is declared. Everything was done by beat of drum and blast of bugle. At the faintest early dawn—for the reveille—for a quarter of an hour the tattoo boomed out in the courts, in the corridors, and under the arches of the cloister. They trumpeted also from morning till night; they sounded for prayers, tara-ta, for the treasurer, tara-ta-ta, for the Father Steward, tara-ta-ta-ta, rending the air with short, sonorous, imperious blasts. They bugled for the Angelus, for Matins and Complines. It was a thing to abash the besieging army, which, all abroad in the open air, made far less noise. Overagainst it, on the top of the little hill, behind the bastions, the piping and strumming, mixed with the tinkle of the chimes, produced the bravest music, and scattered to the four

winds a sort of promise of victory, of glad anthem, half warlike and half holy.

The bother was that the besiegers, quite quiet in their lines, without taking the least trouble, victualled themselves easily, and held high revel all day. The land of Provence is a land of delights, and produces all sorts of good things. Clear golden wines, meat-balls, and sausages of Arles, exquisite melons, delicious fruits, special sweets from Montelimar—everything was for the government troops, and neither crumb nor drop made its way into the blockaded abbey. Accordingly, on one side, the soldiers, who had never been on such a spree, put on flesh so that you could see it grow, and that their tunics were almost bursting. Simply to look at their fine condition and the plump, shining haunches of their horses, made one admire the nursing plenty of that blessed corner of earth. On the other side, back-
adap, the poor Tarasconians, especially the Rabblebabble, rising early, turning in late, overdone, incessantly on the jump, digging and barrowing earth night and



IN INDIAN FILE, CIRCUMVENTING THE SENTINELS



"IT WAS A FANTASTIC PROCESSION."

day, by the light of the sun and the light of torches, dried up and grew lean till 'twas a pity.

The monks saw with terror that their provisions were giving out. There would soon be no more swallow tarts: such a lot as they had got rid of since the beginning of the siege! The potted pears were coming to an end. Should they be able to hold out much longer? Every day this question was discussed on the ramparts, scorched and cracked by the drought.

"And the cowards don't attack us," said those of Tarascon, shaking their fists at the red trousers that came forth from the shadow of the pines.

But the idea of attacking themselves never occurred to them, so strongly has this brave little race the sentiment of preservation.

Only once Escourbaniès, an extremist, spoke of trying a universal sally, with the monks in

front, to turn the mercenaries head over heels.

Tartarin shrugged his broad shoulders and answered with a *simple word*: "Impossible!"

Then taking by the arm the boiling Escourbaniès, he drew him to the top of the counter-scarp, and showing him with a large gesture the cordons of troops drawn up on the hill, the sentinels placed in all the paths:

"Yes or no, are we the besieged? Well, then?"

What was there to say to that? A murmur of approbation rose around him.

"Evidently he's right. It is for them to begin, since they're the besiegers."

So it was seen once more that no one understood the laws of war like Tartarin.

Nevertheless something had to be settled. One day the council assembled in the great chapter-house, lighted from high casements, surrounded by sculptured



NE DAY THE COUNCIL ASSEMBLED

wood work, and the Father Steward read his report on the resources of the place. All the White Fathers listened, silent, straight upon their "mercies"—a kind of hypocritical half-seat, which allowed them to be seated, though appearing to stand. It was lamentable, the Father Steward's report. What the Tarasconians had made away with since the beginning of the siege! Swallow tarts, so many hundred; potted pears, so many thousand; and so many of this and so many of that. Of all the things he enumerated, with which they had been so well provided at the beginning, there remained so little, so little, that you might as well call it nothing.

Their Reverences were in consternation. They looked at each other with long faces, and agreed that with all these reserves, given the attitude of the enemy, who had no wish to go to the extreme, they might have held out for years without wanting for anything, if only they had been helped. The Father Steward, in a monotonous, dismal voice, continued to read. All of a sudden an uproar breaks in upon him. The door of the hall bursts open.

Tartarin appears, a Tartarin excited and tragic, his cheeks flushed, his beard bristling over the white cross of his dress. He salutes with his sword the Prior, erect upon his "mercy," then the Fathers, and gravely:

"Monsieur le Prieur, I can no longer hold my men; they are dying of hunger; all the cisterns are empty. The moment has come to surrender the place or to bury ourselves in its ruins!"

What he did not say, but what had, all the same, quite its importance, was that for a fortnight he had gone without his morning chocolate. He saw it in his dreams, rich, smoking, oily, accompanied with a glass of fresh water as clear as crystal. Whereas at present he had come down to the brackish water of the cisterns!

Immediately the council was on its feet, and, in a hubbub of voices all talking at once, expressed a unanimous opinion: "Surrender the place! The place must



TARTARIN APPEARS.

be surrendered! We must not bury ourselves!" Brother Bataillet alone—he was always excessive—proposed to blow up the convent with the powder that was left. He even offered to fire it himself. But they refused to listen to him, and when night had come, leaving the keys in the doors, monks and militia, followed by Escourbaniès, by Bravida, and by Tartarin, with his handful of gentlemen of the camp, in short, the whole garrison of Pampérigouste, filed out of the convent, this time without drum or life, and wound silently down the hill. It was a fantastic procession in the moonlight. The enemy's pickets let all these good people come out as peacefully as they had let them go in.

This memorable defence of the abbey did the greatest honor to Tartarin; from that day he was the illustrious vanquished of Pampérigouste. But the occupation of their White Fathers' house by the troops left a dark rancor in the hearts of the Tarasconians.



BÉZUQUET ENJOYING THE COOL EVENING AIR

II

The Pharmacy on the Bit of a Square.—Appearance of the Man of the North—"God wills it, your Grace."—A Parolise behind the Scars.

Some time after the dispersal of the monks, Bézuquet, the druggist, was one evening enjoying the cool, the "good of the air," as they say down there, on the bit of a Square, with his pupil Pascalon and the reverend Brother Bataillet. I must tell you that after the closing of the convent the exiled monks had been gathered in by the Tarasconian families. Each of them had wanted his White Father; the people of means, the shop-keepers, the respectable middle class, all had their own; while the poor families clubbed together and went shares in the maintenance of one of the holy men.

You saw a white cowl in all the shops—in that of Costecalde, the armor-er, in the midst of the guns, the rifles, and the hunting knives, or beside the counter of Beaumevieille, the haberdasher, behind the rows of silk bobbins—everywhere, in short, reared itself the same figure of a great white bird, a sort of familiar pelican. And the

presence of the Fathers was a true blessing in the houses. Gentle, genial, well-bred, discreet, they were never in the way, never took up too much room at the hearth, and yet they maintained there an unaccustomed goodness and sweetness and propriety.

It was as if the people had always had the Holy Spirit in their midst. The men forbore to swear or to say anything the least broad; the women told no more fibs, or very few, and the little ones sat up straight and quiet on their high chairs.

In the morning, in the evening, at prayer-time, at the meals, for the *Benedicite* and for

"grace," the great white sleeves expanded like wings over the assembled family; and with this perpetual blessing on their heads, the Tarasconians could do no less than live in holiness and virtue.

Every one was proud of his own reverend man, and bragged about him and showed him off. Bézuquet's drug shop had had the good fortune to be chosen as a refuge by Brother Bataillet.

He was all nerves, this Brother Bataillet, all enthusiasm and ardor, genuinely endowed with the eloquence that pleases the people, and renowned for his manner of producing parables and old tales. He was a superb monk—tall, well set up,



THE PRESENCE OF THE FATHERS WAS A TRUE BLESSING IN THE HOUSES."

with a tanned skin and eyes of fire, the head of a Spanish guerilla. Under the long folds of his thick frieze he had really a fine presence, though one of his shoulders was slightly higher than the other, and he walked not quite straight. But no one noticed these trifling defects when he came down from the pulpit after his sermon and cleaved the crowd with his great nose in the air, in a hurry to get back to the vestry, and still quivering and shaken with his own eloquence. The enthusiastic women, as he passed, cut off with their scissors morsels of his white cloak: he was called on this account the "scalped" Father, and his gown was so soon beyond all use, that the convent had great trouble to keep him supplied.



"CUT OFF WITH THEIR SCISSORS MORSELS OF HIS WHITE CLOAK."

Well, then, Bézuquet was in front of his shop with Pascalon, and opposite to them was Brother Bataillet, sitting astride of his chair. They were so comfortable there, in the serenity of the blessed, that it was a pleasure to breathe; for at that hour for Bézuquet no customer is a customer; it is the same as at night—the poor sick may wriggle as they like—nothing will induce the honest apothecary to put himself out. It is not the hour. He was listening, and Pascalon too, to one of those beautiful stories that his Reverence knew how to tell, while afar, in the town, in the closing hum of a fine summer's day, the band of the garrison sounded the recall.

All of a sudden the pupil sprang up, red and excited, and without considering that he was interrupting his Reverence, cried out, pointing his finger to the other end of the bit of a Square, and stammering according to his wont: "There comes Monsieur Tar-tar-tarin."

We already know what a peculiar personal admiration Pascalon entertained for the great man of Tarascon.

Sure enough, in the sunset, at some distance, Tartarin's well-known form was outlined.

He was not alone, for near him moved a personage in pearl-gray gloves and thoroughly careful attire, who talked with him as they stopped in the Square. Rather, perhaps, it was Tartarin who talked, full of animation and gesticulating for two, while his companion listened, silent, stiff, motionless, perfectly calm.

He was a man of the North, as you could easily see. You know a man of the North in the South by his quiet attitude and the brevity of his slow speech; just as surely as you recognize a man of the South in the North by his exuberance of gesture and of phrase.

The Tarasconians were in the habit of seeing Tartarin often in company with strangers, for nobody ever passed through the town without stopping to visit, as one of its curiosities, the famous lion-killer, the illustrious Alpine climber, the modern Vauban, for whom the siege of Pampérgouste has created a fresh renown.

From this affluence of visitors had arisen for the whole town an era of prosperity formerly unknown.

The innkeepers made their fortunes, and yet were not the only gainers, for the whole trade of the place was the better;



M. LE DUC DE MONS

lives of the great man were sold by the booksellers, and you saw nothing in the shop fronts but his portrait as a climber, as a Crusader, in every possible form, and in every phase of his heroic existence. But this time it was not an ordinary visitor, a chance tourist passing through, who accompanied Tartarin. It was a stranger of mark, as you might see from his grand air and the respectful manner in which the other spoke to him.

They had crossed the Square and had come nearer. Tartarin, with a fine flourish, indicated his companion.

"My dear Bézuquet and your Reverence, let me present you to M. le Duc de Mons."

A duke!—goodness gracious! There had never been one at Tarascon. A camel had been seen there, a baobab,* a lion-skin, a collection of poisoned arrows and of alpenstocks of honor; but a duke, never in the world! Bézuquet had risen; he bowed, rather embarrassed all the same at finding himself, without having been notified in advance, in the presence of so great a personage. He panted,

* Tartarin's extraordinary plant, commemorated in the former histories of his life.

"Monsieur le Duc—Monsieur le Duc—" Tartarin interrupted. "Let us go in, gentlemen. We have to talk of grave matters."

He passed first, rounding his back with a mysterious air, and they went into the little consulting-room of the pharmacy, whose glass front, looking out on the Square, served as a show-case for jars of embryos, preserved tape-worms, and little bundles of camphor cigarettes.

The door closed upon them as if they had been conspirators. Pascalon remained alone in the shop. Bézuquet, before disappearing, had told him what to say to any one who should call, and not to allow such people, under any pretext, to come near the consulting-room. The pupil, greatly mystified, began to arrange on the shelves the boxes of jujube, the bottles of *sirupus gummi*, and other products of the laboratory.

The sound of voices reached him at moments, and he distinguished especially the ringing voice of Tartarin. Then he went nearer the door, trying to catch some snatches of talk. He heard nothing but some strange words: "Polynesia—earthly paradise—sugar-cane distilleries—free colony." Then an emphatic outbreak from Brother Bataillet: "Bravo! I'm in it." As for the man of the North, confound him! he talked so low—no fire nor flame in *him*—that one heard nothing.

It was no use for Pascalon to flatten his ear against the key-hole. All of a sudden the door burst open, smitten, *manu militari*, by the lusty fist of Brother Bataillet, and the pupil rolled over to the other end of the pharmacy. But the others were so excited that nobody paid attention to the incident.

Tartarin, erect on the threshold, the fire of enthusiasm in his glance, his forefinger lifted to the bundles of poppy-heads drying on the ceiling of the shop, with the gesture of an archangel brandishing the great sword, exclaimed, from the depth of his lungs and with the tone of one inspired:

"God wills it, your Grace. Our work will be great!"

There was a confusion of outstretched hands seeking each other, mixing with each other, grasping each other, energetic grips intended to seal forever irrevocable pledges. Still glowing with this supreme expansion, Tartarin, erect and taller than

ever, quitted the pharmacy with the Duc de Mons.

They continued their circuit of the town, and traversed the bit of a Square, directing their steps toward the residence of Costecalde, the armorer.

Two days later *The Forum* and *The Paper of Tarascon* were full of articles and advertisements on the subject of a colossal enterprise. The heading bore in big letters, "Free Colony of Port Tarascon." Then came stupefying announcements: "For sale, lands at five francs the acre, bringing in several millions of francs a year. Fortune rapid and assured. Colonists wanted."

Exceptional favors were specified for the inhabitants of Tarascon and the country about. Further appeared a historic sketch of the island on which the projected colony was to settle—an island purchased from the king, Nagonko, by the Duc de Mons in the course of his travels. There was also an allusion to certain neighboring islands which might be acquired later, to extend the establishment; but the main insistence was on the principal island—a real promised land, a land of Canaan.

A climate *paradisical*, the temperature of Oceanica, very moderate in spite of its proximity to the equator, varying only from one to two degrees, between 25 and 28; the country extremely fertile, extremely wooded and admirably watered, rising rapidly from the sea, which permitted every one to choose the altitude best suited to his temperament. The abundance of springs and watercourses was a guarantee of the establishment on the most reasonable terms of all industries requiring any kind of motive power, and the natural irrigation of the country placed every species of colonial product on a footing, as it were, of exceptional profusion. In fine, provisions abounded, delicious fruits on every tree, game of every kind in the woods and fields, with innumerable fish in the waters. From the

point of view of commerce and navigation, a splendid roadstead could contain a whole fleet—a harbor of perfect safety, shut in by breakwaters, with an inner basin and a special one for repairs. Quays, landing stages, a light-house, a semaphore, steam-cranes—nothing would be wanting.

The work had already been begun by coolies and Australian aborigines, under the direction and on the plans of highly skilled engineers, and of the most distinguished architects. The settlers would find comfortable habitations on their arrival, and even, by ingenious arrangements, with fifty francs more, the houses would be fitted up according to their wants.

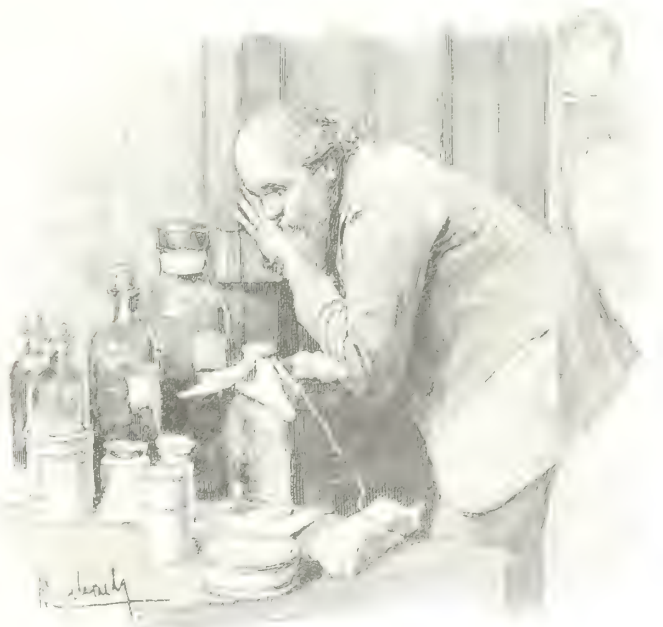
You may fancy whether the famous Tarasconian imagination began to work over the perusal of all these wonders. In every family they drew up plans. Every one knocked up a house according to his taste—one dreaming of green shutters, another of a pretty porch; this one having a fancy for brick, and that one for rough stone.

They designed, they tried different things, adding one touch to another—a pigeon-house would be graceful, a weather-cock wouldn't look bad.

"Oh, papa, a veranda!"

"Hang it, then; a veranda, my dears!"

For all it was going to cost! At the same time that these good folk treated



THIS TIME AGAIN, THE GOOD FOLK

themselves so freely to anything they fancied in the way of a pretty cottage, the articles of the *Forum* and the *Piper* were reproduced in all the Southern papers; town and country were deluged with circulars exhibiting little vignettes framed in the palm, the cocoa-nut, the banana, and other outlandish vegetation; the whole province was handed over to a frantic propaganda.

On the dusty roads of the neighborhood Tartarin's gig kept passing at a swinging trot. Tartarin in person and Brother Bataillet, placed in front, sat as close together as possible, to make a rampart of their bodies for the Duc de Mons, enveloped in a green veil and devoured by mosquitoes, which assailed him with rage on all sides in buzzing battalions, in spite of Tartarin and the Brother, in spite of the veil, in spite of the huge whacks his Grace dealt himself. Gorged with the blood of the man of the North, they continued to apply an unrelenting sting to surfaces already completely distended.

For a man of the North was what he was, this fine gentleman! He was never guilty of a gesture, scarcely of a word, much less of an exaggeration. Add to this his coolness—he never got “started,” but saw things as they are, and as he himself was. You could feel safe with him, and fear no lies. And then a duke! On the bits of Squares half shadowed with plane-trees and smeared over with great sun spots, in the brown old villages, in the wine-shops eaten up with flies, in the dancing-rooms, and everywhere else, addresses and sermons and lectures went on. The Duke, in terms clear and concise, as simple as the naked truth, set forth the delights of Port Tarascon; the eloquence of the monk preached emigration as a crusade; Tartarin, as dusty with his wayfaring as at a battle's close, tossed off a few nervous words, all feeling—words that rolled and swelled—“Victory, conquest, new country.” The energy of his gesture seemed to hurl away over every one's head. Or else there were gatherings for discussion, like electoral caucuses, where everything went on by question and answer.

“Are there any venomous animals?”

“Not one. Not a serpent. Not even a mosquito. And in the way of wild beasts, nothing at all.”

“But they say that in those parts—far Oceanica—there are anthropophagi.”

“Never in the world! They are all vegetarians.”

“Is it true that the savages go quite naked?”

“That, perhaps, may be a little true; but not all; and, at any rate, we'll clothe them.”

Articles, advertisements, lectures, everything was wildly successful; the shares were taken up by the hundred and the thousand, the emigrants flowed in, and not only from Tarascon, but from all the South. They came over even from Beaucaire. But there the line had to be drawn. Tarascon thought them very bold, these intruders of Beaucaire. For centuries there has existed between the two towns a rivalry, a muffled animosity, which, fed by innumerable aggravations on one side and the other, by jokes at each other's expense, to say nothing of expressions of contempt, threatens never to die out.

Separated by the whole breadth of the Rhone, the two cities regard each other across the river as irreconcilable enemies. The bridge that has been thrown between them has not brought them any nearer. This bridge is never crossed; in the first place, because it's very dangerous. The people of Beaucaire no more go to Tarascon than those of Tarascon go to Beaucaire.

If you seek to discover the grounds of this inexplicable aversion, they answer you on one side and the other with phrases that explain nothing. “Oh, you know, we know all about them, the Tarascon folk,” say the Beaucairenes.

“All the same, we know what they're worth, our neighbors at Beaucaire,” say the Tarasconians.

Accordingly there were to be no Beaucairenes in the settlement of Port Tarascon. First of all, as was quite right, the Tarasconians; afterward, if any room was left—why, they would see.

But if settlers were not accepted outside of Tarascon and its cincture, money was accepted from all the world; shareholders were welcome from anywhere and everywhere; the famous acres at five francs (bringing in several thousand francs *per annum*) were disposed of in batches. Accepted too were the gifts in kind which many persons enthusiastic for the work sent in to meet the requirements of the colony. The *Forum* published the lists, and in these lists might have been found the most extraordinary objects.

"A box of little beads.

"A set of numbers of *The Forum*.

"M. Beconlet, forty five nets, in che-
nille and beads, for the Indian women.

"Madame Donrladoure, six pocket
handkerchiefs and six knives for the
parsonage.

"An embroidered banner for the Or-
pheon.

"Anduze, of Maquelonne, a stuffed fla-
mingo.

"Six dozen dog-collars.

"A braided jacket.

"A pious lady of Marseilles, a priest's
vestment, a trimming for the incense
bearer, and a canopy for the pyx.

"A collection of coleoptera under
glass."

And regularly, in each list, was men-
tioned an offering from Mademoiselle
Tournatoire: "A complete suit
to clothe a savage." Such was
the constant preoccupation of
this good old maid. All these
queer, fantastic contributions,
in which the Southern imagina-
tion displayed
its high uncon-
scious comi-
cality, made
their way by
the boxful to
the docks, the
great receiv-
ing houses of
the Free and Indepen-
dent Colony established
at Marseilles. The Duc
de Mons had fixed there
his centre of operations.

From his offices, sumptu-
ously fitted up in splen-
did apartments, he brewed
the business on a great scale, got up com-
panies for distilling from the sugar-cane
or for working the "trepang," a species
of mollusk of which the Chinese are very
fond, and for which, said the prospectus,
they will pay any price. Every day, with
the indefatigable nobleman, saw the bud-
ding of some new idea, the dawn of some
great job, which the same evening found
quite set on its feet.

In the intervals he organized a com-
mittee of shareholders under the chair-
manship of the Greek banker Kagaras
paki, and deposited their funds with the
Ottoman bankers Pamenyai ben Kaga,
an extraordinarily safe house, conspicu-

ous for its prudence in whatever it took
up.

Tartarin now passed his life—a feverish
life—in travelling from Tarascon to Mar-
seilles, and from Marseilles to Tarascon.
He kept the enthusiasm of his fellow-citi-
zens up to the mark, pushed on the local
propaganda, and then suddenly dashed
off by express to be present at some
board, some meeting of stockholders.
Every day his admiration for the Duke
increased.

He, dear fellow, always on the gush,
and instinctively mistrustful, perhaps, of
himself, held up as an example to every
one the Duke's coolness and the Duke's
judgment.

"No danger of exaggeration with him.
He produces none of those deceptive
atmospheric effects that Daudet is fond
of charging us
with."

On the other
hand, the Duke
showed him-
self little, and
talked even
less than in
the beginning.
The man of
the North ef-
faced himself

before the man of
the South, put him
always in the fore-
ground, and left to
his inexhaustible lo-
quacity the care of
all explanations, of
all promises, of all
pledges. He con-
tented himself with
saying,

"Mr. Tartarin alone knows my whole
thought."

And you may judge whether Mr. Tar-
tarin was proud!

III

The Port of Tarascon. — G. L. N. 1888.
out — In. Port of Tarascon. —
weigh Anchor.—Don't start! In Heaven's Name,
don't start!

One morning Tarascon woke up with
this telegram pasted on all the street cor-
ners:

"The *Farandole*, a great sailing ship
of twelve hundred tons, has just left Mar-
seilles at dawn, carrying in her bosom.



THE DUC DE MONS IN HIS SUMPTUOUSLY
FITTED-UP OFFICE.



THE "FARANDOLE" LEAVING MARSEILLES.

with the fortunes of a whole people, an assortment of goods for the savages and a cargo of agricultural implements. Eight hundred emigrants on board, all Tarasconians, among whom are Bompard, Provisional Governor of the Colony; Bézuet, chemist-physician; the Reverend Father Vezole; and Notary Cambalalette, Assessor of Taxes. I myself have seen them out into the open. Everything well. The Duke radiant. Print this.

TARTARIN OF TARASCON."

This telegram, posted up all over the town by the care of Pascalon, to whom it was addressed, filled the place with jubilation. The streets had put on their holiday look, all the world was out-of-doors, every one wishing to read the blessed despatch; and knots of people stopped before each placard, the words of which were repeated from mouth to mouth: "Eight hundred emigrants—Tartarin seen them out into the open—the Duke radiant." There was not a single Tarasconian who was not as radiant as the Duke.

It was the second batch of emigrants that Tartarin, invested by the Duc de Mons with the fine title and the important functions of Governor of the Free and Independent Colony of Port Tarascon, had

forwarded in this manner to Marseilles on its way to the promised land. A month before he had also seen out into the open the first batch, borne off by the steamer *Lucifer*, and this first shipment had been effected under as happy auspices as the second. The same telegram, the same enthusiasm, the same radiance of the Duke. But the *Lucifer*, which had sailed a month ago, had not yet passed the entrance of the Suez Canal. Arrested there by an accident—the breakage of her horizontal shaft—this rather shaky old steamer, a second-hand purchase, had to wait to be helped and rescued by the *Farandole* before she could continue her journey.

This accident, nevertheless, which might have seemed of bad omen, had not in the least chilled, on the part of the Tarasconians, the desire to try their hand at founding a new state. It is true that on this first vessel only the Rabblebabbler had been shipped—the people of the commoner sort, you know—those that are always sent on first. The broken shaft, the forced stop, the delay in the voyage, had therefore not had the same importance as if the distressed ship had carried the Tarasconians of mark.

On the *Farandole*, also, there had been a further instalment of the Rabblebabbler,

accompanied by a few of the wilder spirits, like Notary Cambalalette, Assessor of Taxes of the colony. The good druggist Bézuquet, a man of peace, in spite of his formidable mustaches, fond of his little comforts, afraid of the heat and the cold, little inclined to distant and dangerous adventures, had resisted long before consenting to be despatched.

Under Tartarin's pressure, to all his arguments—"Bézuquet, we owe ourselves to the work; it is for *us* to set the example"—he had at first answered only by dubious head-shakes. It cost him too much to leave the snug shell of his pharmacy and exchange for the pitching and rolling of a cabin his sound naps in the little consulting-room with the tape-worms. To overcome his resistance nothing less had been required than the diploma of a full physician.

Bézuquet had coveted all his life this blessed scroll, which the Governor of Port Tarascon now conferred upon him by private authority.

The Governor, indeed, conferred, by the same authority, many other parchments and patents and commissions, appointing directors, sub-directors, secretaries, commissaries, grandees of the first class and the second class, all of which permitted him to gratify the taste of his compatriots for everything in the way of honors, distinctions, costumes, and braids.

With Father Vezole, who had taken the same ship as Cambalalette and Bézuquet, there had not been the least difficulty. He was such a thorough good soul, Father Vezole, always ready for anything and pleased with everything, saying "God be praised!" to everything that happened: "God be praised!" when he had had to leave the convent; "God be praised!" when they had thrust him on shipboard along with the fortunes of a people, the assortment of goods for the savages and the Rabblebabble, with instructions to say

mass on Sundays, to receive the confessions of the emigrants, to attend the last moments of those about to die, and to baptize any little settlers who might come into the world.

As for the members of the nobility and of the upper middle class, before paying

with their persons they were paid with their pocket-books, as subscribers, which was very handsome to begin with. For the rest, there was no charge. While they showed



"EVERY ONE WISHING TO READ."

plenty of ardor and faith, they were not sorry to leave those who had preceded them time to send back news of their arrival at Port Tarascon, so that the state of affairs might be fully known.

You may easily conceive that Tartarin, in his quality of Governor, organizer, representative of the idea of the Duc de Mons, was able to leave France only with the last batch. While he waited for the day so impatiently desired, on which he should set foot on the vessel that was to carry him beyond the seas, at the moment the best society of Tarascon, he displayed the energy and activity which we have



A VEILED LADY REQUESTED TO SPEAK WITH TARTARIN

ings. He seemed to have a fiery flame in his body.

Perpetually on the rush, from Tarascon to Marseilles and from Marseilles to Tarascon, as difficult to catch as a meteor impelled by an invincible force, he appeared in either of these cities only to leave it instantly for the other.

"You are tiring yourself out, mum-mum-master," stammered Pascalon, on the evenings on which the great man came to the pharmacy with a steaming brow and a rounded back.

But Tartarin straightened himself to his height. "I'll rest out there. No, Pascalon, to our work!"

The pupil had been in full charge of the shop ever since Bézuquet's departure, but he superadded to this responsibility functions much more important.

To push on the propaganda so well started, Tartarin had established a journal. *The Port Tarascon Gazette*, and named Pascalon editor-in-chief.

In this character the youth carried on the paper quite alone, from the first to the last line, under the instructions and the

superior direction of the Governor.

It is true that this combination was slightly injurious to the interests of the pharmacy: the articles to write, the proofs to correct, the rushing round to the printer's, left the good druggist's representative but little time to occupy himself conscientiously with laboratory work. But the paper before everything!

The *Gazette* treated the public of the metropolis every morning to the latest news of the settlement: it contained articles on its resources, its beauties, its magnificent future, and also published small items, miscellanies, and various kinds of tales.

There was something for every taste.

There were accounts of exploring parties in the islands, conquests, fights against the savages, for bold and adventurous spirits. To the country gentlemen were offered stories of the pursuit of game in the

forest, and others, equally astonishing, of that of fish in rivers extraordinarily stocked, together with a description of the methods and the tackle of the natives of the country. Persons of a more peaceful habit—shop-keepers, good sedentary citizens—were delighted to read about some fresh luncheon on the grass, on the edge of a tumbling brook, in the shadow of the great outlandish trees: they could fancy they were already there; they could feel the juice of luscious fruits—mangoes, pineapples, and bananas—trickle between their teeth. "And no flies!" said the newspaper: which added a charm the more, flies being, as is well known, the scourge of all picnics and excursions on Tarascon soil.

The *Gazette* even published a novel—"The Maid of Tarascon"—about the daughter of a colonist abducted by the son of a Papuan king who had fallen in love with her; and the ups and downs and ins and outs of this love drama opened boundless horizons to the imagination of young persons.

The financial department was devoted to quotations from the colonial markets,

to advertisements of the issue of allotments of land, or of shares in refineries or distilleries, as well as to the publication of subscribers' names and of the lists of contributions in kind, which continued to flow in. The preoccupation of the good lady who wished to clothe a savage kept constantly turning up. It was the dream of her life—perhaps a religious vow.

To meet the demand for such frequent shipments of a complete suit for a savage, she must have set up regular workshops under her roof.

But this innocent spinster was not the only one to become conscious of the fermentation of strange conjectures, thanks to such an explosion of the colonizing spirit, of the idea of expatriation on behalf of countries so far away and so little known.

One day Tartarin had remained quietly at home in his little house, his feet in his slippers and his person snugly enveloped in his dressing-gown; not unoccupied, however, for near him, on the table, were scattered books and papers. He had there at hand the accounts of the explorations of Bougainville and Dumont d'Urville, works on colonization, and hand-books on different kinds of tillage. In the stillness of his study, amid his poisoned arrows, with the shadow of the baobab trembling delicately on the blinds, he "got up" the subject of his settlement and stuffed his memory with information extracted from books. Betweenwhiles he sought relief from these researches in signing some patent, in appointing a Grandee of the first class, or in creating some new public function. And this was not the least arduous part of his task, given the delirious ambition of his fellow-citizens and the impossibility of satisfying them all.

While he was thus occupied, rounding his eyes and blowing into his cheeks, it was announced to him that a lady, dressed in black, veiled, and refusing to give her name, requested to speak to him. She had not even been willing to come in and wait in the garden. Tartarin rushed out to her just as he was—in his slippers and dressing-gown. The day was drawing to a close, objects were growing already indistinct in the twilight; but in spite of her thick veil, simply by the fire of the two eyes that glowed beneath the tissue, Tartarin recognized his visitor as soon as he was near her.

"Madame Escourbaniès!"

"Monsieur Tartarin, you see before you a most unhappy woman!"

Her voice trembled; it was full of tears. The good fellow was quite moved by it. He took the hand of Madame Escourbaniès and, with a paternal accent:

"My poor Evelina, what's the matter? Tell me!"

Tartarin called almost all the ladies in town by their baptismal names. He had seen them as little girls; as a municipal officer he had been present when they were civilly married; he was their confidant, their friend, almost their uncle.

He had taken Evelina's arm, and they strolled together about the little pond with the goldfish. Then she told him her trouble, her conjugal anxieties.

From the beginning of the talk about the settlement her husband had tried to worry her. On every pretext he broke out:

"You'll see—you'll see when once we are over there in Polygamilia!"

She, poor thing, very jealous, but also very simple and even a little silly, had taken his teasing quite seriously.

"Is this true, Monsieur Tartarin? Is it true that in that dreadful country men may marry several times?"

He reassured her as best he could. "No, indeed, my dear Evelina; you are quite wrong. All the savages in that quarter are monogamous. Their morals are perfectly correct. Besides, under the direction of our White Fathers, there's nothing to fear in that line."

"And yet the very name of the country—this Polygamilia."

Then only he understood the joke that her great trifter of a husband had tried to make, and he burst into a loud laugh. "He is making fun of you, my dear. The name of the country is not Polygamilia, but Polynesia, which doesn't even sound much like it. It means a great lot of islands."

He went on some time longer, walking her about the little garden, soothing down her jealousy, explaining her husband's bad pun, which at first she had some difficulty in understanding, and comforting her so kindly and completely that she ended by laughing with him over her blunder.

Meanwhile the weeks went by, and still no letters arrived from the actual settlers: nothing arrived but telegrams—telegrams forwarded by the Duke from Marseilles. They were very laconic, dashed off hurriedly from Aden, from Sydney, from the



THE LADING OF THE "TOOTOOPUMPUM."

different places where the *Farandole* had put in. After all, there was no such great ground for surprise, so notorious and so insurmountable is the indolence of the Tarasconian.

Why should they have written? Telegrams were quite sufficient. Those that were received and regularly published in the *Gazette* brought nothing but good news—a delightful voyage, a sea of oil, every one perfectly well.

Nothing more than this was needed to keep up the general zeal.

At last, one day, at the very top of the *Gazette*, appeared the following "cable," forwarded like the rest from Marseilles:

"Arrived Port Tarascon.—Triumphal Entry.—Friendship struck up with Natives coming to meet us on Pier.—Tarasconian Flag floats over Town-Hall.—*Te Deum* sung in Metropolitan Church.—Everything ready; come quick!"

There came next a dithyrambic article, dictated by Tartarin, on the occupation of the new father-land, the foundation of the young city, the visible protection of God, the flag of civilization planted in virgin soil, the future open to all.

No more was wanted to overcome the very last hesitations. A new issue of shares at a hundred francs an acre was rapidly taken up. The bourgeoisie, the clergy, the nobility—the whole place wished to start instantly; the thing became a monomania, a fever, so that even the grumblers like Costecalde, those who up to this time had been lukewarm and even

had affected doubts, were now most crazy to get off.

The preparations were pushed forward on all sides. The nailing of boxes went on in the very streets, littered with straw and hay. The bang of the hammer was heard from morning till night. Men worked in their shirt sleeves, all in good-humor, singing and whistling, and tools were borrowed and lent from hand to hand, while the liveliest remarks were exchanged. The women packed up their finery, the Fathers their *ciboria*, the little ones their little toys. The

vessel chartered for the genteel portion of Tarascon had been christened the *Tootoopumpum*, the popular name of the Tarasconian tambourine, the national musical instrument that presides at the dances and the reels. It was a large iron steamer, commanded by Captain Scrapouchinat, of Toulon, a seaman of wide experience. They were all to go on board at Tarascon itself.

The waters of the Rhone were fair, and as the ship had not a great draught, it had been possible to bring it up the river as far as the town and moor it at the quay. The lading and stowing took a whole month.

While the sailors were arranging the innumerable boxes in the hold, the future passengers settled themselves in advance in their cabins. And it was a pleasure to see with what jollity, what delightful good-humor, all this went on. Every one was pleased, and only wanted to render service to every one else.

"This place suits you better? Don't mention it!"

"This cabin pleases you more? Make yourself comfortable!"

And so with everything. The Tarasconian nobility, usually so snuffy, the Aigueboulides, the Escudelles, people who usually looked down at one from the bridge of their great noses, now fraternized with their social inferiors.

In the midst of the hurly-burly of going on board, a letter was received one morning from Father Vezole, dated from Port

Tarascon. It was the first mail that had arrived.

"God be praised, we've got here!" said the good Father. "We're in want of a good many little things."

There was not much enthusiasm in this letter, neither were there many details about the colony. The reverend gentleman confined himself to a few remarks about the king, Nagonko, and about Likirki, the young daughter of the king, a charming little thing whom he had presented with a beaded net for her hair. He requested further that they should send on a few objects slightly more practical than the habitual gifts of the subscribers. This was all. Not a single word about the harbor, about the town, about the settlement. Brother Bataillet was furious.

"He seems to me very slack, your Father Vezole," he said to Tartarin; "but trust me to shake him up for you when I get there."

This letter was indeed very cold, especially coming from such a genial person; but the bad effect that it might have produced was lost in the confusion of getting settled on board, in the deafening noise of the transplantation of a whole city.

The Governor—Tartarin was now called only by this name—passed his days on the deck of the *Tootoopumpum*. With a smile on his face and his hands behind his back, he walked up and down amid a confusion of strange things—bread baskets, chests of drawers, warming-pans—which had not yet found stowage in the hold. He gave advice in a patriarchal tone: "You're taking too many things, my children. You'll find everything you want over there."

Thus he had left behind him his arrows, his baobab, and his goldfish. Of course he was taking his arms—his American rifle, the thirty-two shooter—and also some flannel, plenty of flannel.

And how he looked after everything; how he had an eye on everything, not only on board, but also on shore, from the rehearsals of the Orpheon to the drill of the militia on the Long Walk! This military organization of the Tarasconians had survived the siege of Pampérigouste; it had even been carried further, in view of the defence of the colony, and the conquests that there was a good expectation of making. Tartarin was delighted with the martial attitude of his troops, and frequently expressed his satisfaction to them

as well as to their chief, the bold Bravida, in orders of the day.

And yet there was a fold in the Governor's brow.

Two days before they set sail, Barafort, a fisherman on the Rhone, had found among the osiers of the bank an empty bottle, hermetically corked, of which the glass was still clear enough to permit something like a roll of paper to be perceived inside. There's no fisherman who doesn't know that a waif of this kind is to be



handed over to the authorities; so Barafort had carried his treasure-trove to the Governor, the only authority now recognized by the Tarasconians.

"BARAFORT HAD FOUND
AN EMPTY BOTTLE,
HERMETICALLY CORKED."

Here, therefore, is the strange letter contained in the mysterious bottle:

"*Tartarin, Tarascon, Europe:*

"Appalling cataclysm at Port Tarascon. Island, city, harbor, swallowed up; sunk out of sight. Bompard admirable as usual, and as usual paying for his devotion with his life. Don't come! In Heaven's name let no one come!"

This letter was evidently the production of a practical joker. How had it ever been carried from the depths of Oceanica and cast ashore precisely at Tarascon? What mighty wave could have floated it so far across the seas? And the "paying as usual with his life," didn't that alone betray a misleading intention? Never mind, this portent disturbed the triumph of our friend.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THROUGH THE CAUCASUS.

BY THE VICOMTE EUGÈNE MELCHIOR DE VOGÜE.

I.

THE railway system of southern Russia ends at Rostov, on the Don, whence it shoots out a long branch to the foot of the Caucasus, over a distance of 435 miles, across the Ponto-Caspian Isthmus. Rostov is the last Russian town properly so called. It guards the estuary of the Don, which becomes insensibly the Sea of Azof. Everything is ready there for a great commercial port like Bordeaux or London. Imagine to yourself these towns at the time when our ancestors had not yet conquered the elements, and when the Thames and the Gironde, still free from dams and quays, spread out over the surrounding country, covered with primitive boats and fishermen's huts. The railway crosses the immense river on a succession of jetties and bridges of stone or of wood. It was the month of May when I passed, at the time of the floods; from the middle of this broad arm of the sea the horizon revealed no land worthy of the name. Our locomotive seemed to be shipwrecked in some diluvian passage—a striking image of that colossal Russian nature where the violence of the elementary forces cannot yet be mastered by the effort of man.

On leaving the water the train enters a bare and flat steppe where Cossack shepherds pasture their flocks. During a whole day nothing arrests the eye, which follows the play of the pure light on this ocean of flowery grass. It seems as if some magnificent hand had stretched out a carpet of verdure without a single crease up to the first terraces of the Caucasus. At last the white peak of Elbrouz appears in the distance in the clouds, the advanced sentinel of the mountains. The public gathered together at the railway stations presents a medley of new types and costumes. The *bourka* of the mountaineers, that long mantle of goats' hair which they wear so nobly, is mingled with the tunics of the Cossacks. The martial-looking fellows who handle the bales of merchandise carry guns slung across their shoulders, and waistbands bristling with damascened poniards. We pass the Kouban and then the Terek rivers, on whose banks the Russians have fought so many battles. These two names symbolize a whole world of picturesque poetry and warlike legends,

to become acquainted with which we must read Lermontof, the poet of the Caucasus, whose genius has given a soul and a voice to these solitudes. In the verses of the "Demon," as well as in the romantic tales which he has grouped under the title of *A Hero of our Time*, the Muscovite Byron has embodied the whole epopee of the conquest, and, over and beyond these souvenirs, the whole feudal history, and all the pleasing or terrible aspects of that Caucasus where he lived his adventures and his amours, until he was shot in a duel at the age of twenty-eight.

Here are the mountains rearing their walls perpendicularly above our heads: the chain runs toward the right to the Black Sea, and toward the left to the Caspian; on this side it envelops the gorges of Daghestan, that wild and difficult country where Schamyl so long resisted the invader, with the aid of those Kevsours who still wear the coat of mail and carry the arms of the Middle Ages. The train stops in the station of Vladicaucaz, a big straggling village where the Russians have concentrated their administrative and civil services on this side the mountains. There is a project of a tunnel through the chain to carry the train to Tiflis—a costly and difficult undertaking, for the subterranean track would measure no less than eleven and a quarter miles. Some engineers propose another plan, which, by rising more to the west in the valleys, would permit the reduction of the length of the tunnel to less than five miles. At present, on leaving Vladicaucaz, you follow the fine military road which the Russians have made for the use of their regiments on the southern slopes, and which takes you to Tiflis in twenty-four hours. I do not think that there is a more picturesque and grand passage in Switzerland or in the Italian Alps.

I jump into a light carriage drawn by four horses. My driver, a Cossack draped in his *bourka*, is armed with a magnificent bugle, the use of which I cannot divine. We rise rapidly up the gorge of Dariel, the Thermopylæ of the Caucasus, the bloody road of the débuts of the conquest. Night falls suddenly, augmented by a storm which opens upon us the

ON THE MILITARY ROAD.





MTZCHET.

sluices of heaven. A veil of fog fills space, but our ride in the mountain becomes all the more fantastic on that account. At full speed we rush along the unsafe road, across swollen cascades which the horses jump bravely. Sheets of mist float over our heads; from time to time, through a rent in them, we perceive the black bar of the overhanging walls of rock. At our feet the Terek roars. Sudden apparitions stretch out their arms in the fog; these are oak-trees or poplars. My Cossack puts his bugle to his lips and blows a blast that the echoes repeat. I now understand the use of his instrument.

It warns the carriages that are coming at full speed in the opposite direction around the sharp bends, and it makes those which we pass clear the way. At the sound of this trumpet of doom, terrified phantoms flee before us. Tcherkess horsemen of spectral mien, clad in *bachlik* or *bourka*; herds of horses that are returning to the plain; heavy Ossete carts, with whole Mussulman families concealed beneath their canvas awnings. We still mount higher

and higher; the darkness grows thicker in this sort of funnel, as it were the walls of a well, and meetings become more rare. Below us the torrents roar deeply; on the peaks the snow presents confused white masses; torrents and snow reverberate a diffused brightness; you feel that there is a pale fragment of moon somewhere behind the clouds. At

the post stations where we stop to change horses two sounds alone trouble the majestic silence—the rush of water, and the wind that roars through the gorges—"the Russian wind, come from the steppe, folding its cold wings," as Lermontof says. We cross precipices at a gallop over frail little bridges. The air becomes stinging, sharpened by the cold of the neighboring snows. The storm increases in violence, and obliges us to halt at the inn at the Kazbek Pass, and wait there until dawn.

Day breaks in a bright sky cleared by yesterday's rain. It seems as if one could stretch out one's hand and touch the first



RUINS OF CASTLE OF QUEEN TAMARA.

glaciers of the Kazbek, that giant of the Caucasus, which lifts its bald head more than 16,000 feet high.

As we advance along the road cut across an amphitheatre with walls of granite and basalt, I notice several of these half-ruined villages dominated by a square tower. Here was the refuge of a

of human life disappears; the first rays of an invisible sun fix a little pale gold on the summit of the walls of ice. Before reaching the Goudaour Pass, 7400 feet, the road plunges into a trench cut right through the snow; the eye sees nothing beneath the heavens but this white sheet stretched from one peak to the other.



PLOUGHING THE MOUNTAIN SLOPES.

small Christian feudalism which throughout the Middle Ages defended itself in these haunts against Mussulman invasions and against the Persians who were masters of the southern valleys. The descendants of these Georgian clans till the poor mountain fields with a primitive plough. They dwell in huts built of stones without mortar or plaster, and so low that they can hardly be distinguished from the rocks with which their brown color confounds them. A miserable race which has been hunted down for centuries, now by the enemy from the south, and now by the enemy from the north, and which hides its dens with the instinctive ruse of the wild beasts. We round the foot of the Baidar, and every vestige

While we are changing horses at the Goudaour station, I dip on my right and on my left in the two rivulets that trickle from the partially congealed snow. The first will join the Terek and water our Europe; the second will go to form the Aragva, which runs in the valleys of Asia which we see spread out before our eyes. Another step and we are in a new world. From this point the descent begins; at the commencement it is very steep; the road goes down in innumerable zigzags, and yet our little horses rush forward with the swiftness of a whirlwind. How we reach the bottom without breaking our bones a hundred times is the concern of Allah, the God of this side of the mountains, the God of the Caucasus.



THE OLD CITADEL AT TIFLIS.

The ravine of the Aragva widens, the air begins to feel milder, the slopes, so bare on the northern side, become covered with dark forests. Beyond Mlety the torrent becomes a well-behaved river, and the road that follows its course imitates its example. In the broad valley the eye is ravished by delightful views: villages daintily sheltered in the midst of walnut-trees centuries old; orchards of almond-trees and apple-trees laden with blossom. In twenty-four hours we have gained two months on the calendar of the seasons. Yesterday, in Russia, spring had hardly begun; here it is already nearly at an end, and the air of Asia is sweet to breathe. Here are Passanaour and Ananour, charming villages buried in nests of verdure, which one might mistake for hamlets of the Italian Tyrol were it not for the Oriental types of the natives and the little Georgian churches so characteristic in style. It is at Mtzchet that we can best study the invariable architecture of the religious edifices of the Caucasus. But I must not weary with technical descriptions my reader who is already fatigued by the effort he has made to pronounce this rugged assemblage of consonants, which will give him a singular idea of the conformation of Iberian throats. Nevertheless it is a very pretty dead town, this Mtzchet, the ancient capital of Georgia. Here reigned King David and Queen Tamara, that Queen of Sheba of the Cauca-

sus to whom is attributed indiscriminately the whole treasure of the local legends. She lived in the twelfth century, very much dreaded by her neighbors, the disloyal Persians, and famous as far as Jerusalem. She gathered all the Caucasus under her sceptre, gave it just laws, and covered it with those cathedrals whose elegant lines we still admire. At least that is what is said about her by the noble Georgians, who speak of this

golden age with a sigh. I imagine, however, that Tamara owes the best part of her glory to the circumstance that near her throne flourished Rustaveli, the great poet of the nation. He sang the praises of his protectress as poets are wont to sing the praises of a beautiful queen.

The deserted monasteries and the dismantled castle of Mtzchet are reflected in the waters of the Koura, which here receives the Aragva and carries its tumultuous waters to the Caspian, along the great central valley between the Caucasus and the Anti-Caucasus. The road opens out into this valley and turns westward, and soon we perceive the houses of Tiflis, clinging to the sides of the hills on both banks of the Koura.

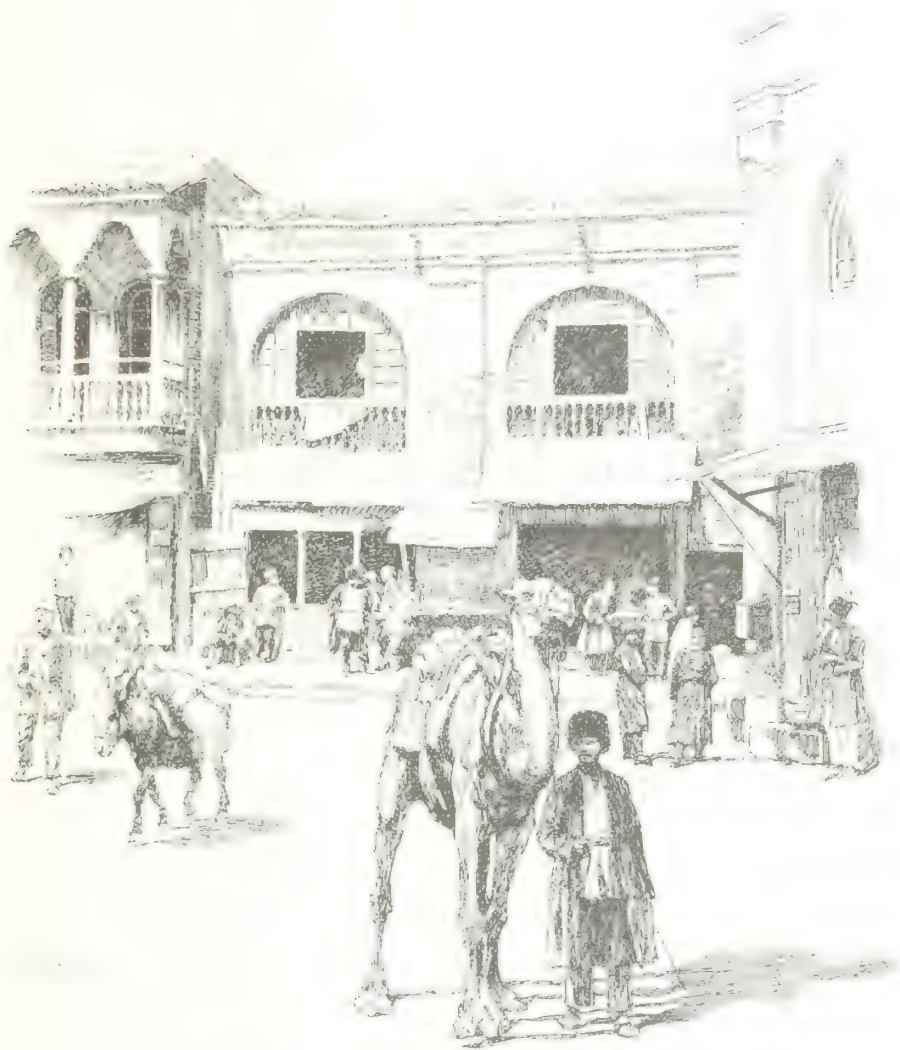
II.

You have seen on the shores of the ocean pebbles pitilessly rolled by the ebb and flow, worn and deformed by the play of the waves? Such is the history of Tiflis. An old and venerable city, for it can show churches that were founded in the first centuries of our era, it has always been the victim of its geographical position. Each time that the tide of Islamism poured over the mountains of Armenia, Tiflis was swallowed up and destroyed. Then its Georgian masters would recover it for a while, only to yield it up once more to a new flood of Mongolians, Persians, or Turks. The last total destruction dates a century back; it was the work

of the Shah Aga-Mohammed-Khan. Since then another wave from the north has taken it and remade it after its own fancy.

At the present day Tiflis is a hybrid town, half Russian and half Oriental. In the centre of it the victors have built a palace, a museum, barracks, boulevards lined with hotels and shops, which vie with those of Moscow. The moment you

in silver filigree; there the sword cutlers and gunsmiths, squatting in their niches behind a heap of iron, invite you to buy old Persian shields, Khorassan blades, poniards of niello-work from Trebizond, long Kourid guns with the stocks inlaid with mother-of-pearl. Beneath the damp vaults of the bazars, Armenian clerks unfold the silks and gauzes of Asia Minor



MARKET SCENE AT TIFLIS

return to the faubourgs you find yourself in the East again. In the narrow tortuous streets are to be seen the native industries, with the aspect and usages that each one faithfully preserves throughout Asia. Each trade has its street. Here the jewelers, working in the open air, in their little stalls, at a bench, where they set turquoises

and carpets from Kirman and Bokhara, piled up in heaps on the floor of a small shop, where the Persian tradesman greets you in his dyed beard. Tiflis is the principal market for Oriental carpets. Here you find a finer selection and less unreasonable prices than in the bazar at Constantinople.

You go back into the street, and your carriage is stopped by a team of camels, which sway along or kneel down beneath their heavy burden of bales of cotton. Drivers and passers talk back at each other in all languages. The camels draw off to one side to give passage to a Tcherkess horseman, who manages with graceful ease his thorough-bred Kabarda. A Tatar is going to the bath-house mounted on his donkey; he fingers his chaplet and amber beads as he passes near a pope, who is bargaining for a silver-gilt icon in front of a goldsmith's window. A Russian officer, correctly buttoned up in his green tunic, stares out of countenance the Georgian women who glide along like phantoms—Christians whom long accustomedness has fashioned to Mussulman manners. They are enveloped in long white veils hanging down from a velvet cap worn over the long black braids of hair that frame the sculptural lines of their faces and their great black eyes, whose brilliancy is heightened by the dull paleness of their complexions.

The population of Tiflis helps one to understand what I said above about the Caucasus, that it is the meeting-point of all the races of the Old World, if it is not even the starting-point of many of them. In order to obtain a concrete vision of this fact, we must climb one of the hills that surround the town and look at the forest of steeples, as various as the souls whose aspirations they symbolize. Here are the Greek cross over a gilded cupola rising above the green sheet-iron roof of an orthodox church; the octagonal spire of sculptured stone surmounted by a reversed extinguisher, which invariably crowns the Byzantine churches of the Georgians; the square belfry of the Armenian cathedral; the Roman cross on the gable of a Catholic chapel; and, finally, in the Tatar quarter, the humble minaret whence the imam still calls the faithful to prayer.

If we make abstraction of the foreign elements brought by the invasions, and if we neglect the local tribes of less importance, two native races remain in presence in the Caucasus and vie with each other for the preponderance, namely, the Georgians and the Armenians. At Tiflis, out of a population of one hundred thousand souls, the Georgians are estimated at twenty-two per cent., and the Armenians at thirty-seven per cent. In the town itself the Georgians are in the minority, for

they are essentially rural people and unskilled in commerce. They occupy the southern slopes and the valleys of the great Caucasus chain, where they represent the agricultural and military class that has remained faithful to feudal manners. Almost all the nobility of the country is Georgian, and very proud of its blood; for that matter, every Georgian calls himself noble, and even in the lowest conditions of life you find some of them bearing the title of prince.

The Armenians come from the south, from the plateaux of the Anti-Caucasus, where is the cradle of their race, between Van and Erivan. Near this latter town is the holy monastery of Echmiadzin, the Armenian Rome. In this convent, with which all the traditions of this Christian family are connected, is enthroned the Catholicos, the patriarch who is appointed with the approval of the Tsar, and who makes himself obeyed by all the sons of the nation scattered over Russia, Turkey, and Persia. In comparison with the Georgian Aristocracy, the Armenians form what we should call the middle class; very industrious and sharp-witted, they excel in all kinds of business; the proverb says that one Armenian is a match for two Jews. In their schools the children show remarkable aptitude for learning. The race is robust, and built for the hard work in which the lower class is employed. At Tiflis you find them exercising the most various professions, from that of shopman up to that of bank director. Capital is getting concentrated in their hands. It is easy to see to which of these two races the future belongs. The Armenians boast several families of mark; they have given to Russia some illustrious generals, like Lazaref and Loris Melikof.

As for the Tcherkess or Circassians of Daghestan and other Mussulman districts, successive emigrations have diminished their number; all those whose humor could not brook dependency have passed into Turkey. There remain only the agricultural and peaceful tribes, irregular militia soldiers who have rallied to the Russian flag without reservation, as was made evident in the war of 1877.

The religious edifices alone testify to the antiquity of Tiflis, ravaged and mutilated by so many invasions. After visiting them, and after feasting his eyes on the kaleidoscope of the bazars, the traveller finds nothing more to retain him, except

the kindly hospitality of the Emperor's lieutenant, Prince Dondoukof-Khorsakof, who governs this kingdom from the recesses of a palace built by his predecessor, Bariatinsky. In the Moorish halls of this building the luxury of Persia combines its seductions with the luxury of the West, around fountains whose fresh waters babble beneath roses. Let us escape from this Capua. More curious spectacles await us in the interior of the provinces. Let us take the train for Bakou.

III.

Tiflis is midway on the railway that cuts the Caucasus in its whole width, and puts the two seas in communication—the port of Batoum on the Black Sea with that of Bakou on the Caspian. As we leave the capital in the latter direction, the eye is at first ravished and then desolated by the changing aspects of the land. The track follows the Kour, which rolls its broad sheet of water majestically through wild forests and rich, tilled soil, while two chains of snowy ridges stretch away out of sight in the distance—the Caucasus to the left, the mountains of Armenia to the right. Soon we leave the river, which goes to join the Araxes toward the south; the plain gets broader and barer; tall cages built of planks perched on four tree trunks rise in the midst of the rice fields like watch-towers. The inhabitants of the villages, who are all Tatars in this region, take refuge at night in these aerial nests; the marshy land is so unhealthy that it is dangerous to sleep there. In spite of these precautions, the peasants whom we see are devoured by fever; their emaciated visages remind us of those of the inhabitants of the Roman Campagna. After leaving Hadji-Caboul, the station in Moorish style where a new line branches off—"the Teheran line," I am told by the engineers who are building it, and who hope to carry it into the very heart of Persia—we enter an African landscape, sad and luminous. The mountain chains become lower; they are now simply cliffs



TCHERKESS HORSEMANSHIP

of gilded sandstone festooning against a crude blue sky. At their feet, the desert, a sandy expanse, covered here and there with a rose carpet of flowering tamarisks. Herds of camels browse on these shrubs, under the guard of a half-naked shepherd, motionless as a bronze statue. The fantastic silhouettes of these animals are increased in size and changed in form by the effect of the mirage, which displays before our eyes, in the ardent haze of the horizon, lakes and forests. From time to time we meet a petroleum train, composed of cistern trucks in the form of cylinders, surmounted by a funnel with a short, thick neck. When you see them approaching from a distance, you might mistake them for a procession of mastodons, vying in shapelessness with the trains of camels which they pass. The sun burns in space. Yonder a green band glitters beneath its rays; it is the Caspian. We turn around a hill, and behold! on this western shore, in this primitive landscape, which seems like a corner of Arabia Petraea, a monstrous city rises before our eyes. Is it once more the effect of mirage, this town of diabolical aspect, enveloped in a cloud of smoke traversed by running tongues of flame, as it were Sodom fortified by the demons in its girdle of cast-iron towers? I can find but one word to depict exactly the first impression that it gives: it is a



MOSQUE AT BAKOU.

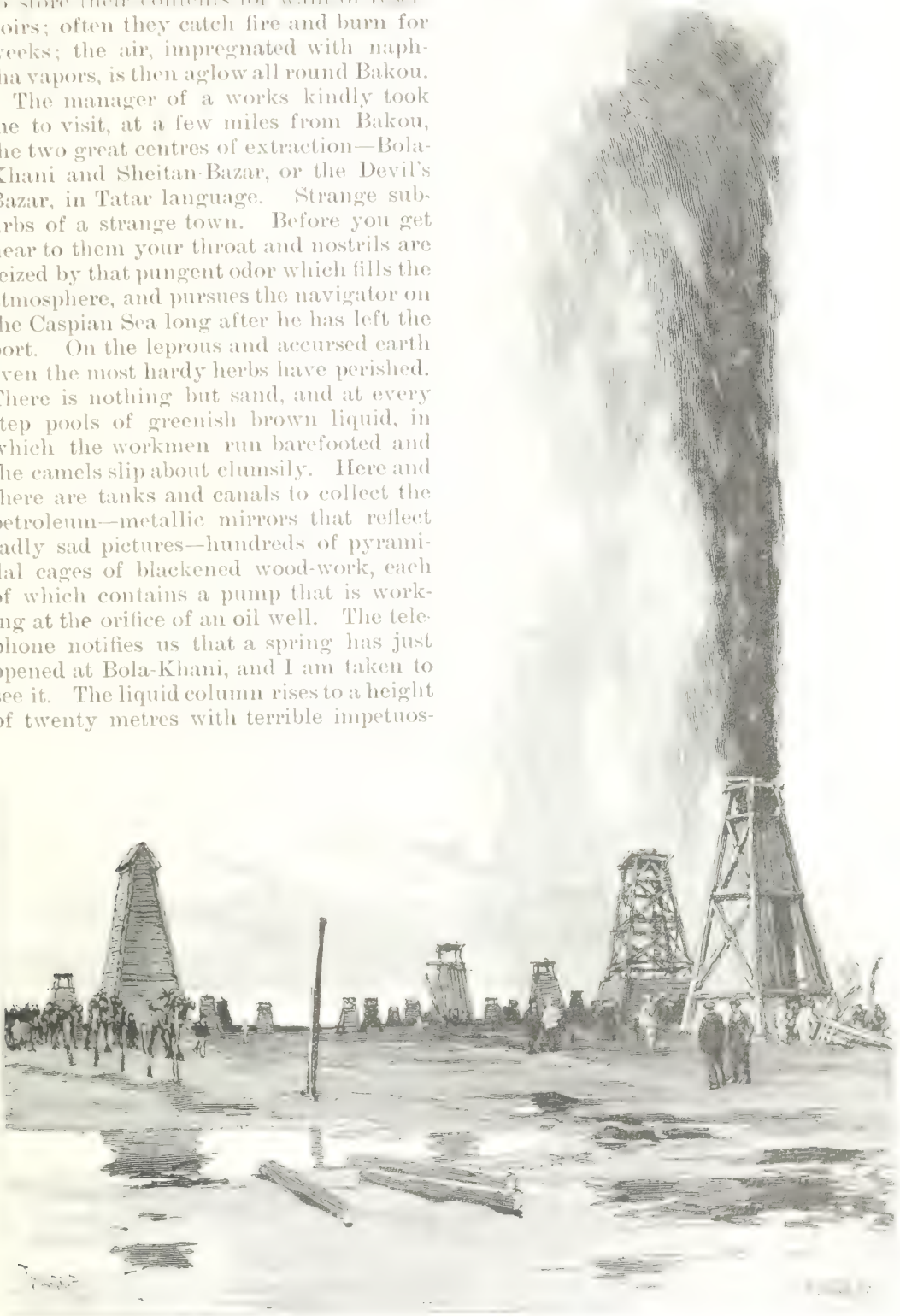
town of gasometers. There are no houses—the houses are relegated further away on the right, in the old Persian city—nothing but iron cylinders and pipes and chimneys, scattered in disorder from the hills down to the beach. This is doubtless the fearful model of what manufacturing towns will all be in the twentieth century. Meanwhile, for the moment, this one is unique in the world; it is Bakou—the “Town of Fire,” as the natives call it; the petroleum town, where everything is devoted and subordinated to the worship of the local god.

The bed of the Caspian Sea rests upon a second subterranean sea, which spreads its floods of naphtha under the whole basin. On the eastern shore the building of the Samarand Railway led to the discovery of immense beds of mineral oil. On the western shore, from the most remote ages, the magi used to adore the fire springing from the earth at the very spot where its last worshippers prostrate themselves at the present day. But, after having long adored it, impious men began to make profit by it commercially. In the thir-

teenth century the famous traveller Marco Polo mentions “on the northern side a great spring whence flows a liquid like oil. It is no good for eating, but it is useful for burning and for all other purposes; and so the neighboring nations come to get their provision of it, and fill many vessels without the ever-flowing spring appearing to be diminished in any manner.” The really practical working of these oil springs dates back only a dozen years. At the present day it yields 2,000,000 kilogrammes of kerosene per annum, and disputes the markets of Europe against the products of Kentucky and Pennsylvania. The yield might be increased tenfold, for the existing wells give on an average 40,000 kilogrammes a day, and in order to find new ones it suffices to bore the ground, so saturated is the whole soil with petroleum. C. Marvin (*The Petroleum Industry in Southern Russia*) compares the Apsheron peninsula to a sponge plunged in mineral oil. The soil is continually vomiting forth the liquid lava that torments its entrails, either in the form of mud volcanoes or of natural

springs. These springs overflow in streams so abundant that it is hopeless to store their contents for want of reservoirs; often they catch fire and burn for weeks; the air, impregnated with naphtha vapors, is then aglow all round Bakou.

The manager of a works kindly took me to visit, at a few miles from Bakou, the two great centres of extraction—Bola-Khani and Sheitan-Bazar, or the Devil's Bazar, in Tatar language. Strange suburbs of a strange town. Before you get near to them your throat and nostrils are seized by that pungent odor which fills the atmosphere, and pursues the navigator on the Caspian Sea long after he has left the port. On the leprous and accursed earth even the most hardy herbs have perished. There is nothing but sand, and at every step pools of greenish brown liquid, in which the workmen run barefooted and the camels slip about clumsily. Here and there are tanks and canals to collect the petroleum—metallic mirrors that reflect sadly sad pictures—hundreds of pyramidal cages of blackened wood-work, each of which contains a pump that is working at the orifice of an oil well. The telephone notifies us that a spring has just opened at Bola-Khani, and I am taken to see it. The liquid column rises to a height of twenty metres with terrible impetu-



BAKOU—PETROLEUM WELLS—THE BLACK CITY

ity, carrying along with it both sand and stones. Its force is so great that in a few hours it wears away the rails and the heavy iron cap by means of which an effort is made to hold it down. It falls in cascades of russet gold in the sunlight. A match would convert the fountain into a pillar of flame that would set the whole horizon ablaze.

All the workmen employed are native Tatars. The directors are inexhaustible in their praises of them. "Our Russians," they say, "are excellent workmen when they please; but with them we should have to deduct at least one-third of the year's work, and to put it to the credit of innumerable fête-days and drunkenness." The Tatars do not quit work on fête-days, neither do they drink wine. Sober, vigorous, and obedient, they have not their equals for this kind of work, which demands regularity rather than intelligent initiative. At the well's mouth, the man who works the extracting apparatus, every five minutes, when the bucket rises full of petroleum, has simply to pull out a pin that opens a valve through which the oil runs. The task is very simple, but it requires perpetual attention, without a moment's distraction, during the fourteen or fifteen hours of the day's work.

We go to Bola-Khani to see the Temple of Fire, half in ruins. Oh irony of things! The venerable sanctuary of the Guebres is at the present day enclosed in the buildings of a works where the god is refined and manufactured for sale. The last priests who celebrated here the antique ceremonies died a few years ago. The history of this chapel is an epitome of the history of the intellectual cycle traversed by humanity.

At some distance from the commercial town of Bakou the old Persian city rises in terraces up the hill-side at the other extremity of the roadstead. There you see once more white walls and a few plants in the public garden, but the atmosphere is still thick with the same overpowering stench. Since the opening of the Samar-cand Railway, on the opposite shore of the Caspian, the movement of the steamers bringing merchandise from central Asia has increased the animation of the port of Bakou. In the evening I am offered the favorite amusement of the inhabitants, which consists in rowing out for some distance in a small boat and "setting the sea on fire." In calm weather the waters of

the Caspian allow large patches of petroleum to rise to the surface, and these sometimes form a continuous film over the waves. A lighted candle suffices to set the horizon on fire, and the sea blazes in the darkness around the boat like an immense bowl of punch. Such is the diabolical pleasure in vogue in this vent-hole of the infernal regions. Of the traveller who leaves Bakou may be said, as the Florentine children said of Dante, "There is he who has come back from hell." While the night train bears him away, the persecuting odor pursues him for hours, and his eyes are filled with the glare of flames, against which the iron towers of the Town of Fire stand out in black silhouettes, like the shell of an apocalyptic smoke-snorting monster.

IV.

Another world—the earthly paradise! I left the Tiflis-Poti Railway at the Koutais junction line, along which I followed the upper valley of the Rion—the Phasis of the ancients, the river in which they used to dip the fleeces of ewes in order to collect pepites of gold. As it runs toward the Black Sea, the Rion waters, on the western slopes of the Caucasus, Imeretia and Mingrelia, provinces which were formerly subject to the kingdom of Georgia, obedient to that state when it fell into firm hands, but generally in rebellion against it. Koutais was the capital of Imeretia. It is now one of the most important and certainly the most ravishing town in the Caucasus. Its houses are dotted about between gardens on both banks of the Rion, in an amphitheatre of lofty mountains crowned by dazzling glaciers; in the distance the river winds in bluish silver loops along the valley, and fertilizes rich corn fields, vineyards, and fruit orchards, above which, on the slopes, are forests. At the time of the year when I passed through the country, this lake of verdure was literally covered with flowers. Along the roads curtains of climbing roses hung from the branches of the poplar-trees; in the gardens which surround and encroach upon the various quarters of the town, white clumps of paulonias and magnolias cast their shade over fields of tobacco and millet; but the one dominant note in the country is vermilion; the land is over-spread with wild pomegranate-trees in full bloom; whole hills present to the eye one vast dome of flame-colored red. It is the most radiant feast that my eyes have ever

seen in the world, and the softest light that can fall from an indulgent sky.

In this flowery landscape imagine a people of gods and goddesses. The human race has retained here a perfection of form and a nobleness of bearing which it has lost everywhere else. Beauty is not the exception but the rule. From the day-laborer who breaks stones on the road up to the seigneur who is a descendant of the ancient princes, every man that you meet is a walking statue of Olympian Jupiter. The *bachlik*, or cloak of goat's hair, whose folds are draped in a hundred different and always graceful styles over these sculptural heads, adds still more to their natural expression. Most of these Georgians have blond hair, blue eyes, a nose like an eagle's beak, and straight foreheads. No words can render the fire of their look, the proud dignity of their bearing, even when they are dressed in rags. On Sunday, in the public garden at Koutais, where the fashionable people assemble, I could not tire of watching as they passed this population of animated statues. The men are draped in a black or brown *teherkeska*, or long tunic, which falls over their boots, and might suggest the Roman toga were it not for the cartridge pouches, and the silver niello waistband from which hangs a poniard. It seemed to me that I was contemplating the ancient masters of the world gravely discussing in the forum. In the women the marmorean lines of the features hold until an advanced age, and increasing years are betrayed only by a lessening of the brilliancy of those large liquid eyes which glitter beneath the white veil in the warm paleness of their complexions.

From the little that we know of its history, Georgia offers a unique phenomenon in the Christian world. It has marched backward in relation to our civilization. Evangelized in the fourth century, before Gaul, it was comparatively prosperous and cultivated in the tenth century, at a time when our ancestors were in the thick darkness of the Middle Ages. Attached to the Byzantine Empire, it reflected the final greatness of its Greek doctors; in those days Plato and Aristotle were translated into Georgian. Overpowered afterward by the Turks and Persians, this people engrafted Mussulman vices on Byzantine vices, and fell into the worst barbarity at the very moment when Europe of the Renaissance was entering upon mod-

ern life. How can we doubt that this country has had its era of power and intellectual culture when we see at Koutais the remains of its admirable cathedral attributed to the ninth century? This monument is comparable to the most imposing edifices of the Christian West, so far as we can judge from the grand arches that are still standing, and from the columns and capitals that strew the ground.

Russian rule has restored order and security in Imeretia as well as in the rest of Georgia. Nothing is needed but work in order to make this blessed country a gold mine once more. But is the native race capable of this effort? We have seen above how at Tiflis the Georgians leave all the work and all the profit to the Armenians. The traditions of idleness and carelessness are too inveterate in the masters of these rich territories. I conversed with some of the nobles of the country. They do not attempt to conceal either their regrets or their hopes; alone of all the Caucasians they are not reconciled to the new order of things. Some of them imagine that under favor of an offensive return of the Turks, supported by England, they might recover what they call their old independence, that is to say, the faculty of selling their services alternately to their Muscovite and Mussulman neighbors. Awaiting the realization of this dream, they go to St. Petersburg and run into debt for a few years in the regiments of the guard, and then they return to their estates and live on boiled millet in the midst of a few ragged vassals, who gallop and prance behind them when they go to pay a visit to the Governor. The growing industries of the country are founded by foreigners, especially English, German, and French, who come to turn the timber to account. One of my compatriots has established a champagne wine manufactory at Koutais, where he transforms into a sparkling liquid the rough wines of Kakhetia, which are brought to him in buffalo-skins; his products can bear comparison with the best marks of Epernay.

I went to visit the monastery of Ghelati, twenty-five versts to the north of Koutais, in the mountains. It is the object of great veneration in the country, and all the national sorceries are connected with it. Built in the twelfth century by King David, Ghelati preserves the archives of Georgian history in the

frescoes which decorate the walls of its churches. The style of these paintings well shows the double influence under which everything in the Caucasus has been modelled—a Byzantine influence and a Persian influence. In these stiff processions of monarchs and of holy personages you might imagine the figures to be from Ispahan, and drawn by a painter from Mount Athos. They contain the authentic (?) portraits of Queen Tamara, of David the Restorer, of Baghrât, King of Kings. Inscriptions in Georgian characters relate the glory of these princes on the walls, and on the tombstones that cover their ashes. At the end of a cave carpeted with ivy, which was once a chapel, two iron gates of fine Arab style are still standing. David took this trophy with his own hand from the Mussulman fortress of Derbend, and, like a second Samson, carried it back to the sanctuary where he wished to rest. The monks show in their Treasure precious goldsmith's work, *cloisonné* enamels, old manuscripts adorned with miniatures. Their confused narratives summon up before us long centuries of legendary history, and a strange sensation it is, this sudden discovery of a history that is more cryptic and more unknown than that of China.

V.

But it is enough to look at Mingrelia as it actually is. In these districts of difficult access, between the precipitous mountains of Svanetia, the impracticable marshes of Abkazia, and the desolate shores of the Black Sea, on the banks of the Ingour and the Chodor—swift torrents which can be forded in winter, but which bar the roads in spring, when their overflowing waters inundate the valleys—the feudal Middle Ages defend themselves successfully against civilization. It is the last corner of Christendom where we still find them completely armed with their hospitable virtues and barbarous practices, their childish ideas and audacious characters, their social code and their superstitions. The territory of Mingrelia is at least as fertile as that of Imeretia; the vigor and the quick growth of the vegetation surpass anything that we know in Europe; but, with the exception of some corn and tobacco fields in the lower plains, this prodigious land still sleeps beneath a mantle of forests, interrupted here and there by marshy moors,

where herds of buffaloes pasture. The forests abound in game of all sorts—bears, chamois, wild-boars, pheasants. The Ingour and the Chodor are rich in exquisite fish, amongst others, sterlets and sturgeons equal in size to those of the Volga. The greater part of the land—two million acres—belongs to the Dadian princes who reigned for centuries over the country; but this paradoxical fortune brings in next to nothing to its possessors. Their mother, the last Dédopphale—such was the old title of the princesses of Mingrelia—definitively yielded her sovereign rights to Russia only in 1857. The present chief of the family, the Prince Nicolas, is general in the guard at St. Petersburg, and he was mentioned as a candidate for the throne of Bulgaria. His sister resides alone at Zougdidi with her husband, the Prince Achille Murat. What a singular caprice of destiny was this which brought here the grandson of the King of Naples! For my part, I can only bless this sport of history, inasmuch as I am indebted to it for charming hospitality at the hands of this Parisian of illustrious name exiled on the banks of the Ingour.

Murat comes to meet us, accompanied by a numerous escort of armed horsemen. "Are those your servants?" I asked him. "No," he replied. "They are the former vassals of my mother-in-law. The change of régime has not been able to break their attachment to the daughter of their suzerains." In this cortège there are several authentic princes. The most fortunate of them lives on his salary as under-chief of the Russian police; others are reduced almost to mendicency. As we enter Zougdidi, a part of these horsemen dismount; they are the big shop-keepers of the village, who are returning to their counters. The capital of Mingrelia is really only a straggling village of four or five hundred souls. At the end of an avenue of plane-trees and mimosas rises the Moorish castle of the seigneurs, overlooking a fairy-like park, in which the old Prince Dadian planted trees of all the known kinds. In this favorable climate they have attained in thirty years proportions that would make their brothers in other countries look sickly beside them, and under their shadow run clear streams of water through groves of rhododendrons, azaleas, and other many-colored flowers.

The Prince and Princess Murat have abandoned the old, broken-down house,



GEORGIAN PRINCES.



THE LESGHIENNE DANCE.

and installed themselves at some distance away in a Parisian chalet, where all the objects and the elegant luxury carry one's thoughts to the banks of the Seine. I listen to the narratives of my hosts and of the dependents who come and sit respectfully at their table, and I ask myself if this is not all a dream. After having chatted with a gentleman who is treated by all present with particular distinction, I find that he enjoys universal consideration as a great horse-thief. Stealing horses is *par excellence* a national institution. The prestige of a Mingrelian is measured by his audacity and skill in this sport. Your vulgar morality is of no account here; the disgrace is for the man who cannot procure for himself a mount by climbing at night over the palisades of an enclosure and escaping the gunshots of the owner. Horses are not the only booty sought in these nocturnal expeditions. The abduction of a girl, slung across the saddle, was formerly the only approved method of concluding a marriage, and it is not yet entirely abandoned. On my arrival I made the acquaintance of a prince who is a friend of the house, and of one of the important merchants of

Zougdidi; these two men of ripe age were receiving congratulations upon their beginning house-keeping: both of them had just married girls of thirteen.

An old woman comes up to the princess and asks for some flowers out of the garden for a sick person. I am informed that there is not a single doctor in the whole country, because he would die of starvation from want of patients. The Mingrelian has confidence only in some sorceress who knows magic incantations. In the gravest cases, when the patient is suffering from small-pox, typhoid fever, or a wound inflicted by a fire-arm, the treat-

ment is the same. The sorceress covers the part affected with fresh flowers incessantly renewed; she speaks words over the bed; she orders the patient to have brought to him all the food and all the drink that he may desire. The religion is as primitive as the medical science. The sign of the cross and genuflections before the icons of the Virgin barely disguise a very vigorous paganism. I am shown on the neighboring mountain a chapel dedicated to Saint George, and held in high esteem by the devout. On the saint's fête-day the inhabitants of the surrounding parts are summoned by blasts blown in a trumpet of red copper. They climb up the hill dragging behind them cattle, which they sacrifice in the very sanctuary itself—a calf, a kid, a ewe, according to the worshipper's means, according to the burden of larceny that he has on his conscience, or to the difficulty of the thieving operation that he has in view; for the Mingrelian's prayer is generally to implore the protection of Heaven in these hazardous enterprises, and this Saint George is precisely the patron of the horse-stealers. After the holocaust, a feast is held in front of the church, with libations, dancing, and songs.

The Sunday after my arrival I heard these songs and witnessed the dances on the square of Zougdidi. Prince Murat had kindly asked the inhabitants to organize in honor of the stranger a *tomacha*. (Throughout western Asia this Persian word has been borrowed to designate the popular fêtes that have been copied from those of Persia.) The music does not differ from the sad and drawling tunes common to all these peoples. The theme of the songs is the laments of lovers or the prowess of warriors; often the words are merely onomatopoeic and devoid of sense. The dance, accompanied by the rhythmic sounds of a guitar and tambourine, is the famous Lesghienne. Boys and girls form, first of all, a general round, holding each other by the arms and clapping their hands; little by little the old men with white beards join in, and they are not the least lively in their movements. Then isolated couples break off; the man and the woman turn slowly with graceful bendings of the whole body; the man moves round his partner waving his bare sabre, with gestures that express at one time the action of defending her, at another time that of ravishing her. The fête ended with the favorite Mingrelian amusement, a game at ball, which might more fitly be called a battle. The town is divided into two hostile camps which have old revenges to take upon each other. The ball is thrown in between the two armies; all those who have a horse spring into the saddle, while the plebeians follow on foot; cavalry and infantry rush furiously into the mêlée, each one trying to carry off and keep the trophy of victory. At the end of the day victors and vanquished are with difficulty separated, equally covered with blood and bruises. The game rarely ends without serious wounds, and sometimes several of the players are carried off the field dead.

But the supreme pleasure, that which my hosts wished to show me as the most curious spectacle which can be seen in Mingrelia, is a fine funeral. It happened that quite a rich man had just died in the town of Gory, a few leagues away. Alas! I was obliged to leave in four days, and I was asked to wait at least a week. The family keeps a corpse, according to the condition and fortune of the deceased, ten, twelve, fifteen days, and even longer; friends from distant parts must have time to put their urgent affairs in order and

to arrive at the spot. When a sufficient crowd is gathered in the house of the deceased the tragedy of the funeral begins, a veritable dramatic representation, with hired or voluntary weepers, dialogues, eloquent speeches, and soul-stirring cries, like those of the *voêlatrices* of Corsica. When all the actors and orators are tired out, the dead man is buried and holocausts are sacrificed to his manes; then the gayety begins around a banquet worthy of Pantagruel. Cattle are slain, buffalo skins full of wine of Kakhétia are tapped, and eating and drinking continue until the guests roll under the table, that is to say, on the grass, where they squat in front of the victuals. The commemorations of one month after the death and of the anniversary of the death are the occasion of similar pathetic scenes and festivities. People still talk at Zougdidi about the funeral of the Dédophaïe, the Dowager Princess Dadian who died a few years ago. After waiting three weeks, 80,000 people were assembled in the courts of the castle, and the cries and howlings could be heard for several miles around. The banquet continued for three whole days, and entire herds of oxen and sheep were slaughtered before the roasting spits of the cooks.

Although serfdom was officially abolished twenty years ago, there has been little change in the relations between the three castes—serfs, freeholders, and noble tenants—these last attached by the bond of vassalage to certain powerful families, which are in turn subordinated to the Dadian family.

When Murat's escort of princes and horse-thieves—an escort doubtless very little different from that which rode behind his grandfather in Calabria—took leave of me with friendly hurrahs on the Senaki road, I had already sufficiently got rid of our thin surface coating of civilization to be able to do justice to the good sides of the patriarchal state. I regretted these excellent people, so affable, so obliging, so hospitable, and whose only shortcoming is to be a little too hasty with their poniards, and to have other notions than ours about other people's property. It seemed to me as if I had suddenly jumped over an interval of several centuries when I saw at Senaki station, under the wires of the Anglo-Indian telegraph, the locomotive getting up steam to take me to Batoum.



“WOULD DICK DO THAT?”

BY GEORGE A. HIBBARD.

“IT is positively not to be borne any longer,” said the Colonel, half laughing, yet wholly in earnest, as he brought down his heavy fist emphatically upon the yielding arm of the large chair.

The Colonel, the Counsellor, and the Honorable were seated in that line of chairs that bends around the great fireplace in the main hall of the Andros Club. Richly sober in their upholstery, and dignifiedly luxurious in their conformation, these chairs, with the small table at the arm of each, present an imposing sight, standing equidistant, as they do, about that broad hearth. To the imaginative they might easily seem, in their comfortable rotundity, a gathering about the club fire of some substantial elderly gentlemen, ballasted by the consciousness of money-bags, who have met in solemn conclave, communicating with each other in expressive sentences and comprehensive silences. The younger members of the club regarded the vacant seats with something of the reverence which the

dashing young “equites” of Rome might have felt in looking upon the muster of curule chairs; and, indeed, a more or less formal senate, whose pronunciamientos were not without effect, and from whose decisions there never could be wholly effectual appeal, sat in that august row.

Upon their thoughtful faces fell the shifting light of the wood fire, from which wilful and flickering gleams, emissaries to darkened corners of the hall, ran with hastening feet. The place—the unassailable stronghold of masculine independence—is conducive to confidence. The house had once been a private residence. Now it has exchanged the perfume of flowers for the scent of cigars, the ripples of ivory keys for the click of ivory balls, the laughter of young girls for the din of men’s voices, and the household character—the accumulated meaning that gathers where a family lives—for the less significant aspects that have existence in places where life is not passed, where the real sorrows and joys of humanity do not

find dwelling. The time, too, is propitious for the business in hand. It is that interim between afternoon and evening—the lazy, the luxurious, the *good* quarter of an hour before dinner; the space wherein affairs and cares should not be suffered to obtrude; when anticipatory appetite breeds lenient geniality; when life gathers in a certain sluggishness vivacity for what is to come.

The subject had long been increasing in gravity with all of us individually, but not one had yet had the courage to make any mention of it. Each of us knew that the other two felt its weight when we met, as we did every day, at the club for an ante-prandial cigar, but no one had hitherto broached it. To-day, a short silence, a stare passing from one to the other, as the pipe passes from hand to hand at an Indian council, preceded its open recognition. The Honorable first introduced the matter, in hesitating, diffident, doubtful speech. Something—some new instance of our oppression—had probably happened during the day, that had goaded him beyond endurance. His words fell as the first shower drops fall on parched herbage; expression grew animated in our faces, like starting, revived verdure. The Counsellor, as is the wont of his kind, insinuated a qualification, a proviso. It was stricken out without motion. Then the Colonel, as has been seen, emphatically instituted the first real proceeding in the matter, and sealed it with his fist. Instinctively we pulled our chairs slightly out of line and closer together, and the affair was at last formally, earnestly under consideration.

We had been boys together when Andros was not the great place it is. Each knew the life, the times of the others almost as well as his own; knew the school scrapes and the college difficulties into which each had fallen; knew how often each had been refused, and by whom; knew the opportunities that had been seized, the chances that had been lost; knew the thousand trivial incidents of each other's daily existence. Our pleasures, our troubles, our hopes, our likings, our hates, our antipathies, our forbearances, were more or less alike; our very processes of thought were much the same. We understood each other thoroughly, feeling in each other that ease and security that perfect sympathy alone can bring. And now we, and others

like us, were suffering from the same grievance—a grievance we had all endured for months. But we could bear the evil no longer. Action must be taken—so said the Colonel, and so said the others—action in our own behalf, and in behalf of the rest who were unhappy beneath the same burden.

We had long been, we thought, an important part of the community—a circle, of the perfection of which we never had doubt. It might not be arrogating too much to ourselves to say that we and our associates formed the good society of the place. No sphere in all the spheres had truer radii, such quite perfect periphery; and if ever a circle could be squared, none could be so easily established in complete rectangularity as ours. We had great confidence in our funded intelligence, though, to be sure, we carried no great amount of small change in the way of brilliancy. Good society is in too good credit to require it; only the insecure need to be amusing. We knew that we were more than well off, but were not exactly purse-proud; we were only a little over-purse-complacent. Freshly caught wealth, unhung and without mellowed flavor, was to us rather raw and rank. Ostentation was a personal affront; and yet we would have regarded mere ancestral assumption as something akin to body-snatching. We were an amazingly difficult set to satisfy. Possibly we had no very fixed views, and were only very comfortable complexities of prejudices, self-satisfactions, mutual gratulations, unassertive pretensions, with just enough doubt about our own perfectness to make us quite apt to be censorious of all things which could possibly lead us to any mis-giving. But such as we were, we were well-contented, and we desired no change. We ran in deep, easy, long-worn grooves, as imperceptibly as if upon wheels with rubber tire.

We were not very gay. Andros was a place where too great sprightliness would certainly be out of true tone. It might as well be confessed that it was provincial; but its provincialism was light, bright, with many leavening urbanities. We had not fully recognized the rapidity with which its affairs had increased, and yet we heard the hum of multiplying existence, and could not but see the purposeful stir all around us. We were of the Bourbon spirit; the old *régime*,

the old order, satisfied us, and we did not apprehend a deluge of innovation, now, or after us. If we did not forget, we did not anticipate. We were old fogies, middle-aged and mediæval, with no consciousness of or desire for any renaissance. Of course, in our youth, like all others, we had been radicals, knew hot-headed dreams, and had been beset by impracticable longings. But the lava of such young years had cooled after ebullience, and had stiffened beneath the gray, ash-bestrewn crust of indifference. Not a man of us but had already, on some morning, awakened and found himself, not fatuous, but forty. The deposits of the tertiary formation are not more firmly settled than were we in our peculiar social stratification. There had been no mutation for a long time. Alas! we were not students of Heraclitus. We had not fathomed the profundity of his rather Hibernian aphorism, "Everything is and is not."

As will sometimes happen in such somewhat mature American places, there had not been a wedding of any consequence for a long time. Had we been given to such investigation, we might have been almost led to believe in some theory of meteorology, in which, with undulatory and periodic sweep, sentiment charges the air at long separated periods, and the stagnation in which there is no marrying or giving in marriage is, as if in elemental change and with atmospheric action, suddenly broken up. There had been no considerable engagement for years; indeed, there were none to become engaged. Our children were still young, too young to be far enough advanced in their education to deal with that problem in mystic mathematics by which two are made one; and this possibly will better explain the fact that no case of such heart failure, or acceleration, had occurred for so long. Of course there had been marriages in the town, contraction of wedlock, connubial starts in life, conjugal beginnings; but, it is repeated, there had been no weddings worth mentioning, none in that important fragment of the world in which we were so prominent. "The felicity of unbounded domesticity" had become with us something a matter of course; the manna had ceased to seem a miracle, and was everyday bread. The balance of power was finally well established and carefully

guarded; mutual boundaries were clearly defined and rights respected. If something of the transport was gone, so was something of the trouble and vexation of spirit. Peace reigned; usage, that beneficent power, had fixed everything that could be expected of a husband, ordained whatever a wife might ask; and the edicts, the code of Custom the Great, were never broken. Could such golden period last? Fatuous men: we should have known that mortality could not hold such Elysian tract in anything like life estate.

Richard Garrard Fenwick—so his name stood on the club list—had been too young—he was five years younger than the Honorable, who was the junior of the other two—when the last hymeneal levy had been made, and had so escaped the draft. But young and unmarried as he was, he seemed as thoroughly our companion as if he wore the clasps, the crosses, the decorations, of a dozen years of desperate matrimonial service. He served with us on directorial boards; he made one of our number at whist. It was only when he dined with us, as he so often did, at the house of one or another, that we remembered the exceptionality of his situation from the necessity of having some one in to "balance the table." He was one of us, naturally, firmly, completely; and we no more thought of possibility of change in him than change in anything else.

The first warning was as weak, as misunderstood, as disregarded, as first warnings usually are—innocent, easy, unalarmed men, we knew nothing of its portent. Mrs. Harpending announced that her niece was to stay with her for a month of the early winter. This, it would have seemed to any one, was a comparatively insignificant matter, certainly nothing to shake able-bodied and sound-minded gentlemen with alarm, and, in fact, we gave no particular heed to it. We felt no trepidation; we received the statement with something even like delight. The thought of having a bright, pretty girl about, was not unpleasing. But if such was our perhaps pardonable obtuseness then, what can extenuate our crass stupidity when we were not panic-stricken upon the first appearance of Miss Edith Armistead herself? The event took place at a small dinner given by the unapprehensive Colonel, absolutely in the young lady's honor. Old idiots that we were, we must have lost our heads, as well as our hearts,

before she had walked half across the room, as she did, gracefully rigid in her slim erectness, for she was so young that she still carried herself with a certain charming self-consciousness. We were her slaves from that moment, metaphorically prostrate at her long, narrow, glittering shoes. We were wholly without alarm. There was a piquancy in her prettiness that won us toward her; there was a charm in her gracious hesitancy of manner that captivated us; and after the dinner we chatted on to each other about her with a sort of semi-senile garrulity. We did not notice it at the time, but Fenwick sat at the table unusually silent. In the drawing-room, after dinner, we surrounded her, claimed with selfish effrontery every word that fell from her lips, and appropriated every glance of her bright young eyes, so that he could not speak to her. Fenwick had no opportunity during the entire evening to approach her; but when the time came for the Harpendings to go, he quite annoyed us by happening to be in the hall and going with them to their carriage. Even then—perhaps over-tickled vanity was to blame—not a man of us was stricken with terror.

We all wanted the young stranger to have a good time; and in our middle-aged way we did all we could for her. We each of us gave her a dinner; and the Colonel, in his hot-headed fashion, got up what he called a dance for her. She looked radiant, and she assured us, in her pretty, emphatic way, that she had enjoyed herself immensely; but, in looking back on the affair, I am afraid that the gayety was dismal, the delight too decorous for her. Of course Fenwick was in everything that was going on. He was our only young man, and we made the most of him. The reckless way in which those young persons were thrown together was something without parallel in the long annals of human fatuity. Why, we favored it; brought it about; delighted in it! Of course we knew what was going forward; we even thought we were clever to find it out. We knew how all would end; we believed we were profound in making that discovery. Each of us felt as if he had part and lot in the matter himself. We saw them walking briskly up the avenue in the brilliant, opalescent autumn afternoons; we saw them sitting, suddenly silent, in the early twilights of the winter evenings, before the glowing

grates; we saw them talking in low tone, away from every brazen glare of light, in the nights of the holidays; and we grew sentimental, and thought of our own long-ago wooings and doings; and in eager but concealed earnestness revelled expansively in the recollection of long-unremembered incidents. The Colonel, coming upon the girl quite unexpectedly as she stood upon the Harpending stairway, giving Fenwick a rose from those which lay beside her plate at dinner, remembered how, years before, a bunch of violets had been dropped to him over that very balustrade, and telegraphed the next morning for the brougham which only the day before he had declared would be a useless extravagance. The milk of human kindness was very rich just then, and there mantled upon it the cream of large-hearted sympathy. We partly lived in one of those provinces where time and space seem held suspended, each in a sort of incomprehensible solution of the other, and where all material things are shadowless. We were then witless denizens of a region of belated romance; and all this time not a man of us trembled in definite or even indefinite apprehension.

In due time the engagement was announced. Everybody was satisfied; everybody approved. He was well-born, well-featured, well-mannered, and more than well-to-do; and she was of good birth, good-breeding, and much more than good looks. We gave her congratulations, and we gave her flowers. We were delighted that we were to have one so fresh, so cheery, so bright, so graceful, so beautiful, always with us, for of course they would live in the great house on the avenue, that had looked so dull, so desolate, so like a prison in which old pleasures were serving out life-sentences, ever since the death of Fenwick's grandfather. It was not a long betrothment. One bright spring morning the chimes of old St. Barnabas—the old church which the town, in its growth marching away, had left in the heart of the business quarter—rang gayly over the busy streets; and victorias and coupés filled with festal-clad occupants struggled through cars and carts and wagons and vans, and crushed around the main entrance of the church, the very drivers good-humored in the joy of the occasion. And then, as the noon-day sun fell in purple splendor through the stained glass, Dr. Quartle, who had married all

of us and baptized the most of us, pronounced the final solemn words—hardly second in their import and consequence to the last *requiem æternam*, for beneath them two lives are ended and two lives begun—"those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

We loaded the bride with presents. No artfulness could have exceeded that with which we concealed from each other what we were to do in that line, for—there was more meanness than magnanimity in the business—each desired to excel the others. We came out at the wedding breakfast in surprising strength. The Colonel especially was effusive, positive, globose, glorious, in style and gesture.

They went to Europe for a wedding trip, and were gone three months. We were unaffectedly glad to see them on their return, and we made their homecoming something of an ovation. Even then there was no foreboding of the trouble to come; but as time passed, and we began to return to the old routine of our lives, which before had been no more the subject of thought than the constituents of the atmosphere, a stealthy shadow, a dissatisfying suspicion, a jar as if something had fallen into our grooves, and the wheels of habit struck obstructing novelty—all these commingled beset us and played the Incarnation of Evil with us. The Honorable, it was observed, broke off in a lucky run at cards and went home at eleven o'clock; the Counsellor now rarely took the club in his way when he went to dinner; and when the Colonel, in a high hat, was caught one Sunday morning as he was being quietly led to church, it was plain to the meanest understanding that some powerful influence was at work. It was a surprise, a shock. We groped blindly for the cause of such disturbances, and we found it. The discovery came about, like other great discoveries, by accident. In the lobby of a theatre one evening, between the acts, the Honorable fell into interesting discussion with the Editor, and left Mrs. Honorable alone some time, while the play went on. He had scarcely taken his seat by her side again, when he was met by the inquiry, "Would Dick do that?"

It was a simple thing, but it was all-sufficient. We had heard those innocent words in that deadly collocation before. We understood.

We had cultivated a poisonous exotic;

we had nourished a viper; we had created a Frankenstein that had turned and would rend us. Would Dick do this, that, or the other thing? We heard it at every turn. Of course he wouldn't; and what were we to say? To urge that Dick hadn't been married a year, to plead a sort of reversed statute of limitation, was something instantly overruled as utterly irrelevant; and though in our blundering way we thought it sufficient, there was a lingering, instinctive logic about us that did make it seem not the most tenable thing in the world. We dared not raise any personal point; it would be contempt of every high tribunal that tried us. We were powerless, answerless, and without effective defence.

"Would Dick do that?" It was a sort of indirect black-mail. The whole structure of our habitual existence was attacked; the usages of ripened lifetimes were threatened. We were to abandon the second or third nature that we had so sensibly acquired, and try back for a left-off something, a never sober reality, with which we had had nothing to do for many years. Security was gone; peace might be destroyed. And all this because a young man was glad to make a fool of himself about a young woman. Richard Garrard Fenwick might be regarded as something approaching a public nuisance, and, in objectionable feature, to be abated. We came to look upon him as something of a traitor; but I doubt if he ever noticed our coolness—blind, deluded youngster. What was to be done? Of such example an example must be made. We sat upon the question that memorable afternoon, for to the proposition that something had to be done, there was not a dissenting voice. We felt outraged, betrayed, trapped; and were ready for immediate action.

"Got a cigar?" asked the Counsellor, abruptly. As no one had, he rang, the order was given, and the servant returned with three boxes—our respective well-known choices.

The Counsellor took his cigar determinedly, the Honorable his thoughtfully; the hand of the Colonel was stayed when half put forth. We stared.

"Does Dick—" began the Counsellor.

The Colonel actually blushed. "By Christopher!" he ejaculated, interrupting him, and fulminating his every-day, working oath, "I'll smoke enough in the next

twenty-four hours to make up for the week I've left off."

Silence for three minutes. The Colonel smoked grimly; the Counsellor, as if sagaciously getting up something like statistics of the precise situation; the Honorable, with a far-away look.

"If we only," began the Honorable, hesitating, as if he had brought the idea from the very confines of human intelligence—"if we only could bring him back to any of his old ways."

"Do you think," said the Colonel, "that we could do anything?"

"Perhaps," said the Honorable.

"What?" asked the Counsellor, in the tone of a man who foresees easy overthrow of impossible propositions.

"Suppose—" began the Honorable.

"Suppose!" said the Colonel, imperatively. "Don't suppose—propose."

"What would you say," began the Honorable, with none of that impossible boldness that the Colonel demanded, "to our inviting him, one after another, to dinner at the club?"

And the Colonel brought down his fist upon his knee—smote himself, as did Samson the Philistines, hip and thigh—and declared that if the thing could be done, the evil would be as the rended lion, its carcase filled with a swarm of bees and honey, or words to that effect.

"But suppose we should ask him and he wouldn't come?"

A sudden gloom fell on the company.

"Suppose the moon declined to keep its appointment when there was an eclipse of the sun to come off," said the Colonel, scornfully. "Do you suppose that Dick Fenwick is a man who is going to disturb harmony, keep clear of every attraction, escape every force that has kept us together so long?"

"Who shall begin?" said the Counsellor, abruptly.

"You," said the Colonel.

"No," said the Counsellor. "Let the discoverer of the remedy have the honor of the initiative."

"Well, if it must be," replied the Honorable.

And so it was settled, and so the unholy league was formed. Each of us, as we slunk out of the club that night, felt as if he had detected himself in rather a small conspiracy. But what could we do? In the midst of an asparagus bed, where, out of rich foundation, and after

years of cultivation, the succulent shoots thrust up their heads, thick-necked, in luxurious promise, there had sprung up the evil growth that shook over the tender plants its delicate and deadly blossoms.

The invitation was given, and, much to our surprise, was quickly accepted. We were exultant. When the Honorable, the next morning, came to the breakfast table, and from behind the rampart of the morning paper, that he was going to dine at the club, he was met by a chilly glance that usually would have intimidated him; but when he carelessly added, "Oh, Dick's to be there too," he looked over the printed escarpment upon an astounded, demoralized, and completely routed force.

But though the evening came, Fenwick did not. A note arrived at the last moment, while we stood dumbly waiting, simply saying that he was kept by an urgent matter, and apologizing for his absence. The effect was instantaneous, and it was striking. As the letter was read, a sudden depression fell upon us. I know of nothing that could so quickly have made three such men so distinctly hypocrites. The Counsellor's hilarity was thin; the airiness of the Colonel was singularly rarefied; the Honorable's vivacity, diaphanous.

"But we will have our dinner," each ejaculated, without heart, however, in the declaration. After it was made, the Colonel seemed shrunken, discouraged; the Counsellor dwindled, doubtful; the Honorable collapsed, disconsolate.

The thing was a pitiful failure—three imbecile shams, three idiotic pretenders, taking a meal; that was all. We praised a wine while we silently condemned Fenwick. We found fault with a *plat* as we thought of the future. Our laughter at old jokes came almost as harsh tomtom sounds in celebration of their funerals. We cackled a fusillade of cachinnations in salute to new ones, as if those of which we had been fond for years were as nothing in comparison. The Honorable drank a little too much wine, and was loquacious; the Colonel ate too little, and was silent; the Counsellor distinctly refrained from doing either, and his usual doubts and dubitations ran into captiousness and disputation. And if in Fenwick's unoccupied chair there did not plainly sit all the time a silently up-

braiding ghost, clad in a fog-dampened mourning veil, it was because outraged domesticity is not a personifiable quality. However, there was something in the nothing before us wonderfully potent and depressing. The affair came to a sudden and infestive end. We parted in gloom, and took our separate ways home,

"And bitterly thought of the morrow."

The next afternoon we met at the club as usual. If former meetings had been despondent, this was despairing.

"Well?" asked the Colonel.

"I didn't happen to mention it at home that Fenwick didn't come," confessed the Honorable.

"Nor I," said the Counsellor.

"Nor I," growled the Colonel.

Profound silence fell around us heavily, like lowered sails, like dropped curtains. The great wood fire crackled impudently, with aggravating cheerfulness.

"What's to be done?" was stared and spoken.

"Wait, and try again," said the Colonel, stubbornly.

"It's your turn next," said the Honorable to the Counsellor.

For the next few days we were pitiable objects. We were moody, testy, often fidgety, frequently stolid, all the time unfit for sensible occupation. We aimlessly wandered to the club at unusual hours, as beset people visit the scenes of their crimes and misfortunes. There sprang up a slight something like antipathy toward each other, for there is, after all, recognized dishonor among small plotters; we felt a new and guilty liking for each other, for there is sympathy between even petty malefactors. But declension in evil is swift, and calamity comes as the whirlwind.

We awaited Fenwick's answer to the Counsellor's invitation with more than anxiety. For a whole day and a half no reply came. We exulted over a favorable response with a feeling for which we despised ourselves. Again the night came, but again no Fenwick; only a note expressing a pressing urgency and a regret. We were alarmed, intimidated. Richard Garrard Fenwick was the very pink of punctiliousness, and yet he had disposed of us, dispensed with the Counsellor's dinner, with mere phraseology worn so thin as to have lost all meaning. But we choked down our wrath and our fears, and

we choked down our dinner. There was not even a pretence of hilarity. We almost growled, in our general ill-temper, at each other, and were afterward guilty of apologetic tones, which should have been worse affronts than the words they sought to soften.

What were we to think? We knew nothing, and consequently thought a great deal. Was our contrivance understood and met by subtler, superior machinations? Was our mine being countermined? Such questions as these tormented us, and our inability to answer them caused us endless perturbation. We had not told our wives of Fenwick's second absence. In not telling the whole truth to the partners of our souls, and leaving all to their generous remedy, we were husband-like, and we made a great mistake. Alas, we know it now! When we expatiated upon the delights of the two dinners, those ladies displayed an indifference which would have ruffled the equable temper of Mephistopheles and broken the placidity of Melanchthon. What was the cause of such indifference? We could not guess or divine, and there came to us no enlightening flash. We grew spiritless, apathetic. Were our homes to be destroyed by this thing? Were there even to be no more pleasant, inspiring matrimonial differences? Were we to be of such little consequence as to be incapable of exciting even feminine curiosity?

"We've gone too far," said the Colonel, at our customary conclave, "to give up. We must fight it out on this line if it takes all winter. I'll ask him to dinner myself. If he don't come—" The Colonel paused. His imagination is not vivid. It is a thick-set, rather solid faculty, but when it sees anything it sees it plain, and the vision now before his mind's eye was evidently one that killed expression.

"We must strike for our whist table and our club fire," said the Counsellor.

"Each shall otherwise be as the family cat, without the privilege of nocturnal absence," said the Honorable.

We made this last effort with the inward fear that belongs to desperate attempts. We risked a great deal on the issue. Our peace abroad and our security at home depended upon it. Success was of vital importance, and we did everything to insure it. The Colonel sent a written invitation: the others had been verbal. I think

that if Fenwick had declined it, we would almost have felt relief, to such tension had our nerves been brought. But he accepted it, and his acceptance carried consternation. Now had the crucial time come. This sort of thing could not go on forever; if on this occasion he did not appear in person, our threefold duplicity must destroy us. We fell in that innocent man's way, forced from him expressions in which were implied promises that he would certainly dine with us this time. We lured him on with descriptions of what we were to expect, which were to the succinct statements of a *menu* as Shelley is to Crabbe.

Then came the eventful evening.

"I haven't heard a word yet," said the Colonel, in a low tone, but with assuring intensity as he shook each of us by the hand.

And there we stood, three perturbed men, trustful and yet afraid.

Five minutes of seven. Fenwick certainly would not fail us now.

Every considerable city has its peculiar feature, its own special aspect. Rotten Row on a bright afternoon of the hot and hurried season; the Boulevard des Italiens on some spacious, starry night, when the cosmopolitan crowd saunters along with lingering steps; the Nevskoi Prospekt at twelve, midnight, in clear, mysterious demi-twilight; Unter-den-Linden on the day of some great review; the Corso, as it once was, during the Carnival; the Boulevard de la Fouchère at the Fête des Fleurs; Fifth Avenue upon a Sunday noon of April, when lagging thousands stroll and stare; Pennsylvania Avenue at eleven o'clock in the morning of a bright January day, when more marked and really representative men are scattered along the walks than in any other such place at any usual time—these are instances of places and scenes, each with special characteristics and significance wholly its own. To our great Northern cities, however, there belongs one distinctively brilliant display, that has not gained the fame it deserves, and which in brightness, animation, and inspiring influence will hold its own in the widest comparison. In none does it find more sparkling, enlivening, effective presentation than in Andros. Alaska Avenue on a winter afternoon, when the snow has fallen and the sleighing is good, is as characteristic as any sight the world

knows. The day should be clear, brilliant, cold, and still. The snow should be deep, but not too deep, and packed along the driveway until it is as a softer ice, as an easily malleable silver, a little chased and fretted, and striped as if etched with intermixing lines. The time should be about four o'clock in the afternoon. Then along the broad street, where stand on either side, block after block, stately houses giving assurance of the warmth, the soft light, the luxuriousness within, move up and down, crowding sleighs in double rows: Russian sledges, with streamers flying as the horse-tails that Sobieski captured flashed before Vienna; old family affairs, large and comfortable, and all crowded with humanity; these overflowing with children, those filled with young girls, their beauty brightened, burnished, by the clear air, laughing and eager. Furs seem to boil over the edges of the sleighs, to flow behind them, as though they were ripples—racing wakes in the slow-moving current. It is a glorious pageant, a striking spectacle, a quick, changing, glittering, scintillant scene, charged with strong vitality. Between the counter-moving streams on either side of the street, dash, in hardly intermittent flight, "cutters" wonderful in their spidery anatomy, torn along by high-couraged, deep-lunged, clean-limbed horses, trotters such as might chip atoms of seconds off what was thought a great record in the not remote past. This is the electric current, these the constant flashes that thrill everything, start the heart's beat, suffuse the cheeks, quicken the pulse, stir the nerves. And the cheery din, the hum that is everywhere, the bells jingling in the tambourine to which the minutes dance, the swish of the rushing cutters, the cries, the yells to the horses, the "Take care there!" the "Get out of the ways!" the hurrahs, the shouts of the on-looking crowd—all these mingled, are among the causes that give gaiety, glee, hilarity, to the hour. Harnesses sparkle; the varnished sleighs shine like great beetles. ~~Shadows gather in deep, blue ones on~~ snow; the windows of the west-facing houses blaze in vermillion glory. Inspiring sound, quickening motion, everything is intensified by the consciousness all have of vivid human presence.

Everybody was "out." The Colonel was there with a great, rawboned, ewe-

necked animal called *Lúcipher*, the very ideal of equine ugliness, but which, though "awkward at startin'," as the groom said, when once off, flung, seemed to scatter, those large hoofs of his, quicker, farther along the road than most, if not all, of those who try speed with him. The Honorable was there with a nervous little bay, able almost always to "hang" pertinaciously upon the rear of almost "anything going," and often, and in contest with those among the best, to show neatly and clearly ahead. The Counsellor was behind a well-tried, long-trusted gray that always did well, and sometimes did wonders. These were all old favorites—foremost in estimation among perhaps fifty others, with many of whom they had been or would be, in the course of the afternoon, called upon or compelled to compete. But on this particular occasion there was promise of something new and of exceptional interest. It was understood that Fenwick was to bring out a new horse raised at his own country place, and of which we all had heard not a little. The Colonel, who had all winter "led the avenue," feared that even *Lucifer* would have to take second place, when Hoyden should flash, as if on the swallow's wing, along the course. Interest rose to excitement almost, as the afternoon ran along and Fenwick did not appear.

"Why don't he come?" growled the Colonel, walking the steaming *Lucifer*, after a victorious burst of half a mile, as the cutter of the Honorable and his bay drew abreast. "Is he waiting until our horses are tired out?"

"Would Dick do—"

One vicious cut across *Lucifer's* flank, and the Colonel was off, his horse in a canter for half a block; and when we reached the end of the course, there was the Colonel grimly waiting for us. We were just getting into irregular line, when there was a shout, "There he is!"

Hoyden looked perfection in build and action. Nothing with keener vitality ever ran or flew. She appeared eager for what was before her, to know it all at view, as a young girl knows her first ball, a youngster his first battle. Behind the mare sat, in a nautilus of a cutter, Richard Garrard Fenwick, calm as a conjurer, innocent as a hotel clerk. Every one of us knew at a glance what was to come; every horse seemed to feel it. We were

all silent. Every energy must be put forth; not a turn of skill lost. Even Hoyden seemed impressed and quieted by the importance of what was to be done. She glided into line as mademoiselle takes her place in her first cotillon.

And then—no spoken signal was given—our hearts seemed simultaneously to leap in response to some unuttered "go," and we were away.

There is something peculiarly exciting in a race over the snow. The white lies all around, objectless almost as is the atmosphere, and you seem to fly over it and through mere space. Silently, with only the chiming bells and quick breathing of the panting horse in your ears, you are borne along through the cutting blast, giddy with the motion. You drink the air, and it is as champagne poured from out the bottle lined with its thin ice incrustation. You are gladdened, inflamed, by the zest of contest.

The course on the avenue from start to finish is a little more than a mile long. The Colonel had a slight lead at starting; the Honorable and the Counsellor were side by side, with Fenwick almost a length behind. At Omicron Street the positions were hardly changed; but before the next block was passed, Fenwick was even with the Honorable and the Counsellor. The speed was terrific. The rows of sleighs lost form and detail in one blurred blending; they ran behind us on either side like bright-colored ribbons. The snow flew from the quick hoofs in blinding clouds into our faces. Cheers grew before us, softened behind us, as we came on. All in the track made way for us, and after we had passed, pulled up, and gazed after us; all made way—and yet, veteran of the course as the Honorable was, his cutter just grazed the pole of the huge Harpending sleigh, projected a little out of the line.

At Omega Street Fenwick had passed the Honorable and the Counsellor, and to them the race was lost. But *Lucifer* was still ahead. There had not been a "break" yet. The peculiar regular action which makes the fast trotter appear impelled by some nicely adjusted, perfectly regulated mechanism—the motion that suggests the strong walking-beam, the quick hair-spring, rather than the action of less regular, more unreliable muscle—had not been disturbed in either horse.

Hoyden was gaining. How the Colonel knew this, it is hard to say, for he did not turn his head. He can distinguish no significant word in the wild hullabaloo around him. But he does know it, and he bends further forward, and for the first time since the start, Lucifer feels, but feels lightly, the lash. Now Hoyden's nostrils glow and quiver at the Colonel's elbow; now flecks of foam are cast across his extended, rigid arms; now the mare's small, clear-lined head reaches beyond his cutter, and it is evident that the horses will soon be neck and neck. They are nearing the finish, the place where, at the crossing of Iroquois and Alaska avenues, there is a small circle. Here the crowd is the densest, the confusion the greatest. The sleighs scatter right and left that the opening may be wider; those on foot—and there are many here—press forward that they may miss nothing of the end. Is Hoyden up with Lucifer? Is she? It would need the two parallel wires to tell that as they sweep on. The Colonel is almost lying on the dash-board. But desperation has snatched victory before now. The Colonel slightly rises in his seat; the whip has further reach; he shouts to Lucifer as if he hated the beast; and— But it is too much; Lucifer can do no more. He “breaks”—breaks badly—and Hoyden, excited—for there is known to her now but the one thing, speed—flies past and into the circle still at racing pace. A large sleigh, heavily loaded with coal, that never should have been allowed in such a place, has ploughed its slow way along Iroquois Avenue, and now has almost crossed Alaska. It is almost past; but there is a cry of terror—a crash—a crowd's awful articulation; and the beautiful mare gallops on alone and with flying traces. And there, on the snow, lies Fenwick, motionless, a clot of blood on his white forehead.

If, as has been said with an iteration that, though it deprives the simile of the merit of novelty, certainly gives it the respectability of usage, we are all actors in this life, we are assuredly like the players in *Hamlet*, “the best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral.” We can play all and everything, and we do it. But the worst of it is that the world is stocked with

such a miserable, makeshift company that we have often to “double” our parts—as it were playing the ghost and the gravedigger in the same evening. No more “lightning change” from the sock to the cothurn was ever made in life's drama, than our small company made that wintry afternoon.

Fenwick had been unconscious ever since he had been hurled on the hard, ice-covered asphalt, and the doctor could not or would not say how dangerous the injury was. We all, in some inexplicable way, felt responsible for the accident. As we carried him up the wide steps of his own house, his eyes were closed, and his limbs, uncontrolled by volition, seemed to fall with added weight. How could we face the young wife against whom we had been plotting? As we entered the door, “Miss Edith”—we had always called her “Miss Edith,” even after her marriage—came down the stairs with quick, gliding step. She uttered a sudden, startled cry, and was by his side in an instant.

“Here,” she said; and we placed him on the great couch beside the big hall fireplace. She had fallen on her knees, and taken one of his limp, cold hands in both of hers.

“Will he die?” she asked, in a whisper.

The doctor affected not to hear her.

“And,” she moaned, “when he went away, I was angry with him, and he with me, and I have not seen him since.”

Fenwick never looked so handsome as he did lying there, his face pallid with its illuminating blood marks, and his white, flaccid hands resting upon the great fur rug.

“Why did you ask him to your cruel dinner?”

The thumb-screw of remorse was given a new turn. It was about our dinner they had had their quarrel, perhaps their first.

“But he didn't go,” blurted out the Colonel, in his eagerness to make amends for our action.

“Didn't go!” she repeated, softly.

“But what did he do? I did not see him.”

We were dazed, bewildered; the basis of our calculations destroyed; the premises of our conclusions swept away.

“He must have been very, very angry, then,” she continued. “I asked him not to go to the others, and he did not. At the last minute, I wanted him so much not to go to this too, because it was the anniver-

sary of the day we first saw each other; but he said he must, because he had refused the others. And I insisted, and he—" She bowed her head in silence over his hand. "It was our first real trouble," she said, looking up; "and now—and now we can never make it up."

The homely phrase struck at our heart: "make it up." There Fenwick lay, with motionless body and obstructed brain, incapable of action; unable perhaps forever to give even that pressure of the hand, or utter the one simple word that might mean reconciliation, and without which parting would be made so much the harder. And we were partly to blame for it all. In the light of our responsibility, "Miss Edith's" grief was almost unbearable, and we would gladly have departed, but some sense of atonement held us chained to the spot.

"Will he not speak for a moment?" she went on, turning again to the doctor.

But no warmth appeared in the pallid face, no gleam of intelligence shone in those staring eyes. The gas-lights were just springing to life along the darkening avenue; at rare intervals came the jingle of sleigh-bells. The revellers of the afternoon had departed, and the street was almost deserted. It was an hour such as none of the party assembled had ever passed, but so personal and absorbing were the interests that none at the time realized its dramatic intensity. Minute after minute we stood waiting for those pale lips, that might soon stiffen into immobility, to utter some gentle word of retraction.

It was hardly articulate. Was it a sudden exclamation? Was it a hysterical laugh?

Fenwick wearily rose upon his elbow and looked around. "Hello!" he said. "Edith! Why, what has happened?"

"Lie down," she said, gently. "You must. You have been hurt."

"I remember," he said, less faintly—"the race. Did I beat the Colonel?"

"Yes, dear," she answered. "But you must be quite still."

Fenwick was not dead; on the contrary, very much alive. How joyfully our guilty hearts beat in their unshackled freedom!

"Oh, Dick," she said, "if anything should have happened! Do you remember? Will you forgive me?"

Without the impassiveness, but with all the intrusiveness of a Greek chorus, the

abashed and conscience-stricken conspirators gazed upon the scene.

"Forgive you?" he said. "I acted like a brute. What did I care for their dinner? But I was ashamed of myself afterward, sent a note to say that I could not come, and came back to find you gone."

"I know," she said, remorsefully: "you left me alone, and I was very indignant, and I went to the Harpendings'. I am so sorry."

"I shut myself up in the smoking-room, and slept there until two o'clock. You did not come down this morning, and so—"

"Oh, Dick; if you had never been able to tell me!" she cried. "I shall never let you go away when you are angry again."

Though neither "Dick" nor "Miss Edith" knew that we were present, one by one we stole quietly from the room.

The next day we called upon Mrs. Richard Garrard Fenwick in a body, and formally and frankly "owned up."

"And you never have told that he did not come?" she said.

"No," we answered, contritely.

"That was very wrong."

We tried to explain.

"Would Dick do that?" she asked, reprovingly.

We all shuddered.

"And others must believe that three—three—"

"Old fools," suggested the Colonel.

"Middle-aged gentlemen," continued "Miss Edith," politely, "were able to lead Dick away?"

We appeared dubious.

"Must I sacrifice my pride in order that you may escape?"

We gazed at her entreatingly.

"You have all," she said, severely, "been very thoughtless and wicked; but I will never tell, if you promise never to do anything like it again."

We assured her, with a vehemence that could not but carry conviction of our sincerity, that we would not.

"Then," she said, "I forgive you."

She had wound us around her slim white fingers long before; now she has us under her rosy thumb. But she uses her power mercifully. It is a question whether we do not wish that she was more exacting, so glad are we of an opportunity to do anything for her.

THE ENEMY'S DISTANCE. RANGE-FINDING AT SEA BY ELECTRICITY.

BY PARK BENJAMIN, F.R.S.

IN the naval conflict of the future between two war vessels equal in strength, speed, and armament, that vessel will win which first places an effective projectile in a vital part of her adversary. This may seem to be dependent upon purely accidental circumstances, and to typify in the highest sense "the fortune of war"; yet, on the other hand, if an enemy is to be overcome by hitting him with projectiles, it is a self-evident proposition that the enemy must be hit. The thunder of our guns will be no more alarming than the reverberation of the evanescent drum, if their shot habitually make that "inch of miss" which is "as good as a mile."

The "saucy *Arethusa*," as graceful as a swan under her cloud of canvas, and

has done, and more; for she has pointed out to inventors the pathway to future achievement, and developed the skill necessary to build and handle her new engines. But when it comes to causing the highly specialized missile, thrown by the highly specialized gun, carried by the highly specialized ship, directed by the highly educated officer, to fulfil its sole end and purpose, and hit the enemy—"there's the rub." Why?

Any one who has ever handled a rifle knows that in aiming at an object several hundred yards distant, the piece is not pointed directly at the target, but above it, the sights being suitably adjusted. If there is any error in making this elevation, the ball will either fall short of the target or else go over it. (Fig. 1.) The further the

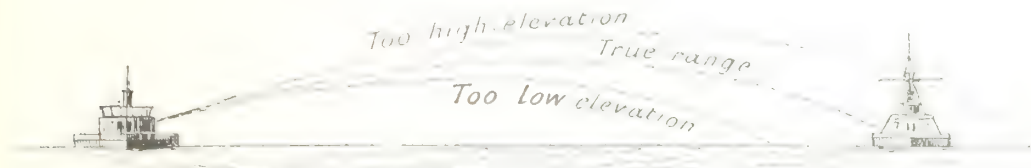


FIG. 1.

about as slow, has developed into a great fighting engine, containing more intricate mechanism than the most complicated watch, and capable of rivalling in speed the ocean racers of the mercantile marine. In place of the battery of fifty-four "long 24's" and "short 32's," wherewith Old Ironsides brought down the flag of the *Guerriere*, we have substituted on the modern *Atlanta* only eight rifles; but these throw a broadside about one-third heavier in weight of metal than that projected by the many guns of our once finest frigate, and with a penetrative effect twenty-five times greater. The twenty-inch smooth-bore cannon which we regarded with just pride at the close of the war, has been dwarfed into insignificance by the great guns of other nations. Beside the old-fashioned ball, the modern missile is an engineering structure. The high explosive will soon completely supplant "villanous saltpetre" as a charge for shells, and smokeless powder is rapidly driving gunpowder out of use as a means of impelling projectiles. All this science

shot is to go, the higher it is thrown into the air, because a longer time will then elapse before it drops to the ground, and during that longer time the propelling force of the powder will drive it over a greater distance. Or if, with a gun laid at a certain elevation, the driving force be increased, then, although the ball will fall in a certain short time, its greater speed will carry it over a longer distance in that time. The more nearly skyward the gun is pointed, the more nearly does the ball drop down upon the object from above, instead of striking the latter on its side, and hence the more difficult does it become to hit the target. The projectile of the modern high-powered gun is thrown with great velocity, and at a range of 1100 yards it flies so nearly in a straight line from muzzle to target that its total rise is not above twelve feet. Consequently, given a floating target twelve feet in vertical height, at a range of 1100 yards or less, it is simply necessary to point at the water-line, for the line of fire will certainly intersect the target somewhere, provided the

gun be handled by any one having fair skill as a marksman. If the same target be carried to a distance of 2000 yards, then experience has shown that only about one-quarter of the shots aimed at it will strike it. But under the foregoing conditions an exact knowledge of the distance from the gun to the object to be hit—whether that distance be 1100 or 2000 yards—is presupposed. There is the troublesome premise in the problem. If such exact knowledge always existed, the science of naval warfare would not only be simplified, but there would be in the future, as, in fact, there would have been in the past, very much less war for science to deal with. It has not existed. The truth is, that up to the present time, at least, the gun at sea has always been fired at objects at unknown distance, simply because there has been no trustworthy means of finding this distance out. And so it happens that, despite all our wonderfully organized ships, and wonderfully powerful guns, and wonderfully intricate machinery, all leading up to a certain end (hitting the target), between us and accomplishment stands—guess-work.

The mode of guessing is peculiar, and can be done in either of two ways—by the “successive method,” or by the “progressive method.” “Successively,” the procedure is as follows: The hostile ship presumably stands still. We fire a shot at her. It falls short. We fire another, at higher elevation. It goes over her. We use the mean range of the two shots for the third shot, and so on, thus continually narrowing the belt in which the enemy’s ship is situated. Of course our adversary might be inconsiderate enough to get out of the way, or even to strike back; but there is the system. “Progressively,” we fire a shot at the enemy to miss by not going far enough, which is not difficult. Next time we send the projectile a little further, and then again still further, until finally the enemy is struck. Meanwhile, we keep adjusting the sight bar of our gun, which is marked for different distances in yards, and when the hit is made its reading is noted. These two cut and try systems are in actual use by the navies of the world as the most practical means of range-finding; otherwise the non-military mind might rush to the conclusion that they impute less common-sense to one of the antagonists than is possessed by the ordi-

nary jack-rabbit. But until now experience and invention have been able to discover nothing better; for crude as these systems are, they are preferred to methods involving the use of the sextant and slow mathematical computations.

The target in battle is another vessel, which may be travelling at the rate of twenty knots per hour, perhaps toward our own ship, which may herself be moving at the same speed. That means a change in relative position of the two ships of about 680 yards per minute. We have aboard our ship different guns, requiring different elevations to attain equal ranges. These guns are on a deck constantly swaying under the influence of the waves. With distances changing so quickly, the sight on every gun must be rapidly adjusted, and even then the instant of fire cannot be taken at random, but a favorable moment must be awaited when the gun bears on the enemy. There is no use in knowing where the enemy *was* at a given time. We want his distance from us at an exact moment, and now. To send officers to the mast-heads, armed with sextants, to get sights of a cruiser tearing through the water fully as fast as an accommodation railway train, and transmit the results of their observations to the deck, where somebody will work them out, and find how the guns ought to have been laid some time ago, is an absurdity. The extreme effective range of which our guns are capable is known. Immediate information on the instant the enemy comes within that range is wanted, for from that instant an incessant fire at him should be kept up. The projectiles must hit; therefore the question of the enemy’s distance must be answered momentarily. Hence the finding of the range and the laying and firing of the guns must be accomplished just as rapidly as human energy and skill render possible; and the quicker we act the better the chance of our winning the day.

The bravery in the past which set hostile ships to grappling yard-arm to yard-arm is foolhardiness in the present. It is the business of a commander to destroy the enemy’s ship if he can; if he cannot, to preserve his own. A million-dollar cruiser is not to be lightly thrown away. If she cannot do harm one day, she may another. If, then, it is found that the enemy’s shots are beginning to fall dangerously near, knowledge of his distance

is imperative. If he is destroying our vessel from a position beyond the effective range of our own guns, then we should stand "not upon the order of our going, but go at once." The salve to our wounded pride is found in the converse of the proposition. If our shots tell, while his are doing comparatively little injury, or are falling short, our safe distance should be held. To do this, means of measuring that distance quickly and exactly must be at hand.

People discovered long ago that marine wars cannot be ended by paving the bottom of the ocean with projectiles. And so in the old days, when Great Britain did most of the sea-fighting, her captains were instructed not to engage an enemy until he came within point-blank range, which is the distance over which the shot will fly before striking the water when the gun is fired at level from its port on board ship. It was thought unwise to expend ammunition at longer ranges than 500 yards. The reason was the same as that which caused the order to be given at about the same period to the men on Breed's Hill not to fire until they saw the whites of the eyes of his Britannic Majesty's grenadiers. The greater accuracy of modern weapons has increased the fighting distance, but still no naval conflict has been fought with a greater interval between the contending ships than that of 1100 yards. A recent authoritative opinion is that ships will not use their guns at ranges greater than 2000 yards, and that "the argument against much use of the guns at so great ranges is that they cannot hit, partly because it is harder to hit a target at 2000 than at 1500 yards, but principally because the distance-finding is much more difficult." If the difficulties in the way of distance-finding were removed, or even materially lessened, the result would be not merely that ships would fight at longer ranges, but their efficiency would be enormously increased.

The latest advance in the art of finding distances at sea has been made in this country, and results have been obtained which show that the problem of making accurate and quick range measurements by automatic means has finally been solved. The flag-ship *Chicago*, of the Squadron of Evolution, now in Europe, sailed from New York equipped with a range-finding apparatus which, on actual

test over distances of 1500 yards, determines the position of objects with an error not exceeding six-tenths of one per cent. of the entire distance. Or, in other words, if a gun were laid at 1500 yards by reason of the indication of the apparatus, its shot would strike within nine yards of the actual point aimed at. This error is not equal to one-tenth of the length of an ordinary iron-clad, and is but little over one-half the breadth of beam of such a ship. Furthermore, the measurement is made instantaneously and automatically, and without calculation of any sort and whether the object be moving or stationary. The new cruiser *Baltimore* has been fitted with the apparatus of the same type, which has given results with a still smaller margin of error. Its application to other national vessels will probably follow.

This invention was made by Lieutenant Bradley A. Fiske, of the navy, an officer who has already achieved reputation for his ingenious adaptations of the electric motor to the working of gun-carriages and to the hoisting of shot and shell. The apparatus is by no means complicated, and involves nothing but simple elementary principles in mathematics and electricity. It is based on the familiar mathematical proposition that if two angles and one side of a triangle are known, the other sides of the triangle can easily be found. The Fiske range-finder, however, eliminates all calculations, and finds the range automatically. A base-line fixed once for all on the ship is the known side of the imaginary triangle. The distance of the object is represented by either of the other two sides. The target, therefore, is at one angle of the imaginary triangle, and at the other angles, at the extremities of the fixed base-line, are placed two spy-glasses, which can be directed upon it. As these telescopes are turned into the proper position they move over and touch wires which are bent in the forms of arcs. The difference in length of the wires passed over corresponds mathematically to the distance of the object. As this length of wire increases or diminishes, it will offer more or less resistance to an electrical current sent through it. A very simple electrical contrivance, amounting practically to a balance, allows of this resistance being measured and read, not in units of resistance, but in yards. The disposition as well as the form of the ap-

paratus undergoes modifications depending upon the conditions under which it is to be used, but, generally speaking, it works in this way. The two spy-glasses are pointed at the target. (Fig. 2.) The

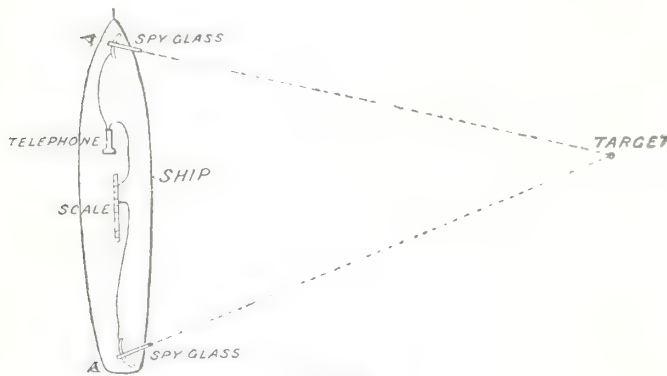


FIG. 2

observer at each spy-glass has nothing to do but to keep it thus pointed. Elsewhere in the ship another observer may stand with a telephone to his ear, listening to a buzzing sound produced by an electrical device known as a circuit breaker, and simultaneously moving with one hand a pointer over a graduated scale. The instant the buzzing in the telephone stops he reads the range denoted by the pointer from the scale; or, instead of using the telephone, a galvanometer may be employed, which will show by its needle pointing to zero the moment when the desired balance is obtained. And then from a scale, which may be adjusted near to one of the telescopes, the range can be read. To keep the telescopes directed on the enemy requires no more skill than does the manipulation of a field-glass. The officer at the scale has nothing to do but watch the pointer and read the range at once and as often as he chooses, and then convey the information in any way to the men at the guns. This he can do by a simple form of telegraph, if need be. The whole operation of measuring the range is the work of a very few seconds. The great simplicity of the apparatus (for it has no mirrors or delicate parts liable to be broken or disturbed by the concussion of heavy guns, or to be injured by exposure to the weather) commends it to the engineer in less degree only than its remarkable and hitherto unexampled accuracy.

The advantage which the ship thus provided has over her adversary is obvious.

In the language of pugilism, she has "a longer reach." She can plant a decisive blow before her antagonist has discovered that she is near enough to do it, and before the latter can get a single gun to bear accurately upon her. The range-finder gives to the fast steam war vessel a superiority similar to that controlled by the weather-gage which the admirals of by-gone years manoeuvred their lofty frigates and mighty seventy-fours to obtain. It enables us to pick a distance from which we may knock the enemy to pieces without corresponding injury to ourselves or before he can reply, just as the weather-gage secured the wind as an ally to favor a

choice of position by the fleet that gained it.

It is generally recognized that equal in importance to the rehabilitation of the navy is the establishment of an adequate system of harbor defence. It is imperative that all our seaboard cities should possess such complete defences as will render impossible the sudden descent of a hostile fleet, and the levying of an enormous ransom under threat of immediate bombardment. Ten years ago these cities were in almost a helpless condition. The development of the torpedo, and of that terribly potent weapon of modern warfare, the dynamite gun, has materially altered this condition of affairs. We have also better cannon, and, what is more important, better facilities for making them; so that our harbor forts are, or will be, something better than mere piles of masonry armed with weapons incapable of making any impression on the armor of the modern heavy iron-clad. There is as much necessity for a range-finder in a fort which commands a large expanse of water as there is on board ship, although the conditions are materially different. The guns of a ship are concentrated within a small area, so that it is needful simply to determine the distance of the target from the vessel, and without reference to each individual gun. The guns of a fort, on the other hand, may be dispersed over a large expanse of ground, so that it is often requisite to know the bearing and distance of the target with reference to each gun. Or, in other words, the ship at sea is practically

at the centre of a circle, somewhere on the circumference of which her target is located. A fort, on the contrary, may be regarded as on the circumference of a circle, so that its guns converge upon the target at the centre. It is exceedingly important, therefore, that accurate means be at hand for determining not merely the distance of a target from any given gun, but its position with reference to that gun; then the gun can not only be adjusted so as to throw its projectile over the proper distance, but trained exactly in line with the target.

While an attacking vessel is, of course, the target for the guns of the fort, the guns of the fort are equally the target for the ship. And therefore she will concentrate all her fire upon the battery. The naval gunner, confined to the narrow limits of a vessel, is compelled to sight his gun while under fire himself. But this need not happen ashore. The guns of a fort can be electrically controlled from a distant station, or all the necessary information for accurate pointing can be determined at this safe position, and electrically transmitted to the gunners. This, Lieutenant Fiske has also done by his very ingenious adaptation of the principle of his range-finder to a device for position-indicating for forts. The result is that it is now possible for an observer stationed in a bomb-proof if necessary, or in any event at a distance safe from the fire of the attacking ship, to determine her position from time to time as she advances, and accurately lay the guns of the fort upon her.

The apparatus (Fig. 3) in some respects is even simpler than the range-finder before described. It involves the use of a fixed base-line and spy-glasses arranged as before, which command the whole area to be protected by the guns. Observers at the telescopes keep them trained upon the enemy, and there is the same arrangement of wires over which the spy-glasses sweep. The third observer has before him a chart which accurately represents the harbor, for example, and at the same time shows, in proper relation of the scale, the position of the various guns. On the chart are a couple of pivoted rods. When they are parallel respectively to the two telescopes an electrical balance occurs, and the fact is indicated by a galvanometer. The point at which they intersect on the chart is the position of the ship,



FIG. 3

and it is determined instantly at any moment. The bearing of each gun on this point is at once seen on the chart, and a pointer corresponding to that gun being adjusted to indicate said point sets an annunciator at the gun to show how it should be adjusted. There is no need for any one at the gun to know even what or where the target is, and, in fact, it may be impossible for him to have this knowledge on account of the dense clouds of overhanging smoke. Over the smoke-cloud the observer at the distant station can see. It is not even absolutely necessary that any information be directly imparted to the gunner, because the actual movement of the gun itself in train establishes the necessary balance, that fact alone being shown by a simple indicating device. The beauty of the arrangement is that it takes all the essential management and control of the gun out of the hands of the men who manœuvre it, and who are necessarily under fire, and leaves them nothing to do but to load the piece, and furnish the motive power to adjust it. The observer at the distant station, like the brain in the human body, governs everything. He may also, if he so desire, fire the gun by electricity at any desired moment. In this way the fire of all the guns

of a fort which bear upon a ship can be concentrated upon her.

The employment of distance-finding apparatus is by no means limited to cruisers at sea and to forts. The Fiske range-finder about to be installed on board of the dynamite cruiser *Vesuvius* will prove a most valuable ally to the dynamite gun. The projectile, charged with 600 pounds of nitro-gelatine, propelled as it is by compressed air at much lower speed than the rifle-shot, works destruction not merely at its point of impact, but anywhere within a radius of fifty feet around. But here the range is dependent upon the air pressure, which can be regulated with wonderful nicety. With the distance which the shell is to go known, the accuracy of fire of the dynamite gun, despite the high trajectory of its projectile, may equal that of the rifle. The range-finder has also been adapted to the use of troops in the field. Observers on the skirmish line, provided with the necessary apparatus and located at the extremities of a quickly measured base-line, can determine easily the distance of the enemy, and not only telephone or signal back the range to guide in the establishment of artillery positions and the laying of the guns, but can keep the

commanding officer constantly advised of changes of distance of the hostile force.

While Lieutenant Fiske's invention finds its most immediate use for military purposes, it is not without peaceful adaptations. Many a ship has gone ashore, even in sight of land, through an error of judgment on the part of her navigator as to her distance from the coast. The range-finder will not only prevent such misjudgment, but even at night, when the friendly beacon seems to stand out like an isolated star in the midst of the black chaos of sky and water, the mariner may learn with certainty his distance from the perilous shoal or reef.

That navy which possesses the most accurate system of range-finding, other things being equal, stands the best chance of prevailing in future wars; for the ship that can plant two shots where before only one could be placed has a doubled efficiency as a war engine. Whether afloat or ashore, Victory, under modern conditions, may well leave her traditional dwelling-place amid the heaviest battalions, and perch on the banner of him who knows best how far off the heaviest battalions are.

AN EPITAPH.

BY ZOE DANA UNDERHILL.

THE rose is sweetest still in death
Yielding its last delicious breath;
Most richly decked the woods appear
At the sad limit of the year;
There is no splendor in the sky
Like that when the fair day doth die;
And when some stormy harmony
Hath roused our sense to ecstasy,
The clearest, loveliest notes of all
Are those that last and lingering fall.
So when some noble soul doth part,
Quitting earth's joys without a moan,
To face with brave and steadfast heart
The shadows of the great unknown,
Then, though with grief our eyes may fill,
Our hearts must beat, our bosoms thrill,
That, of all honors life could lend,
There's naught became him like the end.



JAMES LEWIS AS SYNTAX IN "CINDERELLA AT SCHOOL."

THE AMERICAN BURLESQUE.

BY EDWARD HUTTON.

THESEUS. "The best in this kind are but shadows; and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them."—*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act I. Sc. 5.

THE burlesque among serious writers has a bad reputation. George Eliot, in *Theophrastus Such*, says that it debases the moral currency; and George Crabb, in his *English Synonymes*, thus dismisses it: "Satire and irony are the most ill-natured kinds of wit; burlesque stands in the lowest rank."

Burlesque, from the Italian *bucolare*, "to joke," "to banter," "to play," has been defined as "an expression of language, a display of gesture, an impression

of countenance, the intention being to excite laughter." In art caricature is burlesque, in literature parody is burlesque, in the drama comic pantomime, comic opera, travesty, and extravaganza are burlesque. All dramatic burlesque ranges under the head of farce, although all farce is not burlesque. Burlesque is the farce of portraiture on the stage; farce on the stage is the burlesque of events. Mr. Bret Harte's *Condensed Nonsense* and Mr. George Arnold's *McArone Papers*



MARK SMITH AS MRS. NORMER.

DRAWN BY STEPHEN W. HARRIS. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THOMAS J. M. KEE.

Mr. Hilson as Snout and Mr. Placide as Bottom, was performed "for the first time in America" at the Park Theatre, New York, on the 9th of November, 1826, when the stage in this country was upwards of three-quarters of a century old, and had a literature of its own, comparatively rich in comedy and tragedy, and when its burlesque, such as it was, undoubtedly felt the influence of *Pyramus and Thisbe*.

Burlesque upon the American stage, although not yet American burlesque, dates back to the very beginning of the history of the theatre in this country, when *The Beggar's Opera*, by John Gay, "written in ridicule of the musical Italian drama," was presented at the theatre in Nassau Street, New York, on the 3d of December, 1750, with Mr. Thomas Kean as Captain Macheath. *The Beggar's Opera* was first acted at Lincoln's Inn Fields in the year 1727.

are representative specimens of burlesque in American letters: Mr. Arthur B. Frost's famous domestic cat, who supped inadvertently upon rat poison, is an excellent example of burlesque in American art. What America has done for burlesque on the stage, it is the aim of the following pages to show.

Aristophanes, a comic poet of Athens, who wrote fifty-four comedies between the years 427 and 388 B.C., may be termed "The Father of the Burlesque Play." He satirized people, however, not things, or other men's tragedies, and to his school belong Brougham's *Pocahontas* and *Columbus*, rather than the same author's *Dan Keyser de Bassoon* or *Much Ado About a Merchant of Venice*.

The Most Lamentable Comedy and Most Cruel Death of Pyramus and Thisbe, originally published in the year 1600, if not the earliest burlesque in the English language, is certainly the model upon which are based all subsequent productions of the same class which have been written for the British or American theatre.

The *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, with



MRS. HALLAM (MRS. DOUGLAS).

and took the town by storm. The Archbishop of Canterbury preached a sermon against it; Sir John Fielding, the Police Justice, officially begged the manager not to present it on *Saturday evenings*, as it inspired the idle apprentices of London, who saw it on their night off, to imitate its hero's thieving deeds; and Dr. Warton condemned it as "the parent of that most monstrous of all absurdities, the comic opera." Nevertheless, it was immensely popular, and enjoyed an unusually long run. As a literary production it is distinguished for its combination of nature, pathos, satire, and burlesque. It brought fame to its author, and, indirectly, something like wealth; and it made a Duchess of Lavinia Fenton, who was the original Polly. As that monstrous absurdity, the comic opera, is without question the parent of that still more monstrous absurdity, the burlesque proper, Polly Peachum and Captain Macheath may be considered the very Pilgrim Parents of burlesque in the New World. They were followed almost immediately (February 25, 1751) by *Damon and Phillida, a Ballad-Farce*, by Colley Cibber. Their Plymouth Rock very soon became too small to hold them; their descendants have taken possession of the whole land, and every *Mayflower* that crosses the Atlantic to day brings consignments of British blondes to swell their numbers. Before the Revolution, Fielding's *Tom Thumb, or the Tragedy of Tragedies*, a very clever travesty, with Mrs. Hallam (Mrs. Douglas) as Queen Dollalolla, and Kane O'Hara's *Midas*, "a burlesque turning upon heathen deities, ridiculous enough in themselves, and too absurd for burlesque," had taken out their naturalization papers. *The Critic*, as has been shown, declared his intentions very shortly after the establishment of peace, and *Bombastes Furioso* became a citizen of New York as early as 1816.

As Satan in the proverb builds invariably a chapel hard by the house of prayer, so does the demon of burlesque as surely erect his hovel next door to the palace of the legitimate tragedian. He spoils by his absurd architecture every neighborhood he enters; he even cuts off the views from the Castle of Elsinore, and disfigures the approaches to the royal tombs of the ancient Danish kings. John Poole's celebrated travesty of *Hamlet*, one of the earliest of its kind, was first published in London in 1811. George



LYDIA THOMPSON AS SINBAD.

Holland, afterward so popular upon the American stage for many years, on the occasion of his first benefit in this country, March 22, 1828, presented Poole's play, appearing himself as the First Grave-digger and as Ophelia. This was about the beginning of what for want of a better term may be styled "the legitimate burlesque" in the United States. It inspired our managers to import and our native authors to write travesties upon everything in the standard drama which was serious and ought to have been respected, and it led to burlesques of *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Douglas, Macbeth*, *Othello*, *Hamlet*, and *Julius Cæsar*. The *most pest*, *Valentine and Orson*, *Richard the Third*, *The Hunchback*, and many more;



MR. MITCHELL AS RICHARD III.

"Now it is winter, and I'm discontent."

FROM A DRAWING BY GEORGE PIERCE.

and between the years 1839, when William Mitchell opened the Olympic, and 1859, when William E. Burton made his last bow to the New York public, was laid out and built between Chambers Street and the site of Brougham's Lyceum, on Broadway corner of Broome, that metropolis of burlesque upon the ruins of which the dramatic antiquary, whose name is Palmy Days, now loves to sit and ponder.

The titles of its half-forgotten streets and buildings, collected at random from its old directories, then known as the bills of the play, will recall pleasant memories and excite gentle wonder. There were, among others, *A Lad in a Wonderful Lamp*, *The Bohea Man's Girl*, *Fried Shots* (*Freischütz*), *Her Nanny*, *Lucy Did Sham Her Moor*, and *Lucy Did Lamm Her Moor*, *Man Fred*, *Cinder Nelly*, *Wench Spy*, *Spook Wood*, *Buy It Dear*, *'Tis Made of Cashmere* (*Bayadere*, or *the Maid of Cashmere*), *The Cat's in the Larder*, or *the Maid with the Parasol* (*La Gazza Ladra*, or *the Maiden of Paillasseau*), *The Humpback*, *Mrs. Normer*, and *Richard Number Three*.

Of this metropolis William Mitchell was the first Lord Mayor. He was the inaugurator, if not the creator, of an entirely new school of dramatic architecture, which was as general, and sometimes as absurd, as the style which has since spread over the country at the expense of the reputation of good Queen Anne; and he led the popular taste for a number of years, to the great enjoyment of his clients, if not to their mental profit. William Horncastle, a good singer and a fair actor, and Dr. William K. Northall were his assistants in dramatic construction, and the authors of many of his extravagant productions. One of his earliest and most popular burlesques was entitled *La Mosquito*. It was based upon *The Tarantula* of Fanny Elssler, and was presented at the close of his first season. An extract from the bill will give a very fair idea of the quality of the fooling:

"First time in this or any other country, a new comic burlesque ballet, entitled *La Mosquito*, in which Monsieur Mitchell will make his first appearance as *une Première Danseuse*, and show his agility in a variety of terpsichorean efforts of all sorts in the genuine Bolerocachucacacavonienne style....The ballet is founded on the well-known properties of the mosquito, whose bite renders the patient exceedingly impatient, and throws him into a fit of slapping and scratching and swearing delirium, commonly termed the '*Ca-coethes Scratchendi*,' causing the unfortunate being to cut capers enough for a considerable number of legs of mutton. The scene lies in Hoboken," etc., etc.

Concerning Mitchell's performance, Dr. Northall writes, in *Before and Behind the Curtain*: "We shall long remember the comic humor with which he burlesqued the charming and graceful Fanny. The manner of his exit from the stage at the conclusion of the dance was irresistibly comic, and the serious care with which he guided himself to the side scenes to secure a passage for his tremendous bustle was very funny."

Mr. Mitchell's other famous burlesque parts were *Man Fred*, *Hamlet*, *Willy Walters* (in *The Humpback*), *Sam Parr*, *Jap* (in *Loves of the Angels*), *Antony*, and *Richard Number Three*. Very few portraits of this old actor, either in character or otherwise, are known to the collectors. The accompanying print is from a draw-

ing made by Mr. Charles Parsons, while seated in the pit of the old Olympic half a century ago, when the delectable, a mere lad—was beginning his professional career. The original sketch was given to Mr. Mitchell by the young artist, who received in return a pass to the theatre—the highest ambition of the boys of that period.

quo of Oliver B. Raymond, and the Lady Macbeth of Burton himself. Mark Smith made a fascinating Norma. Lettingwell played the Stern Parent in *Villikens and his Dinah*, and Mr. Charles Fisher, in white tights, a tunic, gauze wings, and a flowing wig, pirouetted with Mrs. Skerrett in a production called *St. Cupid*, in which



JOHN BROUGHAM AND GEORGINA HODSON IN BROUGHAM'S BURLESQUE "POCAHONTAS"
THE "WARRIOR" OF THE "HALL OF THE CHIEF"

Mitchell was forced to retire from the mayoralty before the close of his last season at the Olympic, in 1849-50, having been deposed the previous year by William E. Burton at the Chambers Street house. As Mr. Lester Wallack said in his *Memories*, Burton did everything that Mitchell did, and did it in a better way, with better players and better plays. His first burlesque was a cruel treatment of the opera of *Lucia*, followed immediately by a heartless travesty of Dibdin's *Valentine and Orson*. These were succeeded by *The Tempest*, in which Mrs. Brougham (Miss Nelson), a lady of enormous physical size, played Ariel. A little while later Mr. Brougham played Macbeth to the Macduff of Thomas B. Johnston, the Ban-

quo of Oliver B. Raymond, and the Lady Macbeth of Burton himself. Mark Smith made a fascinating Norma. Lettingwell played the Stern Parent in *Villikens and his Dinah*, and Mr. Charles Fisher, in white tights, a tunic, gauze wings, and a flowing wig, pirouetted with Mrs. Skerrett in a production called *St. Cupid*, in which

Mr. Burton appeared as "Queen Bee, a Gypsy Woman." It would be an easy matter to fill many of these pages with stories of the humorous productions and the laughable performances of Burton and Brougham on the Chambers Street boards. The literature of the American theatre overflows with anecdotes of their quarrels and their reconciliations upon the stage, their jokes upon each other, their impromptu wit, their unexpected "gags"—which were always looked for—the liberties they took with their authors, their audience, and themselves, and, above all, with their incomparable acting in every part, whether it was serious or frivolous.

The last, and in many respects the



N. C. GOODWIN AS LITTLE JACK SHEPPARD

Engraving after a photograph by J. H. Smith, from the collection of the Library of Congress, Washington, D. C.

greatest, of the trio of actors, authors, and managers who may be considered the founders of American burlesque, began his brilliant, but brief, reign at the Lyceum at Broome Street late in 1850, about the time of the retirement of Mitchell, and long before his later rival, Burton, was ready to lay down his sceptre. If America has ever had an Aristophanes, John Brougham was his name. His *Pocahontas* and *Columbus* are almost classics. They rank among the best, if they are not the very

best, burlesques in any living language. Their wit is never coarse, they ridicule nothing which is not a fit subject for ridicule, they outrage no serious sentiment, they hurt no feelings, they offend no portion of the community, they shock no modesty, they never blaspheme; and, as Dr. Benjamin Ellis Martin has happily expressed it, their author was "the first to give to burlesque its crowning comic conceit of utter earnestness, of solemn seriousness."

The Lyceum was opened on the 23d of December, 1850, with "an occasional rigmarole entitled *Brougham and Co.*," which introduced the entire company to the public. The next absurdity was *A Row at the Lyceum*, with Mr. Florence in the gallery, Mr. Brougham himself in the pit, and the rest of the *dramatis personæ* upon the stage; and shortly before the abrupt close of Mr. Brougham's management he presented *What Shall We Do for Something New*, in which Mrs. Brougham appeared as Rudolpho, Mrs. Skerrett as Elvino, and Johnston as Aminta, in a travesty upon *La Sonnambula*.

Upon the same stage, on Christmas Eve, 1855, but under the management of Mr. Wallack, Brougham produced his "Original, Aboriginal, Erratic, Operatic, Semi-civilized, and Demi-savage Extravaganza of *Pocahontas*." The scenery, as announced, was painted from daguerreotypes and other authentic documents, the costumes were cut from original plates, and the music was dislocated and reset, by the heads of the different departments of the theatre. Mr. Charles Walcott played John Smith "according to this story, but somewhat in variance with his story"; Miss Hodson played the titular part, and Mr. Brougham represented "Pow-Ha-Tan I., King of the Tuscaroras—a Crochetty Monarch, in fact a Semi-Brave." At the close of the opening song (to the air of "Hoky-poky-winky-wum") he thus addressed his people:

"Well roared into I, my folk! Tis no more
Most loyal corps, you, King, our chief, your crown."

and until the fall of the curtain, at the end of the second and last act, the scintillations of wit and the thunder of puns were incessant and startling. "May I ask," says Col-o-gog (Mr. J. H. Stoddart), "in the word *lie*, what vowel do you use, sir, *i* or *y*?"

"Y, sir, or I, sir, search the vowels through,
And find the one most consonant to you."

Later the King cries:

"Sergeant Major, say, what alarms the crowd,
Loud noise annoys us; why is it allowed?"

And Captain Smith, describing his first introduction at the royal court, says:

"I visited his Majesty's abode,
A partly savage, plump and pigeon-toed,
Like Metamora, both in feet and feature,
I never met-a-more-a-musing creature."

In a more serious but not less happy vein is the apostrophe to tobacco, by the smoking, joking Powhatan, as follows:

"While other joys one sense alone can measure,
This to all senses gives exstastic pleasure,
You see the flames of the glowing brand,
Hear the soft murmurs of the kindling coal,
Smell the sweet fragrance of the honeyed pipe,
Taste its strong pungency the palate through,
See the blue cloudlet curling to the dome
Imparting life up floating to each lane,
I find a pleasure my self."

And so he joked and smoked his way into a popularity which no stage monarch has enjoyed before or since. *Pocahontas* ran for many weeks, and was frequently re-



HARRY BLAKE AND THE WHITE PLOVER IN
"THE WHITE PLOVER."



STUART ROBSON AS CAPTAIN CROSSTREE IN
"BLACK EYED SUSAN"

DESIGNED BY CHARLES C. MOREAU.
OF CHARLES C. MOREAU.

peated for many years. The story of the sudden departure of the original Pocahontas one night, without a word of warning, and the successful performance of the piece by Brougham and Walcot, with no one to play the titular part at all, is as familiar in theatrical annals as the sadder stories of Woffington's last appearance, and the death of Palmer on the stage; and no doubt it will be remembered long after *Pocahontas* itself, despite its cleverness, is quite forgotten.

"*Columbus el Filibustero*, a New and Audaciously Original, Historico-plagiaristic, Ante-national, Pre-patriotic, and Omni-local Confusion of Circumstances, Running through Two Acts and Four Centuries," was first performed at Burton's Theatre (Broadway, opposite Bond Street, afterward the Winter Garden) on the 31st of December, 1857, Mark Smith playing Ferdinand, Mr. Lawrence Barrett Talavera, Miss Lizzie Weston Daventport Columbia, and Mr. Brougham himself Columbus. It is a more serious production than *Pocahontas*; the satire

is more subtle and the thought more delicate. It contains no plays upon words, is not filled with startling absurdities, and is pathetic rather than uproariously funny. While *Pocahontas* inspires nothing but laughter, *Columbus* excites sympathy, and oftentimes he has moved his audiences to the verge of tears. He is a much-abused, simple, honest old man, full of sublime ideas, and long ahead of his times. He dreams prophetic dreams, and in his visions he

Where Nature seems to frame with practised hand
Her last most wondrous work. Before him rise
Mountains of solid rock that rift the skies,
Imperial valleys with rich verdure crowned
For leagues illimitable smile around,
While through them subject seas for rivers run
From ice-bound tracks to where the tropic sun
Breeds in the teeming ooze strange monstrous
things.

He sees, upswelling from exhaustless springs,
Great lakes appear, upon whose surface wave
The banded navies of the earth may ride,
He sees tremendous cataracts emerge
From cloud-aspiring heights, whose slippery verge
Tremendous oceans momentarily roll o'er,
Assaulting with unmitigated roar
The stunned and shattered ear of trembling day,
That, wounded, weeps in glistening tears of spray."

In short, he sees so much that is beyond the comprehension of the ordinary playgoer that for thirty years he has been left in absolute retirement in that Forrest Home for good old plays which is styled "French's Minor Drama."

One of Mr. Brougham's last burlesque productions was his *Much Ado About a Merchant of Venice*, presented March 8, 1869, at the little theatre on Twenty-fourth Street, New York, which has since borne so many names, and now, rebuilt, is known as the Madison Square. He played Shylock; Miss Effie Germon, Lorenzo; and Mrs. J. J. Prior, Portia. This was his final effort at theatrical management. He appeared in *Pocahontas* as late as 1876, but Shylock was his last original burlesque part which is worthy of serious mention.

Francis Talfourd's *Shylock; or, The Merchant of Venice Preserved, a Jerusalem Hearty Joke*, is a much older production than Brougham's travesty of the same play, with which it should not be confounded. Mr. Frederic Robson was the original Shylock in London, Mr. Tom Johnston in New York (at Burton's, October 9, 1853). Mr. M. W. Leffingwell gave an admirable performance of Talfourd's *Shylock* in September, 1867, on the stage

of this same little Twenty-fourth Street theatre, assisted by Miss Lina Edwin as Jessica. Mr. Lellingwell was a very versatile actor, although he excelled in burlesque and broadly extravagant parts. He will be remembered as Romeo Jallier Jenkins in *Too Much for Good Nature*, and in travesties of *Cinderella* and *Fra Diavolo*. In the last absurdity, as Bepo, made up in very clever imitation of Forrest as the Gladiator, and enormously padded, he strutted about the stage for many moments, entirely unconscious of a large carving fork stuck into the sawdust which formed the calf of his gladiatorial leg. His look of agony and his roar of anguish—perfect reflections of Forrest's voice and action when his attention was called to his physical suffering made one of the most ludicrous scenes in the whole history of American burlesque. Mr. Forrest is said to have remarked of a lithograph of Lellingwell in this part that while the portrait of himself was not so bad, the characteristics were somewhat exaggerated! Lellingwell was, no doubt, the original of the effigy of Forrest which serves as the sign for a cigar store on one of the leading thoroughfares of New York to-day.

Madame Tostee, in 1867, with the *Grand Duchess*, and Miss Lydia Thompson, the next season, with *Ixion*—although neither of these can be considered American burlesques—gave new life to burlesque in America, and for a number of years burlesque was rampant upon the American stage, many leading comedians of later days, who will hardly be associated with that style of performance by the theatre-goers of the present generation, devoting themselves to travesty and extravaganza. Among the most successful of these may be mentioned Mr. Florence, Mr. Stuart Robson, Mr. James Lewis, and Mr. Harry Beckett. The last gentleman was exceedingly comic, as well as

refined and artistic, in such parts as Minerva in *Ixion*, Hassurac in *The Forty Thieves*, the Widow Twankie in *Aladdin*, Maid Marian in *Robin Hood*, and Queen Elizabeth in *Kenilworth*, long before he became the established tour comedian of Mr. Wallack's company, and won such well-merited popularity by his clever representations of characters as divergent as Tony Lumpkin, Harvey Duff in *The Shaughraun*, and Mark Meddle.



GEORGE L. FENNER'S LITHOGRAPH OF LELLINGWELL



HENRY L. DALY AS THE COUNTRY GIRL IN
"ADONIS."

Illustration by J. A. ...

In January, 1869, Mr. and Mrs. Florence played an engagement of extravaganza at Wood's Museum—now Daly's Theatre—on Broadway, near Thirtieth Street, presenting *The Field of the Cloth of Gold*, in which Mr. Florence assumed the character of Francis First, Mr. Louis Mestayer Henry Eighth, Mrs. Florence Lady Constance, Miss Lillie Eldridge La Sieure de Boissy, and Miss Rose Massey (her first appearance in America) Lord Darnley. The feature of this performance,

naturally, was the grand tournament upon the plain between Ardres and Guisnes, in which the rival monarchs fought for the international championship with boxing gloves in the roped arena and according to the rules of the prize-ring, the police finally breaking up the match, and carrying both combatants into the ignominious lock-up. Older play-goers will remember Mr. Florence years before this as Eily O'Conner in a burlesque of *The Colleen Bawn*, and as "Beppo, a very Heavy Villain of the Bowery Drama in Kirby's days," in *Fra Diavolo*, Mrs. Florence making a marvellous Danny Mann in the former piece.

While Mr. Florence was taking gross liberties with the personality of Francis First at Wood's, Mr. James Lewis was doing cruel injustice to the character of Lucretia Borgia at the Waverley Theatre, 720 Broadway, under the management of Miss Elise Holt, who played Gennaro. The palace of the Borgias was "set" as a modern apothecary's shop, where poison was sold in large or small quantities, and Mr. Lewis excited roars of laughter as a quack doctress, with great capabilities of advertising herself and her nostrums. During the same engagement Mr. Lewis played Rebecca in *Ivanhoe* and Cœnone in *Paris*; but he joined Mr. Daly's company a few months later, and the legitimate has since marked him for its own.

At the Fifth Avenue Theatre, and afterward at Wallack's, in this same summer of 1869, Mr. Stuart Robson made a great hit as Captain Crosstree in Mr. F. C. Burnand's travesty of *Black-eyed Susan*, a part originally played in this country during the previous season by Mark Smith. Mr. Robson had the support of Mr. Harry Pearson as Doggrass, of Miss Kitty Blanchard as William, and of Miss Mary Cary as Susan. The entertainment, as a whole, was unusually good, full of exquisite drollery and grotesque fancy, although Captain Crosstree eclipsed every other feature. His "make up" was a marvel of absurdity, his naturally slight figure was literally blown up to an enormous size, the contrast between his immense physical rotundity and his thin, inimitably squeaky little voice being exceeding ludicrous.

During this season the Lydia Thompson troupe was in the full tide of its success; William Horace Lingard and Miss Alice Dunning were playing Pluto and

Orpheus in New York; every negro minstrel and variety performer was burlesquing some person or some thing every night in the week, and opera bouffe had taken possession of half of the theatres in the land.

The most successful burlesque of those times, and the entertainment which is most fresh in the memory, was "The New Version of Shakspeare's Masterpiece of *Hamlet*," as arranged by Mr. T. C. De Leon, of New Orleans, for George L. Fox," and first presented at the Olympic, formerly Laura Keane's on Broadway, on the 14th of February, 1870. Although not an improvement upon the original acting version of the tragedy, it was an improvement upon the general run of burlesques of its generation. It did not depend upon lime-lights or upon anatomical display, and it did not harrow up the young blood of its auditors by its horrible plays upon unoffending words. It followed the text of Shakspeare closely enough to preserve the plot of the story; it contained as well a great deal that was ludicrous and bright; and it never sank into imbecility or indelicacy, which is saying much for a burlesque. Mr. Fox, one of the few really funny men of his day upon the American stage, was at his best in this travesty of *Hamlet*. Quite out of the line of the pantomimic clown by which he is now remembered, it was as supremely absurd as expressed upon his face and in his action as was his *Humpty Dumpty*. It was perhaps more a

burlesque of Edwin Booth, after whom in the character he played and dressed, than of Hamlet, and probably no one enjoyed this more thoroughly or laughed at it more heartily than did Mr. Booth himself. While Fox at times was wonderfully like Booth in attitude, look, and voice, he would suddenly assume the accent and expression of Fechter, whom he counterfeited admirably, and again give a most intense passage in the wonderfully deep tones of Studley at the Bowery. To see Mr. Fox pacing the platform before the Castle of Elsinore, protected against the eager and the nipping air of the night by a fur cap and collar, and with mittens and arctic overshoes, over the traditional costume of Hamlet; to see the woful



W. H. CRANE AS LE BLANC IN "EVANGELINE."



HARRY HUNTER AS THE LONE FISHERMAN IN "EVANGELINE."
 DRAWN BY ARTHUR J. G. FOR THE ILLUSTRATION BY ALICE T. FOR THE ILLUSTRATION BY FRED J. JESSE.
 WENDELL.

melancholy of his face as he spoke the most absurd of lines; to watch the horror expressed upon his countenance when the Ghost appeared; to hear his familiar conversation with that Ghost, and his untraditional profanity when commanded by the Ghost to "swear"—all expressed, now in the style of Fechter, now of Studley, now of Booth, was as thoroughly and ridiculously enjoyable as any piece of acting our stage has seen since Burton and Mitchell were at their funniest so many years before. He was startling in his recommendation of a brewery as a place of refuge for Ophelia, and in the churchyard his "business" was new and quite original, particularly the apostrophe to the skull of Yorick, who, he seemed to think, was laughing now on the wrong side of his face. Fox was one of the earliest Hamlets to realize that the skull

even of a jester, when it has lain in the earth three - and - twenty years, is not a pleasant object to touch or smell, although very interesting in itself to point a moral, or for its association's sake, and the expression of his face as he threw the skull of the dead jester at the quick head of the First Grave-digger was more suggestive to the close observer of the base uses to which we may all return, than any "Alas, poor Yorick!" ever uttered.

Hamlet at the Olympic was played for ten consecutive weeks. The general cast was not particularly strong or remarkable, except in the Ophelia of Miss Belle Howitt. She was serious and surprisingly effective in the mad scene, and often the superior of many of the representatives of Ophelia in the original tragedy, who unwittingly

have burlesqued what the burlesque actress, perhaps as unwittingly, played conscientiously and well.

The travesty of *Hamlet* by Mr. Fox is dwelt upon particularly here as being in many respects one of the best the American stage has ever seen, and as giving the present writer an opportunity of paying just tribute to the memory of an actor who, like so many of his professional brethren, was never properly appreciated during his life, and who never before—not even in Mr. William Winter's usually complete *Brief Chronicles*—has received more than a passing notice in the long records of the stage he did so much to adorn.

George L. Fox was not always the clown and pantomimist of the *Humpty Dumpty* absurdity in which he is now remembered. He excelled in burlesque, as his *Hamlet* and *Richelieu* and *Macbeth*

have shown. As a Shakespearean comedian his Bottom ranks among the best within the memory of men still living, while in standard low comedy, melodramatic, and even in tragedy parts he had no little experience and some decided success. He made his first appearance in 1830 at the Tremont Street Theatre in Boston, when he was but five years of age. The play was *The Children of the Alps*, and the occasion a benefit to Charles Kean. He was the original Phineas Fletcher in the drama of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* during its famous run of so many nights at the National Theatre, New York, in 1853-4. He excelled as Mark Meddle, as Trip, as Jacques Strop in *Robert Macaire*, as Tom Tape in *Sketches in India*, as Box, as Cox, and as Sundown Bowse in *Horizon*, a character of the Bardwell-Siote order, and a creation of his own.

Bottom was his most finished and artistic assumption, Hamlet probably his most amusing, and Humpty Dumpty his most successful. He played the last-mentioned part some fifteen hundred times in New York and elsewhere. It was the last he ever attempted to play, and as a clown only does he exist in the minds of the men of to-day who think of him at all. He first appeared in New York at the National Theatre in 1850; he was last seen at Booth's Theatre on the

25th of November 1877.

The saddest event of his life was the gradual decay of his face. After twenty-five years of constant, faithful service as public jester, shattered in health, broken in spirit, shaken in mind, he disappeared forever from public view. Alas, poor Yorick!

One of the most popular as well as the longest lived of the contemporary burlesquists is *Franklin*, in the construction or reconstruction of which Mr.

Brougham is said to have had a share. As a travesty upon a purely American subject, originally treated, of course in all seriousness, by an illustrious American, Mr. Longfellow, and at the suggestion of an American equally illustrious, Mr. Hawthorne, *Franklin* may surely claim to be an aboriginal production. It merits its success, and with a certain degree of national pride it may be recorded here that it has been repeated upon the American stage over five thousand times. In it, at Daly's Theatre, in Twenty-eighth Street, New York, during the summer of 1877, Miss Eliza Weathersby, as Gabriel, made a pleasant

DE WOLF HOPPER AS JULIUS
AND MARSHALL P. WILDER
AS ROMEO



THE CHAMPION CONTEST BETWEEN MR. JEFFERSON AND
MR. HARRISON IN "FRANKLIN"

(GIVEN BY THE AMERICAN BURLESQUE COMPANY, 1877)



JAMES T. POWERS AS BRIOLET IN "THE MARQUIS."

Drawn by T. V. Chominski, after a photograph by Conly, Boston.
 THE MARQUIS OF FLORENCE.

impression, Mr. William H. Crane appeared as Le Blanc, Mr. George H. Knight gave a series of wonderful imitations of the Hero of New Orleans, Mr. N. C. Goodwin came prominently before the public, and Mr. Harry Hunter created a decided sensation as the Lone Fisherman, one of the most droll and original dramatic concep-

tions of modern times. He had no connection whatever with the play, had not a word to say, was entirely unnoticed by his fellow-players, paid no attention to anybody, but was always present, the first to enter, the last to leave every scene. With his ridiculous "make-up," his palm-leaf fan, his fishing-rod, his camp-stool, he pervaded everything, was ever prominent, never obtrusive, and exceedingly mirth-provoking. It may be added that Mr. Henry Dixey, whose Adonis is one of the best of modern burlesque performances, made, during the long run of *Evangeline*, his New York *début* as the hind legs of the cow.

Amusement seekers in the metropolis will remember with pleasure Mr. Willie Edouin, Mrs. James Oates, and scores of other burlesque actors, excellent in many ways, whom it will not be possible even to mention here. Mr. N. C. Goodwin burlesqued a burlesque at Harrigan and Hart's first theatre, when he played Captain Stuart Robson-Crosstree to the Dame Hadley of Mr. Harrigan and the Black-eyed Susan of Mr. Tony Hart; at the same house Mr. G. K. Fortescue played Lousqueeze to Mr. Hart's Hungry-Yet and Mr. Harrigan's Pierre, in an entertainment styled *The Two Awfuls*. The San Francisco Minstrels at the same time presented *The Four Orphans and the Big Banana*, a burlesque upon two melodramas of great popularity and no little merit.

The subject of American burlesque can hardly be dismissed here without some brief allusion to a number of very clever parodies seen of late years upon the amateur stage. The poets of the various college associations have turned their Muse in the direction of travesty, and with considerable success, one of the best and most popular of the entertainments of the Hasty Pudding Club, the



CHARLES BURKE AS KAZRAC IN "ALADDIN."

Illustration by A. F. Steiner, after a photograph from the collection of Thomas J. McKee.

Dido and Æneas of Mr. Owen Wister, the grandson of Fanny Kemble, being a production worthy of professional talent. Mr. John K. Bangs has written for amateur companies *Katherine, the Story of the Shrew*, and *Mephistopheles, a Profanation*.

In the first the tamer of Shakespeare finds the tables turned, and is himself tamed; while in the latter Faust's mother-in-law, the good fairy of the piece, outwits the evil genius and frustrates his designs—a power of invention upon the part of Mr. Bangs which proves him to be one of the most original of burlesque writers.

But to return to the "palmy days of burlesque," before the period of opéra bouffe and the coming of the English blondes. When stock companies were the rule, and Mitchell and Burton controlled the stock, singing and dancing were as much a part of every actor's education as elocution and gesture; and it was not considered beneath the dignity of the Rip Van Winkle or the Hamlet of one night to travesty parts equally serious the next. Mr. Booth, early in his career, appeared in such entertainments as *Blue Beard*, and Mr. Jefferson was enormously popular as Beppo, Hiawatha, Pan (in *Midas*), the Tycoon, and Mazeppa; and old play-bills record his appearance as Granby Gag (to the Jenny Lind of Mrs. John Wood), "with his original grapevine twist and burlesque break-down." His performance of Mazeppa at the Winter Garden in 1861 is still a pleasant memory in many minds. In it he sang his celebrated aria "The Victim of



FRANCIS WILSON AS HOOLAH GOOLAH IN THE "OOLAH."

Drawn by A. E. Sterner, after a photograph by Sarony.—From the collection of Evert Janzen Wendell.

Despair"; and his daring act upon the bare back of the wild rocking-horse of the toy-shops was, perhaps, the most remarkable performance of its kind ever witnessed by a danger-loving public. During his several engagements at the Winter Garden Mr. Jefferson was supported by Mrs. John Wood (particularly as Ivanhoe to his Sir Brian), one of the best burlesque actresses our stage has known. Her Pocahontas was never excelled. She played it at Niblo's to the *Proclamation of Mark Smith* in March 1871, and almost her last appearance upon the New York stage was made at the Grand Opera-house in November of the same year, in John Brougham's burlesque *King Carrot*, when that humorist remarked, although not of Mrs. Wood, that he was supported by vegetable soups.

That burlesque "came natural" to Mr.

FÜRST BISMARCK.

BY GEORGE MORITZ WAHL.

NEVER was the title "Fürst," a word closely related in its derivation to the English "first," more worthily bestowed upon any German than upon Otto Eduard Leopold von Bismarck. "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen" was well applied to him at the anniversary of his seventieth birthday; for, like Washington, he directed the results of battles, shaped a new realm, and became the prototype of his own race. To be sure, the basis on which he acted was different, and thus the results which he attained were necessarily different too. Absolutely speaking, we may consider the final achievements of Washington as of higher rank than those of any other great political progenitor: he became the father of the strongest republic that has ever existed in modern times. But can we think for a moment that he would have striven for so high an ideal of popular government if he had not found the ground fitted for its realization? The history and character of the people, the location and condition of the country, were strong factors in favor of both a foundation and maintenance of republican institutions. It is safe to assume that he would have advocated a different policy with a different nation; for sound governments are the result of the natural growth of the people, and their stability depends on their congruity with historic development. Washington did the greatest possible good for his people and country, and thus, relatively speaking, we may maintain that Bismarck has done the greatest possible good for Germany under the circumstances granted to him. In order to understand, however, and to appreciate fully the work of a great statesman, we must observe closely the historic factors with which he had to deal.

If we survey the history of Germany—not to say since Charlemagne, a period of more than a thousand years, but simply since 1815, the year of Napoleon's downfall and Bismarck's birth—can we hope, or even wish, that this country should rush or be rushed from monarchism into

republicanism? A people in which for centuries the masses were entirely ruled by paternal governments, a people which consequently possessed but little sound judgment in politics, must be educated gradually for a more liberal form of administration, and must pass through stages of transition before attaining the highest civic freedom. As far as political life is concerned, the Germans were still in the beginning and middle of this century like inexperienced children who needed a strong taskmaster to lead them up to vigorous manhood. An overdose of political freedom would have led to their national destruction. Dr. Moritz Busch, who by his political position has been brought in close contact with Bismarck, and who is the author of several most competent books dealing with the life and character of his master, left his country after the rebellion of 1848 and 1849 had practically failed to establish a united Germany. He went to America. Unfortunately he saw little of the genuine American life of the higher strata, but associated principally with Germans of the West, a number of whom had taken active part in the rebellion at home. Being then a clergyman, he had occasion to watch them in the management of church affairs, a field which was left entirely to their own control, and he soon discovered how incompetent they were for self-government. Moreover, their ultra-democratic ideas, unfit for realization even in a republic, and bordering closely on socialism, were so distasteful to him that he returned to his native country fully convinced that the Utopian dream of a German republic was not consistent with the true welfare of his people. He became, henceforth, one of the strongest believers in Bismarck's home policy.

It is a mistaken idea that republicanism, because it has stood the test of a hundred years in one country, must be the form of government *par excellence* which ought to be introduced indiscriminately everywhere else. We are too apt to forget that there have been great republics besides our own, and that the attention of the educated has long ago been called to republican institutions, which are not altogether a new invention. If the majority

* The German "Fürst" and "Prinz," both equivalent to the English "prince," differ inasmuch as "Prinz" is applicable to the sons of sovereigns and heirs of the royal blood only.

of the people ought to have the decisive voice in the choice of administration, why should this right be denied to the Germans in their own country, where the larger number of citizens, and among them the most judicious, are certainly not in favor of a German republic? Its establishment would mean to them a rule of the large class of the incompetent in place of a *régime* of the intelligent; and this neither the higher circles nor the sound element of the lower can desire. A country in which dense population has led to a great variety of ever-conflicting interests, a people whose existence, furthermore, is constantly threatened by unsympathetic Russia on the east and antagonistic France on the west, needs to gather all possible strength, and we have learnt from Blackstone that a monarchy is best fitted for developing power.

No one will deny that the *Zeitgeist*, that indefinable mental drift of the age, is in favor of freer forms of government; but we must, on the other hand, admit that political liberty is a convertible term, that it is, as Blackstone has defined it, "natural liberty as far restrained by human laws as is necessary and expedient for the general advantage of the public"; and that, consequently, political ideas, be they ever so tempting in theory, must eventually be sacrificed in practice when the highest welfare of the state demands it.

Greatly influenced by the establishment of the American republic and by the events of the French Revolution, this spirit of the time, demanding new rights for the people, made itself felt also in Germany after the Napoleonic yoke had been cast off; and in consequence of the severe lessons which French rule had taught the Germans, the aspirations for civic liberty were closely allied with the ardent desire for unity which would render the people free and independent in their relations to foreign countries also. New political ideas were gaining possession of the minds of a nation which had, even in advance of other countries, enjoyed great freedom of thought in science and religion, indeed in most spheres of life, but had been deprived of it in politics. Thus we find Germany after 1815 in a whirlpool of political excitement. The princes felt, as Napoleon I. did when he landed at Cannes to enter upon the last *régime* of a hundred days, that concessions must be made to the popular claims; but only reluctant-

ly could they bring themselves to yield. Instead of establishing a strong federate state (*Bundesstaat*) with a presiding ruler and a Parliament at his side, they created a weak confederation of states (*Staatenbund*) without any representation of the people in its administration, that worthless *Bund* which held its sessions in Frankfurt until 1866, being represented there by delegates from the thirty-eight states, who were appointed by their respective governments, and tried each to assert the rights of his own state without ever establishing any firm central power. To be sure, Article XIII. of the *Bundesacte* held out to the single states the promise of constitutional government, and Duke Carl August of Saxe-Weimar-Eisenach, the scholarly Mæcenas of German art and literature, was the first prince who gave his people a constitution according to which an assembly elected by the citizens should have a voice in legislation, thus setting an example which was soon followed by other princes, especially of the south; but Austria and Prussia, the leading powers of the union, adhered to absolutism by means of police measures. The rising tide of political thought could, however, not be checked by such reactive schemes. When, after a struggle of thirty-three years, during which the will of the people had been trampled under foot, a rebellion broke out in favor of political reform, both in state and central government, the King of Prussia, Frederic William IV., though finally victorious in overcoming the rising of the people, tendered a constitution by which the state power should henceforth be vested in the King, with ministers appointed by him, and in two Houses, an Upper House of Lords, and a House of Deputies elected by the people, forming the Prussian *Landtag*; and the Emperor of Austria was compelled to pursue a similar course in granting his people a share in the administration of public affairs. But the hope for a strong united Germany suffered shipwreck in this rebellion, and the representative body of men who had been chosen by the people for the task of reforming the central government failed to find the proper means for achieving this purpose, and met with a refusal when they offered to the King of Prussia the imperial crown. The time had not yet come when Prussia could expect to be a firm leader of all the German states.

The rebellion had succeeded in securing constitutional governments for the single states, but had failed to realize its other purpose, namely, the establishment of a united Germany, with the Prussian King as its chieftain and a Parliament at his side. Even the results gained in the direction of popular representation in state legislation were not as complete as the people had anticipated. King Frederic William IV. could not bring himself to accept his new position. In the years following the rebellion he constantly inclined to reactive measures, by which he might evade and nullify the articles of the constitution; and when, finally, the conflict between his convictions in favor of the divine right of the King, and the assertion of the spirit of the time, claiming representation of the people, had undermined his health both physically and mentally, he abdicated the throne, intrusting the crown, in 1857, to Prince William, his brother and heir, who, with the approval of both Houses, was appointed Regent in 1858, and became, upon the death of Frederic William IV., *ipso facto* King in 1861. This prince was destined to effect, through his able counsellor Bismarck, what the people had long wished for but failed to accomplish.

King William, afterward German Emperor, entered with his accession to the throne upon a liberal policy, faithful to the Prussian constitution adopted by both the King and the people in the year 1850. The liberals rejoiced, and entertained strong hopes of winning further prerogatives; and if they did not gain them at once, it was simply because they overreached themselves and proved unfit for what they claimed. In the long struggle for liberty and unity one fact had become most apparent to the judicious eye, that there were almost as many political theories among the people as there were church steeples in the country, and that these doctrines lacked one most essential quality, namely, practicability. At the universities, in clubs, at the popular festivals, in the taverns, the people had talked and sung of political reform, of unity and liberty, but they were so short-sighted as not to realize that in the history of nations great results are achieved by great sacrifices. To carry their individual dogmatic views into effect was their main purpose, but their patriotism stopped short before their pocket-books. They were not

aware that first of all a strong Prussia must be built up on the basis of the once adopted constitution and by means of monetary sacrifices, and that only then a firm reform could be successfully achieved. The new King advocated a strong military policy. With liberal ministers at his side, he desired of the Diet the approval of a budget for the establishment of such an army as was needed for protecting Prussia against interference with its internal affairs on the part of other states, be they German or foreign. But the House of Representatives repeatedly refused to concur with said demand. When in these circumstances the chasm between the King and the Deputies grew wider and wider, and two liberal Prime Ministers had endeavored in vain to establish a compromise, the King called, in the year 1862, Baron von Bismarck to the prime-ministry, and from that time until his recent resignation Bismarck was the faithful minister and adviser of the Prussian crown. He was, as an English writer has expressed it, a square peg in a round hole for the condition of things.

Born of a sturdy noble family, whose members had since the thirteenth century lived on their baronial estates in the north of Prussia, but had come to the front whenever the country called upon them, he had, after his graduation in college and university, and after a short service in the army and the juridical department of the state, expressed his strong political views for the first time in the united Diet of Prussia during the years from 1847 to 1852. Loyalty to the royal house; adhesion to the law, and a constitution which, as he then said, had been granted, contrary to the usual events of history, by a victorious King, and had been approved by the people; a firm belief in the innate strength of the Prussians, who would work out their own salvation under a constitutional monarchy—these were the leading elements of his political creed in the speeches he then delivered, and they were expressed in such a vigorous and courageous way as not to be soon forgotten. On the 6th of September, 1849, he spoke in the House of Deputies, to which he had been elected by his district, in favor of a strong Prussian development as follows:

“What has preserved us is the specifically Prussian element in our state. The remnant of the much-abused adhesion to the Prussian

spirit has survived the rebellion: the Prussian army, Prussian finances, which are the result of long-tested, intelligent administration, and the living mutual relations which exist between the King and the people, are upholding us. We owe everything to the loyalty which the Prussian population cherishes for the hereditary dynasty; to the old Prussian virtues of honor, fidelity, and obedience; to the bravery which, emanating from the solid corps of officers, permeates the whole army down to the youngest recruit. This army has no enthusiasm for the tricolor of the German *Bund* (as it then existed)... It is satisfied with the name of Prussia, and proud of it. The people from which this army has sprung, and whose true representative this army is, has no desire to see the Prussian Kingdom obliterated by the foul fermentation of South German lawlessness. What this people wants we want too. All the previous speakers want it also, only in a different way. We all desire that the Prussian eagle shall spread its wings from the eastern to the western boundaries of its domain free and independent, but not fettered by the influences of the *Bund*. Prussians we are, and Prussians we will remain. I know that with these words I pronounce the confession of the Prussian army, the confession of the majority of my countrymen, and I hope to God that we shall continue to remain Prussians for a long time after this piece of paper has been blown away like a withered autumn leaf."

After 1852 we find him as Prussian delegate at the *Bundestag* in Frankfort, then as Prussian ambassador at St. Petersburg and at Paris, everywhere strongly representing his country, and striving, above all, to strengthen it within and without, being regarded by his people simply as a proud Prussian squire, and by Napoleon III. as "*pas un homme sérieux*," i. e., not a man of great account. But King William had gained a different opinion of this bold and single-minded diplomat, whose convictions in regard to Prussia's future policy coincided with those of his royal master. He therefore chose him to steer the ship of state through the dangers of the budgetless time.

On the 23d of September, 1862, when Bismarck entered upon the duties of the prime-ministry, the Budget Committee moved to strike out the expenses for the reorganization of the army, and the House of Deputies seconded this motion, and was consequently adjourned by the King to September 29th. Meanwhile the new minister declared himself as follows to the Budget Committee:

"The conflict is taken too earnestly and

represented too seriously by the press. The government does not desire strife. If the crisis can be brought to an end, the government is willing to extend the hand for reconciliation. The great subjectivity of the individual renders it difficult in Prussia to govern with a constitution; conditions are different in France, where personal subjectivity does not exist to such a degree. But a constitutional crisis is under these circumstances no disgrace, but an honor. We are perhaps too well educated to bear with a constitution; we are too critical. Public opinion changes; the press is not the public opinion; we know how it originates. There are too many Catilinarian existences hoping to gain from revolutions; but it is the duty of the Deputies to guide public opinion and to stand above it. Germany will not pay regard to Prussian liberalism, but to Prussian strength. Bavaria, Würtemberg, and Baden may indulge in their liberalism, but no one will on this account ascribe to them the rôle of Prussia. Prussia must concentrate its power for the favorable moment which already a number of times it has allowed to pass by. Prussia's boundaries are not propitious for sound political organization. Not by speeches and resolutions of the majority are the great questions of the time decided—this was the mistake committed in 1848 and 1849—but by *iron and blood*. This branch of an olive-tree [the minister took a leaflet from his note-book] I plucked in Avignon to offer it as a token of peace to the popular party, but I see the time has not yet come for its presentation."

This speech is a confession of his political creed for the coming years. Watching history closely, and always using it as his chief guide, keenly discerning and understanding not only the good sides, but, above all, the faults in the character of his countrymen, he arrived at firm convictions as to the policy by which his country could be raised to a power of the first rank, and unwaveringly he pursued this policy according to the dictates of his sound judgment, without shrinking even from forcible action when great political results were at stake whose achievement had been sought in vain by peaceful means. The well-known passage from the above speech in which he maintained that the questions of the time are settled by iron and blood has met with much condemnation, and has earned for him such epithets as the "Iron Count," the "Iron Chancellor," etc. But can any one who pursues the events of history from the time of the children of Israel to the present day deny that this statement is based on facts? What made America free? Iron

and blood. What led to the abolishment of slavery and knitted the United States firmly together. Iron and blood.

After this, his first official declaration, the Prime Minister appeared for the first time in the assembly of the House on the 29th of September 1862. He then withdrew the pending bill for the budget, but reserved the right of presenting another draft, which should likewise favor the continuation of military reorganization and universal service. Thus it became at once apparent that the new minister did not intend to yield to a House which two liberal predecessors had been incompetent to withstand. The progressive Deputies, who were unable to foresee how soon Prussia would have to be prepared for emergencies arising from within and without the German union, offered to the new minister stubborn resistance, which soon made it evident that reconciliation could only be brought about by facts, and not by arguments. For years Bismarck contested bravely the assumptions of a House which after every dissolution was filled again by a majority of antagonistic politicians; but not until both the Danish and Austrian wars had been waged successfully could the budgetless time be brought to an end, at the session of the House held on September 3, 1866, when 230 votes against 75 endorsed at last the policy of the government by granting an indemnity.

Throughout this conflict, in which passion rose to many a heated argument and abusive speech, Bismarck unwaveringly defended on the very ground of the constitution the right of a King who did, indeed, not seek his own, but had the welfare of his people warmly at heart. Article 99 of that constitution provided that the revenues and expenses of the state should for each ensuing year be estimated beforehand in the form of a budget, the latter becoming established every preceding year by law. Article 62 set forth that accordance of the crown and the two Houses is required for the adoption of every law, and that the House of Lords is justified in refusing a budget determined upon by the Lower House and not meeting with the approval of the Upper. No provision was made by the constitution for the emergency of a disagreement. The question arose now, who should yield in this conflict? The government and the Upper House stood united against the

House of Representatives. The want of political foresight on the part of the dogmatic Deputies, whose judgment was, moreover, biassed by personal hatred against the Prime Minister, rendered it impossible for the government to give way, and thus to endanger the future welfare and political position of Prussia. A compromise, which had often settled a similar discrepancy in minor matters, was repeatedly advocated by Bismarck, but was refused by the House, and the government considered it forgetfulness of its highest duties if it should make too great concessions on so vital a point. The theoretic leaders of the House took, however, a firm stand, and solicited a procedure similar to English parliamentarism, according to which, in case of a disagreement, the crown and the House of Lords would submit to the House of Representatives, the ministers who have not the confidence of the Lower House would be discharged, and the House of Lords would by new appointments be brought to the level of the lower. But fifteen years of experience in constitutional government had only proved more clearly that the application of parliamentarism as it prevails in England was not to be advocated, for the condition of affairs in Germany and the words which Bismarck had uttered in 1849 still bore application. He had then said:

"England is governed, although the Lower House has the right of refusing taxes. The allusions to England are our misfortune. Give us everything English which we do not have, give us English piety and English regard for the law, not only the entire English constitution, but also the general conditions of English real property, of English wealth and English public spirit, moreover, especially an English House of Representatives—in short, all we do not have, and then I will admit that you can govern us after English fashion. But from this possibility I should not assume any obligation on the part of the crown for allowing itself to be pushed into the powerless position which the English crown occupies, appearing more like an ornamental cupola of the political structure, while I recognize in our royal government the sustaining central pillar of the state. Furthermore, we must not forget that England, after it had laid the foundation of its constitution in the year 1688, was for more than a century under the tutelage of an omnipotent aristocracy which consisted of a few families only. During this period the people could become accustomed to the new form of government. Not until the end of

the last century did active parliamentary life spring up in England.... The saying that we must go into the water if we want to learn how to swim, has often been applied to the formative process of political development which we are now undergoing. Very true, but I do not conceive why every one who wants to learn swimming should jump in just where the water is deepest, simply because a tested swimmer gets along there with safety. We do not possess that whole class which constitutes political life in England, the class of well-to-do and consequently conservative gentlemen who are independent as to material interests, whose whole education tends to make them English statesmen, and whose whole purpose of life aims at taking part in the management of the public affairs of their country. With us the educated classes are, with few exceptions, tied in such a measure to the material sides of private life, to their domestic affairs, that the majority would find it difficult to take a permanent part in parliamentarism, if the latter should require such incessant attention as it has claimed of late. I am therefore under the apprehension that we run the risk of seeing in the future a great many of the seats in this House occupied by such men as have nothing to lose at home, and come here for the purpose of bettering their condition in some way or other. Attention has been called to the necessity of improving the laws of election. Still the best law of election cannot give sure guarantee that we shall find in another House the same high degree of intelligence and of unselfish patriotism which the majority of this House represents. Considering the political condition of the father-land, I cannot see in the lottery of elections any security which could justify me in placing the unlimited disposition of the Prussian land and people into the hands of such Assemblies as may be the result of hap-hazard. If any one is to sit in court for the trial of even a petty case, or if any one is to hold any position in the administrative department of the state, we require a high degree of education, tested by strict examinations. Shall we then leave the final decision of the highest questions in politics and legislation to majorities whose establishment depends more on chance than on the fitness of its composing members?.... The equal rights of the crown and of the first and second Chambers in regard to legislation form the foundation of our constitution. If you change this equilibrium to the disadvantage of the crown, if you withdraw the legislation on taxes, on revenues and expenses, from this universal rule, you destroy the independence of the crown in favor of majorities whose competence rests on the risky supposition that every future Prussian Representative will be able to arrive at an independent and unbiassed judgment in all questions of politics and legislation."

In order to interpret these words rightly we must take into consideration the then prevailing conditions of political life in Prussia. A great many voters had not used their franchise, owing to the innate lack of interest in political affairs. Of those who did not vote, seventy-five per cent. were conservatives and only twenty-five per cent. liberals. It had therefore become at least doubtful whether the Deputies actually represented the majority of the people, since the liberals, who had, moreover, better organized themselves, polled a vote altogether out of proportion with the conservative vote. Furthermore, we must remember that the reigning family of the Hohenzollerns had excelled for ages by a high sense of duty and strong patriotism, by the judiciousness and care with which it trained its princes for their position, and by the discretion and wisdom with which it chose honorable and able men to be its advisers.

In 1863, when Bismarck expressed himself very much to the same effect, similar conditions were still prevailing. It was admitted by both the government and the House that at the highest estimate only thirty-four per cent. of the voters had availed themselves of the franchise. This fact did not, of course, invalidate the constitutional and legal position of the House, but it certainly did not strengthen the claims of the Deputies for any privileges on the ground that they themselves represented the people at large. And as to the reigning King, William I. was a most worthy exponent of the Hohenzollern type, deserving the confidence of the people. It would be difficult to uphold monarchism as the proper form of government for the Prussian people, if the representatives of monarchical power were unfit for their position. But the Hohenzollerns of the past and of the present have not proved incompetent for ruling. On the contrary, they stand forth as unique examples of a high conception of the responsibility which rests upon them, remaining ever true to the motto of the greatest of their race, that the Prussian King is the first *servant* of the state. An eminent English writer has said: "We, who have gained our liberties by centuries of struggle against the pretensions of the crown, are loath to admit the advantage of a strong monarchy, even if we are not instinctively suspicious of it. Yet who can say, supposing that instead of the Stu-

acts we had been ruled by a royal house of the stamp of the Hohenzollerns, that the monarchy might not be to-day as powerful in England as it is in Prussia?"

Thus we find Bismarck defending a crown whose right of existence was much strengthened by the qualities of the monarch whom he served, and what this Prime Minister did in the years from 1863-6 for maintaining the monarchy was, perhaps, one of the severest tasks which he was compelled to fulfil; and if he had failed in this, it is safe to assume there would be no united, strong German Empire at the present day. Boldly and fearlessly he withstood during this period the assaults of his opponents. So far and no farther shall you go, was his constant watchword. We cannot reveal to you the future as we see it, because we should thereby anticipate events and accelerate dangers; but we can also not side with your opinions, which would prevent us from guarding ourselves against imminent perils. That we have the welfare of the state as warmly at heart as you claim to have it, facts will reveal in the near future. This was the main tenor of his speeches when the House assailed the position which he maintained for strengthening the political power of Prussia.

And, indeed, already in the winter of 1863-4 the clouds began to gather on the horizon. With the death of King Frederic VII. of Denmark, Christian IX. succeeded to the Danish throne. He consented to the project of the Danish Diet according to which the province of Schleswig should be incorporated in Denmark, and Holstein, though remaining apparently independent, should actually become a state tributary to Denmark only. This was a breach of the London treaty of 1852, which had, indeed, granted the supremacy of Schleswig-Holstein to the Danish crown, but had also guaranteed to Schleswig an independent administration of its own affairs, and had not severed all relations between Holstein and the German *Bund*. The population of these provinces was and had always been German, and the policy of oppression which Denmark had steadily pursued for more than ten years, with the purpose of destroying their nationality, culminated now in an attempt to deprive them completely and permanently of their original political rights, in spite of their protest. The German *Bund* thereupon ordered 6000 Saxons

and 6000 Hanoverians to take possession of Holstein, from which Denmark withdrew its troops without bloodshed; but the Federate Council, not being one of the contracting powers of the London treaty, refused to act on Austria's and Prussia's joint proposition for a similar occupation of Schleswig, in case Denmark should prove unwilling to abandon its recent policy. This refusal gave Bismarck the first opportunity to test the newly organized army of Prussia. He advocated now open war against Denmark, and succeeded in bringing about an understanding for united action on the part of Austria and Prussia, which had, independently of the *Bund*, signed the London treaty. He has in later years called this conflict with Denmark the political campaign on which he might pride himself more than on any other. Everything was against him. In England Lord Palmerston declared in the House of Commons "that if any violent attempt were made to overthrow the rights and interfere with the independence of Denmark, those who made the attempt would find in the result that it would not be Denmark alone with which they would have to contend." The minor German states and part of the Prussian court assumed a decidedly hostile attitude to Bismarck's policy, and the liberals in the House of Representatives opposed it with their usual bitterness. Indeed, the abuse which the Prime Minister then earned in the House surpassed all experiences of a similar nature. He was considered utterly incompetent to guide Prussia in its internal and foreign affairs; he was accused of bringing the country to the verge of destruction, and was declared guilty of all kinds of political vices, among which want of true patriotism was the foremost. But he bore those charges steadfastly for the King in whose place he stood, and whose purpose was likewise to effect a radical settlement of that sore question which had so long agitated Germany: shall the ever-undivided provinces of Schleswig-Holstein be severed, and lose their original nationality? The House, which had declined the budget, rejected likewise a bill for a loan of nine million dollars, although Bismarck, in his powerful speeches of January 22 and 23, 1864, had made a fervent appeal in favor of granting these means, which "the government would have to take wherever it could get them," in case they were re-

fused. Although no new budget had been agreed upon since 1862, and the expenses of the state were, therefore, legally limited to the budget of 1861, which became *ipso facto* re-established with every subsequent refusal of the House, yet the finances were in good condition, and the war treasure furnished the money for mobilizing the army and despatching it to Schleswig, where the Prussian regiments should receive their baptism of fire.

The suspicion that the soldiers would fail their King never entered any one's mind; but how they could drive the Danes out of their Düppell fortifications kept Europe in suspense. On April 18, 1864, they succeeded, however, in doing so. Both Austrians and Prussians continued their victorious marches until preliminaries of peace were entered upon by the King of Denmark, who finally agreed, in the Peace of Vienna, to renounce all his claims to Schleswig-Holstein in favor of both Austria and Prussia, and to consent to all such dispositions as said powers should deem fit to make of these provinces. In the convention of Gastein, Bismarck thereupon proposed that the administration of Schleswig should *pro tempore* be left to Prussia, while Holstein should be governed by Austria. This proposition was accepted, and a treaty to this effect ratified by the contracting powers. Two German provinces had been recovered. It had required, indeed, great diplomatic skill on the part of Bismarck to accomplish this result without further complications. He had, however, succeeded in pacifying Russia by supporting its policy in Poland, and thus placing under obligation this dangerous neighbor, who had proved a stumbling-block even for the power which Napoleon I. had wielded. He had reconciled France by a favorable commercial treaty which had just been concluded. The interference of England in favor of Denmark he had thwarted by emphasizing the flagrant violation of the London treaty by the Danish King. When the German union had advocated the creation of a new dukedom of Schleswig-Holstein, which should belong to the German Federation, so that there might be another anti-Prussian vote in the Federate Council, he had successfully opposed such a policy, on the ground that since the Peace of Vienna the settlement of this dispute belonged to the jurisdiction of

Austria and Prussia exclusively. The King made public recognition of the services of his counsellor by bestowing upon him the title of Count. But the House remained just as distrustful of the Prime Minister as it had been hitherto, condemned his policy in every conceivable way, and sided rather with the *Bund* than with the Prussian government conducted by Bismarck. In reading the debates which were then carried on in the Prussian *Landtag* one cannot but wonder at the blindness of the Deputies, who, indeed, proved themselves unworthy of the supreme authority which they claimed—a blindness which appears all the more striking when contrasted with the clear-sightedness which led the Prime Minister to foresee the coming events, and to direct them in favor of his country.

It had long ago become apparent to Bismarck that a strong Germany could never be established so long as Austria maintained as jealous and antagonistic a position toward Prussia as it had assumed for decades. To be sure, there had been for once harmonious action on the part of both powers in Schleswig-Holstein; but hardly had the war with Denmark been brought to an end when Austria began to resort to new intrigues against Prussia; and finally, in order to secure the friendship of the minor German states, and to gain thus a preponderating influence, it proposed that the Federate Council should have the ultimate decision about the future political position of Schleswig-Holstein. Bismarck at once declared this step a breach of the Gastein Convention, which was thereby rendered null and void, and claimed that thus the joint control over both provinces, as accorded to Austria and Prussia in the Peace of Vienna, was resuscitated. When the Prussians thereupon re-entered Holstein, from which Austria, still unprepared for a conflict, withdrew its troops, and when the Prussian government refused to sit in council with the *Bund* on any question concerning the two provinces, Austria moved for a mobilization of the federate army to the exclusion of Prussia, which motion was seconded by a majority in the *Bund*. What diplomatic notes had for years tried in vain to settle, should now be decided by the sword. The strained relations which had so long existed between the two leading states of the union, and had rendered impossible the estab-



OTTO EDUARD LEOPOLD VON BISMARCK.



lishment of any firm central power, were to be brought to an end by a war which should forever determine whether the South or the North was better fitted for the hegemony. To be sure, Bismarck tried once more to avoid open conflict. He maintained that Prussia had now gained sufficient strength to assume the position which the National Assembly had offered to the Prussian King at the time of the rebellion in the year 1849. He therefore proposed to the Federate Council a reform of the union, from which Austria should be excluded, and a new constitution of the German Empire, with the Prussian King as its leader, and a freely elected imperial Parliament at his side. This proposition was, however, refused, and war seemed to be the only course for establishing the long-desired unity of thirty-eight states, with which discord and particularism had become national bywords. The influence of one predominating state was needed to knit them firmly together, and this influence could become established by the sword only.

Prussia rose at once to the height of the position. The *Landtag* had been dissolved in May, a month before the Seven Weeks' War broke out, and new elections were held, while the Prussian regiments entered Austria. The liberals were fast digging their own grave. Not only had they approved in their press the deed of the infamous Blind, who endeavored to assassinate Bismarck, but they had paid in their manifestoes little attention to the imminent dangers from without, and had dwelt rather on the rights which they claimed to have for establishing democratic absolutism. The people were more patriotic than their professed leaders, and became aware, in time of danger, how well the state had been organized by the government. Instead of 30, as at the former election, they chose 143 conservative Deputies, even before the decisive battles had been fought in Bohemia.

We all know how the Prussian army, whose organization had been rendered possible by the firm policy of Bismarck, did its work in this campaign. Again there was not a sign of disloyalty on the part of that vast body of men, although the ever-grumbling, ever-apprehensive liberals predicted that the *Landwehr* would not march, that Prussia was lost and Germany fast going to ruin, and that all this misfortune had been conjured upon the

country by Bismarck, whose death these narrow-minded men fancied would be a blessing to the father-land. There was, indeed, as Bismarck himself has expressed it, never a better-hated man. But the opposition of those who, if they cherished the welfare of their country, certainly lacked the genius for securing it, did not prevent the Prime Minister from proceeding with the King to the seat of war, and from witnessing, hardly three weeks after the opening of hostilities, the overthrow of the Austrian army in the battle of Königgratz, on July 3, 1866.

While all Europe seemed convinced of Austria's superiority, Bismarck, though confident of ultimate success, had also not underrated Prussia's foes. He had in advance sounded the minor German states as to the position they intended to assume in case of an open rupture between Austria and Prussia, and when he had learnt that Bavaria, Saxony, Hanover, Würtemberg, Baden, Hesse, and other principalities would espouse the Austrian cause, and would not allow the conflict to be confined to the two great powers, he had concluded an alliance with Italy, in accordance with which the King of Italy was to make simultaneously war upon Austria, for the sake of obtaining the northern part of Italy, which was in the possession of the Austrian Emperor. Thus Austria was compelled to maintain an army at its southern frontier, just as Prussia was obliged to divide its forces in order to meet the armies of the minor states.

When, however, the Prussians struck one fatal blow after the other to both the Austrians and their allies, the Emperor of Austria, though his troops were victorious in Italy, surrendered the northern provinces to Napoleon, hoping that he might thus secure French aid, or, at all events, be enabled to consolidate his forces. But the Prussians marched so rapidly, and gained their positions so successfully, that a union of the Austrian armies of the North and the South was readily frustrated. Napoleon had, immediately after the cession of the Italian provinces, offered his mediation, and if Prussia was spared new complications, it was simply due to the firmness and sagacity with which Bismarck managed subsequent diplomatic negotiations. He refused any armistice, unless it were based on definite preliminaries guaranteeing satisfactory conditions of final peace. Italy also did not

withdraw its army, remaining true to the alliance, in which it had pledged itself not to enter upon negotiations of peace without Prussia. Thus the Prussians were enabled to keep up their victorious march, and soon appeared within sight of Vienna. Only then Bismarck, who was willing to spare the Austrian brothers the disgrace of an invasion of their capital, lent an ear to Napoleon's mediation, by which the armistice of Nikolsburg was secured, on the condition that Austria should withdraw from the German union, and surrender Schleswig-Holstein to Prussia. Napoleon, completely surprised by the quickness with which the Prussians had won their signal victories, found it useless to dictate terms to Prussia and Italy. Moreover, not desirous of withholding the northern Italian possessions from the kingdom of Italy, for which he had always betrayed a certain affection, he voluntarily ceded these provinces to the Italian King, and thus enabled Italy to enter also upon negotiations of peace. Austria finally agreed, in the Peace of Prague, to pay an indemnity of war to Prussia, and to consent to such a formation of a North-German confederation as Prussia intended to establish above the line of the river Main, on the condition that the kingdom of Saxony, whose army had bravely fought at the side of the Austrians, should not be annexed to Prussia, but should remain a kingdom within the new union. Austria also recognized the kingdom of Italy in its new form.

The remaining German states which espoused the Austrian cause had likewise not been able to withstand the Prussian lines. They had, indeed, fulfilled the first requirement of Moltke's leading rule of tactics, *i. e.*, they had marched separately; but they had failed in the second most essential, *i. e.*, to strike unitedly, furnishing thus the last living example of the particularism and powerlessness of the old German *Bund*. Special armistices were concluded with every one of the states, and were soon followed by negotiations of peace, in which war indemnities were agreed upon. The intriguing King of Hanover was forever deposed from his throne, and his kingdom made a Prussian province. The electorate of Hesse-Cassel and the dukedom of Nassau were also incorporated in Prussia. The Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt was compelled to cede to Prussia the northern part of his duke-

dom above the river Main. The southern German states of Bavaria, Württemberg, Baden, and Hesse were, however, allowed to remain independent, to the great satisfaction of both the Emperor of Austria and Napoleon, who did not know that Bismarck had succeeded in establishing a secret alliance between these states and the North, which guaranteed united action of defence, in case any foreign power should make war upon Prussia.

At the side of his King, Bismarck returned to Berlin, welcomed with boundless enthusiasm by the people. The Diet granted the government not only indemnity for all expenses incurred, but voted also in favor of a reimbursement of the war treasure to the amount of forty-five million dollars. Moreover, when a bill was introduced in favor of making donations to the leading generals of the army, the House moved that Count Bismarck should be among those who were to receive a monetary compensation. With the three hundred thousand dollars which were granted to him he purchased the well-known estate of Varzin, in Pomerania. Peace had been fully restored between the government and the representatives of the people. Henceforth the best-hated man became the most popular. Facts had spoken louder than words. The first great task was fulfilled; a strong Prussia, which had no cause to fear any foreign power, had been founded by the energetic policy of its great statesman.

The second great task which now awaited Count Bismarck consisted in organizing firmly a strong union of the states under the leadership of Prussia, and on the basis of a constitution which should meet the demands of the time.

On November 21, 1866, the Prussian government extended to the governments of the twenty-two allied states invitations for a conference, which should be held at Berlin, and should sit in council over a new constitution of the North-German Confederation. Bismarck opened the sessions on December 15, 1866, by introducing a draft of a constitution, and by emphasizing in his preliminary address what seemed to him most essential for rendering this union strong. "The German Union," he said, "hitherto did not accomplish the purpose for which it was formed in two respects: it did not secure for its members the promised safety; and it did not free the development of Germany's

public weal from the fetters which the historic formation of the inner boundaries had imposed. If the new constitution is to avoid these defects and the dangers connected with them, it is necessary to knit the allied states more firmly together by establishing a uniform central management of military affairs and of international politics, and by creating common organs of legislation in matters of common national interest."

On February 7, 1867, the conference, after discussing the original draft and offering several amendments, had agreed upon all the articles, and resolved that the constitution should, in the first confederate Diet elected by universal direct suffrage, be submitted to the representatives of the people for approval. The elections took place on February 12th, and on the 24th of the same month King William opened the first session of parliament by a masterly speech from the throne. A new party, which called itself National Liberal, formed the majority in this new legislative body. It consisted of patriotic men from all the states who had left the Progressive Liberal Party of former days and sided with Bismarck. On March 4th Bismarck laid the new constitution before the *Reichstag*, which entered upon debates before a final adoption of the document. He strongly advocated quick action, and declared that "it had not been intended to set up a theoretic ideal of a constitution, but to avoid the mistakes of former times, and to find a *minimum* of those concessions which the single states must make in favor of the universal commonwealth, in case the latter is to gain vitality." "Let us put Germany into the saddle," he remarked. "I dare say it can ride." After forty-one amendments had been agreed upon, the constitution was adopted by the *Reichstag* on April 16, 1867, and the amendments having met with the approval of the allied governments, the document was officially promulgated on June 25th, and became law on July 1, 1867. It has remained the basis on which first the North-German Confederation and afterward the German Empire became established, for the "Constitution of the German Realm," which was, after a similar legal procedure, promulgated on April 16, 1871, when the southern states had joined the northern confederation, differs very slightly from the original instrument.

The constitution vests the power of legislation in two assemblies—the *Bundesrath* (Federal Council), analogous to the American Senate, and the *Reichstag* (Diet), analogous to the American House of Representatives. The Federal Council consists of delegates from each state, appointed by their respective governments. The Diet is elected by universal direct suffrage. The presidency (*præsidium*) of the union is vested in the King of Prussia, who since 1871 bears in that capacity the title of German Emperor. He represents the union in its international relations: he declares war in the name of the union, but since 1871 the concurrence of the Federal Council is required for this purpose, except in case of invasion: he concludes peace, and enters into alliances and treaties with foreign states, but since 1871 treaties must be ratified by both Houses if they deal with matters which belong to the sphere of confederate legislation; and he sends and receives ambassadors. He is also chief commander of the army and navy. The Chancellor, who is appointed by the Presidency, is the Chairman and Moderator of the Federal Council. Legislation rests entirely with the Federal Council and the Diet, both Houses having the privilege of originating bills. Concurrence of a simple majority in both Houses is required and sufficient for the establishment of any law, the President of the union having no veto power. Prussia having only seventeen votes out of a *plenum* of fifty-eight in the Federal Council, it is evident that the influence which the President can exercise is at the best very limited. The principal spheres subject to confederate legislation are: 1. Regulations regarding Domicile, Citizenship, Passports, Surveillance of Foreign Residents, and Practices of Trade, including Insurance; 2. Import Duties, Commerce, and Federal Taxation; 3. Measures, Coins, and Weights, also Issue of Paper Money; 4. Banking Affairs; 5. Patents; 6. Protection of Copyright; 7. Protection of German Commerce abroad, of the German Merchant Marine, and of the German Flag, also Organization of Consular Representation; 8. Railways and Highways; 9. Shipping on Rivers and Canals common to several states, and Regulation of Water Tolls; 10. Posts and Telegraphs; 11. Inter-state Execution of Sentences in Civil Suits; 12. Certification of Public Documents; 13.

Civil and Criminal Law and Judicial Procedure (since 1873 by concurrence of both Houses and special decree); 14. Military and Naval Affairs; 15. Measures of Medical and Veterinary Surveillance; 16. Regulations concerning the Press and Public Meetings. In all these subjects the federal law takes precedence over the state law. The budget becomes established by law for one year's duration, but common expenses may in special cases be granted for more than one year. Every member of the Federal Council has, as a representative of his state, the right of appearing and speaking in the Diet. The Federal Council really wields the greatest power, and to the honor of the union it must be said that the federal delegates have always been most competent men, well versed in jurisprudence and political economy. The President of the union, though he opens, summons, and prorogues both Houses every year, is only the agent of the Upper House. He cannot even dissolve the Diet without the concurrence of the Federal Council. He promulgates the laws and supervises their execution. All his decrees regarding legislation are given in the name of the union, and are countersigned by the Chancellor, who thereby becomes responsible. Throughout the constitution the name of *Kaiserreich*, equivalent to the English "empire," does not appear, but the union is called "Reich," which signifies simply "realm," or "commonwealth," if you will. The President is also never called "Kaiser von Deutschland," or "Emperor of Germany"—a misleading term of absolutism—but he is styled "Deutscher Kaiser," or German Emperor, a mere title, which does not belong to the Hohenzollerns as a family, but is an attribute of every Prussian King who, in this capacity, becomes *ipso facto* President of the German union, a position which brings its possessor no imperial crown, no imperial throne as of old, no imperial revenues—such perquisites he receives only as King of Prussia—and no unlimited imperial prerogatives of an absolute nature.

Thus Bismarck made in this constitution which has been strictly observed for more than twenty years, important concessions to the people. Whether it was the pressure of circumstances or his personal convictions which induced him to do so does not belong to the sphere of history, which deals with facts, not with mo-

tives. At all events, he said in 1867 that he intended now, when the proper time had arrived, to grant such opportunities for development in the direction of a liberal form of government as were consistent with the welfare of the commonwealth. In the first place, we notice the absence of any House of Lords. Secondly, we see that the chief power does not rest with one ruler, but is vested in a body of men appointed by the allied state governments. And thirdly, we perceive that legislation, even in regard to the budget and to taxation, is no longer possible without the will of the people, who, in this sphere, can only be influenced by moral persuasion.

That quick action as advocated by Bismarck was needed for establishing the new union soon became apparent in the year 1867.

When Napoleon had not succeeded in gaining some slice of land, while important territorial changes had taken place in favor of Prussia, he broached the so-called Luxemburg question. Prussia had since 1839 been entitled to keep a garrison in the fortress of Luxemburg, and the dukedom of Luxemburg belonged to the German *Zollbund* (customs union), though it was in the possession of the King of Holland. Napoleon now intended to acquire this province by purchase. The transfer involved the withdrawal of the Prussian garrison and the entire separation of Luxemburg from the German union. When France assumed a decidedly hostile attitude in this affair, Bismarck first counteracted its imperious demands by revealing at this opportune moment the secret alliance with the southern German states, on which France had evidently depended for support in case of war. He then declared in Parliament that the Prussian government would not consent to the cession of Luxemburg. When, however, England, Austria, and Russia made various propositions for a peaceful settlement of the question, Bismarck, who did not desire to make Luxemburg a *casus belli*, agreed, on certain conditions, to a conference to which the King of Holland should invite all powers that had guaranteed the hitherto existing political *status* of Luxemburg. The conditions which he made the basis of said conference were that the city of Luxemburg should no longer remain a fortress, that the dukedom should continue in

the possession of the house of Orange as neutral ground, and that its neutrality should be guaranteed by all the members of the conference. Only on these terms would Prussia consent to an evacuation of Luxemburg. These stipulations were accepted, and at once ratified by the contracting powers.

When Napoleon had thus become aware that he could not combat successfully with the Prussian statesman, whose diplomacy had again carried the day, he entered upon a policy by which he might win this sagacious politician to his own side. He made secret offers to Bismarck for a defensive and offensive alliance. Prussia was to assist him in acquiring Luxemburg and Belgium, and he would in turn recognize Prussia's annexations of 1866, and would approve the admission of the southern states to the North-German Confederation. Bismarck, who did not desire an open breach with France, kept Napoleon in suspense by dilatory replies which implied neither yes nor no, but preserved the written propositions of the French government, judging that their revelation would some day prove a powerful weapon against the intriguing schemes of the French Empire.

Meanwhile the Prussian Chancellor—King William had at once intrusted Bismarck with this position—endeavored to establish new common interests between the North and the South. He invited the ministers of the southern states to a customs conference, which should lead to the establishment of a permanent customs union, with a customs parliament, while hitherto the customs treaties had been subject to repeal after notice of six months. The ministers of the South accepted Bismarck's propositions in favor of permanency, and consented to an agreement by which the legislation on customs should be intrusted to special sessions of the Federal Council and of the Diet, in which the South should be represented by delegates. Thus Bismarck had succeeded in knitting the North and the South together by another strong tie, in spite of all efforts on the part of both Austria and France, whose chief purpose was to sow discord in Germany. Shortly after the establishment of the customs union Bismarck accompanied the King of Prussia to the World's Fair at Paris, where both were entertained by Napoleon, who, unable to win political victories, attempted to appear as the leader

of Europe, by inviting all nations to make, under his protection, a display of their industrial products at his capital. Though the King and his minister were treated with proper consideration, an undercurrent of feeling was very perceptible, and it manifested itself distinctly in a Bonapartist journal, which discussed at that very season the claims which France had to the Rhine boundary.

In the course of time it became more and more apparent that Napoleon desired war, and absolutely needed it, in order to maintain his position. Austria, with its ambitious Prime Minister Von Beust, betrayed likewise a hostile disposition, coquetting with France for the sake of humiliating Prussia. Bismarck, clearly discerning the attitude of the West, devoted himself, therefore, with untiring zeal to the firm organization of the new union. Already in 1867 he had said in Parliament: "The tasks of our foreign policy are not yet fulfilled. The glorious victories have only increased, so to speak, the value of our own stakes. We have more to lose than before; we have not yet won the game. Look at the attitude which other governments assume to our new institutions. It is satisfactory to some, but antagonistic to others. One thing is, however, certain: you will find hardly a power in Europe which would help in a friendly way to establish this new German commonwealth, and, on the other hand, would not feel the desire of interfering with its establishment." The work which Bismarck did during the years 1866-70 for the strengthening of the inner affairs and outer relations of Germany was as unrelenting as it was successful. The energetic but prudent policy which Prussia maintained under his guidance reconciled within a few years all the German states with the new condition of affairs, and lent prestige abroad to the German union, which had ever been proverbial for its sloth, indecision, and discord.

The world has been accustomed to regard the German people as a slow and heavy race. There was a certain amount of truth in ascribing to them these characteristics as long as the *Bund*, with the predominant influence of Austria and the minor states, represented the majority of the nation. But to the Prussians these epithets could never have been applied justly. They are an energetic, active,

and plucky race. Bismarck understood from the beginning of his career these their excellent qualities by which they surpassed their German brothers, and when he had secured for his country the hegemony of Germany, he devised the means of impressing these characteristics upon the people of other states. The general introduction of the Prussian military system, a measure which he established as one of the fundamental principles of the constitution, proffered the best opportunity for influencing non-Prussians. However opposed we may be to militarism, soldier life in Prussia and in the present Germany has its two sides. It is not merely camp life, and is, on the whole, not given to idleness and indulgence, dissipation and vice, but rather to practices which engender habits of activity, endurance, energy, and moral courage. The soldiers are not simply drilled in the art of handling guns and swords, and of marching in rank and file, but they receive a general education in all those spheres in which every man ought to acquire a certain grade of intelligence. Civil life in Germany does not proffer the same instructive influences which it yields in other countries, and especially in a republic. The army, in which the majority of the people meet on common ground, and in which the uneducated come in close contact with the educated, has been a means of raising the intellectual standard of the masses. The German soldier, as a rule, is turned out at the end of his service a more valuable citizen than he would be without military discipline. He becomes a more intelligent and consequently more efficient member of the community; and, above all, he gains in the army the feeling that he does not belong simply to a particular small state, but to a greater father-land, common to all. Thus the expenses incurred for maintaining this large body of men offer another compensation besides securing the safety of a nation ever threatened by its neighbors. What centuries had not been able to create, namely, a wider and higher enthusiasm and patriotism for the whole German land, Bismarck's policy effected within eight years, for all confederate states rose like one man in the Franco-Prussian war of 1870-1, and the South followed their example.

The events of this conflict are still

fresh in the memory of the world, and even that part of its history in which Bismarck played a prominent rôle is too well known to call for minute description. On the 19th of July, 1870, he read to the North-German Parliament the declaration of war which had just been handed to him by the French envoy, whereupon all bills introduced for defraying the expenses of the army were unanimously granted within three days by both Houses. He entered now at once upon negotiations which should confine the war to Germany and France. He sent to the foreign and German courts a circular note in which he declared that the real cause of the war was not to be found in the candidacy of a Hohenzollern prince for the Spanish throne, since Leopold von Hohenzollern had voluntarily withdrawn his claims, but in French jealousy, which grudged Prussia the powerful position it had of late gained. "As all reasons," he wrote, "upheld by the French ministers for making war inevitable are false and delusive, we are by sad necessity compelled to assume that the real causes of French aggression are the traditions of Louis XIV. and of Napoleon I.—traditions which have for decades been stigmatized as base by the people and governments of the civilized world. We can discover no other motive for conjuring this war but hatred which envies Germany its independence and progress, and the desire of checking by international complications the rising feeling for liberty among the French people." He also revealed now the propositions which Napoleon had made to him in former years, and submitted to the inspection of the English government the original document in which the French Emperor had desired the acquisition of Belgium. This diplomatic move created among the powers a feeling of suspicion against France. It indicated what Europe might expect of a victorious France. England took at once decisive steps for securing the integrity and neutrality guaranteed to Belgium. It proposed for this purpose a new treaty, which was ratified by France and Prussia, and maintained afterward a passive attitude, only sending now and then mediatory notes to the warring powers. Austria, which was inclined to join France, was kept in check by Russia, with which the Prussian government was able to maintain friendly

relations. A Franco-Italian alliance failed of its own accord, as Napoleon would not consent to the deposition of the Pope from worldly power, while the King of Italy was most anxious to take possession of Rome at this opportune moment.

We remember the fatal blows which the German army struck in quick succession at the French foe—the battles of Weissenburg, Wörth, Spichern, Mars la Tour, Gravelotte, the capitulation of Metz, the capture of Napoleon at Sedan (September 2, 1870), the occupation of Versailles, which became the head-quarters of the Prussian King and of Bismarck, the bombardment of Paris, and the final entry of the German army into the French capital (March 1, 1871). All these results were achieved by an army whose organization Bismarck's energetic policy had facilitated. But, glorious as these victories were, they must, like all triumphs gained on the battle-field, be regarded as of transitory nature. The greatest prize, however, that was won in this conflict—a prize which has proved a lasting blessing to the German people—was the firm unification of all the states, and the extension of the northern confederation to the south. And the final inclusion of Bavaria, Würtemberg, Baden, and Hesse in the new realm was again due to Bismarck's judicious diplomacy, which brought no pressure to bear on these states, but abided the time when they would take the initiative. It is safe to assume that a compulsory policy, which was impatiently advocated at that time, would only have led to estrangement. By granting the southern governments complete freedom of action, their love for independence was gradually changed into a leaning toward Prussia, which had dealt so fairly with its allies. They voluntarily entered into treaties by which they should become members of the union, and a southern prince, the King of Bavaria, proposed finally that the new union should be called the German Realm, and its President the German Emperor. This proposition having met with the approval of the Federal Council and of the Diet, the King of Prussia was proclaimed German Emperor at Versailles on January 18, 1871, Bismarck reading the Emperor's first proclamation to the German people in the presence of the King and an assembly of representatives from all the states.

To procure for this newly created union

a stronger boundary, and to protect the southern states against France, whose army had so often invaded them in the past, Bismarck insisted, in all negotiations for peace, on the surrender of the two provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, which should henceforth belong again, as of old, to the German realm. Already, on September 13, 1870, he had by a circular note prepared the neutral powers for the position which he was determined to assume in the ratification of peace. He had declared in this note that France, whether it preserved all its territory or not, would not forgive its humiliation, and would ever be longing for revenge. The surest way, therefore, of securing lasting peace would be to provide Germany with the safest boundaries of defence. "As long as France," he wrote, "remains in the possession of Strasburg and Metz, its offensive is stronger than our defensive in the whole South, and in the North on the left bank of the Rhine. Strasburg in the possession of France is an ever-open gate of invasion. In German possession, Strasburg and Metz will have a defensive character. In more than twenty wars we have never been the aggressors of France, and we desire nothing of the latter but security in our own country, which has been so often endangered by France." The French, who for a long time refused the cession of said provinces, found themselves finally compelled to yield, and on February 26, 1871, the French plenipotentiaries, Thiers and Favre, signed, with Bismarck, at Versailles the preliminaries of peace, which stipulated the surrender of Alsace and Lorraine and the payment of the war indemnity. After entering Paris, Bismarck returned to Berlin, being welcomed everywhere by popular demonstrations of favor and love; and on May 10th he signed in Frankfort the final peace with France, which was ratified by both the French and the German governments on May 22, 1871. When the German troops returned, under the command of Emperor William I., he was appointed to lead their entry into Berlin, riding with Field-Marshal Moltke at his right and Minister of War Roon at his left, before the King and Emperor, who had said at Versailles, "Roon has sharpened the sword, Moltke has wielded it, and Bismarck has by his tested policy raised Prussia to its present height." At the opening of the first German Parlia-

ment the Chancellor of the new realm received from his sovereign the title of "Fürst," with the princely domain of Schwarzenbeck, which he enlarged by purchasing the adjoining "Friedrichsruh," his well-known Tusculum, where of late he has often sought retirement from public life.

The great task of his career had been fulfilled, German unity had been realized. It had, indeed, required iron and blood, but, to quote from the *Correspondence of John L. Motley*, lately edited by George W. Curtis, "such enormous results were never before reached with so little bloodshed in comparison. They are national, popular, natural achievements, accomplished almost as if by magic, by the tremendous concentrated will of one political giant. . . . Intellect, science, nationality, popular enthusiasm, are embodied in

the German movement. They must unquestionably lead to liberty and a higher civilization. Yet many are able to see nothing in it but the triumph of military despotism." With the year 1871 Fürst Bismarck entered upon a peaceful policy, which he unwaveringly pursued, organizing the new realm more firmly, checking the interference of Catholicism in state affairs, favoring social legislation and amelioration of the condition of the working classes, and constantly maintaining friendly relations with foreign powers. All comparisons by which he has been set forth as a second Napoleon Bonaparte have thus proved inconsistent with facts. He has never shown any ambition for seeing Germany enter upon an aggressive policy after it had gathered strength within and had become a power of the first rank.

TWO POINTS OF VIEW.

BY MATT CRIM.

HER POINT OF VIEW.

HELEN LESTER spent the first three years of her widowhood in Europe. Then, tired of wandering, came home, planning to have a house built on her place at Morristown, New Jersey. She had plenty of money; she wondered that she had never thought of putting some of it into a summer home before, where she could have her friends to visit her, play the hostess, have dogs and horses, and lead a free, open-air life. She grew enthusiastic over the pictures her quickened imagination drew.

"I suppose I must consult an architect?" she said to her friend and legal adviser, bald, gray-bearded Mr. Adderton Sims, who regarded her, with a mixture of admiration and amusement, as a whimsical but charming young woman.

"I think so, unless you wish to draw the plans yourself."

"As if I could!" she cried, half laughing. "You think this building is simply a fad."

"Fad or not, my dear Helen, I see no reason why you should not amuse yourself with it. You are one of the fortunate few who have everything they want."

"Unfortunate, you mean, Mr. Sims. It is deadly monotony to have everything

you want. I am sick of it. I should like to feel a burning desire for something I could not get," she said, with a touch of impatient weariness. "I'm afraid this house is only a fad, but it will amuse me while it lasts."

"Never mind; you are young enough to have plenty of disappointments yet," said the old lawyer, consolingly. He had known her father, and he had also known her husband—a prosaic middle-aged man, who had indulged his young wife in all her whims and fancies, and who had left her a large fortune when he died. Mr. Sims decided that she ought to be indulged and spoiled, she looked so lovely sitting there in the office chair opposite him, the soft shades of heliotrope in her gown and bonnet giving additional lustre to her light gold hair, and bringing out the clear whiteness of her skin. She had brilliant dark blue eyes, and might have been twenty-three instead of twenty-seven, the passing years left so slight an impress upon her. "Why have you selected Morristown?" he inquired, after that short, silent scrutiny of her beauty.

"Because it is old, it is historical, and you know I own a piece of land out there. It is a picturesque location, and gives a

fine view of the town and surrounding country."

"Suppose you go with me to the Architectural League this evening? The exhibition is rather fine this spring, and you might see some designs that you would like."

"I should be delighted to go," she cried, with animation. "Thank you for suggesting it. Houses are to be the absorbing interest of my life now, and I intend to study architecture."

Mr. Sims smiled. Her confident announcement struck him as deliciously amusing; it betrayed such ignorance. To study architecture earnestly, comprehensively, meant years of hard labor. He knew men who had spent the best part of their lives in the profession without reaching the most satisfactory results, but if Helen Lester made architecture one of her whims, it would do no harm.

They went to the exhibition that evening. It is not the purpose of this writer to enter into the history of architecture, nor the rapidly growing interest Americans are taking in it. Nor can I enter into a detailed account of the exhibition of the Architectural League, a club growing in strength and importance every year. Its extent surprised Helen Lester. She opened wide her eyes at the elaborate drawings, the mural decorations, displayed in the long, brilliantly lighted rooms. A goodly number of men were walking about, inspecting designs, discussing various schools of architecture, with here and there a group of women. Mrs. Lester stopped before the strong, bold drawing of a colonial mansion, hung in a corner, away from imposing churches, Greek columns and arches, and ornate dwellings. Its noble simplicity pleased her.

"It is just what I want," she said, after a brief, comprehensive survey.

Mr. Sims put up his glasses and looked at the name in the corner of the drawing. "Louis Stephens. I know him; a clever young fellow; a Southerner, who has been abroad and studied."

"I must know him too," said Helen Lester, in her charming imperious way. "I want him to design my house."

"I wouldn't decide hastily," the lawyer remonstrated, with gentle caution.

Helen laughed. "Dear Mr. Sims, why should I hesitate and wait when I know just what I want at once? You know it

is my nature to decide my likes and dislikes in the greatest haste, even to the color of my gowns. I know that I want this young architect to design my house. His style pleases me."

Mr. Sims was too old and wise a man to argue with a wilful woman. He instantly yielded the point. "He may be here this evening."

"Then I should like to be introduced to him."

He was there, and they found him standing before some mural decorations; and when he turned his dark, clean-shaven face toward them, with its fine, strong, almost rugged features, its full low forehead, over which short, wavy dark hair fell, and soft, womanishly handsome eyes, Helen Lester impulsively decided that she would like the man as well as his work. It was after that unconventional fashion that she met Louis Stephens for the first time. She said some graceful, pleasant things about his drawing, and quite frankly told him that he must make the plans for her summer residence, appointed an hour when he should call upon her the next morning, gave him her address, and turned away with a bow, leaving him no choice in the matter. She desired it; of course he must do it. That was the impression conveyed; but a young architect with his reputation to make would not cavil at the imperiousness of a beautiful woman when she held out such a flattering chance to him.

He called at the hour appointed, and was shown at once to her presence. She had looked forward to the interview with a certain degree of pleasure. It would be a new experience, and she had grown just weary enough of her prosperous even life to be glad of new sensations and experiences. She detained him beyond the ordinary business interview, for she soon discovered that he was an enthusiast in his profession, and drew him out with many artfully innocent questions. They had gone over much of the same ground in the Old World, but while she had looked on it with the superficial eyes of the average traveller, he had been a student. She understood the art of listening, and not until she gayly cried, "You humiliate me, Mr. Stephens; I must go abroad again," did he realize that he had been somewhat led away by his subject and her flattering interest. Before he left it was arranged that they should go out to

Morristown together to look at the location for the house and the surrounding landscape, for everything must harmonize. She was impatient to have the work commenced, taking a kind of childish delight in the thought. Yet the architect as well as the house occupied her mind after he had withdrawn.

"He is a manly man, simple and unaffected. I will have blue silk panels in my boudoir. His eyes are as dark as an Andalusian's. I wonder if I cannot have an Oriental room, with real Eastern stuffs to decorate it. He is in love with his profession, yet he has not neglected other branches of culture. How fortunate that I should secure his services! But I am always fortunate. To desire a thing is to get it. Well, I'll not quarrel with fate this time. I am unaccountably interested in this young man. His face appeals to me. I wonder if he has ever been in love? Of course, half a dozen times, probably. Those ardent Southern temperaments are very susceptible."

So ran her secret thoughts, and when the day for her trip to Morristown with Stephens arrived, she put on a ravishing travelling gown and bonnet, with just the merest suggestion of mourning about them.

It was a sunny afternoon. Patches of snow still lay here and there on the Jersey hills, but light shades of green were appearing among the gray and brown colors of the valleys, and the quickening spirit of spring could be felt in the south wind.

Helen Lester felt a queer sensation of youthful joy and expectancy thrilling her. There was something novel in this independent little business trip with her architect, something fascinating in the way they mixed lighter subjects of conversation with the more serious one of building a house. His deference, his delicate care for her comfort, seemed to be the natural attitude of the young man toward all womanhood. It was evident contact with the world had not robbed him of that old-fashioned chivalrous regard for the gentler sex his mother, perchance, had taught him on a remote Southern plantation. Helen Lester studied him with ever-increasing delight, her brilliant half-lowered eyes taking in every movement, even the anxious glance he cast on her thin Parisian boots when they left the car.

"Shall I order a carriage, Mrs. Lester?"

"Oh no; I would rather walk."

"But the streets are damp and cold."

"I am not afraid, thank you."

And they strolled along the quiet streets, past the square, with its leafless trees, its tall slender monument erected to the memory of the soldiers and sailors of Morris County, and up by the ancient court-house, its roof green with the mould of a century or more, and out to the fair plateau where Helen had planned to have her house built. They walked over the ground, discussed plans, and grew very enthusiastic, the magnetic fire of the architect setting aflame some unsuspected smouldering spark in the woman's nature. There were numerous walks and talks afterward, but Helen Lester dated her absorbing interest in the young Southerner from that afternoon.

"From an architectural and artistic point of view a colonial mansion would be the most fitting," said Stephens, taking a dreamy survey of the rolling hills on one side, their outlines softened in a haze of sunlight, and of the historical old town on the other.

"And from the point of view of a woman who desires a home that will remind her of her childhood, the colonial seems eminently proper. I spent my earliest years on a Virginia plantation, Mr. Stephens."

His eyes brightened. "You are a Southerner too?"

"No; I cannot claim any such distinction," laughingly; and what pearls of teeth gleamed between her lips when she laughed! She was fully conscious of it, and of the eloquent language of her eyes when she wished to make them eloquent.

That was the beginning of a series of little journeys out to Morristown through the spring and the early summer. The snow melted away, the south wind and April rains brought forth flowers from the quickened earth and leaves on the naked trees. The season revealed much to Helen Lester; the spark of love kindled in her pure cold heart burned and burned until it seemed to fill all her being. She had never loved before, and she had grown selfish with the sort of selfishness a woman is apt to unconsciously gather about her when she has been indulged and gratified in all her tastes and desires.

She welcomed love with trembling fear

and delight, it opened such a new world to her, gave her such tender patience and toleration for the weaknesses of other people. What a delicious secret it was to carry about in her heart! What a delightful sensation to feel so anxious about her personal appearance, to feel absolutely afraid of not pleasing one certain person!

Sometimes she would laugh to herself and hide her face in her hands, blushing like a rose, and softly murmuring: "I am in love; I am really in love. How do I know it—I, who have walked in blindness for twenty-seven years? But I do know it, though it may defy all analysis, though I have no former experience by which to gauge my feelings. It is greater knowledge than to read all the books of the world, than to study all philosophies. The sage may count himself wise, but now I know that the unlettered peasant girl who has loved has risen to the supreme height of human wisdom."

Stephens's unconsciousness amused her.

"What would he say if he could look into my heart, read my thoughts?" she would secretly muse while talking to him. "What would he do if he knew that every glance he gives me, every intonation of his voice has become more precious than gold or jewels to me?"

But it delighted her to throw safeguards around her secret, to utter some conventional commonplace while tender caressing words hovered on her lips; or to play with a pencil—one of his pencils—while her fingers tingled to smooth down the roughness of his hair, or to be laid against his brow. How many consultations the building of that house required! Stephens submitted all the plans to her, and often it pleased her to find fault or to suggest changes, and sometimes their interviews would end in heated arguments as to interior decorations, staircases, and fireplaces. She would make him half angry; then, when he had gone away, recall him with a sweet note of apology, or send him an invitation to dine with her.

The house seemed to be Stephens's chief interest, and as the season advanced Helen began to feel restless, to wish that he would think more of her as a woman, and less as his employer. The exaltation of a great passion, which could not take account of the future, gradually passed. At first she had been satisfied with her own feelings, but a desire for some response from him spoiled the perfection of her joy.

They had become friends, and gradually touched upon personal experiences, became confidential. Her life had been so smooth, so soft and sheltered, that she had little to tell; but her flattering interest drew from him many stories of his childhood spent on a plantation, his taste for architecture early developed, his desire to study it, his mother's death, the sale of his old home, and his plunge into the great world. The name of a distant cousin often fell from his lips. She seemed to be mixed up in all his early adventures, to be the repository of his youthful secrets. Abbie Lestrange borrowed books for him; Abbie bound up his wounded hand when he fell from the roof, where he had gone to set up a unique martin hat, one of his first architectural designs.

"She must be quite elderly."

"Abbie? Oh no, unless you call me elderly. She is a month or two younger than I."

"She *is* your cousin?"

"Yes, in a remote way."

"I suppose she felt sorry to have you go away?"

His dark eyes grew dreamy; a slight smile curled the corners of his mouth. Helen felt that he had forgotten her existence, and shuddered as though suddenly chilled.

"I think she did. Abbie is a good girl."

"And pretty?" carelessly.

"Very pretty."

What meant that sharp pain piercing her heart? Could it be jealousy?

"Dark or fair?"

"Dark." Then he raised his eyes and looked at her, warm admiration in his glance. "You are a lily, but she would have to be called a tiger-lily."

She smiled, with suddenly lightened heart, and chided herself for being so foolish as to imagine that he could be in love with this cousin.

"I have put you through a merciless catechising, Mr. Stephens; pardon me for it."

"You are only too good to seem interested," and he impulsively kissed her hand.

"The very smallest, simplest detail of your life interests me," she said, softly, then bit her lip, vexed with herself for saying so much. But her words did not hold the same significance for him that they did for her.

"Thank you; but you are too kind," he cried, protestingly. "You make it possible for me to bore you dreadfully."

She did not feel quite satisfied about that cousin. She wanted that ghost of jealousy to be finally laid. She did not want to be unhappy; she could not bear pain as one used to it.

"I suppose you correspond with Miss Lester?"

"Oh yes, we keep one another informed as to the changes in ourselves and our surroundings. That was the compact we made before I went away, nearly seven years ago."

"You have not seen her in seven years?"

"No; but occasionally we exchange photographs," smiling, as if he half expected her to exclaim over the foolishness of such a thing. But she did not; she was too absorbed in her own feelings. The ghost would not be effectually laid. It haunted her sometimes, mocked at her in little thrills and pangs of jealous fear, made hope look wan, clouded the future. But a well-defined intention to win Stephens's love shaped itself amid the conflict of her thoughts. It would be the keenest irony of fate to give everything else she desired and deny her this one supreme joy, without which life would be valueless. She would not contemplate it, or think that she was to be taken at her own rash words, uttered to the lawyer only a few hours before meeting Stephens. It was her wealth standing between them. Because he was poor and comparatively unknown, his pride would not permit him to take advantage of her kindness, to strive for the winning of her heart. He would not be called a fortune-hunter, or offer himself to a woman when he had naught but himself to offer. Perhaps a loyal sense of honor toward her as his employer held him aloof, or perhaps it had never occurred to him that she could or would love him.

She had been brought up in the most conventional way, but now she secretly rebelled against the unwritten law forbidding a woman to acknowledge her love until asked for it. If she could speak to him, tell the simple truth, instead of hiding her love as though it were a thing to be ashamed of! She tasted of real suffering when she reached that point, and it was bitter to her.

Do not think that it required a few

days or a few weeks to get to that. Months had elapsed. The house progressed slowly, but of that Helen felt rather glad, as its completion would, she felt sure, bring her heart affair to a crisis. She read a good many books on architecture, fell into the habit of looking at buildings with observant eyes, to distinguish between their good and bad points, and learned to appreciate beauty of structure—all to please Louis Stephens, who seemed gratified, without understanding her motive.

In the middle of the winter she decided to go South, to see what change would do for her, to put herself to a test, and all the weeks of her absence spent half the time thinking of Stephens, reading his brief letters—filled mostly with news of the building, its progress, and the decorations he had planned for the interior—and answering them guardedly, hardly saying enough in her fear of saying too much.

But earthly affairs, even those involving the hearts of men, have an end, and sometimes it comes abruptly. It was about a year from the beginning of that house that it was finished, and stood forth a triumph of architectural beauty. Stephens felt justly proud of it, the interior as well as the exterior. His taste and skill had been called into requisition in the furnishing as well as the decorations, and the April day he went out with Helen to see her take formal possession he looked very happy. She was flushed and excited, and looked beautiful, though her laughing mouth quivered, and her eyes seemed to have the moisture of tears in their brilliant depths.

It was a chilly afternoon, and a great wood fire greeted them when they entered the hall, its ruddy glow lighting up the stairway, and the splendid white and gold furnishing of the parlor beyond. It was really like coming home, for a little feast was being spread in the dining-room, and Mrs. Lester's maid came out to take her wraps.

Stephens turned to Helen as they walked up to the hearth, and taking her hand, said: "Are you pleased? Are you satisfied?"

"Perfectly," her fingers closing around his. He gave them a warm pressure.

"It is beautiful. I hope I'm not covetous, but I wish that I could have one like it."

"You can—have it," with a little gasp for breath, turning white, too, as a privet

flower. But his roving eyes were taking in the breadth and harmonious decorations of the hall, and he merely laughed, taking her words as a jest.

"Can I, and turn you out into the cold?"

"No; the gift must include the giver."

She had withdrawn her hand from his, and stood before him, still pale, but outwardly composed. Did he take in the full meaning of her words? He looked at her and flashed.

"You are cruel to carry your jest so far," he said, in a low tone.

"I am not jesting, Louis"—what caressing tenderness lent itself to her voice as she uttered the words. "My cousin is yours. Why should I not offer myself and all I have to you?"

"Mrs. Lester!" he stammered, agitatedly.

"It is not wrong for me to say this, but I must tell you that your pride is foolish, dear—foolish. You may love it instead of me, but I—I will not let such barriers keep me silent. I—"

"Hush! Oh, good heavens!" he cried, and smote his hands together in an unconsciously tragic way. "Mrs. Lester, you are not in earnest. You—"

She flushed and paled, for there was no joy in his agitation, but she held desperately to her composure.

"I am in earnest; but you—I see that I have been mistaken—that you do not

"I am engaged," he said.

"To—Miss Lestrangle?"

"Yes."

She sunk down on the divan wheeled to the corner of the hearth, groping blindly for the silken cushions to hide her face; but before that refuge could shelter her he was on his knees at her side, had drawn her head against his shoulder, had kissed her.

"Forgive me! forgive me!"

She pushed him away. "There is nothing to forgive. It is my mistake. I thought—Will you please go?"

He rose, and without another word left her alone with her new home and her great, bitter shame. She fell down among the cushions, tearless, but writhing with anguish at the new and splendid things about her, even the fire-light, mocking her desolation. She had desired something with a great desire, and it had been denied her.

HIS POINT OF VIEW.

When Stephens reached his rooms that night, dinnerless, yet unconscious of hunger, he cast himself, still gloved and overcoated, into a chair.

He was out of the chaos of his thoughts. The journey from Morristown back to New York had passed like a confused dream.

He had been thinking of the future, of the possibilities of the future, of the possibilities of the future.

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betrothed, planning to give her a surprise by going South after her. Now he felt that the ground had been cut from under his feet. Never had there been an hour of his life so fraught with conflicting emotions. Could he go on, calmly meet the obligations binding him, without betraying aught of this experience, or the sudden change his feelings had undergone? It seemed impossible, and yet no choice was left to him.

He rose and walked the floor to calm the excitement burning within him. Two or three letters were lying on the table, sent up from his office, but he did not even glance at them until the night had been half spent. Then he found that one of them was from his cousin Abbie. He had not heard from her for two or three weeks, but the seeming neglect had not disturbed him, as the regularity of their correspondence had often been broken by such lapses on the part of both. He sat down and broke the seal, feeling not guilty, but sorrowful. Poor Abbie! her long faithful waiting had been ill rewarded. But he would be always true in the letter if not in the spirit. He turned to the light, and this is what he read:

"DEAR LOUIS,—I don't know whether I shall surprise, shock, or grieve you when I say that I wish to be released from our engagement. It is better to speak the truth, and the worst of the truth, at once. I love another man as I never have and never shall love you. He has but lately come into my life, yet taught me things I have heretofore had no knowledge of, and one of them is the distinction between love as a master passion and love as a calm affection. You will not think me heartless, for in this illumination of my inner self I can see that your love for me is of that same tranquil quality as mine for you. I know now that had you loved me differently you could not have spent so many years away from me. You would have risked poverty, everything, to have had me with you, the sharer of your difficulties and your small triumphs. Don't think, my dear Louis, my friend, my brother, that I reproach you, or that I found the waiting tedious. I have often longed to see you, look into your kind, handsome eyes, talk with you, but it was without acute pain, nor did an imaginary meeting thrill me with rapture. Can I not safely judge

the state of your heart by my own? I know it as well as though you sat here and told me so. I am not impatient for my freedom. Consider, and write to me candidly. We have ever been truthful with one another since our childhood, and I hope that it may never be otherwise. And now, wishing for you the blessedness of a love full and complete, I remain as ever,

Affectionately yours, ABBIE."

He read it once, read it twice; then, with the thin, vaporous-looking sheets still in his hand, leaned back and laughed aloud. Had he been a woman, his emotions at that moment would have been called hysterical. Here he had been planning in simple faith to go speedily to the fulfilment of his vows, had refused the pearl of price offered to him that no tarnish might rest on his honor, and his reward had been the loss of all. Then bitter rage seized him for the sorry trick, a burning agony of regret. Why could not that letter have reached him a day earlier? He dropped it under his feet, and buried his face in his hands. He could not feel angry with his cousin; he could not justly see that any one was to blame for his sore strait, but it was none the less hard to bear.

Presently he rose, and took down a box from the top of a bookcase. He opened it, and emptied its contents on the table—letters and photographs. He laid the letters to one side, then gathered up the photographs and held them spread apart, card fashion, in his hand. Some of them had a dusty, faded look, and some were longer than others, but they were all of one person, though they ranged from the child with loose curling hair to the fair mature woman. They were the pictures Abbie LeStrange had given him from time to time. His mood softened again as he looked at them. No, he could not blame her, when between her pictured eyes and his came another pair, dark blue, and so tender that he thrilled at the memory. He picked up Abbie's letter and reread it. Then, pushing letters and pictures aside, he seized pen and paper to write to her to give the freedom she craved, approving her decision, wishing her much happiness. That duty fully discharged, he tried to take some account of his own future, but, confused and weary, he seemed to have come to the end of all things.

He went to his office the next morning as usual, but business had lost all interest; not the finest architectural design could have roused him to enthusiasm. His thoughts constantly dwelt on Helen. How did she meet the new day? What were her feelings toward him? Some man would have taken the first train out to see her, would have exclaimed beseechingly, "pardon, her love; but not so Louis Stephens." His first unthinking impulse *had* been in that direction; but when collected, when able to look on more than one side of the affair, he felt that she would be justified in doubting the honesty of his motives, in accusing him of thinking of her fortune. She did not know the nature of his affection for his cousin; she would not understand; she could not see from his point of view. But he longed to see her again, and when a week had passed he felt that he must seek her, no matter what the cost might be.

So one afternoon, with Miss Lestrangle's letter in his pocket, he went out to Morristown. He had no well-planned explanation conned; he had no definite idea as to what he should do or say when they met. He tingled with the excitement of uncertainty as he walked through the ample grounds to the house, fresh and clean and harmonious in every line and curve. A large fawn-colored hound met him at the steps, and he stopped to pat the creature's handsome head, because he knew it to be one of Helen's favorites. The silence of the place seemed to close round him, to oppress him. One could have said the house was uninhabited, looking at its closed blinds. When he rang the bell, a middle-aged woman came to the door. He took out his card.

"Mrs. Lester at home?"

"No, sir."

He hesitated, then inquired, "When will she be in?"

"Not for a long while. Didn't you know, sir?"

"Know what?" he cried, in some agitation, his self-control ready to slip its bounds.

"Mrs. Lester has gone to Europe."

"To Europe!" he echoed. "I— When did she leave?"

"Nearly a week ago. Two days after she came out here."

She eyed him with some curiosity, he grew so pale, and waited for him to speak again. Finally he said:

"Can you give me her address? Where she expected to stop?"

"No, sir; she didn't leave any."

In the following month Stephens suffered all the fruitless torture, the vain and passionate longing, of a full-hearted but apparently hopeless love. Not all those seven years of separation from Abbie Lestrangle had inflicted one such pang as he endured now. Love *had* given her enlightenment, wisdom, when she wrote that he could not have remained so long away from her had his heart been in her keeping. They still exchanged an occasional affectionate letter. When on one of his wedding cards, he sent congratulations and a handsome present, but declined to see her married. He could not leave New York as long as there was a chance of Helen Lester's return.

He called on Mr. Sims and asked for her address; but the old lawyer cautiously collected that if she had *any* address, it was plain that she did not care for him to keep up with her movements. He liked the young architect, but to Helen he owed his loyalty. So he evaded the request.

Stephens felt that he was being tried at every point. He was tempted to go to Europe and try to hunt her up, but knew that it would be a fruitless search. He finally settled down to something like patient waiting. He did not try to forget Helen, he had no desire to try, but he worked hard, and his business increased slowly. It was solid success, though, and his name stood well with his brother architects. He paid occasional visits to Morristown, and one unacquainted with the inner history connected with Mrs. Lester's house would have declared him enamoured of his own skill, so surely would his steps turn in that direction, so earnestly would he gaze on the mansion while walking the roadways bounding its grounds. But the shutters of the windows were ever forbiddingly closed, and the hound lay on the doorstep, or walked about the long, nobly pillared piazza, the only living creature to be seen.

He liked the old town, and he was not past admiring the architecture of some of its houses, old and new. More than once he walked down to St. Peter's—the new St. Peter's Church—designed by an old-established firm of architects in New York. It was approaching completion, and he en-

joyed its grace and beauty, the airy tracery of stone-work enclosing each pane of its stained-glass windows, the line of lofty pillars dividing the chapel from the main body of the building. But he could not walk through its silent interior, echoing with every footstep, without thinking of Helen. They had seen the foundations laid, and he had told her what a fine piece of architecture it would be, and they were to come and see it when finished.

One day in the spring he met Mr. Adderton Sims on lower Broadway, and the old lawyer stopped him. He looked pale and worried, as though the world had all gone wrong.

"What is the matter, Mr. Sims?" Stephens inquired, with concern.

"Helen Lester has lost all her money."

"Really?" cried the young architect, with a fiercely joyful leap of his heart.

"Yes, really, though I don't think you need look so confoundedly glad of it."

"I am glad of it. It is the best news I've heard in a long time." And he laughed at the old lawyer's searching face.

"Well, you are a vindictive rascal, then. What grudge can you have against her to make you rejoice in her misfortune—my misfortune—for it was partly through me she lost her money?"

"I beg your pardon, sir. I am sorry for you. But tell me, where is Mrs. Lester?" Stephens implored. He felt so excited he was tempted to shake the information from the lips of the angry old man. Poor? In misfortune? Could he ask anything better than that? She would have no cause to doubt him now.

"She is at Morristown. Landed in New York yesterday," said Mr. Sims, coldly, and would have added some bitter sarcastic speech, but Stephens was gone, swallowed up in the stream of people on the street.

It was dusk when the young man reached Morristown and Helen's home. Out of the pale sky stars were shining, and the Orange Mountains were but black serrated outlines against the horizon, the intervening country blotted out in darkness.

The hall door stood partly open, and he halted, without ringing the bell, to take one unguarded glance within. A fire glowed on the hearth, and Mrs. Lester sat on the divan before it, the hound crouched against the folds of her white dress. How the lights glinted on the

gold of her hair! Stephens had traced every line of her face on his memory, but looking at it now, he saw that it had lost bloom and brilliance; that her eyes were grave and reflective in their gaze, her cheek thinner in outline. Her maid tripped softly in.

"Dear madame, you'd feel stronger and better if you'd take your dinner."

"I do not care for dinner, Clementine."

"A cup of tea, then?" coaxed the woman. "I'll bring it here to you."

"Well, you may. I'm a coward, Clementine, to take these losses to heart."

"No, no."

"Yes, I've lain in soft places, fed on ambrosia, long enough. Misfortunes never come singly."

"Why, madame, have other troubles come?" cried Clementine, sympathetically.

"Not recently," said Helen; but her lip quivered, her hands met and clasped together.

Stephens rang the bell sharply.

Clementine came hastily forward. "Why, it is Mr. Stephens!" she cried, and stood aside for him to pass her.

Helen rose, throat and face dyed crimson, then growing white. She held out her hand, but he took both in his.

"How is Mrs. Stephens?" she said.

"There is no Mrs. Stephens. Helen! Helen!" And then he told his story, incoherently, but earnestly, passionately. He pulled Abbie Lestranger's letter from his pocket and spread it before her eyes. "I have kept it to show it to you. It came the night—the night—"

"The night I asked you to marry me," she murmured. "Do you know that I am poor?"

"I do, and rejoice that it is so."

"This house is all that I have left."

"It is enough. Fear not, you shall be sheltered and provided for. Your loss is my gain."

It was hard to convince her of his love, and that no compassion prompted him.

"You made me suffer," she said, reluctantly.

"But inflicted greater suffering on myself."

He put his arm around her, drew her to him, bent his head to hers.

"Do we at last see this from the same point of view?" he whispered, softly.

"Yes."

THE BEST-GOVERNED CITY IN THE WORLD.

BY JULIAN RALPH

IT is customary to consider the city of Birmingham, England, as one of the most wonderful workshops of the world, as the place where the pins and pens, and a thousand other larger necessities and many luxuries, are made. The place has attracted attention and admiration in that way for nearly 400 years. But it is on account of the development of the science of municipal government that has been reached there that the city now commands the greatest interest abroad. This must naturally extend to America, when the broadest facts about Birmingham are known here, where cities are growing in number and population as never before in any country in the world, and where the science of municipal management must naturally concern a multitude of minds. When it is known that Birmingham is looked upon as a model in this respect, and has even been pronounced the best-governed city in the world, it will not be amiss to describe the methods of its management, and some of the other results of the enlightened spirit that has brought them about.

Domesday-book proves the city to have been a settlement 800 years ago, but very little of ancient Birmingham is left, except in many pages of glorious history. Such chapters tell of the valor of its people in their support of the Parliamentary cause against the throne in 1642-3; of the place as a city of refuge for reformers of all kinds; and as a free city for many industries and manufactures which, owing to the laws governing other towns, were elsewhere prevented. From being the great factory place for pikes and swords, it next led in the manufacture of fire-arms; and, better still, from being a place to which Dr. Johnson's father came periodically to sell books, it grew (early in the eighteenth century) to be a seat of engraving and printing. Here one of the first directories was printed. John Baskerville and his press were here also. Here, too, the first cotton-spinning machine was set up by Wyatt and Paul, and the distaff and spindle met sentence of eternal disuse. Studded with brilliant names, like a fragment of a starlit night, are the chapters of the earlier progress of Birmingham. Here lived James Watt and Joseph

Priestley. William Murdoch, first maker of a locomotive and the practical inventor of gas-lighting, was long a resident. John Baskerville, printer; Josiah Wedgwood, art potter; James Keir, chemist; Dr. Withering, botanist; Dr. Parr, Greek scholar; Richard Edgeworth and Thomas Day, authors; Berington, the learned Roman Catholic; and John Wyatt, the inventor, are but a few of the worthies of the city.

But they and theirs are of old Birmingham. The Birmingham that is winning renown for the enlightened co-operation of its people in self-government is a very young city. American boys at school to-day are as old as the perfected model government that has given youth and consequent new life to this ancient seat of enterprise that existed 400 years before America was discovered. To-day it is a city whose people possess the highest and most varied and thorough educational facilities anywhere within the reach of all classes. It is a city wherein the difficult problem of the disposal of sewage is believed to have more nearly approached solution than elsewhere. It is a city that builds its own street railroads, makes and sells its own gas, collects and sells its water supply, raises and sells a great part of the food of its inhabitants, provides them with a free museum, art gallery, and art school, gives them swimming and Turkish baths at less than cost, and interests a larger portion of its people in responsibility for and management of its affairs than any city in the united kingdom, if not in the world. It is, above all else, a business city, run by business men on business principles.

It is not the purpose here to explain the processes and steps by which this has been brought about, but it is worth the reader's while to keep in mind all that he knows of the ancient traditions and customs of the English social and landed and governmental systems, in order that he may appreciate how much has had to be contended with and altered in order to produce the present Birmingham. The whole of this Magazine could not contain an adequate history of the battle this people has waged to attain its present state, under the inspiration of the

single word that is the motto under the town's seal, "Forward." This hint will suggest a key to the comprehension of all that follows, which is that no mere system or routine observance could be devised to produce this or any other model government without there being a deep-seated spirit of what is called civicism, a broad and enlightened communal spirit, a far-sighted genius of brotherhood. Laws rule, but men make and execute the laws, so that, if it were possible, a study of the men who make up Birmingham would be more valuable than any mere account of what they have done. This must be only slight and incidental in this account, but what glimpses we get of the individuals in this little Old World democracy will explain more than all else.

Birmingham is a city of an estimated population of 447,912 souls. It is almost in the centre of England, being about 120 miles from either coast. It is a very compactly built city, covering only 8400 acres. It is pierced by the river Rea, but the stream is accounted inconsiderable even in England, where the rivers are often of a size to give them the name of brooks in the United States. The city has a handsome shopping district of stately and costly buildings, and its main street—Corporation Street—is as handsome and admirable in all respects, so far as it has been completed, as any shopping street either in England or this country. The city owns this thoroughfare. How it came into possession of it will be explained farther along. All the streets are kept uncommonly clean. At one time all had macadamized roads, and such are still in the majority beyond the heart of the city, whereas in the busier parts they are often of wood or granite. The sidewalks are often of brick, which is there deemed the best material for that use, but those along the main streets are of flagging or asphaltum. Trees have been planted in many of the streets; thirty-eight settees or resting-places for wayfarers have been scattered about the town; street orderly bins for the collection of horse and other refuse are kept in all the streets paved with wood or granite; there are many so-called "refuges," or stone platforms guarded by iron posts, in the wide streets and at busy crossings; and the city maintains nine drinking fountains and about as many cattle troughs for public use.

The date at which Birmingham took its greatest leap forward was about 1873. It then possessed three parks: Adderley, ten acres; Calthorpe, twenty-one acres; and Aston Hall Park, forty-three acres. Now it has ten such breathing spots. In 1873 Aston Hall Park was extended by a purchase of six additional acres, and a Miss Ryland gave to the city Cannon Hill Park, of fifty-seven acres. In 1876 two other parks, Highgate and Summerfield, of eight and twelve acres respectively, were purchased. In 1877 Burbury Street Recreation-Ground was presented to the borough by Mr. William Middlemore. Two years later Miss Ryland gave Small Heath Park, of forty-one acres; and in 1880 two disused burial-grounds—Park Street Gardens, four acres, and St. Mary's Gardens, two acres—were laid out, at a cost of \$60,000. The city's park allotment is therefore 221 acres, or an acre of pleasure-ground to every thirty-eight acres of the city's streets and buildings. The parks are very much scattered, and are therefore easily reached from all points in the city. Botanical gardens are maintained in one of the parks.

The city supports four public swimming baths in buildings, and one open-air swimming bath at Small Heath Park. The bath-houses are imposing buildings of better than mere tasteful designing. They cost, variously, from \$50,000 to \$100,000 (£12,000 to £28,000), and offer larger swimming facilities than the people of New York city ever possessed within-doors in public or private baths, along-shore or in town. The tanks are lined with tiling, and the water, clear as crystal, is obtained from artesian wells. One of these tanks, for instance, measures eighty-one feet by thirty-two feet, and the water has a depth of from four to six feet. Two of the bath-houses contain the rooms and appurtenances for Turkish bathing; for which a shilling (twenty-four cents) is charged if all the routine of rubbing, needle, douche, and plunge bathing, with the use of private dressing-rooms and lounge-rooms, is undergone. A simpler Turkish bath, without rubbing, can be had for sixpence (twelve cents). Each bath-house has first-class and second-class swimming tanks. It costs sixpence to take a first-class swim, with two towels and a private dressing-room free, and a charge of an extra penny for a man's bathing dress, or threepence for a dress



THE ART GALLERY - 1000 - 1200 - 1300 - 1400 - 1500 - 1600 - 1700 - 1800 - 1900 - 2000

for a woman. In the second-class departments twopence (four cents) is charged for a bath without a private dressing-room. An extra penny procures that desirable luxury. All these baths are set apart for women at certain hours. Special rates are made for schools and for swimming clubs. Professional bathing-masters are allowed to teach in them. The swimming tanks are fitted with diving platforms, trapezes, and showering

apparatus. They are as clean and tidy as Holland kitchens, and they are so beautiful as to rank high among the show-places of the city.

It will be a disappointment to the American reader to learn that throughout the educational system of Birmingham there are no free schools, but it should be remembered that there are practically no free schools in England. That point understood, it will be seen that

apart from it, the opportunities for education in Birmingham are exceptional. They are not equalled by those of any other city in the kingdom. Considering the city's school system as a pyramidal structure, the base is formed by the parochial and the board schools. The parish schools are maintained by the various churches in the interest of religion and creeds. They are Romish, Episcopalian, and Wesleyan. Some are well managed and some are inefficient, but their graduates, taken altogether, stand fairly beside those from the board schools. Their course of training does not include either the high or extra branches. These parish schools are attended by 25,000 children, as against 40,000 in the board schools. The board schools are, as the name implies, managed by a school board. This board consists of fifteen persons, elected by all the tax-payers. These schools are very like our public schools. They carry the pupils on to French and Latin. The pay for attendance is from one penny to threepence, or two cents to six cents of our money. These schools are connected with those of the next higher grade, the King Edward schools, by scholarships obtained by competition.

The King Edward the Sixth schools proceed from an ancient subsidy, which the citizens, always shrewd, took in land instead of money. This foundation and the payments by pupils yield £40,000 (£200,000), and now support four grammar schools for boys and four for girls, as well as a high-school for each sex. These offer to the youth of the city as full an education as can be obtained except in the universities. But the King Edward schools possess a large number of scholarships in the universities, and so carry the educational scheme of the city still upward. These schools are managed by a board partly nominated by the universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and London, and otherwise consisting of eight members of the Town Council, and eight others chosen by the board. The teachers elect one member also as their representative. Higher yet, at the apex of the pyramid, is Sir Josiah Mason's College. Josiah Mason was a Birmingham pen-maker who accumulated a great fortune, and founded an orphanage for 400 children close to the town. When, in the spirit that has distinguished so many of the sons and daughters of Birmingham, he asked what

else he could do for the people, it was suggested that he found a college and complete the educational endowment of the city. He did so in 1881-2, building and furnishing a college at a cost of £60,000, and giving it £40,000 besides. At his death he left the college richly endowed. The total amount of his benefaction approaches a million dollars. The college was governed by six trustees during his life, and he provided that afterward five additional ones should be appointed by the Town Council. All appointments are for life. He willed that the college should be utterly unfettered by any theological test or teaching, and by his will the scheme of instruction must be reviewed every few years, and altered if the trustees so determine. The professors, too, must stand for reappointment every three years. This college trains 600 or 700 youths, to whom the cost is according to the number of classes taken by each.

A very great fount of education in the city is the Birmingham and Midland Institute. It is sagely adapted to the needs of the place. It offers evening classes for artisans, and its curriculum includes the languages, literature, history, and science. It is mainly made up of penny classes, at which the pupils pay that sum for each attendance. They number 4000, and as a class are said to be two-thirds composed of artisans and shopmen or clerks. The town granted a site for the Institute in 1852, and a few public-spirited men formed themselves into a corporation, obtaining £10,000 by subscription. The Prince Consort laid the corner-stone of the building in 1855. For a time some of the scholarly citizens delivered the lectures, but now tuition is by paid teachers, though notable lectures still form part of the course. The Institute has, in addition to its pupils, a large number of subscribers, who enjoy its lectures, and its chess and reading rooms. In the management of the Institute the Town Council appoints a certain number of the officers, and should the present scheme fail from any cause, the Council would be obliged to carry it on. It will be seen, then, that in Birmingham anybody has a chance to attain the very highest rungs of the ladder of book-learning, dependent only upon his own ability and ambition.

Akin to these schools, and following them, if not of them, are the Art School, Art Gallery and Museum, and the libraries. They complete a truly remarkable heri-



THE RIGHT HONORABLE JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN

From a photograph by J. Russell and Sons, London.

tage, which, even more than any other possession of the people of Birmingham, distinguishes this progressive city. The Reference Library is splendidly housed, and now contains 102,000 volumes. It is

absolutely free to citizen or stranger. On the doors are painted the only restrictions: "No dogs admitted," and "Clean hands." No books can be taken from the library, but many of the most modern facilities



RICHARD TANGYE.

After a photograph by H. J. Whitlock, Birmingham.

for reading or study are provided in the great hall. By the terms of a parliamentary act of 1850, any town, two-thirds of whose voters favored the idea, might maintain a library by the imposition of a special tax. It was not until ten years later that Birmingham took advantage of the statute by adopting a scheme for a Central Reference Library, with reading and news rooms, a museum and gallery of art, and district lending libraries. A small branch library made the actual beginning, achieving great popularity, and on October 26, 1866, the great Central Library was opened simultaneously with the opening of a second branch library and the laying of the corner-stone of a third. Two years later the famous Shakespeare Memorial Library was opened in the Central building. In 1872 a fire destroyed the great pile, and utterly destroyed the Central and Shakespeare collections. But though it burned up an irreplaceable collection of books and manuscripts relating to Warwickshire, it was not an unmixed evil. The people met within forty-eight hours,

and began a popular subscription, which netted \$75,000. This and the insurance fund provided a very considerable amount, all of which was set apart for books. The aid of the most eminent experts was invoked, the Queen encouraged the work, and the great library was restored in a more extensive, practical, and valuable form than it had existed before the fire. From its foundation to this day, Mr. J. Thackray Bunce, the editor of the *Daily Post*, and Mr. Samuel Timmins, the eminent Shakespearian scholar, have devoted to the library time, ability, and energy for which their fellow-citizens can only repay them, as they are doing, with affectionate respect and gratitude. An earlier spirit of great force, and one that would have deserved as well but for death's intervention, was that of Mr. George Dawson, another of those citizens so numerous in Birmingham, so rare elsewhere, who esteem it a privilege to deny themselves comfort and rest in the interest of the community, and who work year in and year out, without pay, for the town's well-being.

The Central Library is now one of the great collections of England, and is housed in a building believed to be perfect in its way. Its shelves support the rarest and



GEORGE TANGYE.

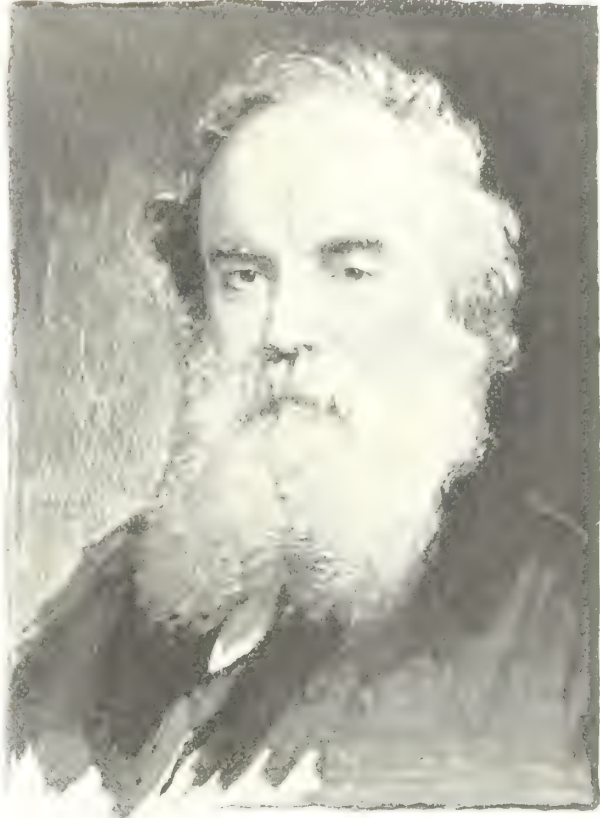
After a photograph by H. J. Whitlock, Birmingham.

most costly books, for the principle on which it is governed embraces the idea that the highest purpose of a public library is to offer that which the people cannot afford to buy or otherwise enjoy. The Shakespeare Memorial Library, whose care is a labor of love with Mr. Timmins, is now unequalled in the world. In 1888 the Central Reference Library issued 419,056 books. The Central Lending Library is in the same building. It has five branches, and all include newspapers, or rooms where the current newspapers and periodicals are kept on file. These lending libraries include 58,568 volumes, and they loaned 512,091 volumes during the year. These libraries are absolutely free to all voters or persons guaranteed by voters.

We have seen how the popular interest in the libraries was demonstrated by the almost instantaneous movement for the resurrection of the main collection after the fire of 1879, but it was established at yet another time, and in a way that more strongly reflected the spirit which animates the citizens. The libraries, Museum, and Art Gallery are now maintained by a special act, which makes that city unique in her right to levy a tax of more than a penny in the pound for their support. When it was proposed to appeal to Parliament for the power to levy an unlimited rate or tax for this purpose, the large tax-payers opposed the project. The working-men of the city were then appealed to in behalf of the measure, on the ground that it looked to the education of themselves and their children. The working-men rallied by the hundred and carried the proposition. A larger proof of an educated municipality could scarcely be cited in the world's history. The rate is now twopence half-penny in the pound (about a cent on the dollar), and it maintains the libraries, Gallery, and Museum.

The Art Gallery and Museum were opened in the Free Library Building in 1867, with a collection mainly borrowed. For years the managers struggled bravely, with now and then a great help, as when, in 1870, \$5500 was raised by subscription:

and as when, in 1872 the gallery was opened on Sundays; and as when, in 1875, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, the Mayor, gave \$5000 toward the museum. Valuable loans and gifts of paintings, etchings, and engravings kept the interest in the undertaking ever keen, but the collection had no fixed shelter. In 1880 the Messrs



SAMUEL TIMMINS

ALICE TIMMINS - THE WORLD - 1912

Richard and George Tangye, leading manufacturers of the city, gave \$50,000 to the fund, to be expended upon art works, on condition that more be raised, and that the city house the collection in a building commensurate with the needs and dignity of the city. Happily the Gas Committee was then about to build offices, and an arrangement was made whereby the two necessities were combined, and the present stately structure was erected, the Gas Committee using the lower story, and all the remainder being set apart for the Gallery and Museum. The building cost nearly half a million dollars, and the laying of its corner-stone was made the occa-



CORPORATION STREET.

sion by the Tangye brothers for a promise (since fulfilled) that when the structure should be completed they would give to the Museum the collection of Wedgwood-ware which they had long been making at a great expense of labor and money. By public subscription the fund was raised to about \$85,000, including the gift of \$50,000 by the Tangye brothers. The city bought W. J. Müller's painting of "The Arab Shepherds," and the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain purchased and gave to the gallery another of Müller's canvases, "Prayers in the Desert," for which he paid \$9000. With it he gave still another work by the same painter, a picture he had long owned. J. H. Nettlefold, another citizen, gave his collection of twenty-six paintings by David Cox, a Birmingham artist of note. Thus the Gallery and the Museum began to assume an extent and distinction which attracted wide interest. It is impossible in this article to enter into details, and it must suffice to say that the Museum now contains fine collections of ancient and modern

statuary, of metal work, armor, glass-ware, lacquer-work, enamels, ivories, jewelry, porcelain, Wedgwood-ware, medals, coins, gems, and the unique collection of arms in use from the earliest to the present date, made for the Birmingham Proof House (where the newly manufactured guns are tested), and presented to the city. The Art Gallery has developed with almost equal rapidity and distinction. Either in its own name or by means of loans it possesses works of many of the greatest painters. Hundreds of thousands of persons visit the joint collections every year. The Gallery, Museum, and libraries are open on Sundays.

In 1881 Richard and George Tangye offered the city a further gift of \$50,000 toward providing a building for the School of Art. They laid down the conditions that the building must belong to the city, and that the Town Council must manage and control the school. Mr. Cregoe Colmare, a resident, then offered to the city a gift of a building site very centrally situated, and Miss Ryland made a third offer, that of \$50,000 toward defraying the cost of the building. These generous tenders were accepted. The plans that were chosen called for more than the \$100,000 donated for the building, but the Tangye brothers made up the difference, and on May 31, 1884, the foundation-stone was laid by Mr. Richard Tangye. Naturally in such a city the Art School has been very successful. Drawing, painting, designing, and modeling are taught by competent persons to morning, afternoon, and evening classes, and branch schools or classes are held on five evenings in the week in several of the board school-houses. A very small fee is charged for tuition.

Attention has been called to the youth of Birmingham in its relation as the best-governed city. There are many warm admirers of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain who associate his name and enterprise with

the city's new birth. It is only measurably fair to do this, but certainly he deserves great credit for many important reforms and accomplishments. His appearance in public life in Birmingham, some time before he was Mayor, was the occasion for the awakening of the best men of the town to an interest in the local government. The tavern coterie, that had taken too forward a part before that, now lost its influence. This was in 1871: Mr. Chamberlain, then in business as a manufacturer of wood screws, entered public life unostentatiously, but was soon elected Mayor, and served three terms in that office. Under his bold and able administration the water-works and gas-works were made public property, the Health Department was more than modernized, and the Improvement Scheme, which will be explained further on, was instituted. But first as to the gas experiment. Birmingham is the home of the invention of gas-lighting, but the town did not adopt the system until 1817, after London had done so. In time two companies came to supply the city. It was in 1874 that Mayor Chamberlain moved the purchase of those corporations. The tax-payers voted for the scheme in the same year, and the necessary Parliamentary statute was enacted in July, 1875. In the same year the check of the then borough of Birmingham, drawn for £450,000 (\$2,250,000), was paid to the Birmingham Company for its property and rights; and in January, 1876, the sum of £103,845 (\$519,225) was paid to the Staffordshire Company for its interests. The systemization of the new undertaking was more or less complicated and costly, but all that is necessary to be stated here is that, as a result, the price of gas has been materially reduced to the corporation of the city and its citizens, and the investment returns an annual profit of more than \$150,000. The price of the commodity in 1875 was three shillings to three and a half shillings per thousand feet, but in 1884 it had been reduced to two shillings and one penny and two shillings and five-pence per thousand feet. Five per cent. discount is allowed for prompt payment. The officials claim to have shown by an exceptional illumination near the main public buildings that gas, used at its full strength, is capable of competing with the electric light. Their demonstration would not satisfy a resident of an electric-lighted

American city, however. It must be remembered that Birmingham has the natural pride of the birthplace of gas-lighting, and that the corporation is the owner of its gas plant, so that it is not an un-biassed judge of the comparative qualities of the two systems of lighting.

For more than thirty years the public ownership of the water supply of the city had been proposed and held in abeyance. In 1874 Mayor Chamberlain moved the transfer by agreement, or the compulsory purchase, of the water-works, then in private hands. Both town and council were convinced by his arguments, and voted accordingly. During the discussion Mr. Chamberlain urged that whereas there should be a profit on the gas undertaking, there should be none on that of the water supply, as all profit should go toward a reduction of the price. The water company fought hard against having to sell out, for their property was of great and increasing value. Before the House of Commons, in the argument over the necessary bill, the fight was bitter, but it was won by the high-minded policy of Mr. Chamberlain in urging that the city's only profit should be in the health of its people. The bill received the royal assent on August 2, 1875. The dicker over the sale was a close one, but it was finally agreed to give the water company £54,491 annually. The Town Council at once assumed control of the works, and has continually enlarged and improved the plant. The profits, which are handsome, are applied to the improvement of the supply and the reduction of the cost to the consumers. Up to 1884 the annual reduction in water rents had amounted to £25,834.

The Improvement Scheme undertaken by the city under Mr. Chamberlain and the Town Council of 1875 will long be pointed to as one of the most stupendous, courageous, and wise acts ever performed by a municipality. Taking advantage of an imperial statute called "the Artisans' Dwelling Act," giving large towns and cities the right to improve unhealthy areas, the Council improved several high-ways, and finally bought up a great tract of slums and narrow passages in the heart of the city, and there laid out that now beautiful avenue called Corporation Street, which is one of the handsomest streets to be seen in any city in any part of the globe. The squalor and crowding had been fearful, and the death-rate out-

rageous; vice, crime, poverty, and drunkenness flourished there, and the saloon-keepers were the only persons who led endurable lives. A loan of £1,600,000 was obtained at three and a half per cent. for thirty years, the property was purchased, the great street, twenty-two yards wide, was laid out, and the area was rebuilt on leases running seventy-five years. Supervision was maintained over the character, cost, and designs of the new buildings, with the result that in the principal street at least all are stately, substantial, and even elegant. Of course at the end of the leases they will become the property of the city. "This," said Mr. Chamberlain, "will make this the richest borough in the kingdom sixty or seventy years hence. It is the only occasion for which I wish to live beyond the ordinary term of human life, in order to see the result of this improvement, and hear the blessings which will then be showered upon the Council of 1875, which had the courage to inaugurate this scheme." But the stranger sees the result now, and, if he will, he may read it in the sanitary reports, which show that the death-rate is to-day less than one-half what it was before the renovation was made.

Again, under Mayor Chamberlain, in 1876, the drainage and sewage systems were overhauled. A union was formed with the towns close around Birmingham, under a board in which the city elects twelve out of twenty-two members. The united district comprises 47,275 acres, and an aggregate population of 605,594 souls. Here had been a more or less compact population served by nature with only a little river, the Tame, and mainly putting up with old-fashioned methods and conditions. To-day what has been done is pointed to as the best solution of the sewage problem in England. The Drainage Board now manages a so-called farm of 1200 acres in the Tame Valley. The sewage is conveyed thither through an eight-foot conduit, and is passed through the land by an extensive system of filtration by gravity, after which the effluent reaches the Tame River near by in the condition of perfectly pure water. The sludge remaining after the disposal of the fluid is dug into the land. The cost of the farm and appurtenances was about £400,000, and, roughly speaking, it costs £54,218 a year to operate it. But the meat,

milk, and vegetables grown on the farm and sold from it realize nearly £25,000. It is insisted that in time the system will yield enough to pay its cost.

In dealing with this problem the authorities separate the night-soil and ashes from the sewage. The night-soil is controlled by what is called the pan system—metal pans, capacious enough for a week's usage, being periodically carted away in closed wagons, which also remove the ashes collected in a tub in each yard. The wagons are not offensive, and the depositing station presents a view of flowers and of shrubbery outside its enclosure. Here the night-soil is dried and sold as poudrette, or patent manure. There is a profit of a few pence on the ton in this branch of the work. The ashes are sorted by a contractor, who takes out whatever is of value. The rest is melted in furnaces and made into a coarse material, partly vitreous and partly metal, which is used to fill hollows, or, when mixed with Portland cement, makes a good paving slab. The Drainage Board in charge has borrowing powers and rating (or taxing) powers for the payment of interest and the repayment of loans. For taxing, it serves precepts upon the authorities of the different localities in the union, according to the number of rate-payers or tenements.

And so we come to the government of the city. The lack of novelty in this may disappoint Americans, and so may its simplicity. It represents the very reverse of that policy which, as in New York, seeks to concentrate power in the hands of one official, the Mayor. The plan in Birmingham is to distribute the power among as many persons as possible, even outside the Council; to interest and make responsible as many citizens as possible. All, or nearly all, the officers are elected by the voters, and frequently changed. The Mayor may amount to something or nothing, as chance has it. He is chosen by the Council, is the chairman of the Council, a member of all its committees, and has the power to convene that body when he thinks fit. He represents the city on all formal occasions. It costs, on the average, £3000 to be Mayor one term, which is a year. Neither the Mayor nor any member of the Council draws any pay. The city is governed by five bodies. First is the Board of Police Justices. There are about fifty of them, who serve for life without pay. They

are nominated by the Town Council to the Lord Chancellor, and appointed by the Crown. They are headed by the Mayor and by a justice called the Stipendiary, who must be a lawyer, who gets £1000 a year, who sits daily, and who has the powers of two justices in cases where two are otherwise required by the law. Two magistrate's clerks, who are also lawyers, divide £2400 a year. They receive informations, issue summonses and warrants, take evidence, and advise the magistrates on points of law. The justices appoint visitors to the prisons, grant licenses for theatres, drinking places, and concert halls, and licenses for music and dancing in places where liquor is sold. They have the power to control the police in time of actual or threatened disorder, and any two of them, sitting as magistrates, have the power to suspend or dismiss any policeman for cause. As a matter of practice, they usually call the attention of the Watch Committee to cases requiring punishment of the police, but they are empowered to dismiss any policeman, even the chief. It entails hard work and disagreeable duty to be a magistrate; but it is considered a proud distinction, and the places are held by leading citizens—scholars, editors, merchants, manufacturers, and men of family and leisure.

The second of the governing bodies is the Town Council. It has charge of the administration of the general affairs of the city: police, lighting, street opening and repairing, finances, care of public health, the collection and disposal of night-soil and refuse, maintenance of the city hospital, city cemetery, parks, baths, libraries, museum, schools of art, gas and water systems. The Council is therefore in charge of what is done in the city of New York by all the various departments except the Excise and Justices boards, which in Birmingham are combined in the Board of Justices, apart from the supervision of the Council. To do this work, the Town Council of Birmingham divides itself into sixteen committees, consisting mainly of eight members each. They appoint a Town Clerk, Coroner, Clerk of the Peace, City Treasurer, City Surveyor, Medical Officer of Health and City Analyst, and a Chief Constable, but they literally and actually manage the various departments. The committees and their duties are as follows, explanations

being made only where the title of the committee is not sufficiently explanatory in itself.

Baths and Parks Committee. *Estates Committee:* to take charge of the corporation property and buildings and the cemetery, and to arrange for acquiring closed burial-grounds for park purposes. *Finance Committee:* to keep and report to the Council the city accounts, and to present estimates of income and expenditure; to recommend and see to the collection of taxes; to cause valuations of taxable property to be maintained; to hear and decide appeals against assessments; to negotiate loans and to conduct and manage the corporation stock; to insure corporation property and print the Council minutes; to make orders on the Treasurer for the payments of interest on loans and annuities, and for accounts of the moneys the several committees are authorized to spend. *General Purposes Committee* (usually composed of the heads of other committees): to suggest new business to the Council, and to transact business referred to it and not coming under other committees. *Markets and Fairs Committee:* to control the markets and fairs, administer the Weights and Measures Act, the Dairies Act so far as it relates to cow-sheds, the Contagious Diseases (animals) Act; to regulate slaughter-houses and inspect food offered for sale. *Health Committee:* to look after the lodging-houses, nuisances, offensive trades, infectious diseases, drains, closets, ash pits, etc.; to prevent the adulteration of food and drugs, take charge of the city hospitals; to manage the collection and disposal of night-soil; and to enforce the Factories, Canal-boats, and Dairies acts. *Public Works Committee:* to take charge of draining, paving, cleaning, lighting, and altering or improving the streets; to fix cab-stands, care for the public monuments and statues, and to construct and maintain the street railroad lines. *Watch Committee:* to have charge of the police and fire brigades; to regulate cabs and omnibuses, and license the drivers of them and of the street cars; to administer the Steam-whistles Act, Explosives Act, and Petroleum Act; to control the morgues (one to each police station); and to enforce the laws respecting the employment of children, the means of exit and entrance in public buildings, and the by-laws against shouting in the streets. *Lunatic Asylums*

Committee. Free Libraries Committee (this contains six citizens outside the Council). *Industrial School Committee. Gas Committee. Water Committee. Improvement Committee*: to carry on the great work described above, except that leases for terms longer than fourteen years shall be provisional until confirmed by the Council, and no new street shall be laid out, or existing street widened, until approved by the Council. *Art Gallery Purchase Committee* (this consists of the Free Libraries Committee and nine citizens specially chosen). *Museum and School of Art Committee* (this consists of eight members appointed for life by the Birmingham Society of Arts and School of Art and the General Purposes Committee of the Council).

The city builds the street railways in order to keep control of the streets. It builds them for chartered companies, and charges a rental representing interest on the cost with a slight margin of profit. It exacts the amount needed for repairs also. The street cars of Birmingham are propelled by steam, cable, and horse-power. The steam-cars are in the majority, and are hideous, cumbrous, and dangerous combinations of dummies and double-decked cars. No American city would tolerate them.

The city maintains a great cemetery used by all classes, and by Church of England people, Dissenters, Roman Catholics, and Jews. The last account of the receipts at hand shows them to have been £3161; the expenditures, including interest on and partial repayment of loan, £3814. The difference is made up out of the taxes.

The city bought the market rights of the lord of the manor in 1824 for £12,500, a remarkable instance of early enlightenment. At this late day Sheffield is trying to purchase its manorial and market rights of the Duke of Norfolk, who wants £280,000 for them. Birmingham makes a profit of from £8000 to £10,000 annually on her markets.

The Town Council, which manages all these affairs, is made up of forty-eight Councilmen—three for each ward—and sixteen Aldermen. The Councilmen are elected for terms of three years each, so arranged that one in each ward retires every year. The Councilmen are elected by the people; the Aldermen, who sit for six years, are elected by the Council.

They may be chosen from among members of the Council or from "fit persons not members," but who are qualified for election to it. No especial property qualification is required for membership in the Council. Any person who can vote is eligible. Municipal suffrage is confined to tax-payers of full age who have occupied during a year a house, warehouse, counting-house, shop, or other building, and have resided in the city or within seven miles of it, who have been rated to all the poor-rates, and who have paid all the rates up to the previous 5th of January, election-day being July 15th. Women who meet these conditions vote at city elections the same as men. Ten thousand or more are on the rolls—and they do vote. This practically gives a vote to each owner of a building, except in the cases of partnerships where the tax is at ten pounds for each partner, when each has a vote. Lodgers may vote at Parliamentary elections only. A person who pays a rent which includes the taxes may vote at a municipal election.

The remaining departments of the city government are the Drainage Board, Boards of Guardians, and the School Board. The Drainage Board and its work have been already described. The Boards of Guardians correspond to our Overseers of the Poor. They are elected by the tax-payers of twelve pounds annual value. The School Board, as has been shown, has charge of the board schools. It also collects the moneys required by the Drainage Board and by its own necessities. Its members are elected by all the householders.

Some account of the distinctive character of the people who make up the city is needed to explain why the place has been so progressive, and why a government so nearly popular has been so very trustworthy, intelligent, liberal, and successful. In the first place, Birmingham was always a free city, neither walled nor possessing a restricted burgess roll, but open to all who came to live or work or trade among its inhabitants. It thus invited and got an independent, sturdy class of working-people. In its further character as a city of refuge for reformers and persons in advance of the thought of their times, it attracted men of intellect and firm purpose, with courage backing their convictions. In both classes came foreigners, who gave to Birmingham a more

cosmopolitan tone than its neighbors boasted. To-day the natural consequences of all this are reflected in the citizens. It has a larger proportion of small employers and a larger proportion of householders among its work-people than most cities. It has very few men of great wealth, and very many men with small competencies. Its citizens have always shared in the government of the city, and the consequence has been the breeding of a succession of public-spirited men, who have tried to make gains for the town, always having the community in their minds as a thing to be worked for. The Mayors of the city have almost ever been chosen from the active classes—merchants, manufacturers, shop-keepers, or professional men. The present Mayor, Richard Cadbury Barrow, is a grocer and tea merchant. The Councilmen have usually been thoroughly representative of all classes. In the present Council there are two wage-workers—a proof-reader in a newspaper office and a glass-worker. The Council includes several manufacturers, a real-estate agent, an auctioneer, several lawyers, two or three doctors, a printer, half a dozen shop-keepers, and a dozen “gentlemen,” or persons out of business. These, as a rule, have always been men who have made their money in business. There is a brewer on the list, but not one saloon-keeper. No socialist has ever been elected to the Council.

Birmingham's total debt is £7,000,000. The city owes £2,000,000 on account of the gas undertaking; but that pays ex-

penses, interest on debt, sets aside a large sum annually toward liquidation, and pays £25,000 to £30,000 a year to the general funds. A debt of £2,000,000 was incurred in the water undertaking; but that pays all its liabilities and yields £2000 a year to the funds, the interest on its reserve fund. Both undertakings continually lower the price of the two great necessities. The sum of £1,500,000 is due to the Improvement Scheme, but the property purchased is of equal value, yields a large rental, promises in a few years to meet all the charges upon it, and is certain to yield future generations a great revenue for general expenditure. Against the rest of the debt Birmingham has great properties—2066 acres in all, including the sewage farm, which now produces food sold at reduced cost to the people, and which will some day pay its way; also the water department and gas property, parks, asylums, cemetery, and sites of public buildings. The city is a great employer, and pays 4000 men £240,000 a year. Mr. J. Thackray Bunce, in his history of the city, calls the voters “the owners of a magnificent estate and partners in vast and lucrative industrial undertakings. From these, secured and maintained at moderate cost, they derive benefits possible only under a highly organized and well administered system of communal effort—the truest form of co-operation—a real socialism, self-imposed, self-governed, conducted with the assent and by the efforts of a united community, and conducing to the equal advantage of all its members.”

ICHIABOD.

BY WILLIAM S. WALSH.

ALAS, for the lofty dreaming,
The longed-for high emprise,
For the man whose outer seeming
His inner self belies!

I looked on the life before me
With purpose high and true,
When the passions of youth surged o'er me
And the world was strange and new.

Where the hero-soul rejoices
I would play the hero's part;
My ears were attuned to the voices
That speak to the poet's heart;

I would conquer a place in story
 With a soul unsmirched by sin;
 My head should be crowned with glory,
 My heart be pure within.

But the hour that should have crowned me
 Cast all high hope adown,
 And the time of trial found me
 A sinner, coward, clown.

Ah! which was the false or the real
 (If the Powers above would speak!),
 The saint with his high ideal,
 The sinner whose flesh was weak.

The hero who yearned for Duty,
 The coward whose sinews failed.
 The poet who worshipped Beauty.
 Or the clown whose utterance failed?

THE YOUNG WHIST-PLAYER'S NOVITIATE.

SOME PRACTICE HANDS FOR BEGINNERS.

BY PROFESSOR F. B. GOODRICH.

MR. HENRY JONES, of London, by common consent the first living whist-player, and whose books, under the name of "Cavendish," are acknowledged authorities upon whist matters the world over, tells the following anecdote in his *Card-table Talk*. He was playing a rubber at an evening party, when chance gave him for partner an old gentleman who was an entire stranger to him. In the middle of a hand, Cavendish, seeing that the game was lost unless his partner held good trumps, played the knave of that suit. The left-hand adversary put the ace upon it, and the stranger followed with the king. Cavendish laid down his hand, saying, "We cannot save it." Then the old gentleman put down his cards, face upward, and among them were several small trumps. "Oh," exclaimed Cavendish, "I suppose you pulled out the wrong card?" "Oh no, I did not," was the answer. "I have always been taught to play third hand high!"

Now if the worst player in the world could thus be foisted as a partner upon the best, what a wonderful amount of whist ignorance must exist even among those who profess to be able to take a hand! And yet the game is one worth learning to play correctly, being by far the best which the ingenuity of man has yet devised, modern whist being the result of the growth and accretions of nearly two centuries. There is enough chance

in it to make it a relaxation, while the player will always find sufficient field for what skill, invention, and knack of forming combinations he may possess. In the words of Dr. Pole, "his observation must be keen, his memory active; a considerable power of drawing inferences and of tracing appearances to their causes must be brought into use; and he must exercise boldness, caution, foresight, promptness in decision, fertility of resource, and ingenuity of contrivance."

No man has ever been too great to relish a rubber. Napoleon played, but badly, and would pick up tricks the adversary had won. Talleyrand was passionately fond of the game, and bewailed the folly of those who neglected to learn it in their youth, and must look forward, in consequence, "to a miserable old age." Lord Thurlow said he would give half his fortune to be a good player. Dr. Johnson could not play, and regretted it. "Whist," he wrote, "generates kindness and consolidates society." Jeremy Taylor approved of whist as a "refreshment." Henry Clay, who was interrupted in a game at the National Hotel by the cry of "fire!" in the building, said, "Never mind; we have time for another hand."

I propose to offer in this paper some suggestions to beginners. Let us see if we cannot, by plunging at once into the pith and marrow of the subject, with a card-table before us and diagrams in our

hands, explain what is meant by the modern game, without preliminary study, or even previous reading. I shall hope to interest those who are willing to become pupils in the beauty, variety, and even complexity of the combinations presented, before they have time to be repelled by difficulty or wearied by effort. The hands given are all elementary, and it would be difficult to play them in any other manner than that laid down in the text.

Let the learner take a pack of cards, to begin with; let him deal the four hands, as set forth below, upon an ordinary table; let him arrange them upon the four sides, face upward, and let him suppose himself to be A, with C for his partner, and B and D for his left and right hand adversaries respectively. As each trick is called, let him place the four cards composing it in the middle of the table, just as players would do. Let him read the accompanying text, and study the significance of each card played. Let him then gather up the trick and place it to the winner's credit. Without the pack the diagrams are useless, for the four cards in any trick must be visibly selected from the whole board if any information is to be conveyed; it is in the relation of the card played to those played before, and those unplayed but lying exposed upon the table, that the whole instruction consists. The matter of the leads must be taken for granted, as my space permits only the most cursory treatment of that very important topic.

For the sake of uniformity, and to avoid confusing the reader, hearts are always trumps, D is always the dealer, and A always the leader.

HAND I.

LONG SUIT PLAY AND THE CALL FOR TRUMPS.

A'S HAND.	B'S HAND.
♥ King, 5.	♥ Queen, 10, 7, 3.
♠ Ace, king, queen, 9, 7, 5.	♠ Knave, 8.
♦ 6, 4.	♦ 8, 6.
♣ Ace, 3, 2.	♣ Queen, knave, 10, 9, 8.
C'S HAND.	D'S HAND.
♥ Ace, 10, 9, 8, 2.	♥ 7, 4.
♠ 10, 5.	♠ 6, 4, 3.
♦ King, queen, 5, 2.	♦ Ace, knave, 10, 9, 3.
♣ King, 5.	♣ 7, 6, 4.

Seven of hearts turned up by D.

A.	B.	C.	D.
♥ King, 5.	♥ Queen, 10, 7, 3.	♥ Ace, 10, 9, 8, 2.	♥ 7, 4.
♠ Ace, king, queen, 9, 7, 5.	♠ Knave, 8.	♠ 10, 5.	♠ 6, 4, 3.
♦ 6, 4.	♦ 8, 6.	♦ King, queen, 5, 2.	♦ Ace, knave, 10, 9, 3.
♣ Ace, 3, 2.	♣ Queen, knave, 10, 9, 8.	♣ King, 5.	♣ 7, 6, 4.

Trick 1.
A leads.

A wins.

A.	B.	C.	D.
♥ King, 5.	♥ Queen, 10, 7, 3.	♥ Ace, 10, 9, 8, 2.	♥ 7, 4.
♠ Ace, king, queen, 9, 7, 5.	♠ Knave, 8.	♠ 10, 5.	♠ 6, 4, 3.
♦ 6, 4.	♦ 8, 6.	♦ King, queen, 5, 2.	♦ Ace, knave, 10, 9, 3.
♣ Ace, 3, 2.	♣ Queen, knave, 10, 9, 8.	♣ King, 5.	♣ 7, 6, 4.

Trick 2.
A leads.

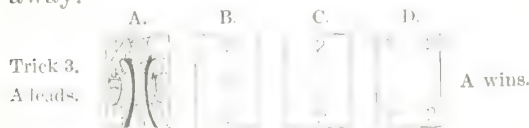
A opens the hand by leading from spades, his *longest* suit, which happens also to be his *strongest*; that is, he has *numerical* strength in it, and also the *master cards*. As weak suits are never led from as an original lead in the modern game, A's partner, C, learns and at once pigeon-holes in his memory that A's best suit is spades.

I give the first two tricks together, as they can best be explained in connection. A, having ace, king, queen, in his hand, leads the queen. As the three cards are of equal value to him, the order of play makes no difference as far as he is concerned, but may make a great difference to his partner. If A sees high cards fall upon the queen, he will fear a trump in the next round, and so may change the suit; but if he does he will have shown C that he holds the ace, as either adversary holding it would in nine cases out of ten have put it upon the queen. This may prove a very valuable piece of information. Had A played the ace, and then changed the suit, C could have known nothing about either the king or queen. In Trick 2, A follows with the king, thus showing C that the ace is still behind, with at least three small cards, according to the "American lead."

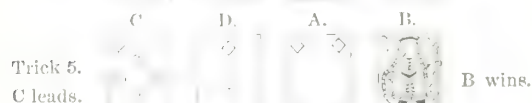
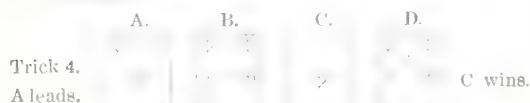
Another very important point: The two adversaries drop successively their lowest spades upon the two tricks, making no slips in this respect, as every card, even the two and the three, has its own story to tell; but C, holding the ten and the two, plays the ten upon the first round and the two upon the second, reversing the usual order. This is the call, or signal for trumps, and the partner is expected to heed it. It means this: "I," C says in the card language, "have five trumps. I am strong enough to extract those of the enemy, and thus enable you to make your ace and small spades. But I have not the lead, and may not get it in time, so ask you for the suit."* A knew at the end of the first round that some one was calling for trumps, though he could not tell who;

* The call for trumps was invented some forty years ago by Lord Henry Bentinck. It has met with much opposition, as being a purely conventional signal, but is now too firmly established to be ever gotten rid of.

for he had not the two himself, and yet it did not fall; the holder was retaining it to play upon the second round. Now the call for trumps consists in *unnecessarily* dropping a higher card upon a first round of a suit and a lower upon a second when not trying to capture a trick. A is now instructed to play trumps. The situation is satisfactory to him, for he has *established* his suit; that is, his few remaining spades are good, barring trumps. Not only this, but his partner knows it, and now offers to clear the hostile trumps away.



A plays a trump, in obedience to the signal. But why, holding the king and the five, does he lead the king? Because, his partner having at least five of the suit (or he would not have signalled), the king, being played and got out of the way, will promote those five cards one degree each—a larger number than it will promote, probably, in either adversary's hand; it will make the queen, if C has it, as good as the king, and it will enable him to keep the ace if he has that. It is a play which "strengthens" the partner, and A is said, in whist language, to lead a "strengthening" trump. It is a good play for another reason: A thus gets rid of a commanding card in his partner's suit, leaving him in full control. Strengthening play benefits the hand which is "longest" in the suit, and it is not likely that any one but C has five hearts.

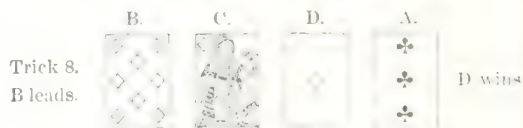
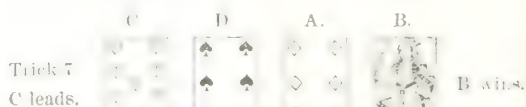


In Trick 4, A, whose king has taken, continues the suit, bringing out his partner's ace; in Trick 5, C still goes on, and discovers that the queen, the only trump remaining, except in his own hand, is held by B. D discards for the first time from diamonds, "*trumps being declared against*" him (according to the last editions of Clay and Cavendish), thus indicating his own strong suit, which may

prove valuable information should his partner gain the lead. Moreover, it is often wiser not to weaken weak suits in which a trick is sometimes possible, for without trumps there is slight chance of bringing in one's own long suit at the end of the hand. A, on the other hand, by discarding one of *his* two small diamonds, informs his partner that nothing is to be expected of him in that suit, as of course *his* original discard signifies weakness.







B, having obtained the lead with the knave of trumps, and holding a sequence of five high clubs, plays the highest. His hope is, of course, to draw the king from C and the ace from D, establishing his clubs. Like A, he makes his original lead from his longest suit. C, though usually playing low second in hand, even with king and only one small card, wisely in this case plays high (since it is important that he should recover the lead), and takes with the king, and he learns from the fall of the cards what it is all-important he should know, namely, that A has the ace. He does not hold it himself; certainly D does not hold it, or he would have taken the king; and B would never have led queen from ace, queen. Here, then, is the turning-point of the hand. A has a *card of re-entry*. Unless A can regain the lead, his established suit of spades will do him no good, for he cannot *bring it in*. C has now the lead; can force out the queen of trumps, and afterward give his partner a club. From this time forth the hand plays itself.



In Trick 7, B wins with the queen of trumps. His proper play in Trick 8, were it earlier in the hand, would be the nine of clubs, which, while also forcing the ace and establishing the suit, would show the extra card in the sequence, yet without leading below the fourth best. But it is

too late now. Indeed, this play would involve risk; for it is known that A holds at least three winning spades, while the ace of clubs has been shown not to be with B's partner. Moreover, judging from D's original discard, it is fair to conclude he has some strength in diamonds; furthermore, A has confessed weakness in diamonds, and it is always right to play up to a weak fourth hand. He therefore leads his best diamond. C, with king, queen, and others, puts on queen, which will either win, or force out the ace, leaving him in command of the adversary's suit with the king.





Trick 9.
D leads.

			
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C wins.

D, with a tierce to a knave and the three in diamonds, leads the knave, as it must either make, or force out the king. Of course he knows it is hopeless, but he must play correctly to the end. He, of course, assumes that his partner is weak in diamonds, the lead having been a *forced* one.

Trick 10.
C leads.

			
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A wins.

C has regained the lead without expending his last trump, which he had supposed he might need for this purpose. This does not show, however, as might be imagined, that he could have drawn the enemy's trumps with four, and therefore that he did not need five; for if this thirteenth trump were not in his hand, it would be in another hand, and would infallibly bring the whole scheme to naught. C now plays for his partner's ace of clubs, his card of re-entry. It is his business to know that he has it. Were he to play a diamond, he would give the adversaries two tricks. A now makes his spades, the last trick being taken by the ten of trumps. A and C make four by card.

Now if the reader has given due attention, he has learned something of the four cardinal points of the modern game—long suit play, a treatment of trumps peculiar to the game, the discard, and the language of the cards, or the silent conversation of the partners.

I have intimated that trumps should not be called for—or led—with less than

five. But *after* the establishment of a suit they may be led from a hand containing four if two of them are honors, and if the leader has one or two other good cards. The following hand illustrates this point.

HAND II.

LEADING TRUMPS WITH FOUR, AFTER ESTABLISHMENT OF A SUIT.

A's Hands.	B's Hands.
 Ace, knave, 7, 4.	 Queen, 8, 6.
 Ace, queen, 8, 6, 5, 3.	 10, 9.
 Ace.	 Knave, 10, 4, 2.
 9, 2.	 Ace, 6, 5, 4.
C's Hands.	D's Hands.
 10, 9, 2.	 King, 7, 3.
 Knave, 7.	 King, 4, 2.
 Queen, 9, 5.	 King, 8, 7, 6, 3.
 King, queen, 8, 7, 3.	 Knave, 10.

Rest of cards turned as by D.

Trick 1.
A leads.

			
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A wins.

A leads from his longest suit. He has no high sequence, but, holding six spades, he begins with the ace, as with so many it might be trumped were it left for the second round. His partner infers instantly that he has at least five of the suit, and has not the king.





Trick 2.
A leads.

			
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D wins.

This second round establishes A's suit; he has remaining four good spades. He knows that B and C have no more, and that the odd one is with D. C, however, does not know that A's suit is established, as the fall of the cards has not shown the position of the queen, which may be with B.

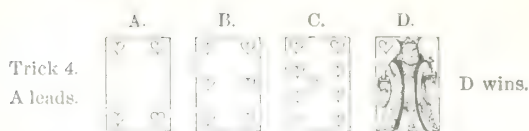
Trick 3.
D leads.

			
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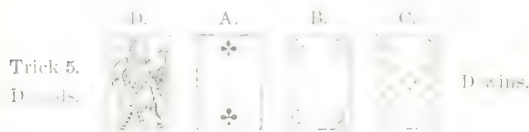
A wins.

D leads from his longest suit. If B can put the ace on, or, by playing his highest, can force the ace from C, it makes the leader's king good. A's playing the ace second hand shows either that he has no more, or has very strong reasons for wishing to regain the lead.

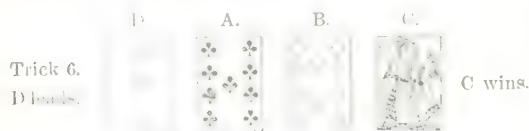
* A, according to most recent play, should not lead five of spades, but fourth best—the six spot.



This is a very instructive lead by A. After two rounds of spades, he plays a small trump. If he had had five trumps, he would have led them at once; but he led spades, his long suit. The inference to C is irresistible that his partner has established it, and consequently holds the queen, with others. He is therefore attempting to get out trumps with four. B has had an opportunity to call for trumps, and D to lead them, and neither has used it. A's play says plainly enough to C, "Put on as high a card as you can, to force out the king we know to be held by D, he having turned it up as the trump card." C's nine is certainly his best card, unless it is the lowest of a sequence.



D, who has reason to believe that A's ace in Trick 3 was his only diamond, plays the king to force him. He wishes to force the strong adverse trump hand; that is, he seeks to make A fritter away his trumps in trumping, instead of applying them to their higher use—neutralizing other trumps. If A yields to the temptation, he will make this one trick, but he will lose the four tricks in spades. He passes the trick, discarding a small club from his weakest suit.



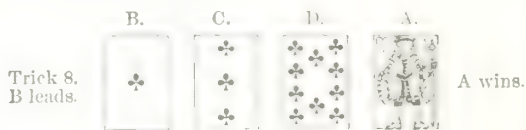
D perseveres in the diamond suit, as if A passes again the queen may be found with B. A does pass again, playing his nine of clubs, and clearing his hand of that suit. There is nothing to prove that the queen is not with C, where, indeed, it is found.



C returns his partner's trump lead. But why, holding the ten and the two,

does he return the ten? Because, having originally held only three of the suit, he is weak in it, and must sacrifice himself to his partner, who is strong. He therefore does what he can to get rid of the control by returning his highest remaining card. His partner, seeing him afterward drop a lower heart, will know that he originally held but three, and consequently now has no more. Had he originally had four, he would have returned the smallest. The rule is, *Return the highest of a three suit, and the lowest of a four suit.* The only exception is that when the player who is to return the lead has the master card of the suit he must play it, whether he originally held three or four.

A, who knows the queen is to his left—it can be nowhere else—and having no reason to think that it would fall upon his ace, prefers to let it make now, and remain in control with the ace and knave. His partner's ten will draw it as well as his own knave would.



B is in a quandary. He holds the best diamond—the knave—but it looks now very much as if A would be glad to be forced, expecting to make the rest of the tricks. B's best chance is to try and make the ace of clubs. A has discarded two, but he may have another. A trumps with the knave.



A risks everything in playing the heart, as it is not certain that he can extract all the remaining trumps. He succeeds, however, and remains with the lead and four "long" or winning spades. A and C make three by card.

The very important subject of *forcing* has been touched upon in the hand just played. It needs, however, a fuller illustration. Forcing is the most powerful weapon a player on the defensive can employ. Nothing is more tantalizing, more aggravating, to the victim; and if ever one loses his temper at whist, it is when he is persistently and remorselessly forced. In the last hand the force was not taken; in the following hand, D, who submits,

knows that it is ruin, but believes that it would be even worse for him were he to pass. The hand is taken from actual play.

HAND III

FORCING THE ADVERSE STRONG TRUMP HAND

A's HAND.

♥ Ace, king, 10
 ♠ 7, 6, 4
 ♦ Ace
 ♣ King, knave, 10, 9, 6, 5.

B's HAND.

♥ 6, 4
 ♠ 9, 8, 2
 ♦ King, 7, 5, 4, 3
 ♣ 8, 4, 2.

C's HAND.

♥ 8, 7, 2
 ♠ Ace, 3
 ♦ 10, 9, 8, 6, 3
 ♣ Queen, 7, 3.

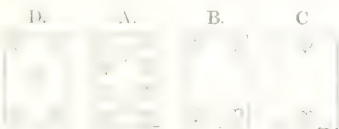
D's HAND.

♥ Queen, knave, 9, 5, 1
 ♠ King, queen, knave, 10
 ♦ Queen, knave.
 ♣ Ace.

Knave of clubs taken up by D.

Trick 1. A leads.  D wins.

A led, of course, from his longest suit. The combination of clubs which he held—king, knave, ten, nine, and others—is peculiar, and necessitates a special lead. The nine will either take or force out the queen or the ace, and perhaps both; a small one might be taken by the eight by D, if C were very weak, and the suit be thus endangered at the start. C does not play the queen third in hand, on his partner's original lead of nine, as the nine indicates three cards higher in the leading hand, two of which must be the ten and knave, since C holds the queen; but on A's following with the king, C must take pains to throw on his queen, or he will block his partner's suit. It is true that the nine may be led from weakness, as the highest of a very poor suit, but not, probably, as an original lead; when the nine brings out the ace, the inference may be safely drawn that the king, knave, and ten are in the leader's hand.

Trick 2. D leads.  A wins.

The wisdom may be doubted of D's leading trumps before establishing the spade suit, inasmuch as he is short in both clubs and diamonds; but having started to lead them, if he had continued after the force, he would have made an extra trick, as it happened.

D, with five trumps, led one. He had

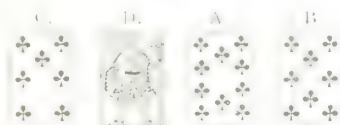
a powerful suit of spades, which he had as good a right to expect to establish and bring in as A did in Hand I. He could not foresee, however, that he was to have no help from his partner, or that the cards were to run so adversely.

Trick 3. A leads.  D wins.

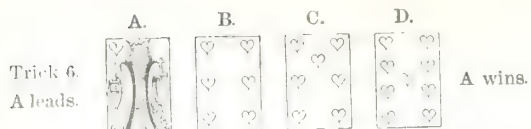
A, having established his suit of clubs, played the king. He did not know—he could not have known—that D had no more, but he would have played the card with even more alacrity had he done so. It was a most effective *force*, and broke D's hand down at once. But why did D submit to it? Why not pass? The reason was that from A's lead of the nine he believed that if he passed the king he should also have to pass the knave and the ten.

Trick 4. D leads.  C wins.

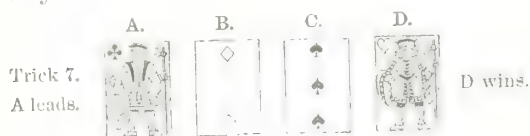
Greatly weakened by this loss of a trump, D abandoned all hope of extracting the cards of that suit, and sought to establish his spades. He did establish them, but found the ace with C, losing the lead again.

Trick 5. C leads.  A wins.

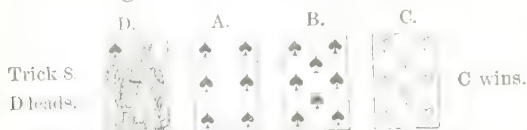
This play of a club by C, from whom it was unexpected, brought D's perplexity to a climax. If he trumped, he would have only the knave and queen of trumps left, and it was certain that the ace and king were both against him, and if in one hand could be played to his entire discomfiture. He passed the trick, trusting to his partner. A won with the ten, remaining with three forcing clubs in his hand. But the situation was now changed: all the other clubs were out, and B would certainly trump, and might trump higher than C could, thus effectively aiding D. A now reasoned as follows: If D had five trumps at the start, then B and C had now three between them; and if so, there were probably two in one hand and one in the other, and the chances were even that B had the odd one.



By this play A sought to deprive D of any aid from B.



With the knave of clubs A forced out the last trump but one, D trumping in desperation, knowing that A had still two winning clubs left. C discarded his only remaining card of D's long suit.



D had reason to believe that he could make his queen of spades; the trump coming from C was one aggravation more in an aggravating hand.



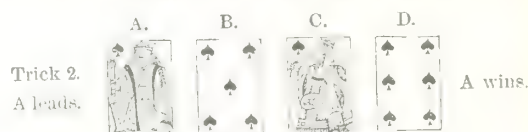
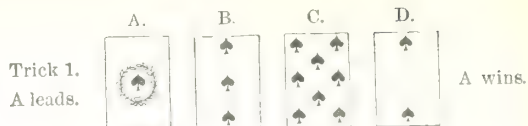
A recovered the lead with the ace of diamonds. Without this card of re-entry he would not have been justified in taking the risk he did in Trick 6. With the ace of trumps he now captured D's queen, made his two long clubs, and lost the seven of spades. A and C made three by card, D having at the outset expected to make at least that many himself. The secret of all this destruction was "forcing."

I have shown incidentally the use which may be made of the "discard." The following hand, somewhat modified from Pole, well illustrates this point.

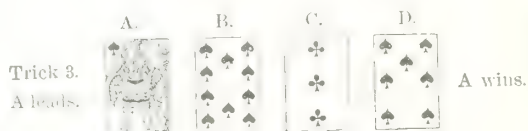
HAND IV. THE DISCARD.

A's HAND.	B's HAND.
King, 4, 2.	Queen, 8, 5.
Ace, king, knave, 9, 4.	10, 5, 3.
King, 5.	Ace, 3.
King, 6, 5.	Ace, queen, 9, 7, 2.
C's HAND.	D's HAND.
Ace, 9, 7, 6.	Knave, 10, 3.
Queen, 8.	7, 6, 2.
Queen, knave, 10, 9, 4.	8, 7, 6, 2.
8, 3.	Knave, 10, 4.

Knave of hearts turned up by D.



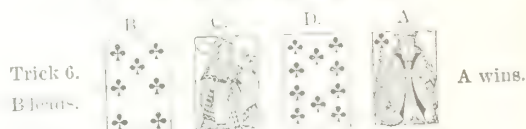
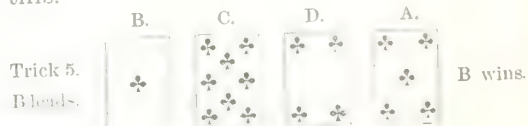
When these two tricks are played, A knows that his partner has no more spades, and that no one has five trumps, as no one has signalled for them.



A continues his suit with the knave, made good by the fall of the queen. He knows that C, having to discard, will inform him in doing so of the suit in which he is weak, and he now learns that C, who had but two spades, is also weak in clubs; his hand, therefore, must consist principally of red cards. But he has not five hearts; that much is known. Assuming, therefore, that he has four hearts and two or three clubs, he must have four or five diamonds. His strong (plain) suit consequently is diamonds.



A, therefore, leads a "strengthening" diamond, the king. It draws the ace and clears C's suit, though A does not know this.



This last trick is full of matter. C's discard of the queen of diamonds tells the whole story of his hand. In the first place, as he does not trump the doubtful club—the master card, the king, lying between D and A—he must have four trumps; for if he had only three, being weak in them, he would trump a doubt-

ful trick. Therefore he has remaining four hearts and three diamonds. His play not only shows this, but gives the names of the three diamonds—the knave, the ten, and the nine. For it is certain he would not discard the queen unless the others were equally good—unless he had an uninterrupted sequence. “But,” it may be objected, “might not the queen be his only diamond?” No; for that would require him to have seven trumps, which manifestly is not the case.

Trick 7.
A leads.

A.	B.	C.	D.

A wins.

A, knowing that he can do nothing with what remains of his established suit of spades, plays to bring in his partner's established suit of diamonds. C has four trumps; no one has more, nor perhaps as many. He therefore leads a strengthening heart.

Trick 8.
A leads.

A.	B.	C.	D.

C wins.

Trick 9.
C leads.

C.	D.	A.	B.

B wins.

Trick 10.
B leads.

B.	C.	D.	A.

C wins.

When twelve trumps are out, B, having the lead in Trick 10, plays the best club. C uses the thirteenth trump as a card of re-entry, and brings in his diamonds. A and C make four by card.

Playing to the score is a matter to which the ordinary whist-player pays little attention. A plays to the score when, needing, say, three tricks to win or save the game, he makes them if he has them, and does not manœuvre or speculate to make three more, which he does not need, and in the effort to get which he may lose all. Any play is right, however eccentric, which wins the game. It is when playing to the score that whist geniuses like Deschappelles and James Clay have made their most brilliant points. I give a very simple hand in illustration.*

* Cavendish, Hand XVIII.

HAND V. PLAYING TO THE SCORE.

A's Hand.		B's Hand.	
	Queen, 10, 5, 3.		Knave, 7, 6.
	King, 8, 4, 2.		8, 7, 4, 3, 2.
	Queen, 7, 5.		King, 10, 9, 6.
	Queen, 6, 4.		King, 10, 9, 6.
C's Hand.		D's Hand.	
	Ace, king, 2.		9, 8, 4.
	King, 7, 6, 5.		Ace, 10, 9, 8.
	Ace, king, knave, 4, 3, 2.		10, 9, 6.
	King, 7, 6, 5.		Ace, 10, 9, 8.

Trick 1.
A leads.

A.	B.	C.	D.

C wins.

Trick 2.
C leads.

C.	D.	A.	B.

C wins.

A, with three weak plain suits, makes a defensive trump lead.

Trick 3.
C leads.

C.	D.	A.	B.

C wins.

C, two rounds of trumps having been drawn, shows his partner his strong suit of diamonds.

Trick 4.
C leads.

C.	D.	A.	B.

B wins.

C, having instructed A what suit to play when trumps are out, returns to hearts again. A, with queen, ten, finessees the ten, not knowing whether the knave is to his right or his left, and loses the trick. He keeps the command of the suit, however, which he would not have done had he played the queen, and not captured the knave.

Trick 5.
B leads.

B.	C.	D.	A.

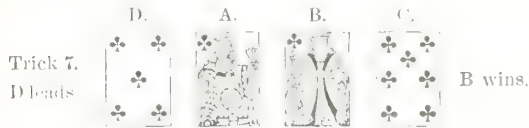
D wins.

Trick 6.
D leads.

D.	A.	B.	C.

D wins.

In Trick 6 D returns the knave, the highest of a three suit, and B finesses it successfully against the queen. B and D have now taken three tricks, and, we will suppose, need two more to save the game. One trick more in clubs is absolutely sure, as the fall of the cards has shown that B has the king, and that A, holding the queen, cannot trump it. D should play the ace of spades, and then the club, thus securing five tricks.



D loses the game by not playing the ace of spades. He has lost the lead, and his partner does not know that he has the best spade, and is not likely now to lead him one. D has forgotten that he ought to *play to the score*, and has played instead on general principles. He is correct in this point of view, as his spade suit is better led up to than led from.



Even if B in Trick 8 were to lead a spade, D would lose it by finessing his queen, unless he suddenly remembered he was playing to the score, and put on the ace. B plays the thirteenth club to force the long trump from A, and make his partner last player.



A, knowing that C has long suit in diamonds, now leads the queen, the higher of two cards remaining in his partner's suit, and leaves him in control. If he leads a small one instead, then C might make with the king in Trick 10, and A with the queen in Trick 11, and B D still save the game. By throwing the queen first, and then a small one, A keeps C in command. A and C make three by card.

It seemed necessary to refer to this matter of playing to the score in this article, but beginners nevertheless will do well to take all the tricks they can in every hand, and, for some time at least, let the score

take care of itself. Let them play for points, not games.

In the necessity of condensing an article of this kind it has been possible to illustrate only a few of the more salient points of the game, and in almost every case the leading hand has been given a long suit, whereas it is often the case one holds only three suits of three cards each and one of four. But if a hand is poor one must of course submit and confine one's efforts to doing as little damage as possible, by generally leading from the four-card suit, even if it be the trumps, rather than opening one of three for an original lead.

The few hands which precede will suffice to give the novice a taste of the quality of the game. He can doubtless, from the interest—or lack of interest—with which he has followed them, decide whether there is in him any of the stuff of the whist-player. Many features of importance have been necessarily left unnoticed—the lead of the penultimate; the echo of the call; counting the cards; underplay; false cards; dark play; coups; grand coups. There is quite enough in the ground that has been gone over to occupy the student's leisure for months, and enough in what has been left for later study for the hours of recreation all the days of his life. The possible combinations of the cards are practically inexhaustible; opportunities for sound play present themselves in every hand, and in almost every rubber the adept will find the occasion for some brilliant stroke. The hints which have been here thrown out may help the formation of the whist table of the future, round which are gathered the young people of the family—not to the exclusion, however, of their elders and their betters. Let the young men abandon for a while their selfish billiard-rooms, and, in the society of their sisters, their cousins, and their aunts, call for "a clear fire, a clean hearth, and the rigor of the game." Aunts, it is well known, make most capital partners.*

* The following course of reading is recommended to beginners, and to all those who have anything to unlearn: *The Theory of the Modern Scientific Game of Whist*, by William Pole, F.R.S.; *Cavendish on Whist*; *Short Whist*, by James Clay, M.P. Let these be taken up in the order as given. American editions of the first two are published in New York. An interesting work for advanced players, *American Standard Whist*, is published in Boston.

THREE SISTERS.

BY ANGELINE W. WRAY.

I LOOKED into the chamber where
The Fates were hidden
Three sisters blind, content to fare
As they were hidden
I saw them sitting side by side,
With sightless eyes,
A solemn pathos in their pride,
And patience wise.

The first was young; the warmth and light
Of summer days,
The dusk dreams of the summer night,
The radiance of the star realms bright,
The rifted haze
Of coming dawn, smiled in her face;
No wind in all its airy grace
More lithe than she;
She filled the gloomy, darkened place
With sunlight free.
She sat and spun with patient skill
Life's tangled thread,
And mingled with the music shrill
Low-murmured songs, like winds that thrill
The deep sea waters blue and still
Above the dead.
Dreamily, dreamily, to and fro,
Solemn, and tender, and sweet, and slow,
Keeping time to some mystic rhyme
Heard in some magical far-away time,
Sweeter than aught we have dreamed or read
This was her song and the words it said:
Life is beginning,
Sorrow and sinning;
Lo! I am spinning.
Spinning the thread.
Men call me Fate.
Who understands?
Zeus in the shadow
Guideth my hands.
Zeus in the shadow
Watches me spin.
Zeus in the shadow—
Sorrow and sin.

The second sister, lost in thought,
With fingers slow
Twisted the tangled threads, and wrought
A web of many colors, fraught
With joy and woe.
One looked and saw that she "was good";
The glory of her womanhood
Was all her crown;
Yet circled by its light she stood
In pure renown.

She wove with patient, earnest care
 The threads of life—
 The blue of doubt, the black despair,
 The silver gleam of trusting prayer,
 With here the rose of joy, and there
 The red of strife.
 Wearily, wearily, fro and to,
 Solemn, and tender, and sad, and true,
 Keeping time to some mystic rhyme
 Borne from the childhood she never knew;
 Sadder than aught we have dreamed or read—
 This was the song and the words it said:
 Life is deceiving,
 Sorrow and grieving;
 Lo! I am weaving,
 Weaving the web.
 Men call me Fate.
 Who understands?
 Zeus in the shadow
 Guideth my hands.
 Zeus in the shadow
 Watches my loom.
 Zeus in the shadow—
 Darkness and gloom.

The third was old; a withered crone
 At first she seemed,
 Crooning in hollow undertone
 Songs of the sorrows she had known
 Or dreamt she dreamed.
 But, when one looked with clearer eyes,
 He recognized with sweet surprise
 That she was fair,
 The beauty of the sunset skies
 Her dower rare.
 With heedless haste she seemed to rend
 Life's tangled thread;
 But ever as she neared the end
 A joyous note would softly blend
 With music mortals never kenned,
 Or poets read.
 Dreamily, dreamily, to and fro,
 Solemn, and tender, and patient, and slow,
 Sweeter than aught we have dreamed or read—
 This was her song and the words it said:
 Sorrow is ending,
 Comfort is blending;
 Lo! I am rending,
 Rending the thread.
 Men call me Fate.
 Who understands?
 Zeus in the shadow
 Guideth my hands.
 Zeus in the shadow
 Comfort will send.
 Zeus in the shadow
 Guides to the end.

CHAPBOOK HEROES.

BY HOWARD PYLE.

I. THE CHAPMAN AND HIS BOOKS

THE chapman, or cheap man, of the past was a figure in his day. His counterpart is not to be found in modern times, unless, perhaps, we may look for a shadow of it in the Yankee peddler of fifty or sixty years ago. In the later seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries his kind was in its flower and glory. Roaming the country-side over, wandering through shady lane and byways, over mosses and by reedy watercourses, from hamlet to hamlet, a mine at once of local news, of ale-house politics, of stories, tales, legends, and roguish humor, gathered together in his peregrinations hither and thither, the chapman was at once a welcome and suspected visitor at village or farm-house.

For his position was a peculiar and an anomalous one. He stood in the social plane upon neutral ground between respectability and roguery: possessed of all the cant phrases, quips, and tricks of a thief, he was yet nominally an honest man; living the irresponsible, wandering life of a gypsy, he was yet a property holder, a merchant, and a man of vested rights, so far as the pack upon his back was concerned. He was like the bat in the fable—he neither flew with the birds of the air nor walked with the beasts of the field; he was neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red herring.

Yet, in spite of his dubious social position and very questionable honesty, he was always a welcome visitor in the country-side; and when his voice, mellow with pots of ale and good living, was heard in the village street trolling forth one of the ballads or broadsides that he purveyed with his other wares, the folk would come gathering to where, the centre of a group of children and idlers, the itinerant merchant stood with pack open and wares displayed—rings, ribbons, laces, trinkets, gewgaws, knick-knacks, and this and that innumerable.

And besides all these things the wonderful pack was a nomadic book-stall as well; for snugly tucked away in the separate compartments were neat packets of miscellaneous ballads, rudely illustrated broadsides, and no less rudely illustrated folk

booklets—a sight fit to set watering the mouth of a member of our Roxborough Club—and all to be had for a groat or so apiece. For to the old-time chapman, to that queer product of a by-gone life, it was given to be the disseminator of a flood of cheap and popular literature so broad, so general, so far-reaching as to filter to the very lowest substratum of the reading public. And more especially was he the vender of what is generically known as the chapbook.

The chapbook *per se* may be regarded as a later seventeenth century product. It first made its appearance as a distinct branch of a literary tree soon after the Commonwealth period, when those numerous obscure presses that had been busily disgorging floods of broadsides and pamphlets *pro* and *con* the great questions of the day found, when those questions were settled, no other usefulness left them than to supply with lighter material that appetite for reading matter which they had excited in the masses. All manner of old and popular stories, tales, quips, jests, and facetiae (oftentimes totally unfit for nineteenth century reading) were collected and crystallized into a cheap folk literature fit for the fireside and the rush-light. For disseminating this mass of popular publications no one was so well fitted as the chapman, who reached, in lieu of railroad and postal service, each and every sub-class to the lowest.

In its more characteristic shape the chapbook is generally found printed upon a sheet of coarse gray paper, folded thrice or four times, thus making in all sixteen or thirty-two pages. Usually each page is decorated with a rude and hideous wood-cut, which oftentimes has nothing whatever to do with the text—Robinson Crusoe sometimes being used for the Prodigal Son, and Swalpo dining with his friends for Joseph in Egypt.

Once upon a time the chapbook was as common to find in the farm-house and the cottage as is the weekly paper or the almanac nowadays; you came upon it at every fireside; you found it lying upon every corner shelf. Now it, or at least the older and quaint editions of it, are

rare indeed. Like the ancient hornbook, its very commonness and lack of value have caused its almost obliteration, so that nowadays a seventeenth or early eighteenth century imprint of these little brochures is distinctly a *rara avis*.

No doubt, from a modern book-maker's point of view, the chapbook is a squalid, degraded product of a rude, now happily by-gone time. Truly in itself it presents little or nothing to please either the eye or the taste; yet, considering it apart from such supersensitiveness, it is a question whether the study and analysis of this low, humble, obscure branch of literature might not reward the investigator with very considerable results, touching upon the manner of thought and intellectual pleasures of the great lower mass of humanity.

For may it not be assumed as approaching an axiomatic truth that a man's library is, in a certain manner and to a certain degree, the reflex of his turn of thought and intellectual pleasures? Then in this great library of the sub-classes we may look to find reflected as in a glass the few broad rules that govern their mental formation.

Eliminating a large mass of the chapbook subjects, including in their range interpretation of dreams and signs and prognostications from personal blemishes, prophecies from Mother Shipton and a host of others, household receipts, cookery books, popular histories of the *Robinson Crusoe* and *Jack the Giant-Killer* type, and such other ephemeral topics of greater or less importance, we find the balance divided into two broad and most widely divergent subjects. Upon the one side stands religion, typified in Biblical histories set forth in doggerel verse, lives of saints and martyrs, or men and women remarkable for their virtues, or, collaterally, the history of the terrible damnation of Doctor Faustus, or of the doings of magicians and witches who tampered with evil to their everlasting undoing. Upon the other side stand histories, legends, and tales of famous and cunning scamps, rogues, thieves, and outlaws, mythical and semi-mythical and actual, written in a feeling of sympathy with and admiration for their prowess, boldness, skill, and cunning.

It is not difficult to understand the popularity of the first class of subjects, for religion, which only exists in the higher

classes, lives in the lower. But the popularity of the second class—what does that mean? Is it true that the less a man is hidden beneath the cloak of refinement and culture, the more apt is the bare skin of the old Adam to show through the clothes of him? Is it true that in these paper-covered histories of the rogue and the thief the great under-class finds expressed its latent sympathy with the outlaw, its latent rebellion against law and order and constituted authority?

It is from far away in the very first dawns of history that such tales and legends have been handed down to us of the present time. In the ages between then and now treasures of art and literature have perished forever, but still the story of the cunning rogue and the clever thief is told to-day almost as it was in that dim and distant past. Herodotus gives it to us as an ancient Egyptian legend. It is told to-day in the Highlands of Scotland and the plains of Hindostan, in Russia, in Germany, in Italy, and in half a hundred other different nations, and in as many different tongues, almost exactly as he has handed it down to us.

What, then, does this broad, universal sympathy with the enemy of law and order indicate, extending as it does from the fathomless past to us of to-day, and here exemplified in chapbook literature? Is it democratic sympathy, or is it that only a terribly thin crust of respectability and of self-restraint covers the old molten fires of lawlessness that lie only quiescent beneath the surface of the great mass of humanity?

The great respectable class, trained into self-imposed rules, governed by law and order, finds nothing but reprehension for the crimes committed to-day; but even respectability itself feels a titillation of interest and sympathy in the story of the rogue of the past. It chuckles over the romantic doings of Robin Hood and his kind, and even the near reality of Claude Duval, Jack Sheppard, and Dick Turpin.

Is it, then, that the savage man that lies quiescent within us all is secretly tickled with the taste of this forbidden fruit?

II.—MONSIEUR CLAUDE DUVAL.

And maybe it is the taste for the forbidden fruit inherited from Mother Eve and Father Adam that lends the smack of zest to the roguery of all these quaint stories. Who, for instance, can help feel-

His second sweetheart was Mrs. Maggot, who put the finishing touches to his as yet hardly formed wickedness. "One night," the chronicle tells us, "Jack came to her without so much as a groat in his pocket. 'I have,' said he, 'pawned the last thing I have in the world for half a crown.'"

"'And prithee,' says Maggot, 'why d'ye come to me with such a story? There is a deal of money to be had by any bold blade who chooses to get it. I came to-day by a piece-broker's in White Horse Yard. He keeps his cash in a drawer under the counter, and there is abundance in his shop that would fit me to wear. Harkee, Jack! but a word to the wise is enough,' and she tapped her finger beside her nose, and winked one eye."

Off went the lad without a word, and the next morning, when Mr. Baines, the piece-broker, came into his shop, he found himself robbed of money and goods to the amount of twenty-two pounds.

Although a good beginning for one so new to the business, this was, after all, no more than many another bold blade had done; but his next exploit lifted him at once from the obscurity of a poor carpenter's apprentice to the admired and talked-of of all the ladies and gentlemen of the London slums and the Southwark mint. Edgworth Bess, for some peccadillo or other, had been arrested and lodged in St. Giles's round-house, and the news thereof was presently brought to Jack Sheppard. Off he posted to the round-house, in front of which stood a beadle. Jack held a good stout cudgel in his hand. A few angry words passed between him and the beadle; there was a blow, sharp and sudden, and down went the parish officer, with a head cracked like a broken bottle. After that he opened the door of the round-house for Edgworth Bess to walk out as she chose. "And were he," says another one of the chronicles, "a knight returned successful from his quest, he could not have had more fame with the ladies and gentlemen of his sort than Jack gained by this adventure."

Shortly after this a series of robberies, cunningly planned and boldly executed, began to excite the attention of the authorities. Jack had taken his brother Tom into partnership with him, and one day the latter was arrested for attempting to sell some of the stolen goods. To save his own skin, he promptly turned king's ev-

idence, and warrants were issued for the arrest of Jack and Edgworth Bess. A day or two later Jack was arrested and lodged in St. Giles's round-house, whence he had so lately rescued his mistress. Before morning he broke a great hole in the roof and escaped.

Again robbery followed robbery, and the name of Jack Sheppard was set as a seal upon all of them. One morning he happened to be walking in Leicester Fields with a fellow-rogue, named Benson. Espying a well-to-do-looking old gentleman at a little distance, Benson must needs have a try at picking his pockets. Unfortunately the old gentleman's purse did not come away easily, and Benson was discovered at his tricks. However, he managed to break and run for it, and was so fortunate as to get clear away. In the hue and cry that followed, poor Jack was caught, and taken before the magistrate as an accomplice.

Though innocent of the pocket-picking affair, it happened that the magistrate knew him, and promptly committed him to St. Ann's round-house, where he was confined in the Newgate ward. The news of the arrest was quickly conveyed to Bess Lyon, whereupon she hastened to visit him in his trouble. She also was recognized, and immediately sent to keep Jack company.

An hour afterward all the slums knew of what had happened, and were in a ferment of excitement over the two arrests.

But Jack Sheppard was not one to lie down under his load of ill-luck. By some means or other, no one could ever tell how, some one of his confederates from without conveyed to him a file, a chisel, and a gimlet, in spite of the watchfulness of the turnkeys. The next morning the jailers found a great hole broken in the stone wall of the ward, a bar and a piece of the frame gone from the window, and nothing left of Jack Sheppard and Edgworth Bess but the shackles that had been around his ankles, and the blankets and sheets of the bed torn into strips and hanging from the window to the pavement of the yard beneath—a distance of twenty-five feet. Between the yard and the street beyond was a wall twenty-two feet high. Over this Jack had climbed by means of the locks and bolts of the great gate, and had furthermore managed, by some means or other, to take his brawny and buxom sweetheart with him.

Mr. William Kneebone, a respectable linen draper in the Strand, had, next to Jack's mother, been the kindest to him of anybody in the world. He had for a time taken him into his employ, had improved him in writing, and taught him accounts, and had at last apprenticed him to Mr. Owen Wood, a worthy and prosperous carpenter near Drury Lane.

On the night of June 12, 1724, Jack Sheppard and Joseph Blake, *alias* Blue-skin, a notorious scoundrel, who afterward nearly murdered Jonathan Wild by cutting his throat in the court-room of the Old Bailey, entered Mr. Kneebone's house by filing through the iron bars of the cellar window.

Jack had been a trusted servant, and thus knew every foot of the house; so when Mr. Kneebone woke the next morning he found himself robbed of one hundred and eight yards of woollen cloth, some silver spoons, and other articles of considerable value.

Through the efforts of Jonathan Wild, the great thief-catcher, Jack was arrested with one William Field, who had been the receiver of the stolen goods, and who turned king's evidence.

The case was brought to trial, and hardly leaving their box, the jury brought in their verdict—guilty. The punishment—*death*.

On August 30th the warrant came down to Newgate for the execution of John Sheppard and two others—one for the same crime for which he was to suffer, burglary, the other for theft—and Jack was accordingly removed duly to the condemned hold.

A little within the lodge at old Newgate—the Newgate that stood ancient, black, gloomy, and forbidding in its stench and squalor, before it was torn down to make way for the new jail that was destroyed at the time of the Gordon riots—there was upon the left-hand side a hatch guarded by great iron spikes. This hatch opened upon a dark passage, from which a few steps led downward into the gloomy recesses of the condemned hold. To this hatch the poor wretches within were permitted to come and talk to their friends before taking that last black journey in the rumbling cart through the cobble streets to Tyburn.

Upon the evening of the same day that the warrant for Jack's execution had come to the prison, two women came to pay him

a visit. So Jack was called, and presently came upward from the condemned hold within. A great noise of weeping and wailing followed, the women clinging to the cold iron spikes, and crying and talking into the gloomy abyss beyond, where Jack's figure could be dimly and indistinctly seen.

At the further end of the lodge several of the keepers sat at a table, drinking and chatting unconcernedly together, for such melancholy scenes were no novelty to them.

But all the while there was something mysterious something suspicious, going on behind the iron spikes of the hatch. But for the noise made by the weeping women, the keepers might have heard a shrill, grating sound; but for their intervening figures and ample skirts, they might have seen a gleam of a thin slip of steel that was biting ever deeper and deeper into the iron spike. Suddenly there was a gap in the hatch—the spike had been cut through.

How that which followed happened no one could ever tell; but out through the gap came the lean figure of Jack Sheppard, still hidden from the eyes of the keepers by the two women, who stood between him and them, though the table at which they sat drinking and chatting was only a few yards away.

Perhaps he was hidden by the gloom of the place, perhaps by those enormous and voluminous skirts that woman used to hide herself within a hundred and fifty years ago. At any rate, he got safe away from the condemned hold, and his absence was not discovered for an hour or more after he had so cleverly cut his way out from between the spikes.

But the very boldness and daring of this escape, the fame of which rang through the town from end to end, added still more to Jack's undoing. He had sprung suddenly from a more than ordinarily daring malefactor into a criminal of national repute; he had grown too great to slip between the fingers of justice as so many rogues of lesser consideration had done. Before two months had passed he was safe again within the walls of Newgate Prison.

This time, for better security, he was lodged in a stone cell of exceptional strength, called "the Castle." He was handcuffed, and for most of the time was loaded with a heavy pair of leg irons, fastened with a huge "horse" pad-

lock to a great staple in the floor. It was plain at a glance that at last Jack was doomed. The devil himself could not have freed himself from such shackles, let alone escape from "the Castle."

In the mean time Jack's fame had been made. Gentlemen and ladies, as well of Saint James as of Drury, came crowding to see him. It is likely that it was about this time that Thornhill painted that famous portrait of him, and that Gay perhaps got a hint here and there for his *Beggar's Opera*, for Jack made no secret of his rogueries, and had a droll way of telling of them. But all the while he was thus making thoughtless folk laugh at his merry tales, his mind was busy with ever plotting and planning. It was in September that he was taken; in October the sessions began at Old Bailey, and Jack knew very well that the keepers would then be more than busy attending the court, and that he would be left a great part of the time to himself. So he bided his time, and contented himself by entertaining his visitors with droll stories.

So came the 15th of October, a notable day in the calendars of Newgate.

At two o'clock in the afternoon the keeper carried Jack his dinner, as usual, and after examining his irons, and finding all apparently safe and fast, bade him good-by for the day and left him.

No sooner had he fairly gone than Jack set to work. So wonderfully supple and flexible were his hands that he could contract his fingers and knuckles to a compass thinner than his wrists. So in a moment he had slipped off the handcuffs, which he had kept upon his arms all this time merely for the sake of appearances. By means of a crooked nail which he had found in his cell and secreted about his person, he picked the padlock that fastened him to the floor. Twisting asunder a small link of the chain between his legs and drawing up his feet locks as far as he could, he made them fast with his garters. He was now ready for the work that lay before him.

Upon the further side of his cell was an open fireplace, which was the means of escape upon which he had counted. Looking up the chimney, he found it crossed, just above his head, by a heavy iron bar, so closely set to the stones that even his lean body could not squeeze between it and the side of the wall. Formidable as this obstacle was, it was not sufficient ei-

ther to check his energy or to dampen his courage. With a broken link of his chain he laboriously picked the mortar from between the stones surrounding the ends of the bar, removing them one by one until the piece of iron itself came loose. It was an inch square and a yard long—an excellent crow for forcing a lock. With it he made a great breach in the wall of the flue, and so came out into another cell, known as "the Bedroom," which lay immediately above "the Castle." Here he found a great nail, which he secured for further use.

The door of "the Bedroom" had not been opened for seven years, but in less than as many minutes he had forced it with his iron crow, and was out into the entry leading to the chapel.

Here he came upon another door, bolted from the further side, whereupon he broke a hole through the wall beside the heavy frame, passed his arm through the breach, drew back the bolt, and passed into the chapel. Thence he came into the entry that led between the chapel and the lower leads. The dusk had now fallen, so that he had almost to feel his way through the darkness. At the further end of the passageway he came upon a door of heavy and massive oak, bolted and secured by a ponderous lock. For half an hour he labored in the gathering darkness, then, by the aid of his iron bar and the great nail that he had found in "the Bedroom," he forced off the box of the lock, and entered another passageway beyond. Another door, still stronger than the last, confronted him, for not only was it bolted and locked, but it was barred across from the other side. For an hour or more he strove to force the lock, but without success. At last he wrenched the fillet from the massive post of the door, and the box and staple came off with it; then Saint Sepulchre's chimes struck eight.

And now only one door, and that bolted from within, stood between him and the lower leads. Opening this ajar, he clambered to the top of it, and so over the wall and to the upper leads.

Below him in the darkness he could see the roof of a turner's house that adjoined Newgate, but too far below for him to drop to it from the height whereon he stood: there was nothing else for him to do but to return to his cell for further means of escape. So back to "the Castle" he went, and thence brought his blanket

and bedclothes. Tearing these into strips and knotting them tightly together, he made fast the end to the leads by means of the great nail, and so lowered himself to the roof below. Luckily, the door of the garret stood open, so down into the house he crept, slowly and cautiously. In spite of all his care, his irons gave a sharp clink, whereupon a startled woman's voice cried out from near the stairs, "Lord! what noise is that?" A man's voice answered, "Nothing but the dog or the cat." And thereupon all was quiet again, only for the low sound of talking voices below. Nevertheless it was plain that the folks of the house were too wide awake for Jack to hope to make his escape just yet. So back he crept to the garret, where he lay quiet until he heard the voice of a gentleman taking leave of the company, and then saw a servant-maid light him to the door.

Still he waited until all was perfectly quiet, then creeping softly down the stairs, he opened the street door, and stepped out into liberty and the starry night.

So was safely consummated the greatest escape that was ever made from an English prison—an escape as fruitless as it was daring. For the meshes of the law were surely and inexorably closing around the great picklock. Moreover, his success made him recklessly careless. "There is," said he, "no lock in England that can hold Jack Sheppard."

"Quos Deus vult perdere, prius dementat."

Before two months had passed, dressed like a gentleman of the highest quality, in a fine suit of black, with a light tie-wig and ruffled shirt, a silver-hilted sword by his side, a diamond ring upon his finger, and a gold watch in his pocket, he dined openly in a public-house in Newgate Street with two pleasant ladies of his acquaintance, Mrs. Cook and Mrs. Keys, both of whom were, a month or so later, convicted of receiving stolen goods of him. As he sat at dinner making merry with these two, his poor mother came to him with news that the beadles of the law were at his heels, and begging him to escape while there was yet time. But Jack had already drunk so much that he was grown pot-valiant; he would listen neither to words nor warning. Finishing his dinner, he spent the balance of the night swaggering from ale-house to gin-hell and from gin-hell to ale-house,

until he was overcome in his cups, and sunk into a drunken stupor. Whilst in that condition he was arrested, upon the information of the little ale-house boy, and as he was too drunk to go else to prison, he was taken thither in a coach.

So came the coach and the crowd and the flurry in May-pole Alley nigh Newgate Street, that the Councillor Knap's goloshes might have shown us.

Nevertheless, his fame was achieved. He stood an artist without a peer, and for a while the name of Jack Sheppard was, next to that of the King, perhaps the best known in all England.

When poor Kate Cook, who helped Jack pass that last merry evening in the Sheers Ale-house, was brought to trial for having to do with his rogue's tricks, she pleaded that she did not know him to be anything but "a very honest man."

THE COURT. "Did you not know that he broke twice out of Newgate?"

K. COOK. "No, really, not a word."

THE COURT. "That's a little strange. I believe that but few in England besides yourself can say as much."

Newgate was thronged with the crowds that came daily to see him, and the street in front of the jail was lined with the coaches and chairs of the folk of quality who came to visit him. Even Mr. Quin as Cato drew no such crowds.

Once more Jack made the world laugh with the droll stories that he told. Once more gentlemen offered him snuff out of gold snuff-boxes, and ladies under half-masks listened to and smiled at the gallant tales of him who a short time before had been nothing but a poor carpenter's apprentice.

Maybe all the time his busy wits were fermenting with new plans of escape. If they were, they were destined to pass away into the froth of nothingness, for a watch was set upon him day and night so close, so unceasing, that no escape was possible. As he saw his chances of prison-breaking diminishing, he began to beg such great people as visited him and laughed at his drolleries to petition for a pardon. But the time rolled along and the pardon never came.

So at last the fatal day arrived, and, with the irons struck away from his ankles and wrists, Jack Sheppard rode away to Tyburn as so many others of his kind had done before him, seated in the fatal cart that never brought its passengers

back again, with curious crowds looking down at him from the windows and lining either side of the way.

He was but twenty-three years old when he stepped from the tail of the hangman's cart into eternity. They all died young in those days that followed Jack Sheppard's trade.

IV. DICK TURPIN.

Almost upon the same rung of the ladder of fame with Jack Sheppard stood Dick Turpin, one time the captain of a band of outlaws as bold and daring as ever surrounded the great Robin Hood himself.

About the year 1732 there began to be much talk concerning a desperate gang of deer-stealers that haunted Epping Forest and the parks adjoining—a band of bold and desperate villains, who would as soon knock a lonely traveller upon the head as shoot a deer. For every now and then such a traveller would be brought to some way-side inn, perhaps with an ashy face, a bloody clout around his head, and *sans* purse and watch. Always the same tale would be told of the men, who, with faces smeared with soot, sprang out upon him from the thickets beside the way, knocked him upon the head, and whilst he lay in a swoon in the middle of the road, robbed him of all that he had of value upon him. And always the gossips at the inn would shake their heads and say, "Yes, yes; them was the deer-stealers."

By-and-by it began to be rumored that one Richard Turpin, a notorious sheep-stealer, was at the head of the gang. Still, the talk concerning the deer-stealers was but a local matter, and the fame of them had not yet got beyond Essex, when there happened in Waterford a robbery so bold and daring that the news of it was blown far and wide through all those parts.

One afternoon—toward evening, but still in broad daylight—some one knocked upon the door of the house of a Mr. Strype, an old chandler in that town. Upon his opening to his visitor he was instantly knocked down, gagged, and bound, and his house deliberately robbed. No one in Essex doubted that it was the work of the deer-stealers.

Before the excitement following this affair had time to subside, another robbery occurred, not only as bold and desperate as that upon Mr. Strype's house,

but so savagely atrocious as well that all Essex trembled at it, fearing such another, and not knowing upon whom the blow would fall.

An old dame reputedly very rich and a young servant-maid lived at Loughton in a little house by themselves. One evening, as happened in Mr. Strype's case, there came a knock upon the house door, which the maid answered. As she opened the door she was suddenly caught by the arms, a gag thrust into her mouth, her eyes blindfolded, and her arms bound tightly behind her back. At the same time two men, their faces smeared with soot, ran into the room where the old dame was sitting, blindfolded her, and pressing the nozzle of a pistol against her temple, swore that they would shoot her through the head if she uttered so much as a whisper of alarm. Presently one whom the others called captain came forward. It was Dick Turpin.

"Tell us where your money is, dame, and no harm shall be done you," said he.

Whatever terror the old dame was suffering under, the word money was enough to arouse her. "I have," said she, "no money in the house—only three shillings."

"Come, come," says Captain Turpin: "that won't do for us. You had better give up the money, or you will suffer for it, for we are not to be amused with three shillings."

But still the old dame persisted, "There are only three shillings in the house."

"Very well; you will have to roast, then," says Captain Turpin.

They held her over a blazing fire till she could bear the pain no longer, even for the sake of her dear money. Then the robbers decamped, carrying away with them over four hundred pounds.

Mr. Mason, the keeper of Epping Forest, had persistently and unwearingly striven to break up the gang, in spite of truculent and anonymous letters threatening horrible death. His house was soon marked for attack, and an oath was exacted from each member of the band that not one thing should be left whole from roof-tree to cellar. The evening set apart for the venture came; and though Turpin, the active leading spirit, was not with them—being drunk in London at the time—the attack was made without him. Mr. Mason was gagged, bound, and terribly kicked and beaten, and the contents of the house destroyed from top to bottom.

China and glass were shattered to fragments; chairs were piled upon the fire; table and drawers were beaten to pieces; silk, hessian, carpet, and bedding were cut into strips and utterly ruined. The robbers found no money, however, until, breaking a valuable punch-bowl, 122 guineas and moidores tumbled out upon the floor.

The finding of the money seemed to satisfy the gang, for, gathering it up, they quitted the house.

It is amazing how long these robberies were allowed to continue, all being conducted in the same bold and openly daring manner, and what perfect immunity the deer-stealers enjoyed. Mr. Saunders, a wealthy farmer, Mr. Sheldon, Mr. Laurence, and Mr. Francis, well-known and wealthy gentlemen of the county, were amongst the score or more of those who suffered. Not only was all Essex in a turmoil, but all England was aroused as well. A hundred pounds was offered for the arrest of any member of the band, though, for a while, without tempting any one to be venturesome enough to undertake so dangerous a matter. At last, however, a London justice's man discovered that Turpin's gang were in the habit of meeting in an alley in Westminster. So one night he gathered together a band of determined men, and arming all with cutlasses, he made a sudden and unexpected descent upon the deer-stealers while they were sitting drinking in their haunt.

After a fight, short and sharp, the desperadoes were overpowered and taken, all but Captain Turpin, who leaped out of the window into the dark street, and so got safe away.

When next he cropped up to the surface of notoriety it was in the character of a highwayman, associated with a certain other gentleman of the road named King. The story (more or less apocryphal) of the meeting of these two worthies is not without a certain smack of the dramatic. For a while after the breaking up of his gang, Turpin had been compelled to venture upon the highway alone and upon his own account, and being a bold and daring fellow, not without some degree of success. One day, so the story goes, he saw a substantial looking gentleman upon the road before him. So up he rode, and presenting his pistol, called upon the stranger to stand and deliver. "But

King fell a laughing," says the paper-covered history that speaks of this, "and says, 'What, dog eat dog? Come, Brother Turpin, if you don't know me, why, I know you, and would be glad of your company.'"

They built them, on the Waltham side of Epping, near the sign of the King's Oak, a secret cave, which they covered with bayns and earth, and which was further hidden by a thicket and a quick-set. This place of concealment was commodious enough to harbor both them and their horses, and was comfortably and even luxuriously furnished. Several concealed outlooks covered the highway for a considerable distance, and whenever any traveller passed who seemed to be worth the picking, out the two would swoop, and down upon him like two hawks upon a fat capon, "and in such a daring manner," says the chapbook history, "that they were more admired than they were blamed."

For several years they lived in this secret cave, laughing at the slow and cumbersome machinery of the law that was striving in vain to catch up with them; but at last Nemesis came, though in a way that neither of them dreamed of.

They, and especially Dick, often ventured abroad in some disguise or other—generally in the smock-frock of a wagoner. It was in such a disguise that Dick once overtook near to the sign of the Green Man, a way-side inn in the suburbs of London, a Mr. Major, the owner of the one-time famous race-horse White Stocking, which he was at that time riding. The day was gloomy and foggy, so, though but a few yards from the inn, Dick set a pistol against Mr. Major's head, and ordered him to stand and deliver. He took from him his whip and a pair of silver spurs, and then, being a judge of horseflesh, bade him dismount. Vaulting into the saddle, he wheeled the horse, and putting spurs to him, dashed away through the wet and the mud into the fog and was gone, leaving Mr. Major to make the best of his way to the Green Man.

But White Stocking was too famous and well known to be spirited away like a parson's cob, and in a little while Mr. Major got news of such an animal having been seen at the Red Lion in White chapel. Thither he went, and with a Mr. Baynes lay in wait, and by-and-by

comes Mr. King to get his friend Dick's horse. Out rushed the two upon him: but King, ever quick and ready, instantly drew a pistol and pulled the trigger point-blank against Mr. Baynes's breast. Luckily it flashed in the pan, and before he could draw the other, which had got twisted in his pocket, he was seized upon and overpowered. Turpin had been standing at a little distance with the other horse, and now came riding up to his friend's assistance.

"Shoot him, Dick!" cried King: "or we shall both be taken."

Turpin promptly drew his pistol and discharged it at Mr. Major, but missed him. Then he fired the other, but with no better effect. But though he missed his man, both balls struck King, who cried out, in a loud voice, "You've killed me, Dick!" Then Turpin wheeled his horse and rode away, leaving his friend wounded and in the hands of the law, himself a broken-hearted man. King died of his wounds in about ten days' time.

Only a few times after this did Dick Turpin appear before the public notice, one being upon the occasion of that famous ride from London to York.

Early one morning he robbed a gentleman in the suburbs of London of fifty guineas and a watch of great value. The gentleman chanced to recognize Dick, and swore to him that he should swing for the robbery. Turpin might have shot him without any one being the wiser, but he did not. Perhaps the horrors of blood were fresh upon him, for a little while before he had shot and instantly killed a keeper in Epping Forest, who had attempted to take him prisoner. Anyhow, he turned without a word, and putting spurs to his horse, rode away up the great northern road. All day long he spurred forward without stop or stay, and reaching York that same evening, was seen playing at bowls upon the Bowling Green. A few days afterward he was arrested by the gentleman he had robbed, but upon his proving that his horse was in the stable and he himself playing at a game of bowls upon the evening of the day he was said to have committed a highway robbery in London, his alibi was admitted: for the York magistrate did not believe it possible for a horse to cover the distance of one hundred and ninety miles in fourteen hours.

One or two such adventures called the

attention of the world to him, and then of a sudden he disappeared, leaving neither shred nor hair. Whither he had gone not a soul in the world could tell for a time.

Somewhere in the years 1736-7 there was a horse-dealer named Palmer. He rented a large and roomy house in a fashionable quarter of London, but in a rough and tumbledown manner of a prosperous yeoman of the time. Yet, though he went everywhere and with all

turnip field, he was never popular with his neighbors. There was a gloomy and forbidding look from out his narrow eyes, set wide apart in his lean, pock-pitted face—a lurking, smouldering devil that needed only a touch to spring into activity.

Still matters went smoothly between him and his neighbors until one day a party of gentlemen, among whom was Palmer, returned through the town after an unsuccessful day's sport. They had been drinking, and were all in a roaring vein excepting Palmer, who was in a silent, lowering humor. In the middle of the road stood one of his landlord's cocks. "D—n it," says he, "I'll not go home with an empty bag at all events." As he spoke he aimed his gun, fired, and over fell the cock.

"You shouldn't have done that, Palmer," said Mr. Hall, a neighbor, and one of the party. "You did wrong to shoot your landlord's cock."

Palmer turned upon him like a flash, and with the face of a devil. "If you tarry till I charge my piece," said he, "I'll shoot you too." He proceeded to load his gun as he spoke, and there was that in his face that showed that he meant what he said.

Mr. Hall turned away indignantly and left the party, and going straight to the landlord, informed him of what Palmer had done. Together they went to a magistrate, a warrant was granted, and Palmer was taken into custody, and brought before a bench of justices then sitting at quarter sessions at Beverley.

No one cared to go security for the good behavior of the horse-dealer, and so he was committed to the bridewell.

And now strange and mysterious facts concerning him began to come forth to the light. It was discovered that he often made secret journeys into Lincolnshire, whence he always returned with plenty of money. He had a number of very fine horses that had come into his possession no one could tell when or how.

He himself told a plain and straightforward tale. He had, he said, formerly been a butcher in Long Sutton, Lincolnshire, where he had contracted debts for sheep which proved rotten, and so he had escaped into Yorkshire to escape from his creditors.

Inquiries were made at Long Sutton. Such a man as John Palmer had lived there, but the story of the rotten sheep was without a grain of truth. All that was known of him was that he had been arrested for sheep-stealing, and had escaped from the hands of the peace officers. There had been some information lodged against such a man for horse-stealing. Things began to look very black, and Palmer was removed to York Castle to await further developments.

Suddenly one morning York was astounded by a piece of news that fell like lightning from a clear sky. Palmer, the suspected horse and cattle thief, was none other than the famous Dick Turpin—Dick Turpin, who had for so long been the terror of the eastern and the midland roads: Dick Turpin, who had, eel-like, slipped so often through the meshes of the law, arrested at last in the little village of Welton for shooting a cock! There was some-

thing grotesquely droll in such a trivial ending to so terrible a life of outlawry.

And to be discovered in such a manner! An old school-master had recognized his handwriting upon a letter that he had written in York Castle.

When the news got fairly adrift, the prison was encumbered by the crowds that came to visit the famous outlaw. And for all he had a merry jest, a good-natured word, and a frank answer to every question. His evil humor had passed entirely away. A rogue never appears to such advantage as when in prison. By-and-by the end came, as it so nearly always came to folks of his kind in those days—a cross-beam and a hempen rope.

It was amazing what a number of friends he had amongst the common people! It was known to the populace that the body was to be anatomized. So soon as the report became current, the grave was examined, and the body was found to have been already stolen. Finally, however, it was recovered and brought back again to the graveyard, through the open streets, upon the shoulders of four or five rapsallions, lying stretched out on a deal board, accompanied by a funeral procession of riffraff and ragamuffins, and was finally buried in a coffin with quick-lime.

Such is the bald history of two of the chapbook heroes of whom we have positive records. That the mass who read of their doings follow them with interest and sneaking sympathy cannot be denied. Whence does that sympathy spring?

THE HUMAN PLAN.

BY C. H. CRANDALL.

(CHILD, playing with the baubles of to-day—
 Child, with the gold or with the silver hair
 Say, how wouldst thou have built Creation's stair
 Hadst thou been free to have thy puny way?
 Could thy intelligence have shot the ray
 That lit the universe of upper air?
 Wouldst thou have told the surging stars to dare
 Their glorious flight, and never stop nor stay?

Yet, turning on this life thy weak disdain,
 Thou triest to guess thy lot in loftier places;
 To picture heaven—a flash of wings, a strain
 Of trancing music, and the long-lost faces
 The tender human heaven of our need;
 But, after all, what may be heaven indeed?



SQUANTICO FROM THE NORTHEAST

SIX HOURS IN SQUANTICO.

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

SQUANTICO was not my destination. I confess to hearing from my berth in the Pullman, when the train stopped in the depot, all the customary sounds—the bumpings and couplings of the cars, the relieved “whuff!” of the locomotive catching its breath after the night’s run, the shouts of the hackmen, and the rumbling of the baggage trucks. I remember also the “Dust you off, sir,” of the suddenly attentive porter levying black-mail with his brush, the glare of the lanterns, and blinding flash of the head-light.

All this came to me as I lay half awake in my section, but it did not suggest Squantico. On the contrary, it meant prospective peace and comfort, and another hour’s nap, when I would be finally side-tracked outside the station in Washington. So I turned over and enjoyed it.

Experience teaches me that the going astray of the best-laid plans is not wholly confined to men and mice; it includes Pullmans.

My first intimation came from the expectant black-mailer.

“Eight o’clock, sir; last berth occupied.”

More positive data proceeded from the conductor, who clicked a punch under my nose and blurted out, “Tickets!”

I fumbled mechanically under my pillow, and remembering, said, sleepily, “Gave them to you last night.”

“Not to me. Want your tickets for Richmond.”

I sat up. Whole rows of people up and dressed for all day were quietly and contentedly occupying their seats. Every berth was swept away. My curtains alone dangled from the continuous brass rod, every eye in the car being fastened on my travelling bedroom.

“I am not going to Richmond. I get off at Washington.”

“Wrong car, sir. Left Washington two hours ago.”

“Stop at the next station,” I gasped, grabbing my coat.

The conductor peered through the car window, pulled the bell-rope, and called out, “All out for Squantico!” and the next moment I was shivering in a pool of snow and water, my bag bottom side up, the rear of the retreating train filling a distant cut.

A man in a fur hat and blue overcoat regarded me a moment, picked up a mail-pouch from a half-melted snow-bank, and preceded me up a muddy road flanked by a worm-fence. I overtook him, and added my bag to his load.

“When can I get back to Washington?”

“Ten minutes past two.”

I made a hurried calculation. Six hours! What could a man do with six hours in a hole like this? Before I had turned the road I had learned all that

could possibly interest me; the hotel was closed; Colonel Jarvis kept a store third house from the corner; and Mrs. Jarvis could get me a breakfast.

It was not a cheery morning to land anywhere. January thaw mornings never are. A drizzling rain saturated everything. A steaming fog hung over the low country, drifted out over the river, and made ghosts of the piles of an unfinished dock. The mud was inches deep under the snow, which lay sprawling out in patches, covering the ground like a worn-out coat. A dozen of cheaply constructed houses and stores built of wood fronted on one side of a broad road. Opposite the group was a great barn of a building, with its doors and lower windows boarded up. This was the hotel.

The man with the pouch exchanged my bag for a dime, pointed to a collection of empty dry-goods boxes ranged along the sidewalk ahead, and disappeared within a door bearing a swinging tin sign marked "Post-Office." I rounded the largest box, climbed the steps, and entered the typical country store.

"Is Colonel Jarvis in?"

Four men hugging a cast-iron stove pushed back their chairs. One—a lank, chin-bearded Virginian—straightened himself out and came forward. He wore a black slouch hat, a low-cut velvet vest with glass buttons—all gone but two—a shoestring necktie, and a pair of carpet slippers very much run down at the heel.

"I'm Kurnal Jarvis, zur. What kin I do for you?"

"I am adrift here, and cannot return for some hours. The mail man said perhaps Mrs. Jarvis would get me a cup of coffee."

The colonel replied that he did not keep a hotel, or, in fact, a house of entertainment of any kind; but that since the closing—he should say the collapse—of the Ocomoke Hotel he had prevailed upon Mrs. Jarvis to spread a humble table for the comfort and restoration of the wayfarer and stranger. If I would do him the honor of preceding him through the folding-doors to the right, he would conduct me to Mrs. Jarvis, a chop, and a cup of coffee.

The breakfast was fairly good, although the vivid imagination of the colonel was not realized, Mrs. Jarvis—a soft-voiced, gentle, sweet-spoken little woman—apologizing for the condition of her larder,

and substituting corn-bread and a sliver of bacon for the chop, and a weak decoction of toasted sweet-potato skins and chiccory for the divine essence of old Mocha.

While she served me, I, with no better motive than the mere killing of time until the 2.10 train should rescue me from what promised to be a most forlorn experience, drew from her not only her own history, but that of her unfortunate neighbors.

It seemed that some years back a capitalist from New York, uniting with other money-bags from Richmond, had settled upon the town of Squantico as presenting, by reason of its location, extraordinary advantages for river and rail transportation; that, in pursuance of this scheme, they had bought up all the land in and around the village, had staked out avenues and town lots, erected an imposing hotel surmounted by a cupola, and had started an immense pile dock trampling out into the river; that they had surveyed and partly graded a certain railroad, described as a "sixty-pound steel-rail and iron-bridge road," having one terminus on the wandering dock and the other in a net-work of arteries connecting with the "heart of the whole Southern system"; that, in addition to these local and contiguous improvements, such small trifles as a court-house of granite, a public school of brick with stone trimmings, extensive water-works, and ridiculously cheap gas were to be immediately erected and introduced. All these enlargements, improvements, and benefits were duly set forth in a large circular, or handbill, with head-lines in red ink, a fly-specked copy of which could still be found tacked up behind the colonel's bar. In addition to these gratuities, large discounts were offered to the earliest settlers purchasing town lots and erecting structures thereon, the terms being within reach of the poorest—one-fourth cash, and the balance in three yearly instalments of an equal amount.

Beguiled by these conditions and prospects, the colonel had sold his farm—that is, his wife's—on the James River, had moved their household effects to Squantico, paid the first instalment, and erected the store and dwelling. This had absorbed their means.

All went well for the first year, or until the hotel was finished. Then came the collapse. One morning all work ceased

on the dock and railroad, and it transpired that another capitalist of pointedly opposite views from the original group of projectors had gobbled up the road-bed of the projected railway, and had carried its terminus far out of reach of Squantico, and miles down the river. This had occurred three years back.

Since that date a complicated sort of melancholy had settled down over Squantico; the proprietors of the hotel had closed its doors from sheer starvation—not so much from want of something to eat as for want of somebody to eat it—the unfinished dock had gone to decay and the town to ruin. Squantico had shrivelled up like a gourd in a September frost.

Nor was this all. Since the collapse no one had been able to meet the second and third payments on the land; the original capitalists wanted their pound of flesh; foreclosure proceedings had already been begun, and the act of dispossession was to be taken at the next spring term of the county court. Everybody in the village besides themselves was in the same plight.

I paid for my breakfast, sympathized deeply with the gentle, sad lady, and started out into the store.

The colonel widened the circle around the stove, turned to the three other chair holders, and introduced me as "My friend Major—" and paused for my name. As I did not supply it, he glanced toward my bag for relief, caught sight of a baggage label pasted across one end, marked "B., Room —, N. Y.," and went straight on, as serene as an auctioneer with a fictitious bid.

"Broom—Major Broom—gentlemen, from New York."

The occupants stood erect for an instant, and immediately sank into their chairs again.

If the title was a surprise to me, I being a plain landscape-painter, without any capitals of any kind before or after my



COLONEL JARVIS.

patronymic, the effrontery of displacing it by an express company's check simply took my breath away. But I did not correct him. It was not worth the while. He thanked me with his eye for my forbearance, and placed a chair at my disposal.

The colonel's eye, by-the-way, was not the least interesting feature of his countenance. It was a moist, watery eye, suggestive of a system of accounts kept mostly in chalk on a set of books covering half the swinging doors in the county. From between these watery spots protruded a sharp, beak-like nose.

The colonel connected the two features by placing his forefinger longitudinally along his nose until the nail closed the left optic, and remarked, in a dry, husky voice, that it was about his time, and would I join him? Instantly three pair of legs dropped from the stove rail, an equal number of chairs were emptied, and their occupants filed through a green

door. I excused myself on the ground of a late breakfast, and while they were absent made an inventory of the interior. It consisted of one long room, on each side of which ran a pine counter. This was littered up with scraps of wrapping paper, a mouldy cheese covered by a wire fly screen, some cracker boxes, and a case with a glass top containing small piles of plug tobacco and some jars of stick candy. Behind these counters were ranged pine shelves, holding the usual assortment of hardware, dry-goods, canned vegetables, and groceries. On the bottom shelf lay a grillage of bar soap, left out to dry. All the top shelves were packed with empty boxes—labels outside—indicating to the unpractised eye certain commercial resources.

Outside, the rain fell in a drizzle, and the fog settled in wavy wreaths. Along the road staggered a single team—horse and mule tandem—harnessed or rather tied up in clothes-lines, and drawing a cart as large as a shoe box, loaded with cord-wood, the whole followed by a negro in cowhide boots, an old army coat, and a straw hat. The movement was slow, but sure enough to convince one that they had not all died in their tracks overnight.

I followed this team with my eye until the fog swallowed it up; watched a flock of geese pick their way across the road, the leader's nose high in the air, as if disgusted with the day; went over in my mind the delay of preparing the breakfast, the time lost in its disposal, the long talk with Mrs. Jarvis, and my many experiences since, and concluded that it must be high noon. I looked at my watch, and a chill crept down my spine. It was but a quarter past nine!

Five hours more!

Disheartened but not wholly cast down, I rummaged over a lot of wrapping paper, borrowed a pencil, and made outline sketches of some pigeons drying their feathers under the eaves of the stable roof; interviewed the boy feeding the pigs; listened enviously to their contented grunts; and at last, in sheer desperation, returned to the store and sat down. The hours were leaden. Would I never get away? I began to have murderous intentions toward the porter. I remembered his exact expression when he promised the night before to wake me at eight o'clock. I could have sworn, on think-

ing it over, that he knew I was in the wrong car, and had concealed the fact, tempted by the opulence expressed in my new London bag. I felt that it had all been a devilish scheme to rob me of a double quarter, and throw me out into the mud in this thaw-stricken town.

In my broodings I began to take in the colonel, following his movements around the store, wondering whether he was not in the conspiracy, and had set the clock back to insure my missing the train. A moment's reflection convinced me of the absurdity of all my misgivings, and I resolved to rise to the occasion. Mark Tapley would have made a gala-day of it. I decided to study the citizens.

The colonel was waiting on a customer—the only real one I had seen—a mulatto girl with a jug.

"Misser Jarvis, Miss 'Manthy sez dat thimble w'at you sent her las' week wuz ur i'on thimble, an' she want ur steel one. An' she sez ef yer 'ain't got no steel one she want ur squart o' molasses."

"Where's the thimble?" said the colonel.

"I drap it in de snow-bank out yer—'deed an' double I did—an' I 'most froze lookin' fur't."

The colonel sighed.

While he was filling the jug, an old man in an overcoat made from a gray army blanket, and dragging a long Kentucky rifle by the muzzle, straggled in, and asked for a box of percussion-caps and half a pound of powder. Then resting his shooting-iron against the counter, and pushing his long, skinny, cramped hands through his coat sleeves, he opened his thin fingers out before the stove, and ventured the remark that it was "right smart chilly."

"Any game, uncle?" I inquired.

"Mostly turkeys, zur; but they's gittin' miz'ble sca'ce lately. 'Fo' de wah 't warn't nuthin' to git a passel of turkeys 'fore breakfas'. But you can't git 'em now. Dese yer scand'l'us-back ducks is mo' plenty than they wuz; but ther ain't no gret shucks on 'em nary way."

The colonel handed the old man his ammunition, replaced a cracker box, threw his legs over the counter, and took the chair next me, his heels on the rail.

"Here on business, major?"

"No; pleasure," I replied, wearily.

"Sorry the weather is so bad, zur; Squantico is not looking its best. Had



"VENTURED THE REMARK THAT IT WAS RIGHT SMART CHILLY."

you been here some few years ago, it would have looked dif'rent to you, zur."

"You mean before the scheme started?"

"Scheme or swindle, either way, zur. Perhaps you know Mr. Isaac Hoyle?"

I expressed my ignorance.

"Or have heard of the Squantico Land and Improvement Company?"

I was equally at fault, except what I had learned through Mrs. Jarvis.

"Then, zur, you are in no way connected with the gang of scoundrels who would rob us of our homes?"

I assured him that he had hit it exactly.

"Allow me to shake you by the han', zur, and offer you an apology. We took you for a lawyer, zur, from New York, come down about these fo'closure proceedin's. Will you join me?" Again all the legs came down simultaneously with a bang, but my firmness prevailed, and they were slowly elevated once more.

"What are you going to do about the matter?" I asked.

"What can we do, zur? We are bound hand and foot. We are prostrate, zur—prostrate."

"Do?" said I, a ray of hope lighting up my spirits. "Would you have built this house if Hoyle had not agreed to build his railroad?"

"Of co'se not," said the colonel.

"And he build?"

"Not a foot."

"Did you?"

"Certainly."

"Well, then, colonel, sue Hoyle."

The colonel rose from his chair, and fixed upon me his drier eye. The loungers straightened up and formed a circle.

"Are there any water-works, granite school-houses, city halls, and other such metropolitan luxuries around?" I continued.

The colonel shook his head.

"Had these been erected, and had the programme as marked out in that bespattered circular behind your door been carried out, would you be as poor as you are, or would you not now have a warehouse across the road to hold your surplus stock, and three wagons constantly backed up before your door to serve your customers? I tell you, sue Isaac Hoyle."

"Keurnal," said Jarvis—I did not correct the promotion—"would you have any objection to elucidate your views before some of our leadin' citizens? They indicate a grasp of this subject, zur, which is giant-like—yez, zur, giant-like! Judge Drummond and Gen'ral Lownes are at this moment in the post-office, two ver' remarkable men, zur, quite our fo'most citizens. Might I send for them?"

"I would be delighted to meet the gentlemen." It might consume an hour. "Send for them, my dear sir; nothing would give me greater pleasure."

"Here, Joe," said the colonel, calling a negro who had lounged in from the road, and was now hovering on the outside of the circle; "g'w'up to the post-office, and tell Jedge Drummond and Gen'ral Lownes to come yer quick." The boy shuffled out, and Jarvis laid his hand on my shoulder. "It's a pleasure, keurnel, a gen-u-ine pleasure, zur, to meet a man of yo' calibre. Allow me to grasp yo' han', and ask you before the arrival of my friends to—"

There was a slight movement toward the green door, but I checked it before the sentence was complete.

"No! Well, zur, we will make it later. By-the-way, Keurnal, before I forget it"—the colonel locked his arm through mine and led me aside—"do not offer Mrs. Jarvis any compensation for yo' breakfast. She comes of a very high family, zur, and has a very sensitive nature. Of course, if you insist, I—"and my trade dollar dropped without a sound into his desolate pocket. "Here, boy! Did you fin' the gentlemen?"

"De gin'ral done gone duckin', sah, 'fore daylight, but the jedge say he is comin' right away scat."

The judge was on the boy's heels. As he entered, his eye wandered restlessly toward the green door. He had evidently misunderstood the message. I arose to greet him, the ring of listeners widening out to do justice to the impending ceremony. While the colonel squared himself for the opening address, I took in the general outline of the judge. He was the exact opposite of my host—a short, fat, shad-shaped man of some fifty years or more, whose later life had been spent in a ceaseless effort to keep his clothes up snug around the waist, his failures above being recorded in the wrinkles of his almost buttonless coat, and his successes

below in the bagging of his trousers at the knee. He wore low shoes that did not match, and white cotton stockings a week old. A round, good-natured face, ornamented by a mustache dyed brown and a stump of a cigar, surmounted the whole.

"Jedge Drummond," began the colonel, "I sent my servant for you, zur, to introduce to you my ve'y particular friend General Broom, of the metropolis, zur, who is visiting the South, and whodropped in upon us this morning to breakfast. General Broom, zur, is one of the most remark'ble men of the day, and, although a soldier like ourselves, has devoted himself since the wah to the practice of the law, and now stands at the zenith, the ve'y zenith, zur, of his p'ofession."

The judge expressed himself as overwhelmed, extended three fingers, and corrugated his vest pattern into wrinkles in the effort to squeeze himself between the arms of a chair. Jarvis then continued:

"Gen'l Broom is deeply interested in the misfortunes which have overtaken Squantico, and has given expression to some ideas lookin' to'ards our vested rights which are startlin', zur. Broom, will you kindly repeat yo' views to the jedge?"

I did so briefly. To my mind it was simply a matter of contract. A land company had staked out a comparative wilderness, and as an inducement to investors and settlers had made certain promises, which, under the circumstances, were binding agreements. These agreements covered the erection of certain municipal buildings, public conveniences, and improvements, together with a hotel, a dock, and a railroad. Only a fraction of these had been carried out. I would remind them, furthermore, that these agreements were distributed broadcast, and if not in writing, were in print, which in this case was the same thing. Relying on these documents, certain capitalists, like my friend Colonel Jarvis, had invested a very large portion of their surplus in erecting structures suitable only for a city of considerable commercial importance. The result was a matter of history.

Judge Drummond nodded, shifted his cigar, and remarked that the argument "was a sledge-hammer." He was delighted at the opportunity of knowing a man with so colossal a grasp.

The store began filling up—the hurried exit of the boy and the instantaneous return of the judge having had its effect on

Editor's Easy Chair.

WHILE Patti still sings—the last diva of the old Italian dynasty which was so long the sovereign of the world of opera—the sceptic of Wagner may exult, and refuse allegiance to the reigning house. Indeed, even when her voice is silent, there will be tough old operatic Jacobites who will never yield, and will still pledge the king over the water. The rapturous days of the personal triumph of the singer, such as the names of Catalani, Malibran, Pasta, Grisi, Sontag, Jenny Lind, and Patti recall, will be fondly cited as the culmination of opera. The Wagner epoch will be described as something else.

But woe to the man who takes a side in the ardent controversy, or treats it too seriously! Indeed, such is the intensity of the ardor that perhaps it is woe to him if he does not. Possibly there is no escape, and the Easy Chair which has found both stools comfortable sitting may yet be destined to fall, spurned, between the two. Certainly the good Vicar of Bray did not breathe a plague upon both the houses, but emulated the discursive Macheath, who could have been happy with either. If you are really fond of roses, why suffer yourself to be forced to choose between York and Lancaster? Are there not rare moments when the lover of both feels that each is lovelier than the other?

In this delightful hesitancy of choice, which the French felicitously call the embarrassment of riches, another claimant for admiration, and also provocative of controversy, appears. Strauss waves his magical bow, the enchanter's hereditary wand. He waves it, that is to say, in the necessary forecast of the Easy Chair, which is often obliged by the hard stress of publication to treat the future as the present, and to assume as fact what is apparently sure to occur. Strauss's coming seems at this time of writing to be assured, although when the writing has become irrevocable print, his arrival may have proved to be an alluring mirage long vanished.

The objection to his coming seems like a passage from an extravaganza. A law was passed to prevent the influx of artisans under contract of labor made in Europe. Its purpose was plain and confessed. It was not intended to exclude

musicians; certainly not musicians of the higher grade, who were designed to be expressly excepted from the operation of the law under the name of artists. But, with grotesque debasement of their own pursuit, some musicians insisted that the members of the most renowned orchestra in the world were not artists, but artisans, and were intended to be excluded as contract laborers.

This extraordinary allegation was made not in the interests of music, nor of art, nor of any pretence of the public welfare, but of the personal advantage of those who raised the objection. The droll corollary was inevitable that customs officers must determine who are artists. Collectors of ports have many and perplexing duties. But the duty of deciding whether a passenger arriving from Europe is or is not an artist would be the most bewildering ordeal to which a chief of the custom-house was ever summoned.

If the luckless officer had been denied by nature a musical ear, or any knowledge or appreciation of art, if, haply, he knew not Yankee Doodle from Old Hundred, and heard Paganini and Brudder Bones on the banjo with equal profundity of ignorance and equal absence of all ability of discrimination, to what ludicrous straits our laws would have reduced our officers! The late Mr. Charles P. Clinch was held to be the most astute and deeply versed of customs officers at the port of New York. Kind fate happily removed him before he was confronted with the necessity of deciding whether A of the first violin was an artist, and B of the second violin an artisan. There are questions which have perplexed the shrewdest wits in all ages. "What is truth? said jesting Pilate." What is love? What is beauty? What is grace? Poets and philosophers, critics and scholars, have essayed an answer. But what is art, is a question which, although Winckelmann and Lessing might have hesitated to reply, our laws, it is alleged, require the collectors of customs to answer.

The accomplished reader may decline to smile at the suggestion of such Baratarian laws. He may remark with patriotic gravity that the collector could inform himself. If Heaven had left him without an ear or a mind in the hear-

ing of music, he could invoke the aid of those who know music when they hear it, and recognize artists when they play. Doubtless the collector could have done this. But if he was to decide by the opinion of others, he had the best opinion already, in common with the whole world. He might, indeed, appeal to a tribunal of a dozen connoisseurs. But he had already the consenting opinion of thousands and thousands of them. The judgment of general and special knowledge, experience, and taste had been already loudly pronounced. And it was because it had been so pronounced, because there was no doubt or question that the Strauss orchestra was a society of artists, that it had been engaged to come to the United States that we might enjoy a pleasure of art which had been hitherto confined to Europe.

The Collector of the Port of New York must wish with all his heart that every question upon which he must sit in judgment had been as fully and satisfactorily decided for him as the question raised by this comical challenge. But if a sinister fate should deprive us of the pleasure of hearing this music, the disappointment would be both exasperated and relieved by the absurdity of the reason. The laugh would be irresistible, but unluckily it would be a laugh at ourselves. We might all be in danger of punishment for contempt of Congress or of the official interpreters of the law. But Orpheus moved stocks and stones. Let but Strauss try if he have the same power!

Those who recall the older Strauss, the Strauss of Krolls Hall in the Thiergarten at Berlin, that marvellous conducting bow, the exquisite discipline of that accordant band, the resistless sweep of the measured music, the romantic story of the *Sophienwältzer*, which those who had not heard still unconsciously felt, will know, if the younger Strauss is forbidden to come, what a public pleasure has been lost.

As newspapers become larger properties and more powerful forces in modern society, what is called "journalistic ethics" becomes in the newspapers themselves a subject of frequent remark. The great papers are constantly more cosmopolitan. But there are lapses still, reverberations into the day of smaller things. Even the seraphic doctors of the loftiest ethics do sometimes nod, and themselves

illustrate the petty offences which they chide.

There is a very pleasant glimpse of the provincial character even of the London papers at the turn of the eighteenth into the nineteenth century in Charles Lamb's essay on newspapers thirty-five years ago. They kept wags, he says, writers who prepared daily jokes at very moderate rates. Sometimes, when wit ran low, the audacious writer ventured to give the air of a jest to what sadly lacked the substance. "Bob Allen, our quondam school-fellow," sinned especially in this way. By a sprightly tone he aroused the anticipation of humor, the failure of which in the sequel left the reader in a bewildered state, like that of a man who bites a seeming apple with the result of a mouthful of wax.

One of Bob's effusions was this: "Walking yesterday morning casually down Snow Hill, who should we meet but Mr. Deputy Humphreys." Nothing could be fresher or more promising than this lively opening. Expectation is a tiptoe, and the forthcoming humorous stroke is already welcomed with a smile. But the ending is that of the highway which dwindled to a squirrel path and ran up a tree, or of the river which was suddenly lost in the ground. "We rejoice to add that the worthy Deputy appeared to enjoy a good state of health. We do not remember ever to have seen him look better." Undeniably the climax is disappointing. There is a confused sense of miscarriage. The baffled mind is gradually prepared for Lamb's remark that Bob's services were soon after dispensed with, "his paragraphs of late seeming deficient in point."

This was a newspaper in the capital of Britain such as we should expect to see in Rip Van Winkle's village. Yet out of such papers have grown the great journals which bring Congress, courts, and legislatures to right gross public wrongs, which explore the hidden places of the earth, and have "ethics" of their own to discuss. Ours is undoubtedly the golden age of the newspaper. It was never more powerful, and Mr. Warner, himself a chief expert, recently asks whether it is the paper or the public which is the more responsible for its character.

There is one aspect of journalistic ethics upon which a question may be ventured. Is a newspaper bound by the same rules

of conduct which bind individual men and women? If not, what is the reason, and at what point does the allowable divergence begin? May a newspaper, for instance, properly and deliberately lie? If not, may it insinuate a lie, or properly insult and ridicule those from whom it differs in a manner which is not tolerated among gentlemen, and would cause the editor, should he do the same thing privately, to be generally cut by gentlemen and expelled from a club or sent to Coventry? Perhaps the scope of the question may be summed up by asking whether a man may properly do as an editor what it is not permissible for him to do as a private gentleman?

A newspaper, like a railroad or a church, is merely a person or a company of persons. The editorial "we" does not express an abstract being, but the man who writes the words. "We" is always Brown, Jones, or Robinson. Does the fact, then, that the words are subsequently printed and widely diffused and read affect Brown's or Jones's or Robinson's responsibility in writing them? The responsibility includes the whole conduct of the paper. If the editor as a private gentleman could not honorably hire agents to do any kind of dirty work—to steal documents, for instance, which he knows cannot be obtained except by theft or betrayal of trust; to obtain information by means which would cause the offender, if detected, to be kicked or thrashed; to mention the names of wholly private persons, and comment upon their appearance and behavior in public places; to pry into the private affairs of families in order to furnish entertainment for the public, when similar inquiries into private households for the purpose of posting upon the bulletins of clubs any information that might be obtained would be justly resented and punished—if a private gentleman could not himself cause such things to be done, may he as an editor properly hire them to be done?

When Bob Allen says in the paper that he casually met Mr. Deputy Humphreys—who was a public character—and never saw him looking better, it is merely pointless. But if Mr. Bob Allen had said of a private lady in her box at the opera, whose name he mentioned, with a description of her clothes, that she was fatter and redder than ever, it would have been a dastardly act, although it might have

raised a laugh and increased the sale of the paper the next day, to see who was to be hit next. If a man would not privately pander to gross and degrading tastes and instincts in the community, would the higher journalistic ethics permit him to do it as an editor, under the pretence of news? Now a murder may be news. But is a disgusting and revolting description of details, designed not to aid justice, but to gratify a depraved taste for horrors, the proper or honorably permissible office of a newspaper, that is to say, of Mr. Brown, Jones, or Robinson, the editor? Honest men despise a man who by insinuation and innuendo and implication conveys an injurious personal impression of another man which he knows to be false. Do journalistic ethics absolve him if he does this as an editor?

It is plain that the question whether the newspaper lies beyond the diocese of conscience and the pale of gentlemanly conduct is interesting and important. The Easy Chair, a reader of newspapers and an observer of the daily life of the world upon which they comment, is disposed to believe that whatever may be true of the purse of a great paper, its power declines just in the degree that it contemns the acknowledged rules of generous feeling and manly conduct in human intercourse. The power of a newspaper as a beneficent force in civilization does not depend upon the extent of its circulation nor the receipts of its advertising columns, but upon the public confidence in its integrity and respect for its honor, because its ability demonstrates itself.

THE National Academy of Design gave a dinner this year on the eve of the opening of the annual exhibition. It has not been the custom of that modest society, but it is a good custom, and it has a good precedent. In London one of the pleasantest dinners of the year is the banquet—for the title aggrandizes with the importance of the occasion—the banquet of the Royal Academy at the annual opening of the gallery. Sometimes a royal personage is present, and great is the consolation which his presence affords to the genuine Briton.

This is an undeniable and suggestive truth. But the satisfaction in the presence of such a personage is not necessarily all due to snobbery. The presence of the President of the United States at

its recent dinner would have been welcomed by the Academy of Design. But President Huntington and the N.A.'s and the A.'s, and whatsoever other significant letters of graded honor there may be, are not snobs, and their welcome would have been as manly as their pleasure would have been sincere. The pleasure also would not have been personal. It would not have depended upon the social spirit or gifts of the Chief Magistrate, because on this occasion his presence would have been symbolical. It would have given to a festival of art the dignity of national countenance, sympathy, and approval.

So at the Royal Academy dinner the prince or the duke of the royal line may be very silent, and contribute nothing whatever to the occasion but his presence. But that is enough. England in him approves. The state incarnate smiles. The crown, the symbol of the country, pays homage to art as one of the refining and ennobling forces of the nation. This, with some infusion of the satisfaction which Thackeray says every free-born Briton feels in keeping company with a duke, explains sufficiently the Royal Academy's satisfaction with its guest.

But a prince, like Shylock's Jew, hath qualities and senses like the rest of us, and how does a man like to be always a symbol, and honored constantly not for himself, but as a sign or a representative of something abstract and impalpable? A prince is imprisoned in his state. His grandeur exiles him from happiness familiar to the poorest man. He is wrapped in suspicion and doubt lest, reversing the ways of Providence, behind the smiling face of adulation there should be a frown perhaps even of contempt. I am so rich, says the daughter of Midas, sadly, that I know not who loves me. The prince of fine nature and sympathetic intelligence must feel with a pang that too truly he is but a ceremony.

Pitying the prince, however, we are straying far from the Academy dinner. Part of the charm of all such feasts is the reminiscence that they awaken, illustrating the continuous life of the institution. The present is enriched with recollections of the past. Through the pictures that hang upon the walls of the galleries shine the remembered pictures of another day, until to an older eye the whole exhibition becomes a palimpsest—one beauty and time and touch overlap-

ping another. So on the catalogue some lingering name here and there suggests its old associates—artists whose names are gone from the catalogue, but will never fade from affectionate memory.

Perhaps in the galleries this year you may see some figure attentively scanning the pictures who does not wear

"The old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches and all that,"

but who can remember those who did. He may even recall the Academy exhibitions in old Clinton Hall, which stood at the head of Beekman Street, next to the Clinton Hotel, at the corner of Park Row. What a cozy little town the city must then have been! There were fine residences in the street, and down toward Pearl Street there was St. George's Church, where Dr. Milnor preached to what is still called, with unconscious irony, a fashionable congregation; not that it is not fashionable, but that the word is ludicrous in what the good rector would have called "that connection." In St. George's, Columbia College sometimes held its Commencements, issuing from its sylvan seclusion between Park Place and College Place, and proceeding across the park to the church. Men who have not yet reached the psalmist's limit of years recall it. Yet to the general public it is a legendary epoch when art and letters frequented Beekman Street. The poet has made Pan in Wall Street conceivable, but the Muses in Beekman Street—!

Those were the days in the Academy of Cole and Durand, of Morse and Chapman, of Henry Inman and Ingham. Elliott was beginning. Kensett had not begun. A little later they were all exhibiting in the building of the Society Library at the corner of Broadway and Leonard Street. Later still the Academy opened the doors of its exhibition on Broadway opposite Bond Street. It pitched its tent in many places, as Mr. Bryant said at the laying of the cornerstone of its present building, but it had no permanent home of its own until twenty-seven years ago, when, before the civil war was over, its present pretty building was begun.

Is the brilliant banquet in that Venetian house, just as the sixty-fifth exhibition opens, the pulpit from which to discourse of the growth of art in this coun-

try since, nearly seventy years ago, Mr. Morse invited his fellow-artists in New York to eat strawberries and cream at his rooms, and there founded the Academy? Is the end of a chat of the Easy Chair the place to begin a disquisition upon the influence of academies upon art and literature?

Yet even in that extremity it is not unseemly to recur to the fact that an organization like the Academy gives visible body to the interest of art, and an opportunity for its collective recognition. Only occasionally would a visitor reach the studio of the individual artist, but the gallery and exhibition of the associated artists are attractions for all the world. Upon the walls of the Academy the connoisseur makes acquaintance with every degree of genius and talent. It is the Rialto of art, the natural modern result of æsthetic activity and interest and life.

There, best, the observer may detect the rise or fall in painting of the creative power. There, if a great national school of art is to arise, its beginnings will be traced, as that of the great epoch of Italian painting was disclosed in the pictures upon the walls of palaces and convents and churches. In painting, as in all the arts of expression, the mute Milton is a pathetic figure of the imagination, not of life. The living Milton, wherever he may be, seeks first to sing, but the instinct of song is not satisfied if the singing be unheard. Mr. Emerson was asked why his interest had declined in a youth who had seemed to him full of promise. He answered, simply, "I doubted his genius when I found that he did not crave an audience."

So long live the Academy, and if only in the midst of our roaring Babylon to recall to the public mind the serene dignity and power of art and the loftier and permanent aims of human life, let us hope that the dinner of the Academy may become as regular and constant as its exhibition.

A SON of the Puritans says that he has seen in a public square in English Manchester a monument to Oliver Cromwell. And why, he asks, if we are resolved to commemorate with extraordinary demonstrations, of which a monument and statue will be the least, the Genoese Columbus, who, thinking that he had found a western way to India, reached an out-

lying American island—why shall we not also build the statue of the great Puritan protector, the chief historic embodiment in England of the conscience, the energy, and the courage which have been thus far the dominant influence in American civilization?

It is not enough to say that there are many great Americans yet waiting for their statues, because in Central Park there are statues of famous foreigners. But this may be said, that the foreigners whom we commemorate are not soldiers or statesmen, but artists and poets, men of creative genius in imperishable forms. If the inquirer suggests that America in its loftiest character and tendency is the work of Puritan statesmanship, the question opens wide. However it may be answered, it was not even so great a man as Oliver Cromwell who may be called our political progenitor. It was the spirit that made Cromwell. It was the Puritan spirit, and of the Puritan in his primitive and simple form—the Pilgrim—there is already a statue in the Park.

But if the selection of an individual and symbolical Puritan were to be submitted to discussion, as becomes the land of the town meeting, and decided by vote, the statue would hardly be decreed to Cromwell, but to a man more comprehensive, of larger mould, of more universal genius, whose work visibly survives, and who to the imagination, at least of the newer England, is the consummate flower of Puritanism—John Milton. He had the graces and the charm of poesy. Like all the great poets, he is, in the sweep of his genius and the delight he confers, of no country and of no time. He is, moreover, the permanent refutation of the notion that Puritanism was merely a spirit of austerity and ignorant fanaticism, of which Zeal-in-the-land Busy and Tribulation Wholesome and Praise God Barebones were the fitting types and names.

A statue of Milton would prefigure the mellowed Puritanism of the later day, when it is distinguished as much by his generous cultivation and noble scholarship and high sense of public duty as by the severe dogma of religious faith. But before we come to his statue there are several others to be considered, and also it is necessary to consider the collection of money, upon which subject the committees on the Grant Monument and the

Memorial Arch may be wisely consulted. Meanwhile it is curious to reflect that New York barely escaped a statue of Tweed, for which many well-known citizens subscribed, and that statues are projected to men not of such renown as be seems a statue, but for which friendly regard readily supplies the money.

Our neighbor Boston is said to lament certain statues which either indiscriminate feeling, a want of the fine sense of propriety, or æsthetic obtuseness and ignorance have erected in that city. Yet the sentiment which honors local services and distinction is one from which more important results than statues spring. A community mindful of its own is a community which respects its rights and is ready to defend them. A statue of Sam Adams, the genius of the town meeting, would be asked for by every pilgrim to the three-hilled city who knew its history. Yet Sam Adams was essentially a New England figure, although he spoke the word which expressed a continental feeling.

None the less if every gravestone de-

plores the singular virtue of him whom it commemorates, the familiar question may be fitly transformed into a comprehensive epitaph, and inscribed upon the gate of the cemetery, "Here the good lie buried." If everybody deserves a statue, let a statue of one nobly proportioned man serve to honor all. If everybody is not to be so commemorated, let us weigh well the character and life we commend forever to the homage of mankind.

The epoch of which Cromwell was a master figure is perhaps better celebrated in such a figure as Ward's "Pilgrim" than in that of any individual Puritan. There were passages in Cromwell's life, defects of character, doubtful deeds, which we would forget in the greatness of his service. But in Ward's statue we see only the noble spirit, the sovereign conscience, the lofty self-sacrifice of an epoch in which our republic was born. Shall not these suffice, and the statue of Cromwell wait until the statues of the spotless Jay and of the charming Irving stand in the city in which they were born?

Editor's Study.

I
IN spite of the vigilance of our dramatic criticism, which has shown such unwearied perseverance in undervaluing whatever was native or novel in the efforts of our playwrights, we really seem to be pretty well on our way toward the promise of an American comedy. We do not like to put the case more strongly than this, because even yet we have moments when we can scarcely credit the fact, the disparity between the opposing forces is so great.

On the one side, we have long had a large body of gentlemen trained to a profound misconception of their office, and deeply grounded in a traditional ignorance of the essence and nature of the drama, writing every night about the theatres, and more and more believing in themselves and their ideal of what a play ought to be, without reference to what life was. The criticisms which they have thus produced between church-yard-yawning and cock-crowing, with the advantages of a foreman behind and a night editor before, hurrying them up for their

copy, have been such as must surprise the sympathetic witness by their uniform confidence and severity; but they have not in great measure carried, even to the most generous compassion, the evidences of fitness for the censorship assumed. These gentlemen have sometimes been able to tell us what good acting is, for they have seen a great deal of acting; but here their usefulness has too often ended; not certainly by their fault, for no man can be justly blamed for not telling more than he knows. Many of them know what a French play is, for they have seen enough adaptations of French plays to have learned to admire their extremely neat carpentry, and their carefully adjusted and brilliantly varnished sections, which can be carried to any climate, and put together and taken apart as often as you like, without making them less representative of anything that ever was in the world. They have been struck with the ingenious regularity of the design in these contrivances; they have seen how smoothly they worked, and they have formed such dramatic theories as they have from dramas in which situation links into situa-

tion, and effect into effect, upon lines of such admirable rigidity that it is all as unerring as making up a train of cars with the Miller Coupler and Buffer. But it would be wrong to say that many of these gentlemen apparently know anything of the contemporary Italian drama, Spanish drama, Russian drama, German drama, Norwegian drama; and it would be still more unjust to accuse them, upon the proofs their work has given, of knowing anything of the true functions of any drama, or caring at all for the life which all drama should represent.

On the other hand, opposed to this powerful body of critical gentlemen, whose discipline is so perfect that they often seem to think as one man, and sometimes even as no man at all, we have had a straggling force of playwrights and managers, disheartened by a sense of their own want of conformity to the critical ideal, and by a guilty consciousness of preferring the realities they have seen and known in America to the artificialities which exist in the Miller Coupler and Buffer pattern of French drama. These poor fellows have not only been weakened by a knowledge of their inferiority in numbers and discipline to the critics (who count about a hundred to every manager, and a thousand to every playwright), but they have had a fear that there was something low and vulgar in their wish to see American life in the theatre as they have seen it in the street, and the counting-house, and the drawing-room, as they have even seen it in the novel. They have been so much unnerved by this misgiving that they have not yet ventured to be quite true to life, but have only ventured, so far, to offer us a compromise with unreality, which we can praise at most for the truth which could not well be kept out of it.

II.

We say kept out of it; but this may be an appearance only, and it may be that there is all the truth present that there could be got in. The new American play is still too much of the old Miller Coupler and Buffer pattern. We think we discern in it the evidences of a tripartite distrust, which we hope and believe it will outlive; but as yet we should say that the playwright fears the manager, the manager fears the public, and the public fears itself, and ventures to like what it enjoys

only with the youthful diffidence which our public has concerning everything but its material greatness. Then this nascent drama of ours, is retarded in its development by a fact necessarily present in all evolution. The men whose skill and training would enable them to give it an early maturity are themselves in a process of evolution, which they will probably never complete, because they have not fully the courage of their convictions. Their work will remain after them, for younger men to finish—a fact always interesting in any history of the æsthetic arts, but a little pathetic to witness in the course of its realization. The very men who are now doing our best work will hardly live to do the still better work they are making possible. But the future is not our affair, and we are not going merely to find fault with the present. On the contrary, we fancy that we shall be blamed for praising it too much, and that those who hope nothing may have some reason to reproach us for hoping anything. But such is the uncritical nature of the Study that when anything has given it a pleasure it cannot help being grateful. If it is too grateful, the balance can always be trimmed with the reluctances of those who think it a weakness to own they have been pleased, and a sign of superiority to withhold their thanks. The gentlemen who mostly write the dramatic criticisms, in fact, prove their right to condemn a new play in nothing so much as in allowing its defects to hide its merits, and in magnifying these as the trophies of their own victory over the playwright. A grudging and sneering concession of something funny here and pretty there, of something that touched, something that thrilled, in what was after all not a play, because a true play always has a Miller Coupler and Buffer at each end of every act, goes a great way with our simple-hearted public, which likes hash because it prefers to know what it is eating. With shame we confess we do not know how to practise this fine reticence in praise, this elegant profusion in censure, but we always try our best to hint our little reserves concerning matters before us; and if we have been too lavish in our recognition of the high perfection of our dramatic criticism, we will try to be blind to some of the more obvious inadequacies of our dramatic literature.

III.

We could note enough of these in Mr. James A. Herne's drama of *Drifting Apart*. It did not seem to us well to represent the events in two acts of a serious play as occurring in a dream; but there was much in the simplicity and naturalness of the action which consoled us for this mechanical contrivance. Other things were not simple and not natural: the death of the starving child, affecting as it was at the time, was a forced note, with that falsetto ring which the death of children on the stage always has, though the little creature who played the scene played it so wonderfully; but the passages between the desperate mother and the wretched father, whose drunken dream prefigures the potential future shown in these acts, are of a most truthful pathos, and are interpreted with that perfect apprehension of the dramatist's meaning which is by no means the sole advantage that comes from acting one's own play. Mr. and Mrs. Herne, who take respectively the parts of husband and wife in a drama which they must have largely constructed together, are both artists of rare quality. Mrs. Herne has the flashes of power that transcend any effect of her husband's exquisite art; but this art is so patient, so beautiful, so unerring, that upon the whole we must praise him most. It never falters, never wanders; it is always tenderly sympathetic. In those dream passages it has a sort of dumb passion that powerfully moves, and in the lighter moments of the opening and closing acts it delights with a humorous playfulness which never forgets itself to farce. It perfectly fits the plain and simple story of the Gloucester fisherman, whose tempter overcomes him on Christmas Eve, and who returns home drunk to his wife and mother, and falls into a heavy sleep, and forecasts all the calamity of the two ensuing acts in his nightmare; but one readily believes that it would be equal to the highest demand upon it, speaking even after the manner of dramatic critics. We ourselves think that no more delicate effect could be achieved than that it makes in the homeliest scenes of the play; and if we speak of that passage in which the man talks out to the two women in the kitchen from the little room adjoining, where he is putting on his best clothes for Christmas, and whimsically scolds them for not being able to find his things, and

intersperses his complaints with bits of gossip and philosophy and drolling, it is without the least hope of persuading artificial people of the value of such an episode, but with full confidence that no genuine person can witness it without feeling its charm.

IV.

The play has its weak points, as we have hinted. The author has by no means broken with tradition; he is apt to get the stage to help him out at times when nature seems reluctant in serving his purpose; but upon the whole he has produced a play fresh in motive, pure in tone, high in purpose, and very simple and honest in method. He is one of whom much better things may be reasonably expected, and we do not think he will disappoint even a great expectation. Born and bred to the theatre, he brings an intimate knowledge of its possibilities to his twofold interpretation of life as a dramatist and as an actor. He has that double equipment in art which, from Shakespeare down, has given the finest results.

Another play of the general make and manner of the *County Fair* and the *Old Homestead* was *Old Jed Prouty*, which we can praise with the usual reserves. Like these, and like *Drifting Apart*, it is of the New England school. The scene is frankly laid in Bucksport, Maine, and the excellent local color in the piece might well have been the effect of a summer's sojourn in the place, whose racy charm a keen-eyed, humorous actor would be sure to feel. It is such an actor who writes and plays the leading part in the piece, and who seems, when he wished to go beyond character-sketching in his drama, to have called in the services of a professional playwright with a very unnatural father and a highly foreclosable mortgage in stock. Consequently the literary structure of the drama is upon the old familiar lines, while the characters are fresh and genuine. The opening scenes in the Bucksport hotel are delightfully done, with such figures of landlord, hostler, table-girl, house-keeper, drummer, farmer, teamster, and loafer as we all know. These people are admirably realized in dress, and parlance, and manner; and some of the finer traits in them are subtly felt. Up to the end of the first act, the thing is not a caricature. After that the less said the better. It is as if at this point

the observation of the author gave out, and his invention began; and all the rest is very sorrowful mirth, with occasional gleams of sense and truth in it all, which at least forbid us to despair of him.

V.

When you go from such a play as this to such a play as *Shenandoah*, you are in another air. Nothing there is accidental or unconscious; nothing is built better than the author knew, and nothing worse. What happens is what he meant to happen; no room was left for chance by the skilful and workman-like development of the whole. We will say at once that the piece gave us a very great pleasure. It has charm, from the first moment to the last, and it has passages of nobility and beauty, with effects that ravish the sense and kindle the fancy, by the legitimate realization of facts that cannot be put into dialogue or action. Those bugle calls of unseen cavalry, and the signalling by night with the shifting lanterns on the eve of battle, are descriptive phrases of the highest value, employed with admirable knowledge and art. It was a brave stroke, too, of the imagination to pour half a battle, with all its unblinked tragedy of blood and dust and wounds and death, across the stage; and from first to last the drama has a largeness in its vistas which suits the grandeur of the mighty war living still in our pride and grief, and present in all the words and thoughts of the people in Mr. Howard's scene. We could hardly overstate the success with which the ample design of the author has been fulfilled in his work. It is indeed a splendid passage of the war, and it suggests the whole course of the war, from the firing upon Sumter at Charleston to the review of the triumphant Union forces at Washington. The swiftly moving history is expressed from the patriotic point of view in such terms and characters as do justice to the high motives and unselfish heroism on both sides. There are several of perfectly novel effect in the large group of interesting personages, but among these none is so vivid and charming as that gay, soldierly, very winningly girlish daughter of the Union General, who dances on the horse-block before the rebel mansion where she is visiting while the Northern troops file by; and none more delightful than the veteran Irish corporal who never appears but to bring

light and laughter into the scene. The hero is a very good fellow, and likable far beyond the wont of heroes; and there is a very fair to middling villain, who has not less than the usual motive for his villany. The General who is the father of that charming girl is natural and American from first to last too, and upon the whole the average of reality in motive, incident, and personality is very high indeed. For our own selfish pleasure we could have wished to have no pursued and doubted wife in the piece. We believe that the pursuit of wives by villains is so very uncommon in our society as to be scarcely representative or typical; where there is any pursuit of the kind, the energy and initiative of our women would rather imply that it is the pursuit of villains by wives. But we are bound to own that the pursuit in Mr. Howard's play is wholly unjustified by anything in the behavior of the wife.

VI.

We cannot say so much for the wife who is pursued in the highly amusing comedy of *The Senator*. She seems to us a lady of the very questionable sort who are saved in the theatre by the ingenuity of friends, but who would hardly be thought worth saving out of it. In fact, we should like to ask the designers of these uncertain wives whether they really think a woman who is willing and ready to run away from her husband with another man has not already lost her virtue, and has not committed that sin in her heart from which she is melodramatically saved. If they could once arrive at the truth on this point, perhaps they could be persuaded to forbear the further employment of a character in the American drama who does not characterize American society, and who is as loathsome at every moment and in every mood as she is anomalous. In Mr. Lloyd's play, which is the last we shall have from the talent so early lost in death, this foolish person is very tiresome, and very, very untrue to conditions and to human nature. But perhaps we owe her rather to Mr. Lloyd's collaborator, Mr. Rosenfeld. We are sure we owe the Senator himself, with his pure-blood Americanism in every phrase and act, to Mr. Lloyd; for he is full of the life that vivified a like character in Mr. Lloyd's former play, *For Congress*. There is a

patch on the clear humanity of his motive, however, that came out of the rag-bag of worn-out dramatic invention; for neither of the collaborators got from any experience of life the notion that Senator Rivers would push through the Denman claim so as to make Mabel Denman, whom he loves, rich enough to become the wife of Count von Strahl. That is a kind of rubbish which we permit ourselves the pleasure of calling *rot*. It is as thoroughly false as the soul of a wife who has to be saved from shame by a *coup de théâtre*; and is worthy of the authors of *The Charity Ball*, who seem to have got nearly their whole play out of the rag-bag. In *The Senator*, the susceptible young widow, Mrs. Hilary, is a pleasing invention, colored to life, and probably actuated throughout; she is almost as good as the Senator himself, who is immensely American. The Chinese Minister is a good bit of refined farce: the claimant Denman is excellent; and the daughter of the Secretary of State (husband of the mechanically virtuous wife) is very well fancied indeed, but perhaps pushed a little far in the direction of hoydenish burlesque.

We noticed in both of these agreeable plays, however, a good deal of suspended or retentive love-making, which did not seem altogether called for. People came to the very point of saying they loved other people, who were so visibly wishing to be loved that it seemed wholly unnecessary for the lovers to stop and turn away with a despairing sigh. Yet this was just what they did, especially the two laconic lovers, who stepped severally into each play out of the Robertsonian comedy. In both cases they are very coolly brave: they are soldiers afraid of nothing in the world but the young women who are so obviously anxious to be made love to; and they are so alike in their experience that they have to make exactly the same answer to the same question. Each tells how he met a deadly enemy. "Oh, what did you do?" quaver the two young women. "I killed him," reply the two young men, in quite these words, at Proctor's Theatre on Twenty-third Street, and at the Star Theatre on the corner of Broadway and Thirteenth. It is a curious case of telepathy, which might not have occurred, if the young men had been drawn from life, and not from the Robertsonian comedy.

VI.

We cannot praise the realism of these young men, and we do not think it adds greatly to the effect of reality in *The Senator* and *The Charity Ball* to give some of the characters the names of well-known families, to say nothing of the questionable taste of doing it. As far as *The Charity Ball* is concerned, we doubt if anything could give it reality. It is very strongly localized, but it seems to us false in motive almost from first to last. There are moments when you say, "Now it cannot help being a little natural!" but it mostly does. It has an appearance of being very jovial and very tender, very lofty and very lurid, very angelic and very diabolical; but it never is really so. The humor is coarse, the fun hoydenish and rowdyish, the sentiment is mawkish; seldom in any octave is a true note struck. Yet here is a piece dealing at close quarters with the actualities of New York life, by authors who have apparently the best will in the world to be perfectly faithful to it. What is the trouble? Apparently that they have never looked directly at human nature, which is the same here and everywhere, but always indirectly through melodrama and romantic fiction.

The piece, like all the other pieces we have been speaking of, was extremely well played, and we wish once more to bear our testimony to the very high grade of acting in our theatres. We have not only a wonderfully equipped dramatic criticism ready to exact a classic excellence from the nascent American drama, but a school of acting well fitted to interpret its finest inspirations. We cannot indeed truly say that the average of acting we saw at the American theatres was so high as that we found one night at the German theatre, where we went to hear a play that made all our American plays seem playthings. This was *Die Ehre*, a piece by the young dramatist Sudermann, who has dared to put more truth into it than has been put into any other modern play except, perhaps, *La Morte Civile*. It is simply the story of a young man whom a patronizing benevolence has educated above the station of his family, but who comes loyally back to his father and mother and sisters from the prosperity that has dawned upon him in India, to live with them and be one of them. He finds the elder sister married to a brutal workman, the younger mistress to the son of

his patron. He appeals to her and the parents against the wicked life that none of them have been ashamed of, and they have promised to go back with him to India, when the patron comes in and makes good the wrong his son has done with a handsome check. They are of the poor who can be bought, he of the rich who think money can pay anything. The son is defeated, and fairly driven from his home by his kindred, who fawn upon the patron, and turn from cursing to flattering the guilty girl who has brought them so much money with her dishonor.

It is a horrible scene, but as you witness it you realize the horrible truth back of it, that poverty when it is dire must sell itself, and that wealth when it is corrupted with the sense of its power can feel no harm in buying. The piece arraigns existing society, not in set terms, but tacitly, by inexorable truth to its facts. It is weakened by a *deus ex machina* who appears from time to time, and at last carries the young man back to India with the patron's daughter for his bride; but even this folly cannot obscure its awful lesson, or silence its appeal to the social conscience.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 10th of April.—The Blair Education Bill was virtually defeated in the United States Senate March 20th, upon the question of a third reading.

The Anti-Trust Bill passed the Senate April 8th, by a vote of 52 to 1.

The World's Fair Bill passed the House March 26th, with the date of holding changed to 1893.

State officers were voted for in Rhode Island April 2d. The Gubernatorial candidates were Davis (Democratic), Ladd (Republican), Larry (Prohibition), and Chace (Union). No one receiving a majority, the election went to the Legislature.

The Legislature of Manitoba passed the School Bill March 20th, abolishing the right of the Roman Catholics to have separate schools, and making patronage of the national secular schools compulsory.

Prince Bismarck resigned as Chancellor of the German Empire, President of the Prussian Ministerial Council, and Prussian Minister of Foreign Affairs March 17th. Emperor William accepted his resignation March 18th, and appointed General George Leo von Caprivi de Caprara de Montecucculi Chancellor of the German Empire and Minister-President of the Prussian cabinet. By imperial decree Prince Bismarck was made Duke of Lauenberg, a Colonel-General of Cavalry, and a Field-Marshal General. The Prussian Ministry was reconstructed, with Count Eulenberg Minister of the Interior; Dr. Miguel, Finance; Baron Heune, Agriculture; and General Von Goltz, Public Works.

The resignation of Count Herbert Bismarck as Imperial Secretary for Foreign Affairs was accepted March 25th. Herr von Marschall Bieberstein was appointed as his successor March 27th.

The extradition treaty between the United States and Great Britain was formally signed by the Queen and Lord Salisbury, and publicly published March 25th, to go into effect ten days later.

The French Ministry resigned March 14th. A new cabinet was announced March 16th, as follows: President of the Council and Minister of War, M. de Freycinet; Foreign Affairs, M. Ribot; Interior, M. Constans; Finance, M. Rouvier; Justice, M. Fallières; Commerce, M. Roche; Public Instruction, M. Bourgeois; Agriculture, M. Develle; Public Works, M. Guyot; Marine, M. Barbey; Colonies, M. Étienne.

The government party in Portugal carried the

general elections, March 30th, by strong majorities. The Portuguese cabinet was reconstructed April 2d, with Senhor A. de Serpa Pimental as Prime Minister and Minister of War.

Reports received March 15th from Afghanistan of a revolution against Abdurrahman Khan, the Ameer. The rebels were defeated by the loyal troops, and the prisoners beheaded.

The new Hungarian cabinet was officially announced March 16th, with Count Szapary as Premier.

DISASTERS.

March 17th.—Twelve firemen killed in the burning of a book-store at Indianapolis, Indiana.

March 22d.—News received of the abandoning at sea of the British steamer *Virent*. Fifteen men lost.

March 28th.—Tornado swept over Illinois, Kentucky, and Indiana, demolishing several small villages, and causing great damage and loss of life in Louisville, Kentucky. About 120 lives estimated lost.

April 5th.—News received of severe hurricanes during March on the Pacific. A vessel wrecked at Mallicollo and thirty-five persons drowned. Thirty others reached the shore, and were killed by the natives.

OBITUARY.

March 8th.—Lost overboard from steamer *Tangariro*, near Teneriffe, Major-General Sir Howard Craufurd Elphinstone, aged sixty years.

March 21st.—In Chicago, Major-General George Crook, U.S.A., commanding the Department of the Missouri, aged sixty-one years.—In Brooklyn, New York, Charles H. Mallory, of the Mallory steam-ship line, aged seventy-one years.

March 23d.—In Washington, D. C., General Robert Cumming Schenck, diplomat and soldier, aged eighty years.

March 26th.—In Detroit, Michigan, James V. Campbell, of the Michigan Supreme Court, aged sixty-seven years.

March 30th.—In New York, David Dows, merchant, aged seventy-five years.

March 31st.—In Washington, D. C., Vice-Admiral Stephen C. Rowan, U.S.A., aged eighty-four years.

April 8th.—In Montecarlo, Italy, Junius S. Morgan, banker, in his seventy-seventh year.



EDITOR'S DRAWER

if $A = C$ & $B = C$ then $A = B$.



THE vitality of a fallacy is incalculable. Although the Drawer has been going many years, there are still remaining people who believe that "things which are equal to the same thing are equal to each other." This mathematical axiom, which is well enough in its place, has been extended into the field of morals and social life, confused the perception of human relations, and raised "hob," as the saying is, in political economy. We theorize and legislate as if people were things. Most of the schemes of social reorganization are based on this fallacy. It always breaks down in experience. A has two friends, B and C—to state it mathematically. A is equal to B, and A is equal to C. A has for B and also for C the most cordial admiration and affection, and B and C have reciprocally the same feeling for A. Such is the harmony that A cannot tell which he is more fond of, B or C. And B and C are sure that A is the best friend of each. This harmony, however, is not triangular. A makes the mistake of supposing that it is—having a notion that things which are equal to the same thing are equal to each other—and he brings B and C together. The result is disastrous. B and C cannot get on with each other. Regard for A restrains their animosity, and they hypocritically pretend to like each other, but both wonder what A finds so congenial in the other. The truth is that this personal equation, as we call it, in each cannot be made the subject of mathematical calculation. Human relations will not bend to it. And yet we keep blundering along as if they would. We are always sure, in our letter of introduction, that this friend will be congenial to the other, because we are fond of both. Sometimes this happens, but half the time we should be more successful in bringing people into accord if we gave a letter of introduction to a person we do not know, to be delivered to one we have never seen. On the face of it this is as absurd as it is for a politician to endorse the application of a person he does not know for an office the duties of which he is unacquainted with; but it is scarcely less absurd than the expectation

that men and women can be treated like mathematical units and equivalents. Upon the theory that they can rest the present grotesque schemes of Nationalism.

In saying all this the Drawer is well aware that it subjects itself to the charge of being commonplace, but it is precisely the commonplace that this essay seeks to defend. Great is the power of the commonplace. "My friends," says the preacher, in an impressive manner, "Alexander died; Napoleon died; you will all die!" This profound remark, so true, so thoughtful, creates a deep sensation. It is deepened by the statement that "man is a moral being." The profundity of such startling assertions crows the spirit; they appeal to the universal consciousness, and we bow to the genius that delivers them. "How true!" we exclaim, and go away with an enlarged sense of our own capacity for the comprehension of deep thought. Our conceit is flattered. Do we not like the books that raise us to the great level of the commonplace, whereon we move with a sense of power? Did not Mr. Tupper, that sweet, melodious shepherd of the undisputed, lead about vast flocks of sheep over the satisfying plain of mediocrity? Was there ever a greater exhibition of power, while it lasted? How long did "The Country Parson" feed an eager world with rhetorical statements of that which it already knew? The thinner this sort of thing is spread out, the more surface it covers, of course. What is so captivating and popular as a book of essays which gathers together and arranges a lot of facts out of histories and cyclopædias, set forth in the form of conversations that any one could have taken part in? Is not this book pleasing because it is commonplace? And is this because we do not like to be insulted with originality, or because in our experience it is only the commonly accepted which is true? The statesman or the poet who launches out unmindful of these conditions will be likely to come to grief in his generation. Will not the wise novelist seek to encounter the least intellectual resistance?

Should one take a cynical view of mankind because he perceives this great power of the commonplace? Not at all. He should recognize and respect this power. He may even

say that it is this power that makes the world go on as smoothly and contentedly as it does, on the whole. Woe to us, is the thought of Carlyle, when a thinker is let loose in this world! He becomes a cause of uneasiness, and a source of rage very often. But his power is limited. He filters through a few minds, until gradually his ideas become commonplace enough to be powerful. We draw our supply of water from reservoirs, not from torrents. Probably the man who first said that the line of rectitude corresponds with the line of enjoyment was disliked as well as disbelieved. But how impressive now is the idea that virtue and happiness are twins!

Perhaps it is true that the commonplace needs no defence, since everybody takes it in as naturally as milk, and thrives on it. Beloved and read and followed is the writer or the preacher of commonplace. But is not the sunshine common, and the bloom of May? Why struggle with these things in literature and in life? Why not settle down upon the formula that to be platitudinous is to be happy? CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

THE GRAMMAR SPEAKS.

SOME learn to decline as my pages they turn,
While others decline from my pages to learn.

HENRY KARLSEN

LINES TO INVENTIONS AND INVENTORS

I crown thee with the laurel, O thou Phonograph,
Thrice great of all enrolled on great invention's
pages.

The voice of him who still the heart, awakes a
laugh,

With the best aid man ever received through
all the ages.

Now, Wizard, turn thy thoughts, I beg, to this
great want,

Ere thou dost seek thy niche in Fame's grand
mausoleum:

Invent some sort of glass for them that self do
want,

By which, O Sage, thou dost they'll see as
others see 'em.

This done, mayhap thou'lt rest upon the plane
with him

Whose fame within their hearts a grateful
people's keeping,

Whose Laurel none can snatch away, nor ever dim,

Who first taught weary man the blessed art of
sleeping.

JOHN KENDRICK BATES.

EXTRACT FROM A BRIDE'S LETTER OF THANKS.

"Your beautiful clock was received, and is now in the parlor on our mantel piece, where we hope to see you often."



AMATEUR RIDER. "I think his shoes are uncomfortable."
CONSOLING STABLEMAN. "Ho no, sir. It's houny 'is way of showin' 'em haff."

A REVISED VERSION.

At a certain boarding house known as "Old Bohemia," and frequented by the same sort of spirits which peopled Thackeray's "Back Kitchen," a party of artists were one day dining together. Two of them, sitting side by side, ordered the same dishes in each course, until some one volunteered the original remark, "Two hearts that beat as one."

"Or rather," put in another, "two beats that art has won."

AN ANECDOTE OF LINCOLN.

THAT "old Abe," as his neighbors familiarly called him, never failed to raise a hearty laugh when he cared to do so is a generally conceded fact; but I fail to recall, writes a correspondent of the *Drawer*, seeing in print any mention of a little incident which occurred in Springfield, when he "brought down the house" without speaking a word.

In those days our Eastern mail reached us overland by stage, *viâ* Terre Haute; but the bottoms of the roads had fallen out, as was their way of doing every spring, and our communications had been severed for about a week when the glad news flew rapidly through the town that the blockade had been raised; that a skeleton team, consisting of a queen's-ware crate mounted on a pair of wheels and drawn by four horses, had just arrived with all the delayed letters.

In a few minutes the post-office was so thronged with citizens that the postmaster's temperament showed itself in great nervousness, he being rather new at the business, and, to secure the desired privacy, he lowered a curtain provided for that purpose on the inside of the six-foot partition which separated him from the public. Against this partition Mr. Lincoln was leaning, his thoughts intent upon the paper in his hand, when all but he were startled and completely mystified by hearing the official call out, in a high-pitched tone of voice: "Get down from there, you young pest, and stay down! Now mind me!" For that morning, on the arrival of the Alton mail, there had been a spirited little argument between our postmaster and an urchin whose curiosity prompted him to climb up on the boxes, which war of words Mr. Lincoln had listened to, not without amusement, and he now bethought him that the fur cap he wore was much like the one worn by the boy, and he also rightly decided that in changing his position he had momentarily elevated that misleading signal into range of the postmaster's alert vision.

Not showing the least surprise at the outcry, nor, indeed, giving evidence that he had even heard it, he continued to read his paper soberly, the puzzled crowd engaged the while in whispered conjectures as to the meaning of the outbreak. Thus several minutes passed, when out rang our official's voice again, raised this time to an unmistakable fighting pitch:

"If you get up there again, I'll come out and brand you, sure! I've given you fair warning! Don't try it again!"

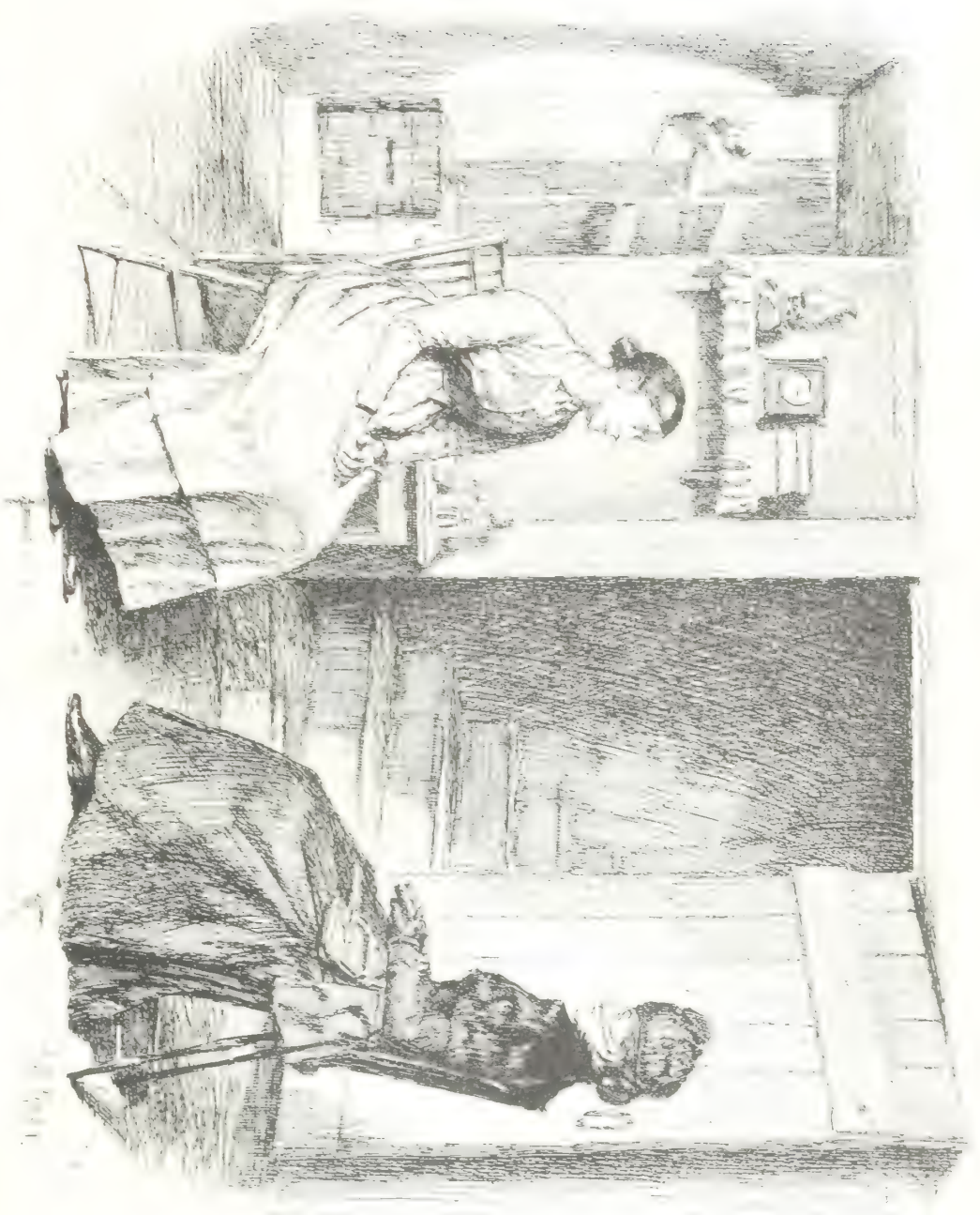
The secret by this time was out, for some one who had witnessed the affair of the morning chanced to notice that Mr. Lincoln had abruptly shortened himself several inches by the simple process of relaxing his muscles, which act, from the postmaster's stand-point, must have perfectly represented a boy "ducking" his head; and now that all eyes were centred upon the still deeply engrossed reader, and many of the whispered remarks inevitably heard by him, his facial muscles were put to a severe test, which they, however, proved equal to, for not even the twitching of a nerve could be detected, but he read on, as though deaf to all earthly sounds.

The waiting silence was not lost upon our wary official; he knew there was mischief brewing out there; that boy had backers, and was about to try it again, and he'd have it out with him once for all. But those in the lobby feared the fun was over, for Lincoln made no sign. The temptation finally, however, became irresistible; shifting his weight from one foot to the other, his cap was seen to bob up several inches, and as quickly subside. Open flew the door in the partition, and with an angry cry of "Now I've got you!" out sprang our letter man, with ruler high uplifted, to catch the young miscreant on the wing, as it were.

The surprise which seized upon him might well be classed as of the paralyzing order, as his eyes alone seemed capable of motion; they made several excursions in a desultory sort of way up and down the tall form confronting him ere they became fascinated with a something on its apex, when the still upraised ruler fell noisily to the floor, and our but lately thoroughly perplexed friend, remarking only, "By George!" set an example which all promptly followed, though his jolly contagious laugh sounded high above all others, with but short intervals of respite, until the large mail had been distributed; but Mr. Lincoln had been given the chair of honor in his sanctum, not unlikely as a measure of precaution against further interruptions.

AN UNEXPECTED REPLY.

J. F. BERRY, secretary of the Detroit Conference, told the following story on himself at the Conference held recently at Greenville, Michigan: "When I was first introduced to a Sunday-school, the superintendent asked the children to guess what kind of Berry I was. A little boy in front jumped up and squeaked out, 'Strawberry.' He asked them to guess again. A little girl said, 'Huckleberry.' Whereupon an old dried-up woman with a poke-bonnet on and an umbrella in her hand straightened up, and in a cracked voice said, 'From what I've seen of ye, I think you're a gooseberry; and from all appearances 'twill be a long time before you're ripe.'"



Miss Berrington. "How I love that book, Mr. Stoddard."
Miss Stoddard. "It is beautiful, but the children may be early and lose it."
Miss Berrington. "I am so very sorry! John was such a faithful, good son."

And "What can I do to help you in your distress?"
Miss Stoddard. "Well, miss, if you really *would* like to help me, I'd be most anxious to have you give me a little money to buy a new parlor carpet. This one is so shabby I'd be pretty ashamed to ask folks here to sit upon it."

DISCOVERY OF THE LAW OF GRAVITATION.

WHEN Sir Isaac Newton was a boy, he one day climbed an apple-tree after forbidden fruit, but a limb broke with him, and he was rudely precipitated to the ground. As he lay on the grass gazing upward at the limb, he began to ruminate on falling bodies, and to wonder what made them fall. Then he asked himself this question: "Would I have fallen if there had been no limb under me?" In order to satisfy himself about the matter, little Isaac again climbed the tree and sat on the atmosphere just beyond the end of the broken limb. In a second he struck the ground, with a yell of scientific enthusiasm, and went home satisfied that he was on the eve of a great discovery. In order to satisfy himself that an object would fall out of a window as well as out of an apple-tree, he ran up stairs, seized the china bowl, and thrusting it through the window, rested it gently on the evening air. In an instant the bowl was smashed to pieces on the hard ground, and the young scientist was convinced of the universality of the downward tendency of falling bodies. But on the next day an incident caused young Isaac some confusion of mind. Having seen his teacher sit on a bent pin and spring several feet into the air, the boy thought that the law of gravitation which he was discovering worked two ways, with an up and down motion. This promised fresh complications, and for several years Isaac was sorely puzzled in mind; but when he became a grown man he discovered the law of gravitation in all of its primeval beauty and simplicity. The law of gravitation may be readily tested by sliding down a straw-stack, crawling through a window, sitting on the rotten limb of a cherry-tree, and other easy and simple devices.

J. A. MACON.

A JEWEL.

THE vices and virtues of servants are a fertile theme for conversation among young housekeepers, whose very youth leads them to find interesting matters which to older deities of the household are commonplace.

"My waitress," said a young woman recently, in a chat upon this important topic, "is very neat and civil, but she drops everything she can lay her hands on."

"And my waitress is a great dropper too," said another: "but she does no damage."

"How fortunate!"

"No; only natural. She drops nothing but her *h's*, and she never does that without picking them up again before she has done talking."

A MOHAMMEDAN "JOE MILLER."

THE comic pre-eminence held by Tyll Eulenspiegel in Germany and by Joe Miller in England is in Moslem lands assigned to a certain "Nasr'-ed-Din El Khojah," who, though probably as mythical as the Eastern Sultan whose court jester he is said to have been, has become a household word among all Mussulman

racers from the Ganges to the Atlantic. To this day, whenever you hear a hearty laugh from a listening ring of Arab traders, Afghan peasants, or Egyptian porters, you may be pretty certain that some threadbare jest of Nasr'-ed-Din El Khojah is the cause of the merriment.

Not a few of this worthy's jokes have become stock anecdotes in an English version, and those who repeat them would doubtless be greatly surprised to learn that the barelimbed savages of Asiatic and African deserts were laughing at these very same stories 600 years ago. The following has been fathered upon more than one famous English wit: Entering a mosque, Nasr'-ed-Din announced that he intended to preach, and opened his sermon by asking, "Know ye what I am about to tell you?" "We know not," replied his hearers. "Then why should I trouble myself with such ignorant fellows?" cried he, and came down from the pulpit. But he instantly went up again and put the same query, to which the crowd answered, "We know." "Then I need not tell you," said the jester, and down he came again, but only to go up a third time, repeating the same question. This time the Sultan himself called out, "Some of us know, and some know not." "Then," said El Khojah, "let those who know tell those who do not, and I shall be saved the trouble of preaching"; and this time he came down "positively without reserve."

El Khojah was no respecter of persons, and when one of the Sultan's ministers said to him, sneeringly, "Knowest thou, O Nasr'-ed-Din, that they are hanging jesters and asses together in Egypt?" the buffoon at once retorted, "Let us rejoice, then, that *thou* and *I* are not there now." Some equally free joke once enraged the Sultan himself into declaring that the audacious jester should die. Thereupon the latter begged leave to choose his own mode of death, and having obtained it, elected to die of old age.

Once in his life, however, our slippery hero was fairly caught. While plundering a kitchen-garden, and filling a sack with the finest carrots, he was surprised by the owner, who, recognizing him, ran up with a great show of anger, curious to see what excuse he would make. "What dost thou here?" shouted he. "I was engaged in meditation on my house-top yonder," replied Nasr'-ed-Din, gravely, "when a violent wind whirled me away, and flung me down here." "Good," said the other; "but what about these?" (pointing to the carrots). "I caught hold of them to save myself from being blown away again," answered El Khojah, "and lo! they came up in my hand." "Good again," quoth the farmer; "but how didst thou contrive to fill this sack?" "Ah!" said the jester, with a grin, "that was just what I was trying to account for when you came up and disturbed me."

DAVID KER.





TAKING LEAVE OF THE LYRIC MUSE.—[See poem "Thalia."]

well back, in smart hussar jackets, all shoulder-knots and frogs. They were particularly proud of their magnificent boots, polished till they shone again.

With all this military toggery was mingled the finery of the

"He goes by book; he looks after the sinews of war," said the Tarasconians, merrily.

"What an example he sets us, gentlemen!" Tartarin exclaimed. And he never failed to add, "Now



THE LEGEND OF LA TARASQUE

ladies, who were almost all in bright, gay, shimmering colors, with ribbons and scarves that floated in the air. Here and there, among the maid servants, was a specimen of the Tarascon head-dress. Hang over all this, in your mind, and over the ship, with its shining brasses, its masts pointed at the sky—hang over this a splendid sun, a real holiday sun; give it for horizon the broad Rhone, billowed like a sea and brushed up by a stroke of our mistral, and you will have an idea of the appearance of the *Tootoopumpum* when about to start for Port Tarascon.

The Duc de Mons was to have been present at the last, but he was in London at this moment, looking after a new issue of bonds. You see, there had been a tremendous need of money to pay for ships and crews and engineers, and to meet the other expenses of the exodus. The Duke had announced by telegram that very morning that he was on the point of sending on cash. Every one admired the practical side of the man of the North.

don't get startled, you know!" rolling his *r* like the good Tarasconian he was. In the midst of the bedizened crowd of his subjects, as they might be called, the

Governor remained perfectly simple, only in evening dress, with the grand Ribbon of the Order across his chest.

As each new family arrived to embark it was greeted with acclamations. From the deck of the *Tootoopumpum* they were seen coming down and rounding the corners; and as the groups came nearer and emerged upon the dock they were recognized, they were even addressed by name:

"Ah, here come the Roquetaillades!"

"I say, Monsieur Franquebalme!"

Whereupon there were bravos and enthusiastic cheers. An ovation was made, among others, for the ancient dowager Countess of Aigueboulide, who was almost a hundred years old, as she was seen skipping up the plank in her little black silk mantilla, nodding her head, carrying in one hand her foot-warmer and in the other her stuffed parrot.

Every moment there were fewer left behind, and soon nobody at all: the streets looked wider now, between the closed doors of the houses, with the shop fronts all barricaded, and the shutters drawn and blinds lowered on the other windows. When every one was on board there was a period of solemn silence, a deep momen-

Ever since then, in remembrance of the great service rendered by the holy Martha, the Tarasconians have kept a holiday, which they celebrate every ten years by a procession through the city. This procession forms the escort of a sort of ferocious, bloody monster, made of wood and painted pasteboard, who is a cross between the

serpent and the crocodile, and represents, in gross and ridiculous effigy, the dragon of ancient days. The thing is not a mere masquerade, for the Tarasque is really held in veneration: she is a regular idol, inspiring a sort of superstitious, affectionate fear. She is called in the country the Old Gran-

ny. The creature is usually stalled in a shed especially hired for her by the town council.

So she really formed part of the city, and it was out of the question, on such an occasion, to leave her behind. The start was delayed, and a lot of young men rushed off to fetch her.

When she appeared upon the dock, dragged by these zealous youths, every hat went off and every eye filled. She was greeted with enthusiastic cries; she was the Old Granny indeed, the soul of the city, the Mother-land herself.

Far too big to be stowed away below, she was placed far aft, solidly moored to the deck, and there, enormous and preposterous, like a monster in a pantomime, with her canvas belly and her painted scales, she finished off the quaint picturesqueness of the whole. Rearing her head above the bulwarks, she seemed, like the chimeras carved of old on the prows of ships, to preside over the fortune of the voyage and to subdue the wrath of the sea. She was surrounded with respect; she was occasionally even spoken to; they appeared to invoke her.

Seeing this emotion, Tartarin feared



LA TARASQUE

tary return of the company on itself. Nothing was heard but the hiss of the escaping steam. Every one had his eyes turned to the captain, erect upon the poop, ready to give the order to let go. All of a sudden somebody cried, "I say, the Tarasque!"

I'm sure you will have heard some mention of this strange creature, the fabled animal that originally gave its name to the city of Tarascon. To recall its history in two words, this Tarasque, in very ancient days, was nothing less than a terrible monster, a most alarming dragon, which laid waste the country at the mouth of the Rhone. St. Martha, who had come into Provence after the death of our Lord, went forth and caught the beast in the deep marshes, and binding its neck with a sky-blue ribbon, brought it into the city captive, tamed by the innocence and piety of the saint.

that she might excite in some hearts a regret for the forsaken home; so that, on a sign from him, Captain Serapouchinat suddenly, in a formidable voice, gave the order, "Straight away!"

This order broke the spell.

Then instantly broke out the flourish of the trumpets and the whistle of the steam; the water began to boil beneath the screw, and amid the hubbub and movement Escourbaniès rushed about, waved his arms, and shouted, "A lot of noise!—let's make a lot of noise!" The shore was left behind at a bound, King René's towers in the distance were more and more reduced, and more and more dwarfed, as if obliterated suddenly by the hot, throbbing light.

Our friends, leaning over the sides of the ship, confident, careless, and smiling, watched all this pass from them and vanish away without more emotion, now that they were accompanied by the good Tarasque,



DEPARTURE OF THE "TOOTOOPUMPUM"

than a swarm of bees changing their hive to the sound of the kettle-drum, or a flock of starlings starting in a triangle for Africa.

And truly their beloved monster protected them. The weather was divine, and the sea resplendent, without either gale or gust—never in short was there a more auspicious voyage.



"AT THE SUEZ CANAL THEY HUNG OUT THEIR TONGUES."

At the Suez Canal, indeed, they hung out their tongues a little, toasted at the fire of a burning sun, in spite of the colonial head-gear which all had adopted in imitation of Tartarin—a cork helmet, covered with white linen and embellished with a veil of green gauze. But if the temperature was that of an oven, they managed to bear it, having been already tolerably well cooked and prepared for

And oh, the quantity of garlic that *was* consumed on board! They had brought with them a prodigious supply. The odor of it, like a long trail, marked the track of the ship; it seemed as if the very breath of Provence had followed the Tarasque across the waters. As they went on and on, the smell of Tarascon mingled with the smell of India.

Soon they began to skirt the islands that



"THE TIMID PASCALON LEANED AGAINST THE BULWARKS."

the climate by the sun of Provence. After Port Said and Suez, after Aden and the crossing of the Red Sea, the *Tootoopumpum* took her course straight through the Indian Ocean. She steamed very fast, at a steady pace, under a sky as white, as milky, and velvety as one of those wonderful creamy compounds of garlic that the emigrants consumed at every meal.

emerged from the deep like clumps of strange flowers. In the midst of the rank verdure flitted magnificent birds, all dressed in gems. The calm, transparent nights, lighted by a myriad stars, were suffused with vague murmurs—murmurs that might have been the echo of the distant music of bayaderes.

They put in at the Maldives, at Ceylon,

at Singapore; but the ladies, Madame Escourbanîès at their head, forbade their husbands to set foot on shore.

A fierce instinct of jealousy caused them to dread this dangerous Indian clime, where love indeed seemed to float in the air. This was felt on the very deck of the *Totooputun-pun*, as you might see in the evening from the way the timid Pascalon leaned against the bulwarks, close to Mademoiselle Clorinde des Espazettes, a tall, handsome girl, whose aristocratic charm attracted him.

The good Tartarin smiled in his beard, and looked another way, as soon as he saw these young persons conversing together in the distance, with their eyes bent on the sea, or turned up to the sky. This spectacle touched him in a tender place; he could see there, in advance, a marriage for their landing.

Besides, from the beginning of the trip, the Governor had shown himself exquisitely kind, charmingly, fondly indulgent, with a particular command of his temper.

Captain Scrapouchinat, who had proved an awkward customer, gloomy and violent, was a regular tyrant on his ship.

Unacquainted with laughter, he kept apart from the rest, flew into a rage at the least word, and began to threaten, to talk immediately of having you "shot, like a green monkey." Tartarin, patient and reasonable, calmed the military, kept down the indignation of the fiery spirits like Escourbanîès. He had a great deal of trouble, especially with Brother Battillet, his irrepressible chaplain always ready for rebellion, and always saying to him, "Only make a sign, and I'll chuck him overboard!"



CAPTAIN SCRAPOUCHINAT.



TARTARIN STUDIES PAPUAN WITH THE CHAPLAIN.



FATHER BATAILLET SAYING MASS ON DECK.

Tartarin took the other's arm, repeated his "Now don't get started!" and called attention to his own example. Didn't he himself, he the Governor, submit to Scrapouchinat's whims?

He even tried to make excuses for him: "The man wants to be master on his own ship. After all, he is right."

In this way Tartarin did his best to keep peace on board: but this was not all he did.

The morning hours were devoted to the study of Papuan. It was his chaplain who officiated as teacher: in his character of retired missionary Brother Bataillet knew this language and many others. During the day Tartarin collected his little multitude either on the deck or in the saloon, and gave them lectures, exhibiting his lately learned lore on the subject of the planting of the sugar-cane and the working of the trepang.

But the great wonder was the shooting lessons that he gave the military: for they would find lots of game where they were going. It would not be as at Tarascon, where, for lack of this commodity, the Tarasconians had become, as will be remembered, famous cap-shooters, every one throwing his cap into the air to hit it on

the wing. "You fire very well, my children: but you fire too fast," said Tartarin.

Their blood was too hot: that would never do where they were going.

So he gave them excellent advice, taught them to take their time according to the different kinds of game, and count methodically, as if with a metronome.

"Three times for the quail! One, two, three—bang! Hit! For the partridge"—and fluttering his open hand he imitated the flight of the bird—"for the partridge you must count only two. One, two—bang! Pick her up, she's dead."

So they got through the monotonous hours of the voyage, and each turn of the screw brought nearer to the realization of their dreams the honest souls who had been cradled all the way in fine projects for the future, sailing in the light of their hopes, and talking of nothing but furnishing, clearing, improving their future estates.

Sunday was always a day of rest and a holiday.

Brother Bataillet said mass on the deck in great pomp, with a full military display; and the bugles rang out and the drums beat the charge at the mo-

ment the priest lifted the Host. After mass the reverend Father delivered himself of one of those vivid parables in which he excelled—not so much a sermon as a kind of poetic mystery, all glowing with the Southern faith. The story was as artless as some legend of saints pieced together on the windows of an old village church; but to taste the full charm of it you must imagine the vessel mopped from stem to stern, with all her brasses shining, the ladies seated in a circle, the Governor in his great cane chair, surrounded by the Commissioners in full dress, the troops in two rows, the sailors perched in the shrouds, and the whole congregation silent, attentive, with its eyes upon the Father, who stands erect upon the steps of the altar. The beat of the screw keeps time to his voice, and against the pure deep sky the smoke of

the steamer draws out in a straight thin line; the dolphins sport on the surface of the water; the sea-birds, the gull and the albatross, whirl and cry in the wake of the ship; and the White Father, with his crooked shoulder, himself looks, when he raises and shakes his wide sleeves, like a great sea-bird flapping its wings and about to take flight.

V

The Arrival at Port Tarascon. — Nobody there. — Landing of the Troops. — Bézu. . . — Drug. . . — Bravida establishes Communication. — Terrible Catastrophe. — A Tattoo. — Druggist.

"What the devil is this? Nobody down to meet us!" said Tartarin, after the tumult of the first cries of joy had subsided.



"THREE CANNON-SHOTS BOOMED."



"TWO LONG ISLANDS."



"IT WAS THE PLACE INDEED."

Doubtless the ship had not yet been seen from the shore.

They must call their friends' attention. Three cannon-shots boomed over two long islands of a greasy green, a rheumatic green, between which the steamer had begun to advance.

All eyes were turned toward the nearer shore, a narrow strip of sand only a few yards wide, beyond which nothing was visible but certain slopes, all covered, from the summit to the sea, with land-slides of dark verdure.

When the echo of the cannon had ceased to rumble, a great stillness settled again on these strange, rather grewsome islands. Still no one could be seen, and what was even more startling than the inexplicable absence of human beings was that there was not a sign of a harbor, or a fort, or a town, or piers, or ship-yards, or anything else.

Tartarin turned round to Scrapouchinat, who was already giving the order to cast anchor:

"Are you quite sure, Captain?"

The irascible seaman replied with a wicked look. Was he quite sure? The devil take him! He knew his trade, per-

haps; he knew how to sail his ship!

"Pascalon, go and fetch me the map of the island," cried Tartarin.

He possessed, happily, a map of the settlement, drawn on a very large scale, in which capes, gulfs, rivers, mountains, and even the very position of the principal monuments of the city were minutely noted.

This map was immediately spread out, and Tartarin, surrounded by all, began to study it, and to trace the different features with his finger.

It was the place indeed: here the island of Port Tarascon; the other island opposite; there the promontory, thingumbob, quite right. To the left the coral reefs, perfectly. What was the matter, then? Where were they? Where was

Port Tarascon, and where were its inhabitants?

Bashfully, stammering a little, Pascalon suggested that perhaps under it all was a practical joke of Bompard's; he was so well known at Tarascon for his merry ways.

Bompard possibly, but Bézuquet, a man of all prudence, of all gravity—never! "Besides," added Tartarin, "let your ways be as merry as they will, you can't put a town and a harbor and a careening dock up your sleeves."

On the shore, with the telescope, they did see something like a sort of shed, but even this was not very plain. The coral reefs made it impossible for the ship to go near, and at that distance everything was muddled in the black verdure of the vegetation.

Greatly mystified, they all stared, quite ready to land, with their parcels in their hands. The old dowager of Aigueboulide carried her little foot-warmer herself, and her nodding head made her look more astonished than the others. Amid the general stupefaction, the Governor in person was heard to murmur under his breath, "It's really most extraordinary!"



"IN THE LONG-BOAT."

But suddenly he took a stand. "Captain, have the long boat manned. Com-

mandant, sound the rally for your troops."

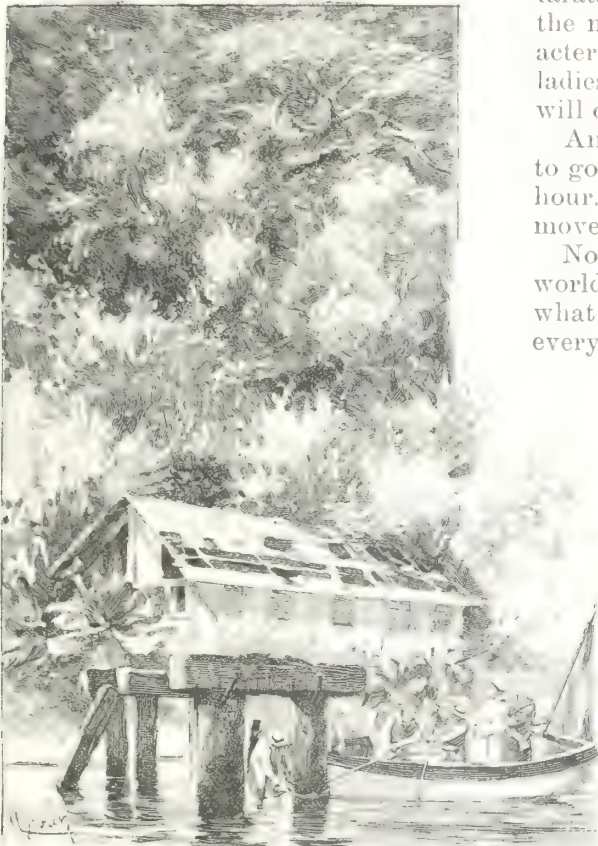
While the bugle was going, "tarata-tarata-taratata!" and Bravida was getting the militia together, Tartarin, with characteristic ease of manner, cheered up the ladies: "Don't be afraid. Everything will certainly be explained."

And to the men—to those who were not to go with him: "We shall be back in an hour. Wait for us here. Let no one move."

No one would have moved for the world. They all surrounded him, saying what he said, "Yes, your Excellency, everything will be explained; certainly it will." At this moment Tartarin seemed to them immense.

The Governor took his place in the long-boat, with his secretary, Pascalon, and his chaplain, Brother Bataillet, and with Bravida, Tournatoire, Escourbanies, and the militia, all armed to the teeth with sabres, hatchets, revolvers, and rifles, to say nothing of the famous Winchester, the thirty-two shooter.

As they drew nearer to the silent shore, where nothing stirred, they made out an old landing-stage of rafters and planks, standing in a stagnant pool and



"THEY VISITED THIS SHANTY."



"IT WAS TOO LATE TO DODGE THE TERRIBLE BLOW."

all overgrown with moss. It was impossible that this object should be the break-water on which the natives had come to meet the passengers of the *Farandole*. Further on appeared a species of old shanty, its windows closed with iron shutters painted in red lead, which threw a bloody gleam into the dead water. It was covered with a roof of planks, dislocated, seamed with great crevices which had been patched up with a tattered tarpaulin.

As soon as they landed they visited this shanty. The inside, like the outside, was in a lamentable state of decay. Great slices of sky peeped in through the roof; the flooring, warped into a hump, was crumbling away into powder; enormous lizards flitted through all the chinks; the walls were overrun with black beetles; slimy toads slobbered in the corners. Tartarin, going in first, had almost stepped on a serpent as big as his arm.

From the remains of some partitions still standing, they perceived that the interior had been divided into narrow com-

partments, like little bath-houses, or stalls in a stable. The place reeked with the smell of damp and mould, something sickly, that turned the stomach. There were only two things to indicate that it had ever been inhabited—a few tin boxes lying about the ground, familiar receptacles of the well-known preserves of the Abbey of Pampérigouste, and on the boards of one of the cubicles a remnant of the words Bézu.... Drug.... The rest had disappeared, devoured by mildew; but one had not to be a great scholar to guess "Bézuquet, Druggist."

"I see what has happened," said Tartarin. "This side of the island proved unhealthy, and after a fruitless attempt to settle they have gone to establish themselves on the other side." Then, in a voice of decision, he ordered the commandant to make a reconnoissance at the head of the troops. Bravida was to push up to the top of the mountain, whence he would explore the country, and certainly see the smoke and the roofs of the city.

"As soon as you have established communication, you will notify us by a loud volley."

As for himself, he would remain there, at head-quarters, with his secretary, his chaplain, and a few others.

Bravida and his lieutenant, Escourbaniès, drew up their men and set off. The troops advanced in good order, but the rising ground, covered with a kind of seaweedy moss, on which their feet slipped, rendered the march so difficult that the ranks were not slow to fall apart. They crossed a little rivulet, on the edge of which lingered some vestiges of a washing-place, a clothes-beater forgotten, the whole greened over with the invading, smothering moss that cropped up everywhere. This was probably the famous river!

A little further they recognized the traces of another structure, which seemed to have been a sort of rough citadel, also muffled in moss and in the exuberance of the forest—the gigantic roots that burst through the ground and sprawled over the slopes.

What completed the disarray of the poor soldiers was to encounter hundreds

of holes, very near each other, treacherously covered over with the vegetation of brambles and creepers. Several men sank into them, with a great rattle of arms and equipment, frightening away by their fall a multitude of the same big lizards that they had seen in the shanty. These holes were not very deep; they were only slight excavations dug in rows. Bravida made the remark that they resembled a deserted quarry.

"Or rather a deserted cemetery," Escourbaniès replied—"a cemetery from which there has been a flitting."

There were, in fact, traces of bones, and what gave him this idea were certain vague suggestions of crosses, formed of intertwined branches, now leafy again, restored to nature, and looking like stems and shoots of the wild grape.

After a painful scramble through thick underbrush, they at last reached the summit. There they breathed a healthier air, freshened by the breeze and charged with whiffs from the sea. Before them stretched away a great bare moor, after which the ground gradually sank again to the sea. It was over there that the town would be; and indeed one of the soldiers, pointing his finger, showed them in the distance the curl of rising smoke. At the same time Escourbaniès broke out joyously, "Listen! listen! the tambourines! the national reel!"

There was no mistake about it, the vibration of the tune of the farandole was perceptible in the light air. Port Tarascon was coming to meet them.

They saw them already, the people from the town, a crowd flocking up yonder, at the top of the ascent, the extremity of the plateau.

"Cracky!" cried Bravida, suddenly; "you'd say they were savages!"

At the head of the band, in front of the tambourines, danced a great lean black, in a sailor's jersey, with blue spectacles on his nose and brandishing a tomahawk.

The two bodies had now stopped, and were watching each other from a distance. Suddenly Bravida burst into a loud laugh: "This is too much! Ah, the buffoon!" And thrusting his sabre back into its scabbard, he began to run forward. His men called him back: "Commandant! Commandant!"

But he never listened to them; he kept on running. He had recognized Bompard, and shouted, as he approached him: "That's played out, old chap. It's too much like it—too true to nature!"

The other continued to dance and whirl his weapon; and when the unhappy Bravida perceived that he had before him not his friend Bompard, but a veritable barbarian, it was too late to dodge the terrible head-cracking blow which smashed in his cork helmet, dashed



"DON'T SHOOT!"

out his poor little brains, and stretched him stiff upon the ground.

At the same time burst forth a tempest of dreadful cries, while a cloud of arrows flew through the air. Seeing their commandant fall, the soldiers had instinctively and precipitately fired; then they had scuttled away without perceiving that the savages had done as much on the other side.

From below Tartarin had heard all the firing. "They've established communication," he joyously announced.

But his joy was turned to stupor when he saw the little army come rushing back in disorder, leaping through the woods, some without hats, others without shoes, all uttering the same appalling cry, "The savages! the savages!" There was a moment of unspeakable panic. The long-boat made for the open, pulling away like mad. The Governor ran up and down the shore, crying, "Keep cool; oh, keep cool!" with chattering teeth, the note of the sea-gull in distress. It only added to the universal scare.

On the narrow strip of sand the confusion of this scramble for life lasted a few moments; but as no one knew in what direction to flee, they after a little came together again. As no savage showed himself, they regained a degree of confidence, and were able to recognize and question each other.

"And the commandant?"

"Dead!"

When Escourbaniès had described Bravida's fatal blunder, Tartarin exclaimed: "Unhappy Placidius! But I must say," he added, "what an imprudence! In an enemy's country, not to throw out skirmishers!"

He immediately ordered sentinels to be posted. The soldiers designated walked away slowly, two by two, for no one wished to remain alone, often turning their heads, and plainly determined not to leave the body of the troops too far off. Then the others gathered in council, while Tournatoire gave his attention to the wounds of a private who had received a poisoned arrow, and was swelling up from minute to minute in the most extraordinary fashion.

Tartarin, in council, was the first to address his companions.

"Before everything," he wisely said, "we must avoid the shedding of blood." And he proposed to send Brother Bata-

illet to shake a palm leaf in the distance, so as to get a notion of what was going on in the enemy's quarter. "Your Reverence will see what the savages are doing, and what has become of our compatriots."

But Brother Bataillet loudly protested. He was not in the least of that opinion. "Oh, come, now—a palm leaf! I should greatly prefer your Winchester and its thirty-two shots!"

"All right; if his Reverence won't go, I'll go myself," the Governor declared. "Only, my dear chaplain, you must come with me, for I don't know enough of the Papuan tongue—"

"But I assure you I don't know it either."

"The deuce you don't! What, then, have you been teaching me these last three months? All those lessons that I took from you on the voyage—what language was that, if you please?"

Brother Bataillet, like the fine old Tarasconian that he was, got out of it by pleading that he knew the Papuan of the other part, but not the Papuan of that part.

All of a sudden, during this discussion, broke out a new alarm; firing was heard in the direction of the sentinels, and from the depths of the wood issued a voice which cried, in the well-known accent of home, "Don't shoot!—in Heaven's name, don't shoot!"

A minute later there might have been seen to bound from the thicket the queerest of all creatures, hideously tattooed in vermilion and black, so that he looked as if he were clad from head to feet in the variegated tights of a clown. It was none other than Chemist-physician Bézuquet.

"Bless us and save us—Bézuquet!"

"Why, how d'ye do, Bézuquet?"

"How does it happen—"

"But where are the others?"

"And the city, and the harbor, and the ship-yard?"

"Of the town," the druggist replied, pointing out the shanty before mentioned, "behold what remains! Of the inhabitants, behold also!" And he pointed to himself. "But before everything, do quickly put something over me to hide the abominations with which these villains have covered me!"

Sure enough, all the foulest things conceivable to the imagination of barbarians in delirium had been pricked in color into his wretched skin.

Éscourbaniès handed him his own mantle of Grandee of the first class, and after the unfortunate man had refreshed himself with a good swig of brandy, he began, with the accent he had not lost and the Tarasconian elocution: "If you were painfully surprised this morning to find that the city of Port Tarascon has never existed but on the map and in your fond imaginations, think whether we, of the first and second batches, when we arrived in the *Farandole* and the *Lucifer*."

"Excuse me if I interrupt you," said Tartarin, who saw the sentinels on the edge of the wood giving signs of uneasiness. "I think it will be wiser if you tell us your story on board. We may be surprised here by the cannibals."

"Not at all. Your firing has scared them half to death. They've all rushed away; they've quitted the island, and I've taken advantage of it to escape."

"Never mind," insisted Tartarin; "it's much better that you should tell us what you have to tell in the presence of the Grand Council. The situation is too grave."

They hailed the long-boat, which had remained timorously aloof, and regained the ship, where the rest were awaiting in anguish the result of the reconnoissance ashore.

VI.

Go on, Bézucquet.—Yes or No, is the Duc de Montes an Impostor?—Lawyer Franquebaldine.—The Why of the Wherefore.—The Plebiscitum.—The *Tootoopumpum* disappears on the Horizon.

Grewsome indeed were the tribulations of the first tenants of Port Tarascon as re-



"WHY, IT'S BÉZUCQUET!"

lated in the saloon of the *Tootoopumpum* before the Grand Council, a body composed of the Ancients, the Governor, the Commissioners, the Grandees of the first and second classes, and the captain of the ship and his staff.

On the deck the passengers, especially the ladies, quivered with impatience and curiosity, but they could hear nothing

but the steady hum of Bézuquet's deep bass, and the quick outbreaks of interruption proceeding from Tartarin or Brother Bataillet.

In the first place, as soon as they started, when the *Farandole* had scarcely got out of the Bay of Marseilles, there had been a bad omen. Bompard, Provisional Governor and chief of the expedition, abruptly seized with a strange ailment, of a contagious nature, as he declared, had caused himself to be put ashore at the Château d'If, handing over his gubernatorial powers to Bézuquet. What luck that fellow had had, too! You might think he had guessed everything that was in store for them. At Suez they had found the *Lucifer* in too bad a state to continue her journey, and had transferred her cargo to the *Farandole*, already too full.

Lord, what they had suffered from the heat on that blessed ship, crammed from the deck to the hold! If they remained above, they melted in the sun; if they went below, they were squeezed and smothered to death. It was so hot that they could keep nothing on. The cabins were a furnace, a perfect hell.

All this was so bad that on reaching Port Tarascon, in spite of the disappoint-

ment of finding nothing whatever, neither town, nor port, nor pier, nor buildings of any kind, they had felt such a need of breathing again, stretching themselves, and getting out of each other's way, that their disembarkation even on a desert strand had seemed to them a real relief. In the first moments it had been a delight merely to be able to walk about. They even made a few jokes. Notary Cambalatte, Assessor of Taxes, who was always up to something droll, asked what he would have to assess in a country where there was no property to hold. Later had come their reflections on the gravity of the situation.

"We decided then," said Bézuquet, "to send the ship to Sidney to bring back building materials, and transmit you the despairing message that you of course received."

The narrator was interrupted on all sides by protestations.

"A despairing message?"

"What message?"

"We received no message!"

Tartarin's voice rose over the others: "In the way of a message, my dear sir, we only received the one describing the splendid reception offered you by the in-

igenous population, and the *Te Deum* chanted in the cathedral. Go on; everything will be explained."

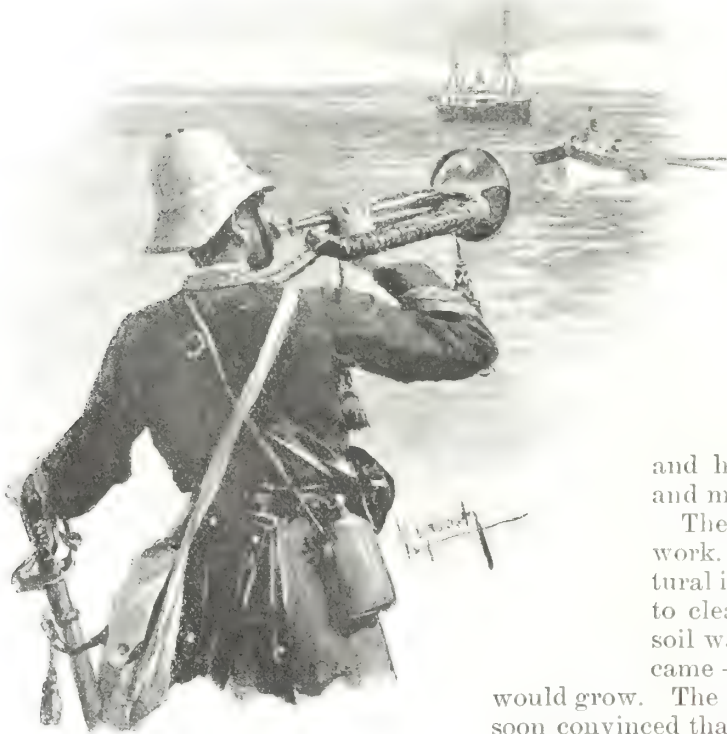
The council repeated in chorus: "Yes, yes—everything will be explained!"

"Go on, Ferdinand," added Tartarin, turning again to the druggist.

"I resume," said Bézuquet. He resumed accordingly,

and his story became more and more dismal.

They had gone bravely to work. Possessing agricultural implements, they began to clear and plant, only the soil was so bad that nothing came—nothing on earth would grow. The most pertinacious were soon convinced that there was nothing to be done. And then the rains—



"THEY HAILED THE LONG BOAT."

A cry from the auditory again interrupted Bézuquet: "You say it rains?"

"Do I say so? Why, more than at Lyons! Ten months of the year!"

Consternation descended. Instinctively all eyes were turned to the port-holes, through which they discerned a dense mist, the clouds sticking fast to the black green, the rheumatic green, of the hills. Every one was struck with the melancholy of the scene.

"Go on, Ferdinand, go on," Tartarin kept saying.

So Ferdinand went on. With the perpetual rains, the stagnant floods that covered the country, fevers and agues had lost no time in making their appearance. The cemetery was promptly inaugurated, and pining and "sinking" were

added to disease. Even the pluckiest lost all courage for work, so flabby they became in the soaking climate.

They spent all their time in the big house, feeding on preserves, and also on lizards, on serpents brought over by the Papuans encamped on the other side of the isle.

Father Vezole had undertaken to convert the daughter of King Nagonko. An excellent man, this Father Vezole, and full of good intentions; but perhaps it was not quite right of him to try to establish this regular intercourse with the natives. The latter, essentially crafty, had little by little wriggled into the settlement. They came in more and more, always on the pretext of bringing the produce of their fishing and their hunting. Our friends were not mistrustful of them, and grew accustomed to their presence, so that the simplest precautions were neglected.

So one fine night it befell that the Papuans broke into the big house; slipping like so many devils through the door, through the windows and the apertures of the roof, they got hold of all the arms, massacred those who attempted to resist, and carried off all the others to their camp.

For a month there was an uninter-



"GO ON, FERDINAND."

rupted succession of horrible feasts. The prisoners, each in his turn, were clubbed to death on the head, then roasted or baked in the earth on hot stones, like sucking pigs, and devoured by these cannibal savages.

The cry of horror uttered by the whole council carried dismay even up to the deck, and it was in a still feebler voice that the Governor said, once more, "Go on, Ferdinand."

The poor druggist had in this way seen each of his companions disappear, one by one. Gentle Father Vezole accepted death with a smile of resignation, with his "God be praised!" on his lips. Notary Cambalalette, so gay, such a jolly rascal, was sacrificed the last.

"And the monsters compelled me to eat a bit of him, poor Cambalalette," added Bézuquet, shuddering still with this reminiscence.

In the silence that followed these terrible words, the bilious Costecalde, all yellow and grinning with rage, turned to the Governor.

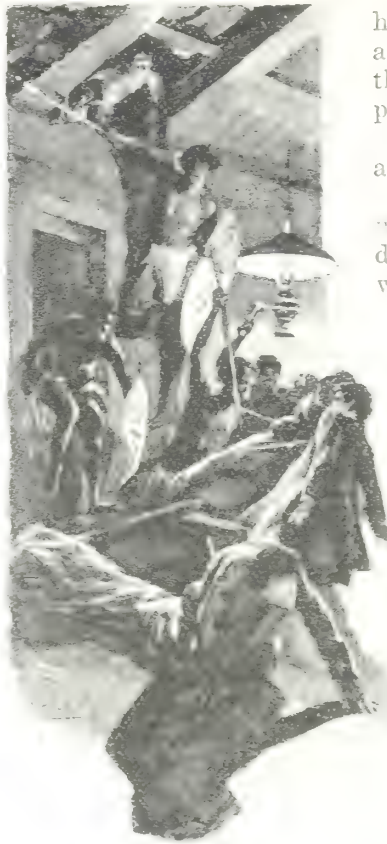
"You told us, nevertheless, you wrote and caused to be written, that there were no anthropophagi!"

And as the Governor, overwhelmed, hung his head and held his tongue, Bézuquet replied:

"No anthropophagi! Why, every mother's son is one. They know no greater treat than human flesh, especially ours, the white kind, the very quality produced at Tarascon; to that degree that after having devoured the living they passed on to the dead. You've seen the former cemetery? Nothing is left there—not a bone: they've picked and scraped and scoured, as you scour the plates when the soup is good, or when you sit down to some jolly garlic stew."

"But yourself, Bézuquet?" asked a Grandee of the first class. "How came it that you were spared?"

The ex-apothecary supposed that by reason of living among bottles and jars, of soaking in pharmaceutical products, mint, arsenic, arnica, and ipecac, his flesh had gradually acquired a herbaceous flavor which probably was not to their taste, unless indeed, on the contrary, precisely on account of this druggy aroma, they had been keeping him for the sweet dish—the titbit of the end.



THE PAPUANS BROKE INTO THE BIG HOUSE.

When he had concluded his story, they all looked at each other a moment; then the Marquis des Espazettes inquired,

"Very well, now, what are we going to do?"

"What do you mean, what are you going to do?" said Scrapouchinat, with his customary snarl.

"You're not in any case going to stay here, I suppose?"

They broke out on all sides: "Ah no, indeed—most certainly not!"

"Though I've been paid only to bring you," the captain continued, "I'm ready to take home those who want to go."

At this moment all the defects of his disposition were overlooked. His companions forgot that he regarded

them only as green monkeys fit to be shot. They surrounded him; they congratulated him; they stretched out their hands to him.

In the midst of the noise Tartarin's voice



THE FIRST HAD SEEN EACH OTHER'S COMPANIONS DISAPPEAR.

was suddenly heard, in a tone of high dignity: "You will do what you like, gentlemen; for myself, I remain. I have my mission of Governor. I must carry it out."

"Governor of what?—since there's nothing to govern!" Scrapouchinat yelled.

The others backed him up. "Yes, indeed, the captain's right: there is nothing to govern!"

But Tartarin rose over the tumult: "The Duc de Mons has my word, gentlemen."

"He's a swindler, your Duc de Mons," said Bézuquet. "I always suspected it, even before I had the proof."

"And where is it, your proof?"

"Not in my pocket, alas!" And, with a recurrence of modesty, the ex-apothecary drew closer round him the mantle of Grandee of the first class which protected his bepictured nudity. "What is very certain is that Bompard in his last moments said to me: 'Look out for the Belgian: he's a humbug!' If he had been able to speak he would have said more; but his cruel weakness left him no strength."

Besides, what better proof could they have than the accursed island itself, barren and pestilential, which the humbug in question had sent them to clear and populate? What better proof than the false despatches?

The liveliest movement broke out in the council; they all talked at once, approving Bézuquet, and overwhelming the Duke with abusive epithets:

"A liar! A swindler! A dirty Belgian!"

Tartarin, heroic, boldly fronted them all: "Until the contrary is proved, I reserve my opinion upon his Grace."

"His Grace, forsooth! Our opinion's formed: a common thief!"

"He may have been imprudent, imperfectly informed himself."

"Don't defend him. He deserves penal servitude!"

"For myself, appointed Governor of



A FERRUCAL GOING AND COMING OF SMALL BOATS.

Port Taraseon, at Port Taraseon I remain."

"Remain alone, then."

"Alone, so be it, if you all forsake me. I will populate alone, but I will not expose myself to the ignominy of going home. Only leave me the implements of tillage—"

"But since I tell you that there's nothing to till, and that nothing will grow!" cried Bézuquet.

"Isn't it because you set wrongly about it, Ferdinand?"

Then Scrapouchinat flew into a rage and smote the council table with his fists.

"The man's mad! I don't know what keeps me from carrying him aboard by force, and from shooting him like a green monkey if he resists!"

"Try it, then—the devil take you!"

Pale with anger, with a threatening gesture, Brother Bataillet had risen erect at Tartarin's side.

This exchange of violent words had raised the tumult to its climax. In the midst of it could be heard a cross-fire of Tarasconian expressions: "You're wanting in sense. You don't talk straight.



"CAMPED AT NIGHT ON SHORE."

You say things that had better not be said."

Heaven knows how it all would have ended without the intervention of Lawyer Franquebalme, the Commissioner of Justice.

This Franquebalme was the most fluent of lawyers, flowering over his arguments with many a whensoever and wheresoever, many an "on the one hand" and "on the other hand"; so that his speeches were as built up, as cemented and solid, as one of our old Roman aqueducts. A fine old Latin sage, fed on Ciceronian periods, he let you always have the right and the wrong of it, and, as he said, the why of the wherefore.

He took advantage of the first lull to begin a harangue, and in long, fair phrases, which he rolled off without end, he emitted the opinion that the passengers should be consulted, should cast their vote on going or staying. They should hold a plebiscitum, voting yes or no. On the one side those who wanted to stay should stay, while on the other those who wanted to go should go. The ship would carry them off after its carpenters had rebuilt the big house and the citadel.

This motion of Franquebalme's made the whole company unanimous. It was instantly adopted, and they began to vote without delay.

A great agitation broke out on deck and in the cabins as soon as it became known what they were doing. Nothing was heard but lamentations and groans. All

the poor people had put their substance into purchases of land—the famous cheap acres! Were they then to lose everything, to give up the farms and estates they had paid for, their hope of settling and flourishing? These considerations of interest urged them to vote for staying; but, on the other hand, a single look at the dreadful landscape threw them into hesitation. The sight of the ruins of the big house, of the black, soaking greenery, behind which they imagined the desert and the savages, the prospect of being eaten like Cambalalette—nothing in all this was encouraging, and their desires reverted to the sweet land of Provence, where there were neither deserts nor cannibals.

The emigrants swarmed over the ship like so many ants whose hillock has been disturbed. The old nodding dowager roamed up and down the deck like a lost soul, without letting go either her foot-warmer or her parrot. In the midst of the hubbub of the discussions preceding the ballot several disputes occurred, and nothing was heard on every side but imprecations against the Belgian, the dirty Belgian! Oh, it was no longer his Grace the Duke! The dirty Belgian!—they said it with clinched fists and grinding teeth.

In spite of everything, out of the thousand Tarasconians on the ship, a hundred and fifty elected to remain with Tartarin. It must be said that the majority were high dignitaries, and that the Governor had promised to leave them their positions and titles.

Then there rose fresh discussions about the division of the food between those going and those staying.

"You'll revictual at Sydney," said those who were staying to those who were going.

"You'll hunt and you'll fish," replied the latter to the former. "Why in the world do you require such a lot of preserves?"

The Tarasque, moreover, gave rise to terrible debates. Should she go back to Tarascon? Should she remain with the settlement?

The dispute grew very hot. Scrapouchinat threatened several times to put Brother Bataillet to the sword.

Lawyer Franqueballe, to maintain peace, had to become afresh the persuasive Nestor of the occasion, and intervene with all his legal lore. But he had great difficulty in soothing down several excited spirits, secretly worked upon as they were by the hypocritical Escourbaniès, who only sought to prolong the discord.

Shaggy and shrill, with his motto, borrowed from the mother-land, of "Let's make a noise!" the lieutenant of the militia was so intensely Southern that he was black with it; with his tightly crinkled hair, he had not only the color of the ace of spades, he had also the cowardice, the desire to please, that have been known to go with the complexion; always dancing the hornpipe of success before the stronger, before the captain on shipboard, surrounded with his crew, or before Tartarin on land, in the midst of the troops. To each of these he explained differently the reasons that determined him to remain at Port Tarascon, saying to Scrapouchinat, "I'm staying because my wife expects to be confined." And to Tartarin, "Nothing on earth would induce me to make another trip with that perfect vandal."

The Tarasque was left with the people of the ship, in exchange for a small cannon and a long-boat.

Tartarin had extracted provisions, arms, and tool chests piece by piece.

For several days there was between the ship and the shore a perpetual going and coming of small boats laden with a thousand things—guns, preserves, boxes of sardines and of the delicate tunny, biscuits, swallow tarts, and potted pears.

At the same time the axe rang out in the woods, where there was a great havoc made among the trees for the repair of the big house and the citadel. The loud notes

of the bugle mingled with the sound of the hatchet and the hammer. During the day the troops, under arms, kept guard over the workers, for fear of an attack of the savages; during the night they encamped on the strand, round the watch-fires—"in order to get used to the hardships of campaigning," said Tartarin.

When everything was ready on shore, the ship prepared to put off. The hour of separation had arrived, but the parting was rather cool. Those who were going were jealous of those who remained; which didn't prevent them, however, from saying, with a little sneering smile, "If you get on pretty well, just drop us a line, and we'll come back."

On their side, in spite of their assumption of confidence in the future, those who remained envied those who were going.

After it had weighed anchor, the ship fired a salvo from its guns, and the little cannon, handled by Brother Bataillet, replied from the shore. Meanwhile Escourbaniès played on his clarinet the familiar air, "A happy journey, dear Dumollet!"

Never mind; in spite of the irony of this farewell, there was a great emotion at the bottom of every heart, and when the *Tootoopumpum* had rounded the promontory, when she had finally disappeared from sight, the waters she had quitted, now empty and larger, seemed to them all to have a woful extent.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



A FAMOUS CHAPBOOK VILLAIN.

BY HOWARD PYLE

AS the law-breaker is the hero of the great sub-classes, as he is the admired for his bold, cunning, and dexterous evasions of the laws that those sub-classes feel with a sort of dumb instinct protect more the rich and the powerful than they do the poor and the weak, so the thief-taker and the law-officer who execute those laws degenerate into the popular villain. The great headless one grins whenever any chance misfortune or mishap befalls him; and when the hero-rogue himself trips up the other's heels, or raps him upon the head, or slips between his fingers, the grin rumbles into a mighty laugh. The poor thief-taker out-Ishmaels Ishmael, for whilst every man's hand is raised against him, his hand is raised only against a few.

Even in romance the thief-taker stands as a sort of social pariah under the most favorable conditions, but when he is successful, when he has been the means of bringing the actual law-breaker to his Nemesis as she sits, like the smoking hangman in Hogarth's print, upon the gallows at Tyburn, then, indeed, does he degenerate into the villain of romance, and as he stands helpless in the pillory of popular literature, evil repute and odium are flung upon him with a stintless hand.

Of all the thief-taking fraternity none was so successful as Jonathan Wild, and of all none has been so pilloried in letters; the great Fielding himself uses his name as a lay figure upon which to drape all that is worst and most wicked of human nature, and William Harrison Ainsworth makes him villain of villains in his drolly grandiloquent romance of *Jack Sheppard*.

Poor Jonathan's faults and shortcomings against society were grave enough, so grave that they brought him at length to that ultimate of justice where he had sent so many rogues before him. But it is not those faults that romance condemns, of them the chapbook history speaks with interest and enjoyment; the damning fact was that he brought other law-breakers to justice.

When he rode away in the cart to Tyburn, the rabble yelled "Judas!" at him, and flung mud and stones, so that when the hangman came to do his work, it was

only to put a finishing touch upon what they began.

In a certain sense his trade was buckle-making, but that was only the beginning. Had he continued in that handicraft all his life, he would probably never have been rich, and have worn "fine laced clothes," and certainly never would have been famous.

But somewhere about the year 1704 he came up from the country to London, where for a while he worked at journey-work. But having a keen appetite for certain forms of wickedness which the great town offered him, he presently fell into debt, where he floundered deeper and deeper, until one fine morning a bailiff tapped him upon the shoulder, and marched him off to the Wood Street compter, one of those receptacles of the time into which the dregs and rinsings of society were emptied. It was here that Jonathan Wild really learned the trade that made his fortune.

A black, dirty, desolate building, with a plain, bald face, a long row of dingy, dirty windows, barred and grated. Above the folding wooden gates that opened upon the keeper's wicket within loomed a great wooden superstructure, with the lion and the unicorn and the date 1670 carved upon it—the date of its rebuilding after the great fire. Such was the old Wood Street compter.

It was the grand high-school of vice. Whosoever had an incipient tendency to place foot in the crooked way was there taught to walk with certainty and precision. Had the motto "Who enters here leaves virtue behind" been written over those folding gates, it would have fitted the place exactly.

And so with Jonathan Wild as with many another—when the gates of the compter gaped and swallowed him, it was to digest him from an honest or semi-honest journeyman into an assimilation with the mass of humanity fermenting within—a mass of humanity gathered together largely from the slums, and left here to brew such mischief as vicious idleness is capable of doing.

As a rule, whoever entered the compter green in vice came forth ripe fruit for the gallows; but in Jonathan Wild's case

crime committed in the city and its surroundings. Jonathan himself, the spider at the centre of this great web, lay quietly with all the vibrating threads centred in himself, ready at an instant to pounce upon the victim.

He was called "the prince of robbers"; the emperor or czar of thieves would perhaps have fitted him better, for he ruled those beneath him with a rod of iron. With such as obeyed and followed his biddings he was all smoothness, gentleness, generosity, and benevolence; to such as resisted he was hard, cruel, inexorable as fate. Amongst the thieves of his kingdom one question as to his authority, one sign of resistance, was enough; the doom of the wretch was sealed; nothing human could save him from his fate. In Jonathan's book was recorded every crime he had ever committed, with circumstances, witnesses, and all matter connected with it. Probably any one of such records would in that day be considered a hanging matter. Within an hour Jonathan's baggins would be upon his back; within two or three hours at furthest he would be lodged in St. Giles, or in St. Ann's Round-house, or in Newgate. Nothing could save him then from the fate in store. When he came to trial, there were witnesses in plenty, most likely the criminals' own friends and acquaintances and relatives, for when Jonathan's man came to them to appear in the witness-box, not one of them dared to refuse, and a like fate should fall upon them at the first sign of disobedience or of rebellion. A score of such examples have been handed down to us.

In his fine new house in the Old Bailey Jonathan set up a regular office, where he received visits and gave professional advice to any such as had goods stolen, and who wished to make arrangements for their recovery. The routine observed was in all cases the same: as a preliminary step a fee of one crown was to be paid. Then a great show was made of entering in an official-looking book the name of the applicant, a minute description of the goods stolen, any circumstances connected with the robbery, etc., etc. "But," says one of the voracious histories, "at bottom this was all grimace; Wild had not the least occasion for these queries but to amuse the persons he asked, for he knew beforehand all the circumstances of the robbery much better than

they did; nay, perhaps had the very goods in his house when the folks came first to inquire for them, though for reasons not hard to be guessed he made use of all this formality."

The applicant was generally appointed to a second meeting upon the next day, or the next day but one, when, if his offer had been liberal, the goods were returned to him. More often, however, Mr. Wild would pull a long face. He had made diligent inquiries, and thought that he ~~perhaps knew the thief and where the~~ goods; he was sorry to say, however, that the fellow was a bold, impudent rascal, and either could or pretended he could sell the goods at double the price. However, if he could but come to speech of the rogue, he had no doubt of bringing him to reason.

This formula generally had the effect of causing the loser to increase his offer. Another visit or two followed, and then a positive answer was given. If the gentleman or lady would ask no questions, and would give the money offered to the porter who brought them, he might have his goods at such and such an hour. They were always forthcoming precisely at the time specified.

Upon any especially delicate occasion the loser was advised to make the first open advances by advertisement in the newspapers. And the writer has in his possession such a notice cut from a paper, under date 1724. It reads:

"Stolen out of the ware-house of Mr. John Webb, weaver, living in Brick Lane, the 10th of this instant, viz. several rolls of dy'd silk of several colors, and one piece of plain yellow satin, and one piece of green damask, and one piece of mantua. If any one will give notice to Mr. Jonathan Wild or to the above Mr. John Webb, they shall have £10 reward for the whole or proportional for any part."

A certain lady of quality, whose husband was abroad, had received from him over-drafts to the amount of between £1500 and £2000. They were drawn upon a certain well-known merchant in Leadenhall Street, and the lady, who was in need of money, started at once to have one or more of her bills cashed. In the neighborhood of the Magpie Ale-house she came upon a number of suspicious-looking characters, when it occurred to her that she was in danger of her pocket being picked in the crowded street. Instinctively she

clapped her hand to her pocket—the green book with the bills in it was already gone.

The poor lady was nearly distracted at her loss. Weeping and wringing her hands, she hurried to the merchant's house, and, when the ferment of her spirits would permit, made him acquainted with her loss. The worthy tradesman soothed her as well as he was able, assuring her that the bills were of no use to any one but herself, and, finally, when she had grown somewhat calmer, advised her to go quietly to Mr. Jonathan Wild, and put the matter in his hands.

So to the Old Bailey she went, and there sat Jonathan in his office, poring over one of his books, rows of which, together with square tin boxes, stood around the room upon shelves, like those in the office of an attorney. He listened calmly as she told her agitated story. "I will give," she cried, "a hundred guineas to have my purse again."

"Come, come, madam," says Jonathan, "you are too hasty in your offer by half. Although the papers are of such great value to you, they are, as your merchant told you, worth nothing at all to those who stole them. Therefore keep your own counsel, say nothing in the hearing of my people, and I'll give the best directions I am able for the recovery of your notes. In the mean while if you will go to any tavern near and endeavor to eat a bit of dinner, I will engage to bring you an answer before the cloth is taken away."

The lady had no appetite for dinner, and knew, besides, of no tavern in the neighborhood; but Jonathan insisted that she should do as he advised. "A good dinner," says he, "will soothe your spirits, and 'twill be as good a way to pass the time until you hear from me as any other."

At last the lady consented to do as she was told, provided Mr. Wild would eat along with her. So together they went to the "Baptist Head," where Jonathan ordered fowl and sausages to be ready against a certain time, and then, after seeing the lady comfortably settled in the parlor, took his departure.

For three-quarters of an hour she sat agitatedly awaiting his return. At the end of that time Mr. Wild suddenly entered the room with a smiling face. "Madam," says he, "I give you joy. I have good news of your pocket-book. I may almost promise you that in a little

while you will see it again. If I might be so bold, I would advise you to even now count out ten guineas upon the table, in case you should have occasion for them."

Just then the cook appeared, and told Jonathan that the fowl and sausages were ready, and almost at the same time there came a knock upon the other door. Jonathan held a whispered consultation with some one without, and presently closing it, again turned to the lady, and asked her whether she would be pleased to step down stairs, and see whether there was not a woman waiting at his door across the street.

All this was mightily mysterious. Nevertheless the lady did as she was desired. A woman in a red riding-hood was walking up and down in front of Mr. Wild's house; then the lady suddenly remembered that she had left her money lying upon the table upstairs. Hastening back, she snatched up the ten guineas, then down again, out of the house, and across the street. As the woman in the red riding-hood saw her hurrying up, she came directly to her, holding out something in her hand: it was the green pocket-book.

"Here is the thing that you have lost, madam," said she; "and will you be pleased to tell me whether or no it is all right?"

The lady opened the book, her hands trembling with eagerness. "Yes," she cried, "it is all right—it is all right."

"Then, madam," said the woman, "here is something else that I was told to give you."

It was a slip of paper, and upon it was written, "Ten guineas." The lady joyfully gave her the money, adding an extra piece for the woman herself, and then hurried back with sparkling eyes to the room where Mr. Wild was waiting for her, the fowl and the sausages already upon the table.

"Ah, madam," said he, as she entered, "I see you have got what you came for, and now let us eat our dinner."

So much for the first part of this story, which is like a score of others of its kind. The *dénouement* concludes with a snap of unexpectedness that is not without a certain dramatic turn.

There were nine-and-thirty guineas still left in the purse from which the lady had just paid the woman. After the dinner was ended her gratitude prompted her to

one of the historians. "I myself saw him sitting in the kitchen by the fire, awaiting the leisure of the magistrate who was to examine him. In the mean time the crowd was very great, and Jonathan, with his usual hypocrisy, harangued them to this purpose: 'I wonder, good people, what it is you would see. I am a poor, honest man; yet now, by the malice of my enemies, you see I am in custody, and am going before a magistrate who will do me justice. Why should you insult me, therefore? I don't know that I ever injured any of you. Let me entreat you, as you see me lamed in body and afflicted in mind, not to make me more uneasy than I can bear. If I have offended against the law, it will punish me, but it gives you no right to use me ill.'"

In a little while he was carried before the justice and examined, and was thereupon immediately committed to Newgate. All his courage and strength of will had deserted him, and his poor lame, broken body had to be carried into the court of the Old Bailey. There he was convicted upon the charge of having received a box of lace known to have been stolen from Catherine Stevens. The case was clear and unimpeachable; the sentence—death.

Upon the day of his trial he distributed

papers to the jurymen and those in the court-room, and to others who were walking upon the leads and before the court: "A list of persons discovered, apprehended, and convicted for several robberies on the highway, and also for burglary and house-breaking, and also for returning from transportation. Jonathan Wild."

The list contained the names of sixty-seven criminals—thirty-five for robbing upon the highway, twenty-two for house-breaking, and ten for returning from transportation. Among other names was that of the famous Jack Sheppard.

The day before his execution he administered an overdose of laudanum to himself, so that, although it had not the effect he desired, he remained in only a half-conscious state to the end.

"He went," says one of the unknown histories of this famous man, "to execution in a cart, and the people, instead of expressing any kind of pity or compassion for him, continued to throw stones and dirt all the way he went along, reviling and cursing him to the last.

So the grand jury of the headless one brings in its verdict of guilty, not because he sinned against society, but because he had brought the hero-rogue to justice.

A POETESS.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

THE garden-patch at the right of the house was all a gay spangle with sweet-pease and red-flowering beans, and flanked with feathery asparagus. A woman in blue was moving about there. Another woman, in a black bonnet, stood at the front door of the house. She knocked and waited. She could not see from where she stood the blue-clad woman in the garden. The house was very close to the road, from which a tall evergreen hedge separated it, and the view to the side was in a measure cut off.

The front door was open; the woman had to reach to knock on it, as it swung into the entry. She was a small woman and quite young, with a bright alertness about her which had almost the effect of youthfulness. It was to her what greenness is to a plant. She poked her little face forward, and her sharp

pretty eyes took in the entry and a room at the left, of which the door stood open. The entry was small and square and unfurnished, except for a well-rubbed old card-table against the back wall. The room was full of green light from the tall hedge, and bristling with grasses and flowers and asparagus stalks.

"Betsey, you there?" called the woman. When she spoke, a yellow canary, whose cage hung beside the front door, began to chirp and twitter.

"Betsey, you there?" the woman called again. The bird's chirps came in a quick volley; then he began to trill and sing.

"She ain't there," said the woman. She turned and went out of the yard through the gap in the hedge; then she looked around. She caught sight of the blue figure in the garden. "There she is," said she.

She went around the house to the garden. She wore a gay cashmere-patterned calico dress with her mourning bonnet, and she held it carefully away from the dewy grass and vines.

The other woman did not notice her until she was close to her and said, "Good-mornin', Betsey." Then she started and turned around.

"Why, Mis' Caxton! That you?" said she.

"Yes. I've been standin' at your door for the last half-hour. I was jest goin' away when I caught sight of you out here."

In spite of her brisk speech her manner was subdued. She drew down the corners of her mouth sadly.

"I declare I'm dreadful sorry you had to stan' there so long!" said the other woman.

She set a pan partly filled with beans on the ground, wiped her hands, which were damp and green from the wet vines, on her apron, then extended her right one with a solemn and sympathetic air.

"It don't make much odds, Betsey," replied Mrs. Caxton. "I 'ain't got much to take up my time nowadays." She sighed heavily as she shook hands, and the other echoed her.

"We'll go right in now. I'm dreadful sorry you stood there so long," said Betsey.

"You'd better finish pickin' your beans."

"No; I wa'n't goin' to pick any more. I was jest goin' in."

"I declare, Betsey Dole, I shouldn't think you'd got enough for a cat!" said Mrs. Caxton, eying the pan.

"I've got pretty near all there is. I guess I've got more flowerin' beans than eatin' ones, anyway."

"I should think you had," said Mrs. Caxton, surveying the row of bean poles topped with swarms of delicate red flowers. "I should think they were pretty near all flowerin' ones. Had any pease?"

"I didn't have more'n three or four messes. I guess I planted sweet-pease mostly. I don't know hardly how I happened to."

"Had any summer squash?"

"Two or three. There's some more set, if they ever get ripe. I planted some gourds. I think they look real pretty on the kitchen shelf in the winter."

"I should think you'd got a sage bed big enough for the whole town."

"Well, I have got a pretty good sized one. I always liked them blue sage-blows. You'd better hold up your dress real careful goin' through here, Mis' Caxton, or you'll get it wet."

The two women picked their way through the dewy grass, around a corner of the hedge, and Betsey ushered her visitor into the house.

"Set right down in the rockin'-chair," said she. "I'll jest carry these beans out into the kitchen."

"I should think you'd better get another pan and string 'em, or you won't get 'em done for dinner."

"Well, mebbe I will, if you'll excuse it, Mis' Caxton. The beans had ought to boil quite a while; they're pretty old."

Betsey went into the kitchen and returned with a pan and old knife. She seated herself opposite Mrs. Caxton, and began to string and cut the beans.

"If I was in your place I shouldn't feel as if I'd got enough to boil a kettle for," said Mrs. Caxton, eying the beans. "I should 'most have thought when you didn't have any more room for a garden than you've got that you'd planted more real beans and pease instead of so many flowerin' ones. I'd rather have a good mess of green pease boiled with a piece of salt pork than all the sweet-pease you could give me. I like flowers well enough, but I never set up for a butterfly, an' I want something else to live on." She looked at Betsey with pensive superiority.

Betsey was near-sighted; she had to bend low over the beans in order to string them. She was fifty years old, but she wore her streaky light hair in curls like a young girl. The curls hung over her faded cheeks and almost concealed them. Once in a while she flung them back with a childish gesture which sat strangely upon her.

"I dare say you're in the rights of it," she said, meekly.

"I know I am. You folks that write poetry wouldn't have a single thing to eat growin' if they were left alone. And that brings to mind what I come for. I've been thinkin' about it ever since—our—little Willie—left us." Mrs. Caxton's manner was suddenly full of shame-faced dramatic fervor, her eyes reddened with tears.

Betsey looked up inquiringly, throwing

back her curls. Her face took on unconsciously lines of grief so like the other woman's that she looked like her for the minute.

"I thought maybe," Mrs. Caxton went on, tremulously, "you'd be willin' to—write a few lines."

"Of course I will, Mis' Caxton. I'll be glad to, if I can do 'em to suit you," Betsey said, tearfully.

"I thought jest a few—lines. You could mention how—handsome he was, and good, and I never had to punish him but once in his life, and how pleased he was with his little new suit, and what a sufferer he was, and—how we hope he is at rest—in a better land."

"I'll try, Mis' Caxton, I'll try," sobbed Betsey. The two women wept together for a few minutes.

"It seems as if—I couldn't have it so sometimes," Mrs. Caxton said, brokenly. "I keep thinkin' he's in the other—room. Every time I go back home when I've been away it's like—losin' him again. Oh, it don't seem as if I could go home and not find him there—it don't, it don't! Oh, you don't know anything about it, Betsey. You never had any children?"

"I don't s'pose I do, Mis' Caxton, I don't s'pose I do."

Presently Mrs. Caxton wiped her eyes. "I've been thinkin'," said she, keeping her mouth steady with an effort, "that it would be real pretty to have—some lines printed on some sheets of white paper with a neat black border. I'd like to send some to my folks, and one to the Perkinses in Brigham, and there's a good many others I thought would value 'em."

"I'll do jest the best I can, Mis' Caxton, an' be glad to. It's little enough anybody can do at such times."

Mrs. Caxton broke out weeping again. "Oh, it's true, it's true, Betsey!" she sobbed. "Nobody can do anything, and nothin' amounts to anything—poetry or anything else—when he's *gone*. Nothin' can bring him back. Oh, what shall I do, what shall I do?"

Mrs. Caxton dried her tears again, and arose to take leave. "Well, I must be goin', or Wilson won't have any dinner," she said, with an effort at self-control.

"Well, I'll do jest the best I can with the poetry," said Betsey. "I'll write it this afternoon." She had set down her pan of beans and was standing beside Mrs. Caxton. She reached up and straight-

ened her black bonnet, which had slipped backward.

"I've got to get a pin," said Mrs. Caxton, tearfully. "I can't keep it any wheres. It drags right off my head, the veil is so heavy."

Betsey went to the door with her visitor. "It's dreadful dusty, ain't it?" she remarked, in that sad, contemptuous tone with which one speaks of discomforts in the presence of affliction.

"Terrible," replied Mrs. Caxton. "I wouldn't wear my black dress in it no-how; a black bonnet is bad enough. This dress is 'most too good. It's enough to spoil everything. Well, I'm much obliged to you, Betsey, for bein' willin' to do that."

"I'll do jest the best I can, Mis' Caxton."

After Betsey had watched her visitor out of the yard she returned to the sitting-room and took up the pan of beans. She looked doubtfully at the handful of beans all nicely strung and cut up. "I declare I don't know what to do," said she. "Seems as-if I should kind of relish these, but it's goin' to take some time to cook 'em, tendin' the fire an' everything, an' I'd ought to go to work on that poetry. Then, there's another thing, if I have 'em to-day, I can't to-morrow. Mebbe I shall take more comfort thinkin' about 'em. I guess I'll leave 'em over till to-morrow."

Betsey carried the pan of beans out into the kitchen and set them away in the pantry. She stood scrutinizing the shelves like a veritable Mother Hubbard. There was a plate containing three or four potatoes and a slice of cold boiled pork, and a spoonful of red jelly in a tumbler; that was all the food in sight. Betsey stooped and lifted the lid from an earthen jar on the floor. She took out two slices of bread. "There!" said she. "I'll have this bread and that jelly this noon, an' to-night I'll have a kind of dinner-supper with them potatoes warmed up with the pork. An' then I can sit right down an' go to work on that poetry."

It was scarcely eleven o'clock, and not time for dinner. Betsey returned to the sitting-room, got an old black portfolio and pen and ink out of the chimney cupboard, and seated herself to work. She meditated, and wrote one line, then another. Now and then she read aloud what she had written with a solemn intonation. She sat there thinking and writ-

ing, and the time went on. The twelve-o'clock bell rang, but she never noticed it; she had quite forgotten the bread and jelly. The long curls drooped over her cheeks; her thin yellow hand, cramped around the pen, moved slowly and fitfully over the paper. The light in the room was dim and green, like the light in an arbor, from the tall hedge before the windows. Great plummy bunches of asparagus waved over the tops of the looking-glass; a framed sampler, a steel engraving of a female head taken from some old magazine, and sheaves of dried grasses hung on or were fastened to the walls; vases and tumblers of flowers stood on the shelf and table. The air was heavy and sweet.

Betsey in this room, bending over her portfolio, looked like the very genius of gentle, old-fashioned, sentimental poetry. It seemed as if one, given the premises of herself and the room, could easily deduce what she would write, and read without seeing those lines wherein flowers rhymed sweetly with vernal bowers, home with beyond the tomb, and heaven with even.

The summer afternoon wore on. It grew warmer and closer; the air was full of the rasping babble of insects, with the cicadas shrilling over them; now and then a team passed, and a dust cloud floated over the top of the hedge; the canary at the door chirped and trilled, and Betsey wrote poor little Willie Caxton's obituary poetry.

Tears stood in her pale blue eyes; occasionally they rolled down her cheeks, and she wiped them away. She kept her handkerchief in her lap with her portfolio. When she looked away from the paper she seemed to see two childish forms in the room—one purely human, a boy clad in his little girl petticoats, with a fair chubby face; the other in a little straight white night-gown, with long, shining wings, and the same face. Betsey had not enough imagination to change the face. Little Willie Caxton's angel was still himself to her, although decked in the paraphernalia of the resurrection.

"I s'pose I can't feel about it nor write about it anything the way I could if I'd had any children of my own an' lost 'em. I s'pose it *would* have come home to me different," Betsey murmured once, sniffing. A soft color flamed up under her curls at the thought. For a second the room seemed all aslant with white

wings, and smiling with the faces of children that had never been. Betsey straightened herself as if she were trying to be dignified to her inner consciousness. "That's one trouble I've been clear of, anyhow," said she; "an' I guess I can enter into her feelin's considerable."

She glanced at a great pink shell on the shelf, and remembered how she had often given it to the dead child to play with when he had been in with his mother, and how he had put it to his ear to hear the sea.

"Dear little fellow!" she sobbed, and sat awhile with her handkerchief at her face.

Betsey wrote her poem upon backs of old letters and odd scraps of paper. She found it difficult to procure enough paper for fair copies of her poems when composed; she was forced to be very economical with the first draft. Her portfolio was piled with a loose litter of written papers when she at length arose and stretched her stiff limbs. It was near sunset; men with dinner pails were tramping past the gate, going home from their work.

Betsey laid the portfolio on the table. "There! I've wrote sixteen verses," said she; "an' I guess I've got everything in. I guess she'll think that's enough. I can copy it off nice to-morrow. I can't see to-night to do it, anyhow."

There were red spots on Betsey's cheeks; her knees were unsteady when she walked. She went into the kitchen and made a fire, and set on the teakettle. "I guess I won't warm up them potatoes to-night," said she; "I'll have the bread an' jelly, an' save 'em for breakfast. Somehow I don't seem to feel so much like 'em as I did, an' fried potatoes is apt to lay heavy at night."

When the kettle boiled, Betsey drank her cup of tea and soaked her slice of bread in it; then she put away her cup and saucer and plate, and went out to water her garden. The weather was so dry and hot it had to be watered every night. Betsey had to carry the water from a neighbor's well: her own was dry. Back and forth she went in the deepening twilight, her slender body strained to one side with the heavy water pail, until the garden-mould looked dark and wet. Then she took in the canary-bird, locked up her house, and soon her light went out. Often on these summer nights, Betsey went to bed with-

out lighting a lamp at all. There was no moon, but it was a beautiful starlight night. She lay awake nearly all night thinking over her poem. She altered several lines in her mind.

She arose early, made herself a cup of tea, and warmed over the potatoes, then sat down to copy the poem. She wrote it out on both sides of note-paper, in a neat, cramped hand. It was the middle of the afternoon before it was finished. She had been obliged to stop work and cook the beans for dinner, although she began to do the time. When the poem was fairly copied, she rolled it neatly and tied it with a bit of black ribbon; then she made herself ready to carry it to Mrs. Caxton's.

It was a hot afternoon. Betsey went down the street in her thinnest dress—an old delaine, with delicate bunches of faded flowers on a faded green ground. There was a narrow green belt ribbon around her long waist. She wore a green barége bonnet, stiffened with rattans, scooping over her face, with her curls pushed forward over her thin cheeks in two bunches, and she carried a small green parasol with a jointed handle. Her costume was obsolete, even in the little country village where she lived. She had worn it every summer for the last twenty years. She made no more change in her attire than the old perennials in her garden. She had no money with which to buy new clothes, and the old satisfied her. She had come to regard them as being as unalterably a part of herself as her body.

Betsey went on, setting her slim, cloth-gaitered feet daintily in the hot sand of the road. She carried her roll of poetry in a black-mitted hand. She walked rather slowly. She was not very strong; there was a limp feeling in her knees; her face, under the green shade of her bonnet, was pale and moist with the heat.

She was glad to reach Mrs. Caxton's and sit down in her parlor, damp and cool and dark as twilight, for the blinds and curtains had been drawn all day. Not a breath of the fervid out-door air had penetrated it.

"Come right in this way; it's cooler than the sittin'-room," Mrs. Caxton said; and Betsey sank into the hair-cloth rocker and waved a palm-leaf fan.

Mrs. Caxton sat close to the window in the dim light, and read the poem. She took out her handkerchief and wiped her

eyes as she read. "It's beautiful, beautiful," she said, tearfully, when she had finished. "It's jest as comfortin' as it can be, and you worked that in about his new suit so nice. I feel real obliged to you, Betsey, and you shall have one of the printed ones when they're done. I'm goin' to see to it right off."

Betsey flushed and smiled. It was to her as if her poem had been approved and accepted by one of the great magazines. She had the pride and self-wonderment of recognized genius. She went home buoyantly, under the wilting sun, after her call was done. When she reached home there was no one to whom she could tell her triumph, but the hot spicy breath of the ever-green hedge and the fervent sweetness of the sweet-pease seemed to greet her like the voices of friends.

She could scarcely wait for the printed poem. Mrs. Caxton brought it, and she inspected it, neatly printed in its black border. She was quite overcome with innocent pride.

"Well, I don't know but it does read pretty well," said she.

"It's beautiful," said Mrs. Caxton, fervently. "Mr. White said he never read anything any more touchin', when I carried it to him to print. I think folks are goin' to think a good deal of havin' it. I've had two dozen printed."

It was to Betsey like a large edition of a book. She had written obituary poems before, but never one had been printed in this sumptuous fashion. "I declare I think it would look pretty framed!" said she.

"Well, I don't know but it would," said Mrs. Caxton. "Anybody might have a neat little black frame, and it would look real appropriate."

"I wonder how much it would cost?" said Betsey.

After Mrs. Caxton had gone, she sat long, staring admiringly at the poem, and speculating as to the cost of a frame. "There ain't no use; I can't have it no-how, not if it don't cost more'n a quarter of a dollar," said she.

Then she put the poem away and got her supper. Nobody knew how frugal Betsey Dole's suppers and breakfasts and dinners were. Nearly all her food in the summer came from the scanty vegetables which flourished between the flowers in her garden. She ate scarcely more than her canary-bird, and sang as assiduously.

Her income was almost infinitesimal: the interest at a low per cent. of a tiny sum in the village savings-bank, the remnant of her father's little hoard after his final expenses had been paid. Betsey had lived upon it for twenty years, and considered herself well-to-do. She had never received a cent for her poems; she had not thought of such a thing as possible. The appearance of this last in such shape was worth more to her than its words represented in as many dollars.

Betsey kept the poem pinned on the wall under the looking-glass; if any one came in, she tried with delicate hints to call attention to it. It was two weeks after she received it that the downfall of her innocent pride came.

One afternoon Mrs. Caxton called. It was raining hard. Betsey could scarcely believe it was she when she went to the door and found her standing there.

"Why, Mis' Caxton!" said she. "Ain't you wet to your skin?"

"Yes, I guess I be, pretty near. I s'pose I hadn't ought to come 'way down here in such a soak; but I went into Sarah Rogers's a minute after dinner, and something she said made me so mad, I made up my mind I'd come down here and tell you about it if I got drowned." Mrs. Caxton was out of breath; rain-drops trickled from her hair over her face; she stood in the door and shut her umbrella with a vicious shake to scatter the water from it. "I don't know what you're goin' to do with this," said she; "it's drippin'."

"I'll take it out an' put it in the kitchen sink."

"Well, I'll take off my shawl here too, and you can hang it out in the kitchen. I spread this shawl out. I thought it would keep the rain off me some. I know one thing, I'm goin' to have a water-proof if I live."

When the two women were seated in the sitting-room, Mrs. Caxton was quiet for a moment. There was a hesitating look on her face, fresh with the moist wind, with strands of wet hair clinging to the temples.

"I don't know as I had ought to tell you," she said, doubtfully.

"Why hadn't you ought to?"

"Well, I don't care; I'm goin' to, anyhow. I think you'd ought to know, an' it ain't so bad for you as it is for me. It don't begin to be. I put considerable

money into 'em. I think Mr. White was pretty high, myself."

Betsey looked scared. "What is it?" she asked, in a weak voice.

"*Sarah Rogers says that the minister told her Ida that that poetry you wrote was jest as poor as it could be, an' it was in dreadful bad taste to have it printed an' sent round that way. What do you think of that?*"

Betsey did not reply. She sat looking at Mrs. Caxton as a victim whom the first blow had not killed might look at her executioner. Her face was like a pale wedge of ice between her curls.

Mrs. Caxton went on. "Yes, she said that right to my face, word for word. An' there was something else. She said the minister said that you had never wrote anything that could be called poetry, an' it was a dreadful waste of time. I don't s'pose he thought 'twas comin' back to you. You know he goes with Ida Rogers, an' I s'pose he said it to her kind of confidential when she showed him the poetry. There! I gave Sarah Rogers one of them nice printed ones, an' she acted glad enough to have it. Bad taste! H'm! If anybody wants to say anything against that beautiful poetry, printed with that nice black border, they can. I don't care if it's the minister, or who it is. I don't care if he does write poetry himself, an' has had some printed in a magazine. Maybe his ain't quite so fine as he thinks 'tis. Maybe them magazine folks jest took his for lack of something better. I'd like to have you send that poetry there. Bad taste! I jest got right up. 'Sarah Rogers,' says I, 'I hope you won't never do anything yourself in any worse taste.' I trembled so I could hardly speak, and I made up my mind I'd come right straight over here."

Mrs. Caxton went on and on. Betsey sat listening, and saying nothing. She looked ghastly. Just before Mrs. Caxton went home she noticed it. "Why, Betsey Dole," she cried, "you look as white as a sheet. You ain't takin' it to heart as much as all that comes to, I hope. Goodness, I wish I hadn't told you!"

"I'd a good deal ruther you told me," replied Betsey, with a certain dignity. She looked at Mrs. Caxton. Her back was as stiff as if she was bound to a stake.

"Well, I thought you would," said Mrs. Caxton, uneasily; "and you're dreadful silly if you take it to heart, Betsey, that's

all I've got to say. Goodness, I guess I don't, and it's full a hard on me as tis on you."

Mrs. Caxton arose to go. Betsey brought her shawl and umbrella from the kitchen, and helped her off. Mrs. Caxton turned on the door step and looked back at Betsey's white face. "Now don't go to thinkin' about it any more," said she. "I ain't goin' to. It ain't worth mindin'. Everybody knows what Sarah Rogers is. Good-by."

"Good-by, Mis' Caxton," said Betsey. She went back into the sitting room. It was a cold rain, and the room was gloomy and chilly. She stood looking out of the window, watching the rain pelt on the hedge. The bird-cage hung at the other window. The bird watched her with his head on one side; then he begun to chirp.

Suddenly Betsey faced about, and began talking. It was not as if she were talking to herself; it seemed as if she recognized some other presence in the room. "I'd like to know if it's fair," said she. "I'd like to know if you think it's fair. Had I ought to have been born with the wantin' to write poetry if I couldn't write it—had I? Had I ought to have been let to write all my life, and not know before there wa'n't any use in it? Would it be fair if that canary-bird there, that 'ain't never done anything but sing, should turn out not to be singin'? Would it, I'd like to know? S'pose them sweet-pease shouldn't be smellin' the right way? I 'ain't been dealt with as fair as they have. I'd like to know if I have."

The bird trilled and trilled. It was as if the golden down on his throat bubbled. Betsey went across the room to a cupboard beside the chimney. On the shelves were neatly stacked newspapers and little white rolls of writing-paper. Betsey began clearing the shelves. She took out the newspapers first, got the scissors, and cut a poem neatly out of the corners of each. Then she took up the clipped poems and the white rolls in her apron, and carried them into the kitchen. She cleaned out the stove carefully, removing every trace of ashes; then she put in the papers, and set them on fire. She stood watching them as their edges curled and blackened, then leaped into flame. Her face twisted as if the fire were curling over it also. Other women might have burned their lovers' letters in agony of heart. Betsey had never had any lover,

but she was burning all the love-letters that had passed between her and life. When the flame died out she took a blue china sugar-bowl from the pantry and dipped the ashes into it with one of her thin silver teaspoons; then she put on the cover and set it away in the sitting-room cupboard.

The bird, who had been silent while she was out, began chirping again. Betsey went back to the pantry and got a lump of sugar, which she stuck between the cage wires. She looked at the clock on the kitchen shelf as she went by. It was after six. "I guess I don't want any supper to-night," she muttered.

She sat down by the window again. The bird pecked at his sugar. Betsey shivered and coughed. She had coughed more or less for years. People said she had the old-fashioned consumption. She sat at the window until it was quite dark; then she went to bed in her little bedroom out of the sitting-room. She shivered so she could not hold herself upright crossing the room. She coughed a great deal in the night.

Betsey was always an early riser. She was up at five the next morning. The sun shone, but it was very cold for the season. The leaves showed white in a north wind, and the flowers looked brighter than usual, though they were bent with the rain of the day before. Betsey went out in the garden to straighten her sweet-pease.

Coming back, a neighbor passing in the street eyed her curiously. "Why, Betsey, you sick?" said she.

"No: I'm kinder chilly, that's all," replied Betsey.

But the woman went home and reported that Betsy Dole looked dreadfully, and she didn't believe she'd ever see another summer.

It was now late August. Before October it was quite generally recognized that Betsey Dole's life was nearly over. She had no relatives, and hired nurses were rare in this little village. Mrs. Caxton came voluntarily and took care of her, only going home to prepare her husband's meals. Betsey's bed was moved into the sitting-room, and the neighbors came every day to see her, and brought little delicacies. Betsey had talked very little all her life; she talked less now, and there was a reticence about her which somewhat intimidated the other women.

They would look pityingly and solemnly at her, and whisper in the entry when they went out.

Betsey never complained; but she kept asking if the minister had got home. He had been called away by his mother's illness, and returned only a week before Betsey died.

He came over at once to see her. Mrs. Caxton ushered him in one afternoon.

"Here's Mr. Lang come to see you, Betsey," said she, in the tone she would have used toward a little child. She placed the rocking-chair for the minister, and was about to seat herself, when Betsey spoke:

"Would you mind goin' out in the kitchen jest a few minutes, Mis' Caxton?" said she.

Mrs. Caxton arose, and went out with an embarrassed trot. Then there was a silence. The minister was a young man—a country boy who had worked his way through a country college. He was gaunt and awkward, but sturdy in his loose black clothes. He had a homely, impetuous face, with a good forehead.

He looked at Betsey's gentle wasted face sunken in the pillow, framed by its clusters of curls; finally he begun to speak in the stilted fashion, yet with a certain force by reason of his unpolished honesty, about her spiritual welfare. Betsey listened quietly; now and then she assented. She had been a church member for years. It seemed new to the young man that this elderly maiden, drawing near the end of her simple, innocent life, had indeed her lamp, which no strong winds of temptation had ever met, well trimmed and burning.

When he paused, Betsey spoke. "Will you go to the cupboard side of the chimney and bring me the blue sugar-bowl on the top shelf?" said she, feebly.

The young man stared at her a minute; then he went to the cupboard, and brought the sugar-bowl to her. He held it, and Betsey took off the lid with her weak hand. "Do you see what's in there?" said she.

"It looks like ashes."

"It's—the ashes of all—the poetry I—ever wrote."

"Why, what made you burn it, Miss Dole?"

"I found out it wa'n't worth nothin'."

The minister looked at her in a bewildered way. He began to question if she were not wandering in her mind.

He did not once suspect his own connection with the matter.

Betsey fastened her eager sunken eyes upon his face. "What I want to know is—if you'll tend to havin' this—burned with me."

The minister recoiled. He thought to himself that she certainly was wandering.

"No, I ain't out of my head," said Betsey. "I know what I'm sayin'. Maybe it's queer soundin', but it's a notion I've took. If you'll—tend to it, I shall be—much obliged. I don't know anybody else I can ask."

"Well, I'll attend to it, if you wish me to, Miss Dole," said the minister, in a serious, perplexed manner. She replaced the lid on the sugar-bowl, and left it in his hands.

"Well, I shall be much obliged if you will tend to it; an' now there's something else," said she.

"What is it, Miss Dole?"

She hesitated a moment. "You write poetry, don't you?"

The minister colored. "Why, yes; a little sometimes."

"It's good poetry, ain't it? They printed some in a magazine."

The minister laughed confusedly. "Well, Miss Dole, I don't know how good poetry it may be, but they did print some in a magazine."

Betsey lay looking at him. "I never wrote none that was—good," she whispered, presently; "but I've been thinkin'—if you would jest write a few—lines about me—afterward— I've been thinkin' that—mebbe my—dyin' was goin' to make me—a good subject for—poetry, if I never wrote none. If you would jest write a few lines."

The minister stood holding the sugar-bowl; he was quite pale with bewilderment and sympathy. "I'll—do the best I can, Miss Dole," he stammered.

"I'll be much obliged," said Betsey, as if the sense of grateful obligation was immortal like herself. She smiled, and the sweetness of the smile was as evident through the drawn lines of her mouth as the old red in the leaves of a withered rose. The sun was setting; a red beam flashed softly over the top of the hedge and lay along the opposite wall; then the bird in his cage began to chirp. He chirped faster and faster until he trilled into a triumphant song.

SOME COLONIAL AND REVOLUTIONARY LETTERS.

BY FREDERICK DENTIL.

A FEW years ago a valuable collection of original letters handed down from the colonial and Revolutionary era of Virginia was presented to the authorities of that State by the descendant of one of the Revolutionary families, Mr. Thomas J. Massie, of Nelson County, Virginia. The ancestor of Mr. Massie was the executor of the estate of Thomas Adams, and it was as such that he became possessed of the "Adams letters." The following series, culled from the file of Thomas Adams, who was a wealthy merchant in New Kent County, Virginia, and afterward a Virginia delegate to the Continental Congress, gives a life-like glimpse of the times in which they were written. Mr. Adams resided a year in London as a "Virginia Merchant," several of the letters being addressed to him there, care of the "Virginia Coffee House."

LONDON, Decr. 8, 1762.

DEAR SIR. . . . Preliminaries of Peace have been signed between England, France, and Spain, I hear. I hope the Proclamation of Peace will shortly take place, & have a beneficial effect on the price of Tobacco. . . .

I am, Dear Sir, sincerely yours,

JOHN BLAND.

TO MESSRS THOMAS ADAMS, ESQ.,
in Richmond, Virginia.

[Enclosed in a Packet]

LONDON, 15th March 1770.

SIR. It having been intimated to us by Capt^a Mitchell, of the Lord Baltimore, that a Report hath some time prevailed in Maryland that we are of the Roman Catholic Religion, & tho' void of the least foundation in Truth, has been circulated with art by wicked & designing People (in order to prejudice our interests with all those who are not of that church) from our having been favoured with the consignments of several gentlemen of that Persuasion who have constantly consigned us their Tobaccos, not on account of Religion, but their knowledge of the good usage and regular accounts sent them, & they considered no merchants could serve them better or with more justice, to those amongst friends we hold ourselves highly obliged. We take this opportunity to declare to you & the rest of our friends that the Report is false and groundless, & to assure you that neither of us or our Parents ever professed any other than the Protestant Religion, & Friends to the present Happy Establishment.

We are well convinced that this malicious Report has been very harmful to us, but we hope this method taken to contradict it will have the desired effect, & that we shall have the renewal of your favours, which we have been so unjustly deprived of by these notorious falsehoods propagated by our enemies.

We are with great respect, Sir,

Your much obliged, humble servants,

PERKINS BUCHANAN & BROWN.

Virginia, 1st Decr 1771.

GENTLEMEN.—This will be handed to you by Capt. Woodford with — hhd's Tobacco. The enclosed letter is from my much esteemed friend Thomas Jefferson, Esq. There is no man living who I wish more to oblige, as I think there is none of greater merit. He is a Counsellor at Law & a shining ornament to it. If you can supply his friend Mr. Ogilvie with a little money & any way contribute towards forwarding his ordination, it will be laying Mr. Jefferson & many others under lasting obligations. You cannot do better than generally to take notice of such young fellows as come for ordination; little civilities in a strange country make deep impressions, & the good word of a respectable clergyman has great weight in his parish now. Your touching on the subject of religion surprized your friends here. People here in general think too little of religion. Cou'ts could not read that part of your letter with any degree of patience. He says you ought to have known by his letter that he was a man of more sense than to care what religion you were of, but swears from his heart that he had rather you were a Roman Catholic than a Presbyterian. I imagine he will say something droll to you on the occasion in his next.

I am yours sincerely

THOMAS ADAMS.

TO MESSRS PERKINS BUCHANAN & BROWN,
London.

MONTICELLO, Feb. 20, 1771.

DEAR SIR.—Not expecting to have the pleasure of seeing you again before you leave the country, I inclose you an order on the inspectors at Shockoe for two hhd's of tob^o which I consign to you, and give you also the trouble of shipping as I am too far from the spot to do it myself. They are to be laid out in the purchase of the articles on the back hereof. You will observe that part of these articles (such as are licensed by the association) are to be sent at any event. Another part (being prohibited) are only to be sent if the tea act should be repealed before you get home; if it is not, you will observe a third class to be sent instead of those which are prohibited. I am not without expectation that the repeal may

take place. I believe the parliament want nothing but a colorable motive to adopt this measure. The conduct of our brethren of New York affords them this. You will observe by my invoice that I have supposed my tob^o to clear me £50. sterl. pr hhd; should it be less, dock the invoice of such articles as you think I may get in the country.—In consequence of your recommendation I wrote to Waller last June for £45 sterl. worth of books inclosing him a bill of exchange to that amount. Having written to Benson Fearson for another parcel of nearly the same amount, I directed him to purchase them also of Waller. I acquainted both of the necessity of my situation brought on by the unlucky loss of my library, and pressed them most earnestly to lose not a day in sending them; yet I have heard not a tittle from either gentleman.—I mentioned to you that I had become one of several securities for a gentleman of my acquaintance lately engaged in trade. I hope and indeed hear he is doing very well; I would not therefore take any step to wound his credit; but as far as it can possibly be done without affecting that, I must beg you to have me secured. It can surely do no mischief to see that his remittances are placed to the credit of the money for which we stand engaged, and not of any in a importations of goods made afterwards. I must rely entirely on your friendly assistance in the matter, which I assure you gives me concern, as should my friend prove unsuccessful, (and ill fortune may render any person unsuccessful,) it might sweep away the whole of my little fortune.—I must once more trouble you for my friend Ogilvie. The commissary promised to write in his favor to the bishop by Necks. I did not see his letter, and with this gentleman I believe no farther than I see. I wrote by the same opportunity to Ogilvie and apprised him of the commissary's engagement. Should your route to the ship be thro' Wms.burgh I would trouble you to know whether he has or hath written or not. The inclosed letter to Ogilvie you will please to deliver with our most earnest advice that he lose not a day in coming over.—One farther favor and I am done; to search the Herald's office for the arms of my family. I have what I have been told were the family arms, but on what authority I know not. It is possible there may be none. If so, I would with your assistance become a purchaser, having Sterne's word for it that a coat of arms may be purchased as cheap as any other coat.—The things I have desired you to purchase for me I would beg you to hasten, particularly the Clavichord, which I have directed to be purchased in Hamburgh, because they are better made there, and much cheaper. Leave me a line before you go away with instructions how to direct to you. I am Dr. Sir,

Your sincere friend

TH: JEFFERSON

To, Mr. THOMAS ADAMS.

MONTICELLO, *June 1, 1773.*

DEAR SIR,—As it was somewhat doubtful when you left the country how far my little invoice delivered you might be complied with till we should know the fate of the association, I desired you to withhold purchasing the things till you should hear farther from me. The day appointed for the meeting of the associates is not yet arrived: however from the universal sense of those who are likely to attend, it seems reduced to a certainty that the restrictions will be taken off every thing but the dutied articles. I will therefore venture to desire that branch of my invoice may be complied with in which were some shoes and other prohibited articles; since if contrary to our expectations the restrictions should be continued, I can store, or otherwise dispose of them as our committees please. I must alter one article in the invoice. I wrote therein for a Clavichord. I have since seen a Forte-piano and am charmed with it. Send me this instrument then instead of the Clavichord: let the case be of fine mahogany, solid, not veneered, the compass from Double G. to F. in alt, a plenty of spare strings: and the workmanship of the whole very handsome and worthy the acceptance of a lady for whom I intend it. I must add also $\frac{1}{2}$ doz pr India cotton stockings for myself @ 10/ sterl pr pair, $\frac{1}{2}$ doz pr best white silk d^o; and a large umbrella with brass ribs, covered with green silk, and neatly finished. By this change of the Clavichord into a Forte-piano and addition of the other things, I shall be brought in debt to you, to discharge which I will ship you of the first tobacco I get to the warehouse in the fall. I expect by that time, and also from year to year afterwards, I must send you an invoice, with tobacco, somewhat enlarged, as I have it in prospect to become more regularly a pater-familias.—I desired the favor of you to procure me an architect. I must repeat the request earnestly, and that you will send him in as soon as you can.—I shall conclude with one petition: that you send me the articles contained in my invoice and written for above as soon as you receive this, as I suppose they may be bought ready made; and particularly the Forte-piano, for which I shall be very impatient. By this means I may get them in Octob., which will prevent my being obliged to purchase as I must do if they do not come in time. I am Dr. Sir,

Your affectionate friend

TH. JEFFERSON.

To, Mr. THOMAS ADAMS,
to be left at Nando's Coffee House
Fleet Street,
London.

Invoice of Goods ship^d by Perkins Buchanan & Brown on Board the Industry, James Lewis, P Virginia, for Account and Risque of Thomas Jefferson, Esq^r.

T. I. No. 1 Box Books Thos. Cadell,	13. 10
Entry & all charge on board, 2.	
Freight 6 30 Postage 1 15	
bill Ld.	8 6
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1769.

Sept. 19.

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T. I. Petit. Jus. Parliamentum. C Gilt marble Leaves, extra. elegant. . . .	1. 4. 0
Gordon's History of Parliament 2 vols Do & Do.	0. 12. 0
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Stewart's Political Economy Do & Do	2. 12. 6
Paid for a box	0. 3. 0
	£12. 6. 0

Petty's Survey of Ireland could only be got in octavo. I sent Montesquieu's works as the Spirit of Laws, &c., could not be got separate in quarto.

TO THOMAS ADAMS, Esq. in London.

DR. SIR. I have wrote more than once to England for Scapula's Lexicon. I have been as often answered that no such book can be found in the shops. But I fancy my correspondents never applied to the proper places where classics are sold. Will you be kind enough to repeat the search, if convenient, or, if you hear of it in any old library, buy & send it me by the first opportunity. If I could ascertain the price, I would send you the money; but will take care to remit it upon the receiving of the Lexicon.

I am Dr. Sir,

Yr. mo. obt. servt.

EDM. RANDOLPH.

Decr 11th 1771, Wmsburgh, Virga.

WMS.BURG, June 22, 1775.

DEAR SIR,—Your agreeable favor of the 4th February is now before me. We are here in a most unhappy situation. Our Governor dissolved the Assembly & the officers of the

Courts of Justice are without any law for regulating their fees. This has effectually shut up the Courts of Justice in the country & I expect they will remain so till another Assembly is called, which I suppose will not be till the Governor has orders from England. The Act of Parliament for blocking up the harbor of Boston with the Bill for sending home People to be tried in England for offences committed in America has set the whole continent in an uproar. Should the latter be attempted to be carried out, it will certainly cause bloodshed. I desire my most respectful compliments to your good lady & family, & am very sincerely yr. affectionate friend & very hum. servt.

THOMAS ADAMS.

To (defaced), in London.

COLUMBIA, N. Y., 10th Feb. 1771

DEAR SIR, —Should it please God to preserve Capt. Woodford safe from the damage of the seas and enemy, you'll receive by his ship my usual consignment of 4 hhds of Tobo., which I am satisfied will be made the most of, & I flatter myself it is of good quality. I have desired Capt. Dobbie from this river to apply to you for a genteel watch for Mrs. Carter, with a suitable chain as well as a small neat seal.

As I begin to grow old & lazy & find exercise on horseback rather too much for me twice a day, I would gladly indulge myself in the summer season in a light open carriage to visit my corn & tobacco fields in the afternoon, & therefore have determined to send to England for such a carriage as our late Gov^r. (Ld. Botetourt) brought with him to Virginia, known by the name of a Park Chair, painted green, full large enough to carry two people, & constructed with four wheels, an exact Phaeton, fixed very low to the ground with a large cloth cushion upon the seat & to be drawn by one horse only; the whole conveyance and harness to cost 12 pounds from the maker & calculated to travel upon level lands. This much of a conveniency I shall be much obliged to you for by Dobbie's next voyage hither, early in the ensuing spring. So long as you continue in London you may expect from me at least a small annual consignment. Farewell.

I am Dear Sir

Yr. affectionate friend & servant

CHAS. CARTER.

To, THOMAS ADAMS Merchant in London.

LIEB HALL, June 27, 1778

SIR,—I see the haughty Court of Great Britain & their Commissioners have sent an insulting message offering pardon to the sovereign, free & independent states of America. I have not the least room to doubt that it will be treated with the contempt it deserves. If America would exert itself, these invaders might be driven off the continent. Our country seems to be asleep & I think our govern-

ment wants energy. If you have a spare moment, I shall be glad to hear from you.

I am, Sir, yr. obt. servt.,

RICHARD LEE.

The Hon. THOMAS ADAMS, Esq.,

A Delegate in Congress at
York in Pennsylvania.

Bremo, Apr. 29, 1779.

DEAR SIR,—You know Bremo Neck is an out of the way place for *Daveyers*; it's by accident if I ever hear of any person going to Philadelphia.

I should have wrote you pr Col. Richard Meade had he not set off a week sooner than I expected. We have been tantalized with Congress having received very important news from EUROPE: PEACE UPON HONBLE TERMS, which was to have been proclaimed last Saturday, the 27th March, in every State. In consequence of which the merchants shut up their stores & Tob^o fell from £12.10 to £8 pr cwt.; indeed they would not buy it at any price. I do not think the last accounts for the South forbode Peace; far from it, the enemy have two men to our one & do almost as they please.

I am, Dear Sir, yours sincerely

BOWLER COCKE.

The Hon. THOMAS ADAMS, Esq., Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, 29th June 1779.

DEAR SIR, I hope that your Assembly have ordered a Land Office to be opened. You will remember our conversation on this subject, and what my proposals on that subject were, on which I wish to know your sentiments as well as those of your friends. I mean to engage in Lands on a large scale somewhere, & am at present disengaged & undetermined. My view generally is to engage in a company who should take in a sufficiency for a small government, suppose of one hundred miles square, & those I can engage to come into it will be able to advance any sum equal to the undertaking, so that the interest would instantly become valuable. On the River Mississippi, near Illinois, on the west side of the Ohio, or on the south side of Lake Erie, are the places I should prefer. Your state will never be able to extend its government to the Ohio, for any time, but the disputes which must exist about jurisdiction & will render the situation on the east side of the Ohio for some time disagreeable. But I am confident you will never be so mad as to entertain the romantic notion of including any thing beyond the Ohio, where a government may be fixed to our own liking. Indeed I must say that if Virginia acts wisely they will never oppose the Illinois & Wabash companies from forming & settling their purchases. Since the infant settlements are begun beyond the River Ohio, the immense tract on this side

will rise in value, as Continental money has depreciated.

I am with much respect, Dear Sir,

Your most obt. & acy. Humble servt.,

SILAS DEANE.

The Honble THOMAS ADAMS, Esq.,

Winsburgh, Virginia

Per Mr. DE FRANCEY

Of course in many of the "colonial" letters of the collection, tobacco, crops, money matters, are standing topics, freely mingled with allusions to the acts of the "House of Burgesses" and of the "Home Government." Several of the future signers of the Declaration of Independence are, in advance of the great struggle, thoroughly outspoken against the mother country.

A "country gentleman" writing to a correspondent in England gives a lengthy and minute account of affairs in the colony. "A terrible inundation" is reported to have occurred in May, 1771, by which the "Public Tobaccos out of the Public Warehouses were swept away," and "had to be made good." For this purpose the Assembly voted Treasury notes, on petition of the colonists, "the same," it is remarked, "who had previously opposed the issuing of such notes in the last war when the public interest only was at stake and not their credit." Mention is made of the feeling against the "Expediency of an American Episcopate," which project was finally voted down, after an "ecclesiastical meeting," in the Assembly, "as not conducive to the spiritual interests of His Majesty's American subjects." Allusion is also made to a lately deceased Governor, Lord Botetourt, as "a great and good man," and to a project then on foot in the colony to erect a monument to his memory.

A bulky mass of "fool's-cap" is headed "Outlines of a Plan for introducing into the Colonies of Great Britain in North America the different products of Europe, which may be cultivated under the similar circumstances of climate, situation and soil." Its specifications are sufficiently quaint, but too numerous for mention. The preamble starts with the following emphatic announcement, "The three principal objects to be obtained most conducive for the interests of Great Britain and its colonies are silk, wine & oil." Accompanying this document are dozens of letters from Signor Maggi, its author, who was a venturesome Italian

settled in London. He became a partner of Mr. Jefferson, and emigrated to the colony in order to carry out the proposed settlement. Having settled near the Jefferson mansion at Monticello, Signor Maggi went zealously to work and planted several acres with the vine; but the vineyard yielded only "sour grapes," and had to be abandoned. Without attempting to complete his programme in regard to silk and oil (without which life is as nothing in Italian eyes), the signore returned to London, and during several

years acted in the capacity of a Virginia Agent.

In the collections are to be found a large number of ancient documents, household and otherwise, and deeds of lands more than two hundred years of date. The oldest of these originals is a deed for land in New Kent County, Virginia, dated 29th April, 1672; it is gorgeously written and sealed in red wax, and, though the ink is considerably faded and the paper stained, altogether in an admirable state of preservation.

THE MOONLIGHTER OF COUNTY CLARE.

BY JOHN G. SWARTZ.

I REMEMBER that I sat there reflecting because the carriage happened to be empty. After all, at that stage of the Irish experience—there is no use denying it—I really was untroubled in the presence of the third class. My desire to make a good note-book did not always keep my courage up. And that day I was allowing myself to feel glad to be alone, and I formed an intention to read in comfort, lying, after the train left Limerick, at full length on my back. The three men tramped up the stone platform, and shouldered in past me, and clustered into the further corner, at the very last minute. And the girl, with her black shawl over her head, had to run, breathless, on light feet, and was nearly left behind. She sat down opposite to me on the wooden seat, which, originally varnished brown, was rubbed in places to a dirty black, and hacked white with knives and hobnailed boots. The train lumbered out of the station, crossing the Shannon almost immediately after into County Clare....

I remember that, as usual, I smoked a great many cigarettes, because in the third-class carriages the good smell from tobacco used to become delicious. I read my guide-book, and I looked out over a green country under a gray sky—fields gashed black by the peat trenches, a gray stone farm-house on a little hill, here and there the whitewashed cabins, with black peat piled against their walls. But after that I looked at the companions of my journey.

The brown-bearded man with the

brown eye, gentle as any St. Joseph the Carpenter's, at that time did most of the talking. And, from what I overheard, I certainly gathered that he travelled to Galway to see "a widow that he had"; and that he was a master-joiner of Newtown-Pery, which of course is in County Limerick.

The swarthy yokel with the gray-black hair and the short gray-black whiskers, who nodded or shook his head but never spoke, looked more than anything like a great black-faced ox too stolid to hurt a fly. And the third fellow, called Casey, who wore light sporting tweeds, and kept his little pig's eyes fastened on my face solemnly and with no compunction, simply reminded me of a huge pig squatting on his haunches and staring up at me out of his pen.

It was he who suddenly stamped, winked, thrust out his thumb, and bawled: "To her, boy—to her! A fine young feller like you! Don't ye see the lass is dying to speak wid ye? Why don't ye talk?" The others shook him roughly by the shoulders. "I heard them whisper, 'Shure what would ye be doing? Don't ye see it's a gintleman, ye fool?'" In my eagerness to disprove this charge I stammered when I followed his suggestion, and smiled and murmured my first words to the girl with the black shawl.

She laughed at Casey composedly, but without replying to me—a sweet, quite careless laugh. I realize well enough that the emotion which I feel when I think of it is purely sentimental, and quite probably by now hasn't a bit of

ground outside my imagination to proceed on. I know that people of her class, and especially the Irish, accept those things more calmly, more as the simple fortune of war, than we do; and that, though at the time they give way into far more rebellious crying, it is only the sooner to acquiesce and forget. I know that well enough. The black shawl framed her hair, her face, in the same triangular fashion as does the veil the head of Botticelli's National Gallery Virgin, falling, like that too, down over the shoulders.

I thought of it then. I found further an actual resemblance of feature though not of coloring between them; the same long, almost exaggeratedly oval face, the eyes long and lemon-shaped, the long-drawn eyebrows, the dull-red, curling, and almost peevish lips. Below her oval chin, the dress being open, I saw how bone and sinew of the thorax and the tapering long neck were, as they should be, altogether hidden in firm white flesh; but, unlike the Botticelli, the eyes were blue, the thick hair brown. I sat wishing she had, as those girls generally would, seen fit to talk. And all conversation languished that afternoon, I remember. The three travelling companions were quite silent. The train creaked and crawled its way along, stopping at an occasional station, where, among the little crowd of peasantry, I saw, as usual, always the tall figures of the "sargents," as they called them, of the policemen on duty—black blue uniformed and with silver buttons, often with brown rifle on shoulder, striding up and down, or standing, furtively alert to watch the faces of those who arrived and departed. The whole country was in a state of siege.

I remember that a gray little rat of a man who had joined us produced from his pocket a tin pipe on which he played wailing airs, and that just before he got out he passed around his hat, and from every one received a word and a penny, largess ill-afforded, and which he would never have obtained from wealthier people. The train arrived at Quin.

The red-chin-bearded man, with shaven lip, red brows, and a gray and reddish eye—the twinkling eye of a terrier—when he entered the carriage was vociferously greeted by the three travelling companions, so I know that his first name was "Jimmy." He recognized the girl with the black shawl, to whom he said, in

some surprise (I remember I noticed it): "Shure ye're a long way from Castle Mally, Louie! And have ye been to Limerick in that dress?"

Louie answered, "Yes, I have been to Limerick, Jimmy."

Then the red-chin-bearded man sat down among the group at the other end of the carriage, and with a sombre tongue, which his eye made almost laughable, I overheard him whisper, "Shure, 'twas done night before last at Castle Mally."

The three travelling companions leaned forward instantly. The four heads clustered. They whispered to him all at once, as if with full understanding of his reference:

"What, ould Lintan?"

And he answered:

"True for you, ould Lintan, the bloody land-grabber. He's bloody enough indeed now—that he is."

The three travelling companions demanded, with unceremonious gruff quickness:

"And how did it happen, now?"

In order not to excite suspicion, I looked at the ground, and I listened, straining my left ear, as I sat on the right of the carriage, to hear the whispered story above the rumbling of the train.

Jimmy muttered, with a mouth at their very ears, "Shure night before last a party of young fellers wint to visit him at his house, and they summoned him out into the yard to demand of him most politely for arms."

He leaned far back against the seat and wagged his head up and down, contemplating his audience.

They looked from one to the other, also wagging their heads; and, as if they understood well enough what he would say next, they whispered, hoarsely,

"A great pity!—a great pity!"

When Jimmy continued the tale he again bent forward almost double, and punctuated every important clause by a down stroke of the arm and outstretched finger, which was half laughable, half grim.

"Upon that," continued he, "Lintan, it seems, goes back insoide the house, fetches out his gun, and, standing on his doorstep, with his wife and his son and his daughter behind him—three witnesses, mind you—he tould them all to be off. Just then, bad cess to it! the moon broke through a cloud, and in the moonlight that ould codger saw siven of them boys as plain as

could be against the white-washed wall of the pigpen; and for all they had on black masks, he began to call out their names one by one.

The three travelling companions repeated their expert comment: "A-a! that was a great pity!—a great pity!"

Jimmy waved his hand for silence; he finished the story. It seems curious that I remember his words so distinctly, but, perhaps, considering all that happened, really it is not so strange.

"So with that of course those boys opened fire upon him, but the divil one of them hit him at all; and Lintan let fly, and he killed young Harry Dempsey. Then the other Dempsey—his brother Willie, it seems—steps out, and by gorra he tore off his mask to take a betther aim. And wid the tears on his face, they say, he shot that ould villain straight through the body, who fell down flat beside his door, crying out his last words, it seems—'Go home, boys, now!' And his wife and children over him, shrieking and cursing them all for bloody monsters and thieves. And he may grab six feet of good land now, but no more, niver a bit more, no more."

He leaned again, with much dramatic effect, far back against the seat. The gentle-eyed carpenter of Newtown-Pery remarked:

"Poor Widow Lintan!"

"Poor Widdy Lintan? Bad wind to her! May the Lord sweep her off the face of the earth for persecuting the poor moonlighters!"

The two who spoke cried, "What! has she turned informer?" while the swarthy and silent yokel sat with staring eyes.

Jimmy answered:

"That she has indeed, then! She and her bloody brood of upstarts have sworn black and red against Willie Dempsey that he fired the fatal shot. And Captain Rihassane has offered a hundred pounds reward. Ye'll be after seein' it posted already at all the stations when we come into that part of the country beyant Ennis. The constabulary are out chasing the country after him. Shure he'll swing if he's caught, poor lad! And wasn't one fine young man more than worth an ould codger that you wouldn't give a pinny to look at him, without her wanting to lay low another of poor ould Dempsey and his wife's? May the eye of the dearly beloved Son of Mary niver

glance upon her! Bad scan to her, the ould witch!"

The gentle-eyed man with the brown beard remarked, meditatively, "Her grandfather before her was an informer. I remember now I've heard tell, in Ninety-Eight."

It was evident that his anxiety for the Widow Lintan had ceased. They continued to whisper together, but with only occasional allusions to the moonlighter—to "Willie Dempsey, poor lad!"—and mainly about a dog "wid a five-pound note on his back," so described by his owner, Jimmy, who, I finally comprehended, was anxious to fight him for that sum against a dog owned by the swarthy stolid yokel. This last disdained to answer by word of mouth, solemnly shaking his head to refuse the many times repeated bet.

The train lumbered onward, and I recollect that a peculiar white and livid grayness settled over everything—the lush and green prospect, and the earth-stained company in the brown car—as the clouds lowered and came the nearer to breaking into rain. And it impressed me strangely that the girl with the black shawl—"Louie"—had neither looked toward Jimmy, the narrator, nor seemed to be interested at all in his story of the death two nights ago of Lintan at Castle Mally.

It was her own place. I searched it out on my traveller's map. I found a small town near the sea in West Clare, fifteen miles walk from the rail. So, since she was but then on her return from Limerick thither, I thought that till then she had not learned the evil plight of the murderer Willie Dempsey, after whom the constabulary was chasing, and who would be "hung for shure, poor lad!" if he were caught.

And I remember I began to meditate asking her whether she knew him, the moonlighter Willie Dempsey, who had shot the farmer Lintan two nights ago at her place, Castle Mally.

But she sat there with her long, rounded, lemon-shaped eyes cast down, and refusing me permission to speak. I looked in my guide-book, found that the station for Castle Mally was Gort, and argued that at any rate she must remain by me some time longer.

The train reached Ennis. To my disappointment she arose, saying, in a silver voice, "A-a! take your great feet out of the way."

With meekness I did so, touching my hat. "Good-by," I said.

"Good-by," she answered, and she got out of the carriage.

Jimmy and the three travelling companions also left me; but they remarked to one another that there was time for a drop of the "cratur," which would taste mighty "convanient." I was then alone in the carriage.

Ennis seemed to be an important station, and a pack of black, sullen-looking freight vans covered the tracks, making my side of the carriage, the side farthest from the platform, very dark. Moreover, it then had begun to rain. I had just made up my mind to move across to the other side, the side nearest to the platform, when he appeared, as suddenly as a ghost, below me, in the gloom of the narrow chasm between the neighboring van and the carriage, climbed on the foot-board, turned the handle of the door, opened it, jumped in, shoved a bundle in a red handkerchief and two dirty-white bandboxes tied with green ribbon under the seat, sat down opposite to me, his knees touching mine, and stared at me with long-lashed violet eyes. After a moment of that he demanded,

"Are ye goin' to Gort?"

I answered, "No; I am going to Galway."

He continued: "Is that so, indeed? Faith, that's a long way for ye, now—isn't it?"

But to that I did not answer, because I thought he meant to be impudent. And his questions ceased.

The man looked about twenty-five years old. I remember the fine black mustache and the blue beard of a growth of three days. I think he must have been really very handsome, because he retained such good looks even in the unshaven state. On his head, too, an absurdly huge, very low-crowned Derby hat, like those which, making a half-pathetic but yet half-ludicrous impression, cause us to recognize the newly arrived in the New York streets. His hands were dirty, his yellow clothes rough and covered with straws, his clumsy brogans with mud; and he smelt of the stable and the barn-yard. He looked straight into my eyes so curiously that I could not tell whether he was impudent or shy. I rose, leaving him to himself in his black corner. I edged along between the brown seats to the other window. I looked out for distraction over the wet-

gray platform of Ennis, where among many loungers I remember only a motionless, silver-buttoned policeman, with his back against the wall, and a little red-nosed parson of the Irish Church, who under an umbrella took occasional sips from a flask which he kept in the pocket of his rusty black coat. So I fell to reading. It was *An Unknown Country*. The rain dripped noisily on the carriage roof. Then came the thump on the rattling pane, which made me start and throw up my head and see the dull-red mouth of the girl Louie within an inch of mine, laughing at me while she peered curiously in through the glass. Having drawn my attention she passed on instantly; and I lowered the sash and leaned out to look after her. Her face turned over its shoulder; without stopping, the girl Louie kissed her hand to me.

I saw the wide round eye of the silver-buttoned *sargent* fixed on us as I returned the salutation. I remember that his expression and his little tilting cap struck me as distinctly funny. The girl continued her walking—a straight, free walking, as though she had often carried home the linen from the river on her head—almost out of sight, past the long train, to the far end of the station. She remained there such a time without ever glancing back at me that I drew in my head, and took once more to my book. Then I was again interrupted by her in the same fashion. She passed on as before. I leaned out, and again she turned, and we kissed our hands. The *sargent* winked at me with a benevolent eye and laughing. The girl threw a joke to him in answer of something complimentary which he offered. I resolved that if a third time she passed without stopping I would get out and follow. But the third time she halted, and bending her body from the waist far in through the window, she turned on its long neck her long beautiful face framed in the triangle of the high-peaked black shawl. And she whispered—looking down at me where I sat, with a look half of laughter, half of bashful impudence, such as I saw often in the eyes of the Irish colleens when they blarneyed me for something which they knew outrageous:

"A-a-a! would ye do me the favor, sor, to hand a letther over in the corner there to that young man?"

I turned my head, and was just able to

see something white—a face with eyes staring at us from the gloom. She, outside on the platform, must have looked sharp to see him at all. And I said:

"Why doesn't the lazy young dog come over and fetch it himself? Can't he walk? Oh, you don't want me to hand him any letter, my dear; you know you don't. You only want to blarney a little with me."

But she persisted. "A-a-a! shure now ye wouldn't disappoint a pretty girl like that! And your honor is a darlint Englishman, and a good-looking Englishman, and I'd niver forget ye. And will ye hand him the letther?"

And she fumbled, and produced a long, dirty-white envelope from her breast under her black shawl. But I made no motion to take it, and I repeated,

"Why doesn't he come over to the window and fetch it himself?"

She cried: "A-a-a! he can't. He can-not do't. Your Honor, he can't—he can't."

I remember how it sounded, how her voice quivered, and the sound of her panting. Thank God! I had the sense to see she was in earnest, and that with difficulty she kept up the blarney and restrained her tears.

"Well, before I do it, I think you must give me a kiss, Louie, for making such a hare of me on the platform awhile ago, when I thought it was me you liked."

"Oh, but hasn't your Honor the knowledge of the Irish shpache! And the foinest tongue in his head of any furrener I iver heard! But ye mustn't talk to me so. Oh no, ye mustn't be blarneying in that way at all. Shure I'm a decent girl; I'm no laborer's daughter. Shure I don't always wear the shawl. And what I did to ye out there was only so the *sargent* might think I was carryin' it on wid you and had nothing else in me moind. And will your Honor hand 'm the letther? Oh, will ye give him the letther?"

Two clear brown tears rolled out and fell from the long oval eyes. Ungraciously enough, wondering what the deuce this meant, and feeling somewhat like the cat's-paw of two peasants, nevertheless I rose, carried her letter over into the Cimmerian darkness of his corner, handed it to him without a word, returned at once, and sat down. She cried:

"God bless your Honor! Oh, may the holy Mother of God send down blessings on you because you did that thing! And

shure I will kiss your Honor. Yes, I *will* now, I *will* do it."

She stooped forward and kissed me. I remember it yet. After all, though everything passes, there are some things whose ghosts at least our memory holds for a little longer time by desperate clinging, and which perhaps make it worth our trouble to have lived. The station-master began repeatedly to blow his absurd whistle, and the engineer to answer. There was a scurry of departure all over the platform. The man in his dark corner broke silence suddenly with a hoarse whisper:

"Good-by, Louie! Oh, Louie! Good-by, Louie."

She simply looked at him out of a gray face almost hysterical with enforced silence. Jimmy and the three travelling companions came rushing from the bar. Their short coat tails flew. What went through my mind at the moment was an argument that since they were wiping foam from their mouths they must have preferred beer to whiskey. They shoved Louie away from the door and jumped in upon me.

Jimmy called to her, "What! are ye goin' no further wid us, Louie?"

Then the train moved out. I must return to my former place, and had opposite to me the man to whom I gave her letter. In the open country the pale rainy light struck evenly on both sides of the carriage. Jimmy looked over at us, and, with something of a start, he recognized my neighbor—the man who got in by the wrong door, the man to whom I gave Louie's letter.

He greeted him with, "How are ye, Willie?"

My neighbor answered, sheepishly,

"How are ye, Jimmy?"

"Ye're for Galway, I suppose, Willie?"

"That I am, av coorse, Jimmy."

"Shure ye'd niver ought to be aboard of a train, Willie!"

"It's meself that knows it. But I'd niver be there wid the dog-cart, Jimmy."

"Faith is it to-morrow, Willie?"

"It *is*, then, Jimmy."

Then Jimmy turned and whispered something into the ears of the three travelling companions. They started and looked over at my neighbor. And though, as the rustic mind conceives one, it was in a whisper, he must have heard their hoarse chorus:

"Is that so? Shure a fine lad—a fine lad indeed! A-a-a! A great pity!—a great pity!" with a wagging of their heads.

For half an hour the train continued its slow progression; the yokels talked of many matters. I grew slowly conscious of the fact that since leaving Ennis they had not said a word about the interesting affair at Castle Mally. It was then that I first began to reflect and put two and two together. He was whistling softly under his breath, and staring at me with long-lashed violet eyes very wide open.

Finally, as though out of ennui, "Are ye long from England?" he demanded.

And I answered, "I am an American; I am not English."

"An American! Shure I undershtand every word ye sphake. Are ye come home to see your friends? Are ye from Connemara?"

I replied:

"Oh, I have no Irish relations! I am an American born."

"What are ye doing in Ireland?"

"I have come to look up home-rule for a newspaper and to write a book."

With instinctive delicacy he did not ask me why I travelled in the third-class. And by that time I understood that he stared without impudence, but dumbly, just as a dog will stare and wonder. Jimmy and the travelling companions had listened intently to our dialogue. It was quite pathetic to notice that I had gained their confidence simply by the avowal of my country. I presently received a proof of this from the red-faced Casey, who reached out to me the third-class calumet, the dirty white clay pipe, which does duty among as many (acquaintances or not) as are without pipes of their own and like to smoke. By my usual plan of offering cigarettes to all the company I avoided the odium of refusing it. As I asked for a light, my neighbor pulled a loose handful of matches out of his pocket and insisted on stuffing them into mine.

"Why, if ye're for home-rule," said he, "ye should go down see Father White at Milltown-Malbay. It's he that can tell ye all about it. Faith all I know is when we get home-rule we'll have good times. Every man 'll be his own master then, I think. Oh, I know the father well. He lives not so far away from where I do, that's Castle Mally—" He broke off sud-

denly, smacking his great hand over his mouth.

I looked steadily at him for a moment. Then I said:

"Oh, so you live at Castle Mally? Are you on your way home? If I get down with you at Gort, will you drive me over and show me the place for one or two days, and then take me on to Milltown to see Father White?"

His face reddened, and he began to play with his fingers, his eyes cast down. "Shure, sor, sorra I am that I am not going home just now. I do not intind to be at Castle Mally for some time, sor; not for some time indeed, sor. Maybe not till the next election, when we get home-rule."

"Oh!" I answered, abruptly. After a minute he continued his questions:

"Ameriky is a fine country for a poor man, I think, sor?"

I remember that for the purposes of conversation I admitted that fact.

"It's a better country than this, I think?"

"Yes," I answered, "every one considers that it is."

"Do ye think, now, that if a poor man wint out there to that place they call Chic-a-ago he might find a bit of land for nothing to keep a little baste on it?"

Somewhere in the direction of Chicago I thought he might.

He made no answer to me, but looked out of the window over the wet gray-green land. And I heard him muttering to himself, as if admitting it unwillingly, "Yes, a foine country—a foine country."

Then an objection struck him, a happy thought:

"Well, ye'll not find as foine a prospect anyhow in Ameriky as this?"

"They are very different, but there are some which are just as fine."

He was silenced for a moment; then persisted:

"Well, Ameriky, I'm misdoubtin', is not such a *healthy* country as this?"

But he was rebuked by Jimmy, who had been listening intently, and who broke in with a great air of superior wisdom: "Whisht, Willie! what a fool ye are! Shure Ameriky is a wide country." Then turned to me: "Your Honor must excuse him; he's but a lad yet. He knows nothing about them foreign countries."

But for a while my neighbor continued obstinately to shake his head and to mut-

ter from time to time, suddenly, like a dog who barks in his dreams, "I'm misdoubtin' it's not such a *healthy* country as this."

Our general conversation then dropped. I heard Jimmy renewing his protestations about the dog with the five-pound note on his back. The swarthy yokel, as before, shook his head solemnly. Casey told of a new doctor, who announced that he had left Manchester for Limerick because he had cured all Manchester, and there was nothing remaining there for him to do. He had lately cured Casey of a severe *rheumatism in his jaw* by pulling out five of his teeth. The gentle-eyed man with the brown beard, who had remarked, "Poor Widow Lintan," looked almost sadly from time to time over at my neighbor. This last, now entirely silent, kept fumbling in his coat tail pocket with black, clumsy fingers, and pulling out the letter which I had handed him. Twisting his lips, he slowly spelled whatever was in it; then, shoving it back into his pocket, stared wonderingly across at me. And each time he did so I remember a curious, mixed impression produced by those beautiful eyes looking up suddenly from under that ludicrous flat-crowned hat. At last, abruptly, as though after long pondering he had made a decision, he once more pulled out the letter and crowded it into my hands.

"Shure your honor is a noble American. And I haven't told ye that I will be emigrating there meself. And would ye look at it and tell me whether it is all right, and whether it is a fine cabin, and whether it will take me there quick?"

I opened the cheap white envelope, dirty and torn with his clumsy usage, and inside (bought, as its heading showed, at Limerick of the steamer agency) I found a ticket for a steerage bunk by the Allan ship *Stentorian* to Halifax from Galway the next morning sharp at four o'clock with the tide. This was the letter which Louie had sent him.

As I handed it back I noticed great blurred pencilled characters sprawling all across the envelope, an uncouth phrase, "Willie, good-by." I said:

"Yes, it seems quite straight. In an Allan ship you'll be about fourteen days at sea."

I did not say that it struck me as a pity that he was to land on Canadian soil, whence to England there is no need of a process of extradition.

He appeared relieved, but returned the letter to his pocket without saying anything. The train rumbled and jolted onward, stopping at little stations, where always I saw the straight, blue-coated *sargents*, with their alert eyes furtively watching those who arrived or departed. The stations all stood on the left when the train drew up; the emigrant and I sat on its right, away from the platforms outside, where always I saw walking up and down the *sargents*.

Inside the carriage, what from the waning afternoon and the weather—rain, white water in the green hollows, gray masses of mist which hung round the edges of the woods—it was quite dark. The train passed a meadow in which, out of the dank greensward, rose some tall, gray, and ragged shapes, standing about in the blowing mist, each by itself, like ghosts from the ruined abbey. And I knew by this landmark that we were approaching Gort. The train whistled, began to slacken its speed. My neighbor leaned over toward Jimmy and said, hurriedly:

"Shure, Jimmy, would you and your friends mind changing places wid me? Ye may know for what."

Jimmy and the three travelling companions nodded. The exchange took place at once, a hustle of uncouth bodies. I, too, unasked, changed seats, and followed him to the other side of the carriage. I wanted to see what this meant. I remembered that Gort was the station for Castle Mally. Then the train drew up and stopped, having the platform of Gort on its right-hand side; my neighbor and I now sat as usual away from the platform upon its left.

Whether as usual on the platform the *sargents* with their alert eyes were walking up and down I could only guess, not swear, because Jimmy and the travelling companions rose up like one man before the train stopped, and they crowded their bodies through the windows, making it impossible for us either to see out to the platform or yet to be seen from it. But on our side I saw, as the train slowed down, a stretch of broken wall by the track. And before it, seated on a box, peering eagerly from one window to the other of the train, I saw the old man—I remember his corduroy smalls, the long dress-coat of frieze, the tall hat of felt, the white collar and stock—pressing with one hand a pipe stump to his puckered lips.

With the other he pulled out a red handkerchief and mopped some tears which just then rolled silently over his little monkey face out of the half-shut eyes. And the old woman stood by him, bent almost double, leaning on a cross-handled ebony cane, wearing a white cap and a black cloak which had a brown fur collar. She peered, while the train halted, eagerly from carriage to carriage, from window to window. And my neighbor, after a minute of this, scrambled clumsily to his feet, crying.

"The ould fools! do they think I'll be after travelling in the first wid the nobility?" And he thrust his head and half his body out of the window, and screamed: "Fader! Mother! Here I am! Shure I have the ticket! I have it now! Good-by to ye! Good-by."

The old couple started. Manifesting none of that exuberance which was usual among the Irish, the father again unfurled his red handkerchief and flapped it awkwardly once—which produced an almost ludicrous effect. The old mother tottered because, abandoning its support for a moment, she waved her cross-handled stick. The train was already in motion. I caught a last sight of the old man—he was wiping his eyes. And the mother leaned forward on her stick and peered eagerly after the departing train. My neighbor, half out of the window, continued to cry farewells. I turned round, and with a sense that it had all the while been curiously fixed upon our backs, I met that evil animal look in the black eyes of the new-comer, the beggar who got in at Gort.

I wonder by what chance he had chosen just our carriage. With Jimmy and the travelling companions at the windows, I should think it must have seemed crowded. But I remember that I was then first concerned by the fact that in rainy weather his feet were bare.

And he had a wide-brimmed flapping straw hat, a long staff, filthy rags—a sort of sack which hung from the shoulders to the feet like a palmer's gabardine. His stubble beard, black and white, his thin hooked nose, his face sallow and unclean, made up a tall evil figure of an old man. And he sat still for a time, glancing about him stealthily like a fox in a corner of a cage; then suddenly took off his hat and thrust it at arm's-length before each of us in turn without a word. From the

half-slavish, half-imperious manner of the gesture I guess that when you were in company he begged, and when you were alone he demanded.

He was not one of those jovial beggars—that beggar who got in at Gort—not a character well known on the countryside, and with whom the people joked and laughed. I don't think that any of my companions had ever seen him before. And of them all only my neighbor, when he extracted his pence from his pocket, made any remark.

He said: "Here, daddy, good-luck to ye! Here's the price of a pot." Then added, as if out of an irresistible and childish desire for all the sympathy he could get: "Wish me good-luck yourself, daddy. Shure I'm aff to emigrate in the mornin'."

The beggar took the pence, called down blessings from the holy Mother of Jesus upon his head, and complimented his looks. Then we all relapsed into silence. The train rumbled onward. From time to time I caught the little evil eyes of the beggar stealthily and curiously turning in our direction in the growing twilight. My neighbor kept whistling, muttering, looking at his fingers, pulling out the letter which Louie had sent him, then putting it back. Suddenly I leaned forward, and dropping my hand on his knee, I said, in a whisper,

"Where were you while Louie went to Limerick to buy the ticket?"

He jumped like a deer which is hit (of course he did not know even that I had heard the story), and, with violet eyes wide open, he cried (though I had whispered), "Shure your Honor wouldn't betray a poor lad?"

He evidently did not care whether the others overheard or not. They probably knew who he was already, and anyhow they were all "Irish."

"What?" I said. "I betray you? I decide that anything is to be nicknamed 'evil,' when I know there is nothing in the world but what God has willed from the beginning—but destiny! Betray you? Bah! No."

He couldn't understand. It was foolish to talk in that way. But he looked satisfied that I was safe.

"Is Louie your sweetheart or your sister?" I asked.

"She's my sweetheart," he answered.

On the point to continue my questions, bending forward, speaking low, I stopped

because I saw the eyes of the beggar fixed on us from his corner.

It grew dark, so dark that at last I came to see nothing. I heard the moonlighter whistling softly, rustling in his seat uneasily, as a child will do; rubbing his feet together; yawning like Gargantua; then finally heard him scratching with a knife on the wooden boards. After half an hour, when the train arrived at the junction of Athenry and a porter came to light the lamp which swung from the carriage roof, I saw that he had scratched with his knife an inscription. It read: "WILLIE AND LOUIE. WILLIE AND LOUIE." Twice repeated, the names sprawled all across the seat, "Willie and Louie. Willie and Louie."

In the flickering black yellow light I saw that the small and cruel eyes of the beggar, under the broad brim of his hat, were on the letters. And it looked to me as though he had never taken his gaze off Dempsey, even in the darkness.

We had to wait at Athenry for the Dublin express, with which to proceed toward Galway. Outside in the wet, black mist a hurly-burly tumbled about the platform, where pools of yellow light lay here and there under the bull's-eye lanterns. Some of the people attended other trains, and some got into ours. A seat in our carriage was taken by a thin, barefooted child about ten years old, who entered shivering, wearing a frieze cap and coat soaked through with water. He answered Jimmy's questions, looking up into his face; said he was bound to Galway to make some pennies by singing on the train, did not know where he should sleep.

"Faith, I remember of having seen him before," whispered Dempsey to me; "he's from our country. They call him Johnny Dale. He's a by-child. His father is dead; he lives with his mother, an ould widdy that niver got married."

Suddenly, apparently quite certain of his public's temper, Johnny Dale stood up, and with a shrill childish voice began to sing. A crowd gathered round the door—attentive bearded faces of men, spangled by rain-drops, the drooping heads of tired women, shoulder to shoulder in the blackness, with its wet yellow lights.

On the child's thin face the carriage lamp threw down an uncertain glimmer. His song was called "The Eviction," a Land League ballad, a black-sounding thing about a death and a revenge. It

was evidently intended to be occasional, for almost from its first lines I half heard such whispered comments on it, saw looks pass of such double meaning that I must have been very dull not to understand that he intended more than he expressed, and not to perceive that he and his audience were well informed of what had happened in the district night before last at Castle Mally.

From time to time a murmurous hum of pleasure rose out of many throats. I remember how grim it sounded. When the last black words,

"That tyrant shakes with rage and fear,
And wrens and tall trees no more,"

trilled quaveringly out of the childish throat, a hail of coppers rattled into the frieze cap. Jimmy called, mockingly, "Whisht, boy! lower! Mind the gentleman's stick!" There was a general turning of heads, and a curious sombre roar—half a laugh of delight at the child's audacity, half a groan of angry defiance—ran over the crowd; for, towering at the back of it, twirling a rattan, listening smilingly, unmoved by the manifest general hatred, there stood, just visible, a straight, gray-bearded, blue-coated *sargent*.

But since I could hardly see his face, I knew he couldn't at all see mine, or that of the murderer, Dempsey, who sat beside me in the dark corner, quite careless, blowing the tune of that song on his fingers. Neither those of the crowd outside who stood next the windows, nor the boy himself, who stood in the carriage, had recognized Dempsey. Anyhow, they were all "Irish"; if they had, it wouldn't have mattered.

There was a short silence. The child sold broad sheets of his song, with a picture for a penny. The beggar, who, however, did not take his eyes off Dempsey, looked sour at its success. Then suddenly Johnny Dale began to sing again. They were long, wailing, inexpressibly mournful notes.

And when he reached the ending of the first strophe—came to that well-known, twice-repeated moaning chorus,

"It's as poor distressed a country
As ever yet was seen;
They're bringing men and women
For the wearing of the green!
Hanging men, and women too
For the wearing of the green!"

I saw Dempsey start and catch his breath; the man with the brown beard seized the arm of Johnny Dale and pointed to where he sat in the dark corner. Like a flash, without a word, that little urchin guessed who Dempsey was, and with a keen look showed that he caught the brown man's meaning.

He stopped instantly the song, with its many-times-repeated ominous chorus; stood silent for a minute, his little hand on his mouth, as if reflecting; then, with a shrill, clear, taunting voice, went on with another. I remember only the chorus, and how again from the crowd rose that roar of approval, that curious grim murmur, half a laugh and half a groan, which I used to hear in Ireland. Little by little they all joined in a mocking and defiant chorus—

"Shure we're aff to Philadelphy in the ma-arning,
Aff to Philadelphy in the ma-arning."

I saw Dempsey throw back his head, laugh, and clap his hands. I believe that by that time every soul except the *sar-gent* guessed who sat inside the carriage. Just then the Dublin train came, making a thundering noise, into Athenry.

And the crowd scattered with a skurry of feet and a swish over the platform of the wet skirts. They coupled on the carriage. I argued that whoever still remained in it was bound toward Galway, since, after Athenry, the train would make no further stopping. So I thought the moonlighter and I were to have the company of the boy singer, and Jimmy and the travelling companions, and the beggar, to our journey's end. The whistles of station-master and guard were blowing repeatedly for departure when, on some account or other, our lamp went out, and we plunged into darkness. One of us (it proved to be the swarthy yokel) struck a match, which he held like a taper upright between his fingers at his knee, solemnly looking down on it; its little yellow light, casting a strange shadow, flickered up from below into the seven faces. I remember Jimmy pulling his red goat's beard, and the murderer his long-lashed violet eyes upon his nails. Stooping forward I saw for the last time the wolfish old beggar with his staff and ragged gabardine, his broad-brimmed and flapping hat, stealing on bare feet softly out of the carriage. The train was already moving slowly; I wondered why

he had risked delaying in it so long. And the match, burnt to a stump, dropped from the holder's fingers to the floor, where it lay for a minute writhing like a thin red worm. Then all light was extinguished.

During that next black half of an hour the rain dashed mournfully against the panes. I heard from the invisible travelling company murmurs whose purport struck me as curiously typical of the Irish nature—jokes, renewed mutterings about the dog with a five-pound note on his back, whispers about the murderer that it was "A pity, a great pity!" Dempsey, invisible, stirred uneasily from time to time, scraped his brogans over the floor, yawned, whistled tunes upon his fingers, chiefly that ominous "Wearing of the Green." Once he startled me by throwing out of the darkness upon the silence a sudden repetition of his question in regard to Chicago and the bit of land from the President for nothing, to keep a little beast on. And he asked if the land was good enough, so that *two* people could live off a very small holding, such as he would be likely to get. Then he fell to scratching with his knife. It proved, after we reached the lights at Galway, that he had again been cutting that inscription, "Willie and Louie," on the seat. The singing child, Johnny Dale, sang one more ballad. I remember how weirdly the thin voice sounded, the singer being invisible, and some of the words, which were sung to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne":

"For though they sleep in dungeons deep,
On flee outlawed and banished,
We love them yet, we can't forget
The felons of our land.
The felons of our land, my boys,
The felons of our land.
We love them yet, we can't forget
The felons of our land."

I think the child sang it solely in order to express sympathy; at any rate he did not pass round the hat. When the train rolled into Galway station the pointer of the great clock with the yellow lamp behind it showed ten. I thought first: "We are forty-nine minutes late." Then, "Six hours more on shore for Dempsey." As the train stopped he leaned forward and shook both my hands. And he seized his red bundle, his broken band-boxes, jumped out, and vanished, shouldering through the crowd without speaking.

Jimmy and the travelling companions and Johnny Dale and I bid each other good night before we separated.

In the dark narrow passage which led to the gate of exit where the tickets were taken the crush moved slowly shoulder to shoulder. Suddenly in front of me it ceased to advance, it began to surge and swing, so that I was pushed to the wall and stopped. I heard again that strange, low, angry murmur of the Irish, that half-suppressed defiance hurled by a people which considers itself a powerless victim under the martial law of a conqueror. And I heard the sound of a scuffle, a struggle, the violent falling of bodies to the ground, the sharp crack of wood on a

skull, a sound familiar enough to all New-Yorkers. Then the press opened, and in the little circle of yellow light from a lantern carried by one of its members, I saw a group advancing toward me with for background a black surge of heads. It was Dempsey, his wrists manacled, his ridiculous flat-crowned hat smashed, a bloody cut across his face between the long-lashed violet eyes, passive in the hands of four straight, blue-coated *sargents*. I remember that I thought of the mud on his brogans, the straws and dust on his yellow frieze coat. Then, just behind my shoulder in the press, I heard some familiar voices hoarsely murmuring: "A-a-a! A great pity—a great pity!"

ARCHITECTURE AND DEMOCRACY.

BY ROBERT S. PEABODY.

ONE certainly cannot urge that Democratic influences are the only ones under which the art of architecture is likely to flourish. The opposite proposition is the one that is most generally accepted as true. It seems as if the patronage of a Pericles or a Mæcenas, a Caesar or a Pope, were needful for great results in art. Indeed, when we recall the solemn temples of ancient Egypt, the splendor of imperial Rome and Byzantium, the palaces of the fifteenth century in the cities of Italy, and the châteaux of the age of Francis I. in France, we are almost persuaded that a despotism is necessary for the production of the highest works of art.

I wish in a few words to present the other view of this subject, and to show that architecture has flourished, and that most vigorously, when the common people were the only masters of the state; that the rise and wane of its glorious periods have occurred impartially under monarchies, empires, republics, and democracies, and that popular power has not heretofore stood in the way of progress in the art of building.

Nor is it necessary to go back to the days of democratic Athens. We might argue, it is true, that Greek art of the earlier periods is the work of a free people ridding themselves of Egyptian traditions and dogmas; and, again, that when Greek skill reached its highest point, this same people were still free and democratic. But

while the general mental cultivation of the Greeks was very great, their life and methods were exceedingly simple and unaffected. The most perfect of their architectural creations, the Parthenon, while studied to inconceivable nicety in matter of detail, was yet in its general scheme devoid of complexity. The ground-plan of the building was of the plainest description. The Doric portico around it is in scheme only a row of posts with horizontal stones laid upon them. We thus see in Athens the highest human intelligence solving with extreme nicety the most simple structural questions.

But as the world has ever since been growing more and more complex, such a condition of things will never occur again. We must therefore, for more just comparisons with our own times, look at those later periods when men's minds have been swayed by the restless anxieties and the feverish energies which distinguish modern from ancient democracy, and when human life has been complicated by modern conditions. Under these circumstances, however, whether we look at monuments raised by the cities or the Church, we shall find that democratic power has not hindered success in architectural work.

To consider the effect of such power, in the first place, on civic architecture, let us look for a moment at Italy in the time of Dante. It was then that the people as a

class began to feel their power, and the cities gained ascendancy over the aristocracy—a moment, in short, when democratic life vigorously asserted itself. During the centuries directly preceding the Renaissance, all thought and action in Italy were ranged under two sides, the Guelph and the Ghibelline, sides representing Pope and Emperor, Liberty and Despotism, Communes and Nobles. Guelph meant burgher against noble, industry against feudalism; Ghibelline meant aristocracy, tyranny, the interest of the nobles, against the merchant and the artisan. The Papacy, in its turn, supported the cities and stimulated the ambition of the burghers as its own weapons against the Empire.

If we look at this turbulent society we find the city houses of the nobles fortified with every military device, and everywhere surmounted by great bald towers of brick or stone. Every noble strove to build a higher turret than his neighbor, and standing feuds and prolonged wars that deluged the towns in blood were carried on between the noble families. In old books we see all the Italian cities—Rome, Siena, Lucca, etc.—pictured with large numbers of these lofty, plain war-towers, and those that now lean over Bologna and crown the hill of San Gimignano are examples that remain to-day. The people of the towns, indignant at seeing their power and their laws despised, finally committed the government to a magistrate of their own, a noble and a foreigner, to be sure, but still a popular ruler. They called him the Podestat, and he was the patron of the poor, the unarmed, and the oppressed. In order to give this popular ruler due dignity and a fitting abode, they built through all the cities of northern Italy the great public palaces which we now see, and whose proud masses arose in that day amid a forest of nobles' towers. Every Guelph or popular triumph is marked by the foundation and the embellishment of a town-hall, and at every Ghibelline or imperial downfall the nobles' fortresses and towers were destroyed. It is owing to these successive defeats of the nobles by the people and the ensuing demolition of the towers that we now see so few of what were once such marked features of Italian towns. On the other hand, to the repeated victories of the popular will we owe the many noble public palaces which

stand to this day for our admiration. That of Arezzo was built in 1232; the palace of the Podestat in Florence in 1255; Volterra, 1257; Cortona, in 1267; Prato, in 1284; Pisa, 1286; San Gimignano, 1288; Lucca, 1294; Siena, 1295; and in Florence the Palazzo Vecchio, in 1299. The builders of these noble structures were merchants who had traded throughout the Mediterranean and soldiers who had fought long wars against the Emperor. Throughout, these buildings show the traces of commerce and of conquest, and as the undertakings of the people grew more arduous and their perils increased, the greater pride they took in their cities and the more they adorned them.

In 1298 Arnolfo built the Palazzo Vecchio in obedience to an order to erect a dwelling-place for the commonwealth, to the end that the people might be protected in their fortress from the violence of the nobles. No spot in Florence has more local character than the piazza before this building, where the city's life has always centred, and which is shadowed by the massive brown walls of the palace, and dignified by its majestic tower. The thought of Siena, also, at once brings to mind the battlemented town-hall, which dominates its great circular piazza, and whose lofty tower shoots its tall shaft into the solid blue above the town, a sentinel against approaching foes, a beacon to distant friends, a symbol to all of civic and popular power. And thus in nearly every city of northern Italy the broletto, or town-hall, the Palazzo Pubblico, stands as a remarkable instance of the highest class of civic architecture, growing wholly out of democratic influences and enthusiasm.

It is true that what the communes had begun the princes continued, and the rule of the later Italian despots and aristocrats—the Dorias, the Sforzas, the Visconti, the Medici, the Strozzi, and Riccardi—produced in all the cities of Italy a more sumptuous architecture, embellished with porticos and loggias and enrichments; but in what has been said one can see that the rich patrons were not necessary to a development in those earlier days of perhaps as majestic civil monuments as the world has known.

We might thus go through a similar train of thought regarding the town-halls that adorn so many of the towns of Belgium and northern France, and which

signal to each other across the flat plains of the Low Countries. The chimes in their lofty towers told the hours over free cities, or rang rude alarms when liberty was threatened by tyrants, and we should find that the patrons who raised them were simple burghers, and much like those in Italy, half merchants, half soldiers, but wholly patriots.

Turning, however, from civil architecture, let us see what influence democratic movements have had on ecclesiastical work. Here, again, we find perhaps the finest results ever obtained in architectural art suddenly produced under somewhat similar circumstances to those just described. In western Europe, at the end of the eleventh century, the monks dependent on the Abbey of Cluny formed a clerical aristocracy amid a very rude people. They had revived the love of letters, were good farmers, had thorough ideas of government, of diplomacy, and of administration, and seemed to have the governing of human affairs in their power. Their knowledge found a natural expression in building. The ancient Roman buildings that existed around them gave them their architectural detail, and their intercourse with distant Eastern nations influenced it. The simple round arch architecture which was the outcome showed itself not only in the vast basilica of Cluny, but wherever the influence of the monks spread—a simple architecture of small means producing great results. But toward the twelfth century the common people of the central and northern parts of France from various causes began to desire communal privileges. It was the same spirit which we have just seen stirring the life of Italy fifty or one hundred years later, but finding expression in such different form as local circumstances directed. The natural enemies of these ambitious towns were the abbots of the monasteries, who represented established power and caste. On the other hand, the bishops were constantly seeing their power weakened by the spread of the monasteries, which were not under their jurisdiction, but held direct allegiance to the Pope; and the kings and nobles found themselves more and more overshadowed by the increasing strength of the same monks, who covered the country with their houses, and more and more gained the ascendancy. At this point the bishops in France, as we have seen was the case with the Pope in

Italy, turned to profit the new communal movement, and endeavored through it to regain, at least in the towns, the power that was slipping from them. They began to urge such towns as were seized with this public spirit to build vast buildings where the citizens could assemble around the episcopal throne. The people responded to this call of the bishops with great alacrity. Suger, the Abbot of St. Denis, led this movement when he rebuilt the Royal Abbey at St. Denis, near Paris. France was seized with a fury of energy and enterprise, and the royal power, joining itself with this democratic and episcopal movement, began to arise from its feeble state, as the power of Cluny and the monks waned. Under such a pressure skill in the arts advanced rapidly, and in but a few years the direction and character of architectural design were completely changed, the Romanesque and monastic methods being abandoned and a totally new one being substituted. Instead of the monastic round arch and tunnel vault, the solid piers and formal Byzantine carving, the simple arch entrances and the square campaniles with low conical spires, each town vied to outstrip its neighbor with lofty light creations, where pointed arches rose on slight piers, and where the carving recalled all nature, animate and inanimate. Facing the market-place, above the broad perron, or entrance steps, rose the three grand doorways, enriched with innumerable effigies of saints and martyrs, confessors and angels. Christ, surrounded by the kings of Judah, by the prophets and the apostles, treads the dragon beneath his feet. The Annunciation, the Passion, the Resurrection, and the Day of Judgment are recalled to the simple populace every hour of their lives, while from the highest gable of the nave Jesus blesses the town, or an angel sounds his trumpet, as if to make ever present to the citizens the coming final day of judgment. Above the porches rise, story on story, traceried windows, while high over the colossal towers, above the chiming bells and the circling birds, the wide buttressed spires raise their crosses toward heaven.

It took but a very few years for Paris, Sens, Chartres, Rouen, Bourges, Reims, Amiens, and many neighboring towns to build the vast cathedrals that exist to-day. As M. Viollet-le-Duc says, no modern event can give an idea of the energy with which the city populations set about this

cathedral building, unless it be the activity in the last few years which has covered Europe and America with a network of railways. This church building was the first popular protest against the power of the monks. It was the first vigorous effort of science against tradition. Although it undoubtedly was inspired by the deepest religious feeling, it was made possible by the fact that religion and politics went hand in hand. But beyond all this, these vast buildings were the handiwork of democratic bodies of masons, of laymen of the humble class. The individual artists did not even sign their work. One hardly knows the name of any architect of any mediæval cathedral. Perhaps nothing suggests more how much these structures were the work of laymen and citizens than the fantastic and capricious carvings often seen on them, and which it would be impossible to attribute to the clergy. They were the work of these masonic bodies, whose members merged their individuality in the work which became so clearly a visible expression of their times.

I have lately heard it explained that one reason why mediæval history is so neglected by students and seems so vague is the absence in it of any great simple names. There is no Pericles, no Augustus, no Alexander. For hundreds of years it is a history of castes, of classes, of parties; not of individuals, but of the people. Never was there a time, then, in which art emanated more surely from the people as a class than that which produced these vast and beautiful structures. Victor Hugo in his novel *Notre Dame de Paris* has a brilliant chapter describing this popular uprising, this dawn of intelligence among the common people. After remarking that up to the period of the discovery of printing, architecture was almost the sole lasting record or historical expression of the aspirations of the people, he makes his characters go on to say that printing will make an end of this, and that the printed book will take the place of the stone monument. Is it not more true to say that the printed book, the noble monument, the great painting, the symphony, are all but different expressions of high intelligence, and that there is no limit to any of these forms of expression?

It is the fashion to believe that art cannot thrive in our trading democracy. Our

cultured society speak of art with solemnity and awe, as men speak of one that has fought the good fight and who rests from his labors. Indeed, we have lately been told by a professor of great distinction that there is no hope here for real literature or art, so hopelessly vulgar and sordid is American life. Surely those burghers of mediæval Paris knew nothing of culture, and doubtless they were vulgar, but they thoroughly believed in their religion, and their vulgarity did not prevent their originating the Gothic cathedrals. Doubtless those Florentine traders were mercenary, but they loved their city with fervor, and gladly gave their wealth to build its public monuments. Neither Frenchman nor Florentine had art critics to tell him his motives, but they applied to their every-day work vigor, courage, and energy, and without their knowing it their work immortalized them.

Now why should we not believe in our own possibilities? We have doubtless seen a great deal of ostentation and vulgarity built into more or less permanent form, and doubtless we are very far from having produced great works of architecture. Our distance from the great works of antiquity has always permitted here a freedom from authority in art, which, if it frequently leads us into license, presents to us at the same time our unique opportunity. In the best work, influenced as it is by the books and photographs which now familiarize us with all that the world has done before us, there is even now to be seen a reasonable restraint controlling this liberty. As our national wants are new, and inventions daily increase which revolutionize the art of construction, it seems to me that the problems will daily be solved in a better manner, and we may hope for a period of building that will emphasize our good rather than our bad points. Why should we not, in looking at such examples as I have quoted, insist that there is far from being anything in the existing conditions of American life to hinder the progress of art? Evidences of the reverse exist on every side. While dilettanteism may discourage, for myself I have enthusiasm enough left to believe that the hope of the future, in art as in many other fields of human endeavor, lies, as the years go on, with our ambitious, prosperous, and appreciative democracy.

TRUTH AND UNTRUTH.

BY MATT CRIM.

A PARTY of girls sat on Mrs. Durand's piazza. They had met by chance, drifting together in the course of afternoon calls, and the engrossing topics of love and marriage came up for discussion. The conversation began in gossip about Nita White, who had just recovered from a long illness, and had gone away to Louisville, Kentucky, for a change of scene and air.

"I hope it will do her good," said Myra Waites, significantly.

"Do you really think Charley Edwards's marriage had anything to do with her illness?" inquired gentle Annie Durand, compassionately.

"*Everything.*"

"She certainly looked like a ghost the night of the reception, though the gayest girl there," said Bessie Jones.

"Yes, and the next morning was in a raving fever."

"She really loved him."

"Loved him! She adored him," cried Myra.

"And she might be his wife at this minute if she had dared to let him know that she loved him," said Octave Raymond, speaking for the first time.

"Of course she couldn't do that."

"Why not?" tranquilly.

"Tell a man she loved him without his asking her to? You—you'd die before you'd do it, Octave."

"No, I wouldn't, if it was a question of breaking my heart in a kind of slow, torturing way. Many a woman has been won by knowing that a man loved her; why should it not be the same with a man? Why should a girl suffer and conceal her feelings as if they were a shame to her, starving her heart, ruining her life, when she might by delicately, modestly showing her preference win her happiness? A man may tell a woman he loves her a dozen times, may plead his cause, and be commended as a brave wooer, deserving of reward. It is a false and cruel law, forbidding a woman *all* liberty."

Her face flushed slightly, her brown eyes gathered light.

"I didn't know the law had anything to do with it," said matter-of-fact Lilly Bell, in surprise.

They all laughed at her.

"There are certain unwritten society laws stronger than all those made for the public protection."

"My grandmamma says that girls are shockingly forward in these days. That when she was young she hardly looked at a young man," said Eugenia Winburn, a demure little coquette.

"The latter cannot be said of you, 'Genia,'" Myra remarked.

Presently the group scattered, leaving Mrs. Durand and Octave alone. Annie looked at her friend earnestly, seriously.

"Do you think you would really have the courage to do that, Octave?"

"Let a man know I loved him before he asked me?"

"Yes."

"I believe so. Yes, I am sure of it."

Annie drew her chair a little closer to Octave. "Could you—don't think I want to pry into your secret thoughts, dear—tell Hugh Bernard that you loved him?"

A rosy flame seemed to play over Octave's throat and face.

"Perhaps not in words, but in acts"—laughing a little to cover her confusion. "But, you know, Annie, that we are only friends."

"Oh yes. I only mentioned him to make the case seem real," but with an openly sceptical look.

"What do you think, Annie?"

"I am sure I don't know," said the youthful matron, thoughtfully. "I considered it my duty to throw all the small obstacles in the way of Tom's wooing that I could, acting on the old tradition that the harder we are to win, the more precious to the winner. You know it is generally accepted that a man values the woman who holds herself aloof from him far more than the one he knows he can get for the asking."

"But when a woman loves purely and ardently, when she feels convinced that she could make the object of her love happy, must she wait passively for the man to take her or to pass her by, without revealing *her* feelings, playing the hypocrite if he does propose, asking for time to consider the matter, and at last yielding reluctantly? What is the sense of it? Why cannot she be honest?"

"Because it is not considered the proper and modest thing for a woman to betray her heart."

"But why not proper and modest?"

"I cannot answer that question," said Annie, laughing. "But if women take the wooing into their hands there will be an appalling state of affairs at first, for man is such a tender-hearted, chivalrous creature that he could not say no, love or not."

"I would not ask a man to marry me. That, of course, would be overstepping the bounds of my rights, unless in an exceptional case, but I would not mind showing my love if it were necessary to win his."

She lived with her grandparents in the adjoining house, and after taking leave of her friend she entered her own grounds and walked slowly up the drive.

The town of Marietta retained a few of the old colonial mansions belonging to the prosperous slave-holding days of the South, and the Raymonds still occupied theirs, though it looked as aged as the old master and mistress who walked its piazzas or sat in its still rooms, ministered to by the one grandchild left to them out of a large circle of relatives, and by two or three old negroes. They doted upon Octave. They admired her womanly strength, her self-reliance. They leaned upon her, yielded to her judgment, consulted her wishes. So she had grown up to have her own way, to feel confidence in her ability to take care of herself.

She picked a rose from the edge of the walk, fastened it on her bosom, then going up to the piazza, sat down to think over the conversation just past, and to review the cause of her own outspoken sentiments. When had she first commenced to think of love and marriage as a vital interest to herself? When Hugh Bernard came to Marietta.

He had not been there more than a year. She distinctly remembered the first time she met him. It was at a dance given by the Durands, and Annie and Tom both asked her to be very kind to Bernard. He had been a college classmate of Tom's, and they intended to have him board with them for a while. He was a proud and rather shy young fellow, only a few years older than herself. She had been kind to him, and because he was all alone in the town—that is, without relatives—she invited him over to see her.

He came, and soon they were the best of friends. Octave was not sure but she had loved him from the first. One night he told her about his mother and a lovely sister far away in Virginia, and her heart melted with sympathy, and she proposed to be his sister. To herself she said, "I love you more than a hundred sisters could, but you do not know it."

After that they were together a great deal, and it was Octave and Hugh when speaking to one another. They were both fond of music, and also of books, and what delightful evenings they had passed at the old piano, or poring over books long forgotten in the literary world! For months their friendship had been of the frankest, most open kind; but gradually an impalpable shadow of constraint crept between them. Octave struggled against it. In a hundred ways it seemed to her that she betrayed how she loved him, but at times he seemed so moody, so far away from her, that she feared he cared nothing for her.

She fell into a state of feverish excitement. He did not come in so often to see her, and she passed many an evening in quivering expectation. Not even to Annie Durand, her confidante and warmest friend, did she reveal the state of her mind. He had not been near her in over a week now, and she clinched her hands with a desperate sigh as she thought of the way they had parted the last time he called. How he had looked at her, but sitting aloof from her! He did not stay very long, but lingered at the door as though loath to leave. Then he had asked for the violets she wore, and when she pinned them on his coat, enclosed her in his arms for a moment, his lips pressed down on hers.

She had said that night, "He loves me—he loves me!" and could not sleep for joy.

But why did he stay away? Fear, uncertainty, chilled her.

Mrs. Durand came over the next day to see Octave. They talked of everything almost, but did not mention Bernard's name until they stood at the little side gate opening between the grounds, whither Octave had followed her friend.

"Oh, Octave, what have you done to Hugh? I intended to ask you yesterday, but hadn't the courage."

Octave grew crimson. "I don't understand."

"I asked him the other night why he did not come in to see you."

"Yes," breathlessly.

"And he said that he thought it would be best not to see you any more for a while."

Octave's color went swiftly from red to white. "What did he mean?"

"I don't know. I think he must be in love with you."

"Nonsense! Then he would come to see me."

"But he has not been very successful here, and it may be that he cannot afford to marry."

"Perhaps he thinks that I am in love with him, and keeps away to spare my feelings," voicing the fear chilling her.

"Do you think so?" said Annie, instead of contradicting her, as Octave secretly hoped she would. "Men *are* conceited. I know; but—"

"Ask him, Annie, to explain himself. He'll probably tell you."

"I will ask him, Octave, for I am curious to know myself. He is a good fellow, but I don't know that he is good enough for you."

She went through to her own house, leaving Octave to her thoughts, and they were bitter enough. An old summer-house stood by the garden fence, its lattice-work overgrown by a luxuriant wistaria vine in full bloom. The girl went into it, and sat down on one of the mouldy benches. She flushed and paled and drew her breath unevenly—signs of the strongest emotions. All the pride of her womanhood was roused. He pitied her for loving him; conscientious, honorable, he would not take advantage of her weakness. Rather than do that, he would stay away from her. She writhed in bodily anguish at the thought. Oh, to recall self-betraying glances, rashly tender words! She hid her burning face in her hands. Had she been unwomanly? Love had seemed such a noble thing—rather to be gloried in than to be ashamed of—that she considered herself far above any false conventionalities. Where now was all her high courage, the exaltation of her spirit? She felt herself to be the weakest, the most cowardly of women. Shame smote her in every part, covered her with burning blushes. For the moment she felt that instead of loving, she hated Hugh Bernard. Oh, to assure him that his fear was groundless, that she could take care of herself! But her

heart bore silent witness against her. She did love him. She loved him so well that the possibility of an *other* coming for her made life seem a very worthless thing. But never again would she betray her feelings to any one, least of all to him; and more than that, she would do all in her power to make him believe that her regard for him had never exceeded sisterly kindness. She lived in a sort of unpleasant dream all day, and lay awake half the night.

She could not believe that he would tell her friend, that too would be dishonorable enough for that. He could not, and be the gentleman she had thought him. Still she longed for morning to come, that she might question Annie. That must be done delicately, and with just enough indifference to show that she felt but slight interest in the matter. And if he had confided in her friend, she must be shown how utterly mistaken he was, that he had merely fancied the whole thing through self-conceit. It was a cruel situation. She had no idea she was so like other women—with the same sensitiveness and pride.

She looked so pale when she entered the breakfast-room the next morning, and greeted her grandparents so listlessly, that they were instantly alarmed. Their affectionate solicitude restored her to a semblance of her usual sweet cheerfulness. She must not wear her heart on her sleeve before any one. As early as she could she ran over to see Annie, but found that she had been called away to the plantation, and would not return until night. A long day of suspense! How could she get through it?

When she returned home she found a note from Myra Waites, asking her to join a small party going over to Kennesaw Mountain in the afternoon. They would drive to the foot of the mountain in a great wagon, picnic fashion, then walk to the summit. Octave wouldn't have accepted this invitation had not this postscript been added: "Hugh Bernard is going."

So, perhaps, her chance had come. It was a gay little party, but the most brilliant girl in it was Octave Raymond. Her buff linen gown and the broad-brimmed hat with pale yellow ribbons shading her face were very becoming to her. And she who had always seemed the least vain of girls apparently fully understood and appreciated her own charms. Bernard

sat next to her, and she seemed to treat him much as usual. If there was a change in her manner, it was too subtle for the others to notice it. But he must have felt it, for he looked puzzled and not altogether happy by the time they had reached the mountain. When the mild amusements of Marietta failed, then the young people came out and scrambled over Kennesaw for diversion. Octave knew almost every foot of it, and in their year of friendship she and Hugh had explored many of its byways. She thought of those walks as they rather silently traversed the familiar paths that afternoon. Long before they reached the summit they were alone, some of their party straying into other roads, some lagging in the rear. Octave suffered the fiercest excitement, though outwardly calm and composed.

"Oh!" she exclaimed at last, as if the fact had just occurred to her, "you have not been over to see me lately."

"No," he said, in a troubled tone, but giving her a glance that brought the blood to her face in spite of herself. How vividly she remembered the way they had parted that last visit he made! Could he be thinking of it too? She must be hard and cool, she must not think of the fact if she wished to get through the painful task she had set for herself.

"Why?" she sweetly, innocently inquired. "We have been such good friends, such frank brotherly and sisterly comrades, that I hoped it would continue indefinitely. You see, I never had any brothers, so it has been all the more novel and delightful to have an adopted one," and she laughed, and forced herself to look at him with childlike confidence.

He flushed. "That—that is the way you still regard it?"

"Oh yes," stumbling hurriedly over her words. "It is so charming to love a friend without being *in* love with him, to feel confident that he is sensible and perfectly understands the kind of affection you feel—really I have cause to be grateful to you, Hugh, for giving me so much pleasure."

She held herself well in hand, and it would have taken an astute observer to detect even a trace of deeper feeling in her. Hugh Bernard broke the stick he held sharply asunder and flung the pieces away.

"You have been awfully kind to me, Octave; you've acted like an angel," his

voice trembling a little, his eyes bent on the road.

"Oh no, only like any sensible girl at all-kind-hearted. I knew you were here alone. I hope you will not mind if I say I felt sorry for you. When you told me about your mother and sister, I knew you must be homesick, and I tried to fancy myself away in some strange place, and how I should long for familiar faces and kind voices." Her sweet voice trembled a little, in her eyes was a mist of tears; but of course he did not suspect the cause, or that she longed to say: "Yes, I do love you with all my heart. These things I am telling you are all untruths to save my pride—my false, miserable pride, strong as life itself, the inheritance handed down from generation to generation of my sex."

Hugh caught her hand and kissed it. "Oh, you sweet—" But the impulsive speech was left unfinished.

She quietly withdrew her hand, wondering a little at his emotion. He did not seem as relieved and pleased as she fancied he would be to learn that she was not in love with him. He looked pale and grave. Well, the worst was over. Her heart might ache as much as it pleased in secret, no one but herself would be the wiser. She changed the subject, talked cheerfully of every trivial thing occurring to her, apparently not observing his silence. She adroitly arranged to make the descent of the mountain with the chaperon of the party, and as the lady was stout and timid, she claimed Bernard's assistance and attention.

It was dusk when Octave entered her own gate and walked slowly, listlessly up the drive to the house. The excitement keeping her buoyant and full of spirit all the afternoon had deserted her. But she assured herself that she must not break down, that as she had pitied Nita White's weakness, she must not follow Nita's example.

"Octave! Octave!" It was Annie Durand calling her.

"What is it?" she inquired, pausing reluctantly. Never had she felt more unwilling to talk with her friend, or undergo the inspection of her eyes.

"Come over a few minutes."

"I am so tired," she pleaded.

"Stop at the side gate, then. I must see you. I've something to tell you."

Octave went over to the fence.

"Where have you been? Annie Gray-ly inquired when they met.

"To Kenmesaw."

"Who with?"

Octave contemplated two or three minutes.

"Did Hugh Hopesed go?"

"Yes."

"Did you talk with him?"

"Somewhat. We ventured up the mountain together."

"What did *he* say?"

"Really, Annie, when did you learn to cross-question like a lawyer? I do not remember anything particularly brilliant or original. In fact, he made very few remarks. Seemed to prefer to keep his thoughts to himself."

"Oh! I thought—but, after all, I scarcely wonder at it, unless— Octave, I made him confess last night."

Octave shivered, but held her peace.

"He was reserved at first, but I asked artful little questions, and made him feel the sincerity of my interest and sympathy until he *finally yielded*. He is *desperately* in love with you, just as I thought, but is so shy and so morbidly proud that he would rather sacrifice himself than to ask you to marry him while he is so poor. You see, he has to send money to his mother and sister, and his income is not sufficient to maintain two families."

Octave leaned against the fence, and began to mechanically draw a spray of honeysuckle through her fingers. She did not speak when her friend paused, so Annie continued:

"He is a brave fellow, a noble fellow, Octave, and the finest sense of honor. You ought to have heard him talk about you. I confess that I had no idea he possessed such deep feelings. You know he is reserved and quiet, and while I have had the friendliest regard for him, I have thought that he lacked force of character. I think it did him good, after he commenced, to pour his heart out. He has loved you all these months, and has made himself utterly wretched trying to conceal it. I felt sorry for him, I can tell you, and I put the whole affair in a different light. In the first place, I told him that you were not so rich as he imagined, so he need not consider the match unequal in a worldly point of view; that you were not the girl to marry for money; and that any loving, sensible girl would wait years, if necessary, for the one she loved. See?"

But Octave still kept silent.

I told him that if he thought you loved him, to take the first opportunity to propose; but, of course, like all true lovers, he felt sadly doubtful of that—did not believe that *just came nothing*, for *some* except as a friend. I intended to run over this morning and tell you about our conversation, but Tom wanted me to go out to the plantation with him."

"Yes, I know," said Octave at last, in a dull, low tone.

"You take it very coolly," Annie exclaimed, *trying to read her face*, but the gloom baffled her. "Don't you care for him, Octave?"

"I—I must tell him first, Annie."

"Yes, but you might just give me a hint."

"Not to-night. I cannot talk about it to-night," she stammered. "If I had only seen you this morning! If—"

"What is the matter, dear? Are you ill?" cried her friend, in alarm.

"Only tired and faint. It was warm on the mountain; the sun shone so. Good-night."

"Shall I go in with you?"

"No, no," cried Octave, hurriedly, long-*ing to be alone*. She went across the lawn to the piazza, and sat down on the steps.

And this, this was the result of her mad haste to save her wounded pride—she had made havoc of her peace, her happiness. What a poor miserable coward she had been, and how cruelly every careless word must have hurt him! She couldn't unsay *what she couldn't go to him and make* full confession, and she had silenced him on the subject. How joyfully she would have given him her little dowry! How willingly she would have endured poverty with him!

The darkness deepened, and in the grove behind the garden a whippoorwill began his plaintive serenade; crickets shrilled in the grass on the lawn, and under the hedge of cedars the blackest shadows lurked. In the cool pearl blue of the sky, just above the crest of old Kenmesaw, the evening star shone with soft lustre. Octave heard the Durand gate close, and discerned two manly figures walking away from it—Tom and Hugh. She heard Annie greeting them, Tom's loud, cheerful reply, and Hugh's deeper, quieter tones. Did he too feel miserable? Tears rushed to her eyes; she laid her face down in her hands, weeping softly.

The tea-bell rang; her grandmother came to the door and peered anxiously out. "It is strange Octave does not come," she said, in her gentle, tremulous voice; "the child is never out late."

Octave hurriedly dried her eyes and sprang up. "I am here, grandma dear."

She pulled her hat down to shade her eyes, and hastened into her own room to remove the telltale traces of tears. She could not disturb those gentle, dependent old people with her griefs.

The next morning Octave sat in the damp old summer-house making a bouquet for her grandmother's room, when some one came to the door.

"Is that you, Annie?"

"It is I, Octave," said Hugh Bernard. "Your grandmother said I might find you here, and as I've only about five minutes to spare before starting to the train, I couldn't wait in the house for you."

She stood up, with her apron full of roses. "Are you going away?" she cried, in a shocked tone.

"Yes; I have decided to try my fortunes elsewhere."

Their eyes met, and he stepped across the floor, holding out his hand: "Good-

by, Octave, my—my dear sister. I hope you will let me write to you occasionally."

She gave him her passive hand, but did not speak or look at him. He lingered slightly, wounded by her coldness, her indifference; then, with a sigh, turned and stepped out on the walk again.

It was too much for Octave. She had not thought of his going away, and could not at a moment's notice prepare herself for it. Could she surrender the most precious part of her life for the sake of mere conventionality? It was through sheer impulse she spoke; it was the real woman swept away from the trivial questions of her rights and privileges by the power of love.

"Hugh! Hugh! come back. Don't leave me. I am not your sister. I love you."

The roses were scattered and trampled under her feet as she sprang to the door after him, caught his hand in hers.

"But yesterday," he stammered, "you told me—"

"Untruths—because I was a coward," she cried. "This is the truth: I love you, and if you go away from me—"

His arms enclosed her; the confession was finished on his heart.

SYCAMORES IN BLOOM.

BY WILLIAM SHARP.

LIKE flame-wing'd harps the seed blooms lie
 Amid the shadowy sycamores.
 The music of each leaflet's sigh
 Thrills them continually,
 The small harps of the sycamores.

Small birds innumerable find rest
 And shelter 'midst the sycamores.
 Their songs (of love in a warm soft nest)
 Are faintly echoed east and west
 By the red harps o' the sycamores.

The dewfall and the starshine make
 Amidst the shadowy sycamores
 Sweet delicate strains; the gold beams shake
 The leaves at morn, and swift awake
 The small harps of the sycamores.

O sweet Earth's music everywhere.
 Though faint as in the sycamores:
 Sweet when buds burst, birds pair;
 Sweet when as thus there wave in the air
 The red harps of the sycamores.

TEXAN TYPES AND CONTRASTS.

BY LEE C. HARRY.



AN OLLA.

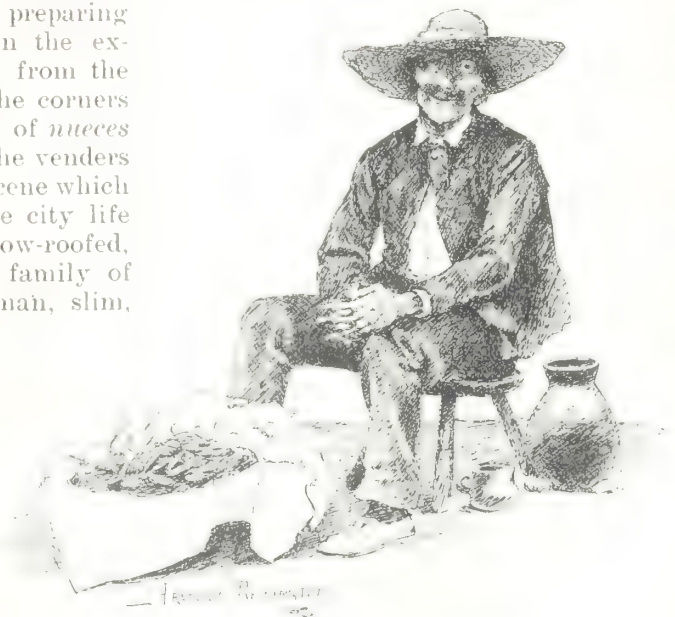
IN the many quaint and artistic phases of life which Texas presents there are none more alluring than those in which the Spanish race play the principal part.

Wherever found, these Texo-Mexicans are picturesque, and their admixture with the population renders the State fertile in vivid con-

trast and rich local coloring. Even in the large cities, where they are in such small proportion, these people of the Latin race are distinctly noticeable from the comparisons they afford. Always quiet and well-behaved, these city Mexicans—a few foreign waifs on the great sea of American humanity—are thrifty and industrious, living on a mere pittance, being well-content as long as they have their cigarettes and coffee. You meet them everywhere about the streets, grave, dignified, and taciturn. They pass you by with their baskets of *tamales* slung upon their backs, or with great covered cans of *chile con carne*—two modes of preparing meats which are appetizing in the extreme, but fiery to the palate from the amount of pepper used. At the corners you find them with their trays of *nueces dulces*; and following one of the venders to his home, you come upon a scene which gives attractive variety to the city life which surrounds it. It is a low-roofed, dark shanty, the home of a family of candy-makers. A young man, slim, lithe, and dark-browed, sits on a raised threshold, cracking and shelling pecans. Behind him another stands at a stove, stirring a great kettle of boiling, seething syrup, the while a smooth-faced lad draws an inspiring dance tune from the strings of his banjo, and a good-looking Mexican woman rocks slowly to and fro in her wide,

low chair, and sings softly in unison. Out on the sidewalk three girls dance gracefully and joyously to the spirited measure, while a circle of negro children, with whom mingle two or three ragged whites, stands admiring the gay movements of the dancers. Two flaring gasoline lamps light up the scene, which is within the shadow of one of the handsomest hotels in the State. No place but Texas could afford such a picture, and many subjects for the painter's art could be found in the homes of these people.

The old Dutch masters would have loved to perpetuate the interior of a Mexican restaurant, its patrons showing the cosmopolitan nature of the population of the State. A long, low-roofed room, with bare floor, an uncovered pine table, and hard bench, on which sit three noted politicians taking an evening lunch, and concocting plans for the dear people's benefit. One is fair-skinned and ruddy-haired, as befits his Irish blood; one a typical American; the third a French Canadian. Each has a steaming platter of *chile con carne* before him, and a plate of *tamales* in their hot, moist wrappings of shuck. Behind them stands the Mexican host, tall, dark, dignified, and grave, yet watchful. They are four sharply con-



A MEXICAN VENDER.



WOMAN VENDING FRUIT ON A STREET CORNER.

trasting types. Over them flicker the dim rays cast by an oil lamp, deepening the shadows, throwing half-lights into the obscurity of the corners. A tiny hairless Mexican dog sits motionless on the door-step, while the sign—written in both English and Spanish—swings creakingly above his head. Outside, the darkness is pierced by long shafts of colored light, which stream from the windows of a Jewish temple, and by the pale glimmer of a lamp in the street car waiting at a switch.

Only in the cities of Texas can be found that peculiar fusion of American civilization with Mexican life which gives rise to such tableaux as were ably depicted by Grenet in his picture "El Jarabe," exhibited at the American Art Exhibition in New York some years ago; still can the tourist be delighted with such scenes, where the grace of the dancer lends a fascination to the surroundings, and even the natural gravity of the race is dispelled by interest and admiration.

Pursuing the odd, the new, and the characteristic takes the tourist to the Saturday evening market held at Houston. It is something unique, and this the only place to see it, small markets not being allowed here as in other cities. Houston also holds a Sunday market, but inaugurated the Saturday movement for the ben-

efit of those who were too lazy or too religious to rise early on the Sabbath morning. It has borne good fruit, opening out great and new fields for trade, as the German farmers soon came in from distances of twenty miles and more, hauling their produce in wagons, and wholesaling it to the many small dealers, who now depend on this supply, their "prairie schooners" and slow ox teams of four and five yokes of oxen filling the streets with an element usually unknown in city life.

The market-house itself, standing in the midst of its square, is a fine-looking building, with crouching lions at the corners and fountains in the grass-plot at the side; but it is the people who congregate here that make it such a remarkable scene, the venders alone representing every nationality, Americans being far in the minority.

The market wagons occupy one side of the thoroughfare which bounds the square. They stand drawn up in line, their hind wheels touching the curb, the horses' heads turned to the middle of the street. It is supposed, and in some few cases correctly, that as the owners of these wagons pay no stall rent, but only a small license to sell, they will dispose of their commodities at lower prices than do those venders within the building. It is only in this outer row that we find the negro market gardener. He raises all that he offers, from the fat turkeys, ready dressed or alive in coops, to the tiny bird-peppers, brilliant in hue, small as a pea, hot as fire, and delightful in flavor, which grow wild along the bayou that borders his land.

Near by on the sidewalk a Chinese peddler displays his wares. John has his pig-tail neatly pinned up, and his blouse and shoes are models of cleanliness.

"Anytling a day?" he asks, exhibiting wonderful fans and cushions, brushes, tea-pots, Chinese lilies, and what not. He tries to be very persuasive in his pidgin-English, and resents demonstratively the interruption of the little black-eyed Dago boy who runs up his hand-cart of hot peanuts and takes his stand, vociferously calling his wares.

A fat, yellow man, as greasy as his own plucked geese, is chaffering by his cart with a slip of a girl, who believes, and rightly, that he is cheating her in both

price and measure as she buys from him a supply of okra for gumbo on the morrow.

Here is a little German woman, face sharp and puckered into innumerable wrinkles; but her balls of hand-cheese, strewed with caraway seeds, are white and appetizing. She has some put away in a can, which she tells you "schmeck gut"; but when uncovered they are as yellow as gold, and "smell to heaven"; yet these her German customers prefer.

This thin-faced Italian has a wagon laden with game, all killed close by. Mule-eared rabbits and "mollie-cotton-tails"; squirrels, red, black, and gray, some skinned, some not; bunches of partridges, braces of prairie-chicken, and dozens of snipe tied together by the neck; some wild-geese; ducks of all kinds, from canvas-back to didapper; and here is a single sand-hill crane—fine eating the bird is too, and a handsome fellow to shoot. The owner is a good salesman and an eager. He calls to each passer-by, and knows well

how to praise and show his stock. Small, swarthy, lithe, and dirty, he is a type of his class, always asking higher than he will get, and dropping little by little to the offered price at last.

Many others are in line, but they are but repetitions of these, if we except the strapping brown virago, with her poultry and eggs, turnips and cabbage, who is too busy joking coarsely with the colored men and abusing the venders around her to pay much attention to her trade.

Within the building stretches a quadruple row of vegetable stalls, all tended by women, German and Irish exclusively, clean dressed and hatless. Their wares make a pretty show: no hot-bed products are here, no garden truck from other States, but all home-raised. The fresh green and white of the succulent spring vegetables are seen in the midst of Decem-

ber, the pale pink radishes lying in the crisp, curly leaves of chicory; the purple kohlrabi against the piles of creamy wax beans; the long slim pods of "Carolina okra" are heaped next to golden carrots and red spring beets; piles of purple egg-plants are ranged between cabbage heads, proverbially hard; while great bunches of cool white celery keep company with baskets of fresh green pease and pink-skinned new potatoes. The women are very artistic in their arrangement of these things, and they make a fine display of color; but fruit they do not touch. Here again the Dago comes to the fore. You find him in stalls stocked with West India, Northern,



A MEXICAN TWO WHEELED CART

and Californian fruits, only what other States draw from the Antilles, Mexico supplies to Texas.

"Lemona a tawenta centa dozna; apelay, banan, grapa—all a cheepa," they assure one as he goes by.

Very foreign they look, with gold rings in their ears, men though they be, and red mufflers around their throats. They seem to give endless amusement to the respectable-looking colored man and woman opposite, who keep a stall where they sell cold food—fried catfish and tender chicken, hard-boiled eggs and heaps of golden corn-bread and roasted potatoes, with thin-sliced sandwiches, all appetizing indeed, and where many a ducky stops to eat a meal and treat his dusky "Dulcinea."

Beyond is the meat market, the butchers nearly all Germans, with a Frenchman and an American or two, to mix the na-



MEXICAN JACALS.

tionalities. Passing through that, we enter what may be called the bazar—little stores of ready-made clothing, both male and female; tin-ware, cutlery, baskets, fancy articles, candy, all separate, and the last-named stalls presided over by handsome Italian and pleasant German girls. It is a very *olla podrida* of merchandise.

Back of this again, the fish-market and game of various kinds; and here once more does the Dago find an occupation. There are shrimps, crabs, oysters, and all sorts of fish, but the catfish, in infinite variety, stands out in marked prominence, for it is the favorite of the negro race, and they are rare good customers.

In and out of the building surge the crowd, for all of Houston is here. It is a singular custom, this making a fashionable promenade of the market, yet it obtains, and the fine ladies do not seem to mind the mixture of peoples or the place itself, but dress in "purple and fine linen" for the occasion. The dude is in force, and the "masher" is not wanting; the men who stare and the girls who love to be stared at; sober matrons on house-keeping thoughts intent; flirtatious maidens who push through the crowd, and seem to have no idea that their manners are not of the best; natty negro wenches, pert of tongue and loose of demeanor; respectable colored "maumas," ample of girth, in spotless white aprons; strapping negro men and saucy bootblacks; merchants, lawyers, and physicians; servant-girls and cooks; the *haute-volée* and the *demi-monde*, and both in their best attire; policemen and tramps; old women, men on crutches, and babies in arms; black, white,

brown, and yellow—negroes, Americans, Mongolians, Irish, Dutch, French, Germans, Italians, and Spanish—they are all there, laughing, talking, quarrelling, gesticulating, bargaining, gossiping, staring, keeping appointments and making new ones, being proper or improper, polite or rude, as the case may be. And this goes on from four to nine in winter, from five to ten in summer. Every Saturday evening it is re-enacted: the people never tire, it seems, but congregate weekly, year in and year out, in an endless repetition of the same thing. It is a wonderful scene, a bustling, moving picture of contrast and characters, and helps the traveller to better understand the prosperity of the State, which attracts one, and its rudenesses, which repel.

Out toward the west—the great Southwest—with its illimitable prairies, its millions of cattle, its cow-boys, and its ever-interesting, distinctive, and primitive Spanish life. On to the very borders, to the Rio Grande country, with its strange formation of hills rising abruptly from the flat face of the prairie, resembling long lines of giant fortifications. The prairies themselves are sandy, loose soil, covered with grass and cactus, but with no undulation, no gradual swell and increase of altitude to lead up to the great hills which tower over their level stretches—hills composed of limestone and rock, and in many places showing the action of water, as if the waves of some great ocean had swept them up from its lowest depths. They present a natural phenomenon which is not found elsewhere in the State.

The Rio Grande, the natural border line

between Texas and Mexico, half encircled in its tortuous turnings large tracts of timber which stretch inward from its banks. Here great evergreens, thick draped with trailing Spanish-moss, interlace their branches so closely that not a ray of sunshine can penetrate to the ground below; hence its freedom from undergrowth.

Winter on the lower Rio Grande lasts about six weeks, and already the scenery along this river presents a beautiful contrast to its appearance two months ago. Then the grass that bordered the roadways and covered the prairies was sere and brown—a gray, dull, yellowish brown, which seemed to tint and deaden the whole landscape. Here and there some camper's fire had burned a circle, blackened at its edges and showing the hard-baked earth divested of even its scanty garniture of coarse, dead grass. The river flowed on, dark and turgid, its banks gloomy and its prairies desolate. But spring works a fairy transformation. The water ripples against the sides, singing in tune to the gentle breezes which make the pendulous moss sway and dip into the current. The great evergreens have put on their paler tints, telling of the new leaves which are gradually pushing the old foliage from its place. Soon



MEXICAN VENDER AND CHILD.

the golden-hearted lily will be floating on the stream, and down at its very edge the blue iris will bloom and bathe its long green leaves. The moss too has its flowers, and tender brown stars with a faint sweet perfume will blossom out all over the sober gray tendrils. The prairies, those splendid grazing lands, are emerald-green, and shortly flowers will be everywhere, the honey-bees swarming in ev-



A GREASER, OR THE LOWER TYPE OF MEXICAN.

ery cup, and all the air musical with the humming of their wings.

It is the land of romance and of poetry, of legend, of warrior, and of priest, for from here stretching back to the Nueces lies the home of the Spanish element of the population. Here, in a clearing of the thick chaparral which borders the white winding road, stands an adobe house—earthen-floored and straw-roofed—cool, dark, and secret-looking. The shadows of the night fall thick about it, and soon from within its master comes, leaving its door wide open as he mounts his mustang and rides away to the nearest village, a mile or more distant. The warm red light of the mesquite fire fills up the open portal, and presently into this radiance passes a woman—young, slim, and handsome, with the languor and passion of the South within the depths of her dark Spanish eyes. A moment she stands and peers out, as if to pierce through the night, her form outlined against the glowing background; then drawing her rebozo about her half-

bare bosom, she turns, and taking a guitar, sings in sweet high tones a little Spanish song, striking lightly upon her instrument a rippling accompaniment; and thus it would have been in English:

“As an eagle, brave and free,
Is my love.
Yet he's ever unto me
As the dove,
Cooing,
Wooring,
But, eagle-like, pursuing
If I rove.

“Like the lion, strong and bold,
Is my ~~chase~~;
But as lamb within the fold
At my voice.
Heeding,
Speeding,
Come, haste thou at my pleading,
And I will ~~be~~.”

The song is evidently a signal; scarcely have its notes died away before a tall, lithe young Mexican creeps out from the thickest part of the chaparral and makes his way to the house. He knows his danger, or fears treachery perhaps, for as their lips meet and the door closes behind them, the light flashes and plays upon the long, keen blade of a knife he holds unsheathed in his hand.

The scene is like a little piece of a novel, but one meets with much of romance—and of tragedy—in the Spanish part of the State.

El Paso de l'Aguila, to give Eagle Pass its old Spanish name, is such a mixture of Mexican and American that one can hardly credit that it was settled as recently as 1849. Yet it was in that year that General W. S. Harney established Fort Duncan at this point, and kept his twelve hundred men in health and happiness on the high bluffs which overlook the Rio Grande. The Mexican government allowed a ferry to be established across the river, and here it is still—the flat-bottomed boats, each with two Mexican ferry-men, the propelling power being a pole, and its guide a rope stretched from bank to bank, on which run two shorter ropes with pulleys. On our side stands the American custom-house official, or lounges lazily in the little shanty erected there for his use; on the Mexican bank march up and down the Mexican military, not imposing, not soldier-like, and very odd to American eyes.

To Harney's men came over the Mexicans from the other side of the river

(*Piedras Negras* then, *La Ciudad Porfirio Diaz* now) to trade and barter and sell their many commodities for good United States gold. They came too as servitors, as hewers of wood and, literally, drawers of water, for to this day may the men be seen toiling up the banks of the Rio Grande burdened with a yoke-like wooden bar across their shoulders, from which on either side depends a filled bucket. In this manner do all the poorer families receive their water supply. There are no wells, and only the

derful mixture of poverty, ignorance, and dirt with wealth, culture, and refinement. It is a jumble of all classes, but Spanish if anything. Every store is a *tienda barata* (cheap store), and all have names, as *Tienda del Gallo* (store of the cock), *Tienda de los Mexicanos*, and so forth. They are one-storied and flat-roofed, the most modern ones built of brick, the others of adobe, which last forever; they have earthen floors, or cemented ones, perhaps. Here and there can now be found a wooden building, but, though more pretentious-



THE TORTILLA MAKER

Americans patronize the recently established hydrants; to all others the Mexican carriers come daily, being paid a certain price per bucket.

Around Fort Duncan, then, sprang up the town—a town of jacals and adobe houses, of dirt floors and grass roofs. Gradually American traders came there from San Antonio and Goliad, and many who were struck by the gold fever of that year and started for California, choosing the route through Mexico, were harassed by Indians and Mexican banditti, and so turned back and settled here under the protecting folds of the United States flag. Thus it grew, and now it presents a won-

looking, they do not have the solid comfort and immunity from fire which the more primitive structures enjoy.

The town looks as though the skies rained buildings, and they fell wheresoever they pleased. Everywhere are the jacals, and the houses of the Americans are but a little more regularly placed. The jacals of Eagle Pass are vastly superior to those of any other part of Texas. Here the straw roofs are laid in regular overlapping tiers, impervious to the elements, and lasting in good repair for thirty years. Nor is there danger of fire, for this peculiar grass is hard to ignite, and even when once caught does not blaze,



WOMAN GRINDING ON THE METAL.

but smoulders sullenly, and may be extinguished with the bare hand. It is well that it is so, for many of these dwellings have no chimneys, the fire of mesquite is built on the earthen floor, and the smoke goes out of a little hole left in the roof above, or an opening just in the corner where walls and roof meet. The jacal itself is made by driving four mesquite posts in the ground; then poles are nailed across inside and outside of these uprights, and slender branches are wattled between these poles at certain distances. All the spaces are then filled with the limestone and rock indigenous to the place, and a clay cement is made with which it is plastered in and out. If a chimney is added, it is constructed in the same way. It is all fire-proof, it lasts a lifetime, takes but a few days to build, costs nothing for material, and keeps out both heat and cold. All of these jacals have dirt floors, and only one or two openings for windows. Here live the Mexican and his wife and their innumerable children, who seem to swarm around every door. Here also are found the dog and all the chickens, as well as goats without number, which are the milch cows of these primitive folks.

In and out of the open door stray the poultry and animals, while the family sit contentedly on the floor, smoking and talking. Most of these houses are innocent of furniture; in some a bed is found, or a chair or two; but dry-goods boxes seem to answer their every purpose, and skins are spread on the hard earthen floor, and there, wrapped in their blankets, they sleep. Above them from the roof hang strings of chile (red pepper) and jerked goat's meat, and outside against the house are fastened bird-cages of their own make, with different kinds of feathered denizens, for they are great bird trappers, and the bird sellers are a feature of the place. The jacals are all clean swept, and the yardways as well; indeed, their cleanliness seems to show itself in this particular manner, for a broom is constantly in the hands of every Mexican woman.

Every yard almost has an oven, built out of earth and rock, half under and half over the ground; here they bake their meats and some kind of cakes, but their own bread is tortillas. These are made by an interesting and peculiar process. The Indian-corn is boiled whole in water, into



JUAN AND JUANITA.

which a little unslacked lime is thrown, until the grain is tender. It is then taken out, washed, put into clear cold water, and allowed to soak all night. In the morning it is drained dry and crushed

into flour between two stones—the bottom one like a three-cornered tray on legs of uneven height, so that it slopes downward; the upper, like a rolling-pin. They place the tray upon the floor, and kneel-



A MEXICAN VAQUERO.

ing, they mash and roll the grain until it becomes a beautiful, white, starchy flour. That is then mixed with water into a paste, next kneaded and flattened out between the hands into broad, very thin cakes. In the meantime the mesquite fire in the corner of the jacal has burned into a grand bed of coals; on this is thrown a flat sheet of iron, which is soon hot. Here the cakes are placed, and brown instantaneously; they are turned, and in a minute are ready to be eaten. They are good, too, but need salt, for the Mexican mixes none in his bread. The Mexican of the lower class uses neither fork nor spoon, but rolls a tortilla into a scoop, and so eats his *chile con carne*, *frijoles*, etc. When too much softened by the gravy to take up the food, he eats his improvised spoon, takes another tortilla, and proceeds as before. They sit on the floor to eat, putting the dish of food in the middle of the circle, and not in one house out of six of the lower order is there a table. They are hospitable in the extreme, welcoming a perfect stranger to their homes, and offering him of their best.

The Mexican cooking, though Americans have a prejudice against it, is exceedingly appetizing, but for most palates too highly peppered, chile entering largely into the composition of every dish. Yet it is a rare good feast one can have by ordering the following bill of fare:

Sopa de Fideo.	
Gallina con Chile.	Tamales.
Frijoles Meicana.	Enchiladas.
Chile con Carne.	Tortillas.
Salza de Chile.	
Pastel de Limon.	Granadas de China.
Café.	

Out in the street, on the sidewalk at night, one finds here and there about the town blazing fires, and over them set great three-cornered pieces of iron sheeting, supported on legs. These sheets have round places cut out of them, and over these holes are tin cans, their contents boiling merrily. Tamales are cooking here, and the Mexican woman who is tending them looks like one of the witches in *Macbeth*, as she moves about in her short red skirt with her black shawl about her wrinkled brown face, while the fire-light

falls upon her in fitful gleams, now throwing her figure into broad relief, then leaving it in shadow. Behind her the open door of the jacal shows a blazing fire within, and on the floor, playing gravely in the quivering, dancing light, many children of different hues; for, be it known, this people is not a moral one, and a family of Mexican children may vary in all the shades between black and white. This is, *bien entendu*, of the lower orders.

Crossing the town toward the convent comes the baker, a supple, dark-skinned Mexican, with a large osier basket under

given too, and the club-house has witnessed many dramatic efforts.

The people generally, high and low, rich and poor, have a lordly disregard for money. As the French have it, they spend with both hands. They do no haggling over prices; if they like a thing, and have the amount, they buy it, no matter what the cost. The poorest Mexican will enter a store and make his purchases with the air of a grand seigneur. Their manners have a grave decorum about them that is worthy of imitation, and they are wonderfully law-abiding, as far as riots and quarrels are concerned;



RIDING THE LINE OF THE WIRE FENCE.

his arm, filled with fine loaves baked in those same underground clay ovens; over them is tucked a flaming crimson cloth, so fond are they of color. He is baker and baker's cart too, and now he stops to chat with a butcher—not one of animals in general, but of goats in particular. Here and there are the goat-meat shops, all marked by a flag: little bits of wooden shanties—a packing-box set on end would do almost as well—but here the goats are slaughtered, dressed, and sold, and all Mexicans love the meat. Goat's milk is the only kind they use, and even the American hotels in the place have it upon the table.

Contrasting with all of this rude, primitive life is the fact that this place offers really fine society, and that at the meetings of their literary club, held weekly, much talent is evinced. Fine dances are

but make no Mexican your enemy, or else avoid the darkness of night and of shadow, should he be within reach. He will smile in your face as you pass, then wheel and sheathe his long, sharp knife in your back. Their warfare is not open, and hence has none of the frank, lusty, rollicking bravado of the cow-boy, who gives a man a chance always in his quarrels, and would as soon be shot at as shoot.

On these vast grazing-grounds of the West, the cow-boy has his home. He is ever a picturesque figure, whether in groups or dismounted and standing alone on the great prairie, watching the train flash past him, broad-hatted and clad in buckskin pants, with many little fringes down their seams. His flannel shirt and short jacket look well upon him, and his Winchester and lariat are slung from the pommel of his saddle. His horse stands



A NOONDAY SIESTA IN THE STREET.

as still as a statue, untied and patient, with drooping head, awaiting his master's will. He knows every tone of his voice, and is trained to obey every word; he is tough and wiry and not easily tired, coming of the old mustang stock, which sprang from the steeds of Cortés's men.

Cow-boy life has in the last few years lost much of its roughness. The cattle barons have discharged most of the men who drank, and have frowned so persistently upon gambling that little of it is done. Cards and whiskey being put away, there is small temptation to disorderly conduct; so it is only when they reach some large city, and are not on duty, that they indulge in a genuine spree. On the ranches kept under fence they have little to do when not on the drive or in branding time, the cattle being all safely enclosed. But they must take their turns at line riding, which means a close inspection of the fences, and the repair of all breaks and damages. Where night overtakes them, there they sleep, staking their horses, and rolling themselves in their blankets. These rides of inspection take days to accomplish, for there are ranches in Texas which extend in a straight line over seventy-five miles. Those ranches which are not kept under fence necessitate more work. The boys must then keep their cattle in sight, and while allowing them to graze in every direction, must see that none in the many thousands stray beyond the limits of their own

particular pastures. They go then in parties, scattering over the territory, for they must cover hundreds of thousands of acres in a day.

It is not a life of hardship, and pays well enough. Everything is furnished to them free and of the very best, and they are paid besides thirty dollars per month. Each party stays out from two to three weeks at a time; but they take with them the finest of camp wagons, with beds and bedding, cooking utensils, the best of groceries of all kinds, and as excellent a cook as money can employ. The prairies are full of game, and their rifles are ever handy. The life is free, fascinating, and peculiarly healthy.

These men are exceedingly chivalrous to all women; this seems to be a trait born in them, as much a part of their moral nature as it is of their physical to have small feet, for it is seldom that a genuine Texas cow-boy can be found who has not the distinguishing mark of a handsome foot, and his boots are to him all that the sombrero is to a Mexican. He will deny himself many pleasures, he will go without a coat, and be seen in most dilapidated attire, but his boots must be of the best and most beautiful make that the country can afford; high of heel and curved of instep, a fine upper and thin sole, fitting like a glove, and showing the handsome foot to perfection.

Take the cow-boys as a class, they are bold, fearless, and generous, a warm-

hearted and manly set, with nothing small, vicious, nor mean about them, and Texas need not be ashamed of the brave and skilful riders who traverse the length and breadth of her expansive prairies.

Taking the railroad for Laredo, one passes through vast prairies covered with

This tree has sprung up as an advance-courier of civilization. Strange to say, it has always preceded settlement. In the time of the Texas war of independence, the lands which are now covered by it were bare of all shrubbery. It is supposed that the cattle, feeding around the old



A MEXICAN BULLFIGHTER.

cactus and by long stretches of mesquite thickets. These two growths are a special benefaction to a country where rains are an exception and not a rule, and where timber is consequently scarce. Twenty years ago there was no mesquite in many places where now it grows for miles.

settlements and then roaming out over the prairies, spread the seeds of this useful tree, whose wood supplies fuel, fence posts, and rails to that entire country, which furnishes the framework of every Mexican jacal, and which outlasts almost every other species. It gives shade in the sum-

mer to the cattle, and its foliage supplies the place of grass, which is often destroyed by drought in the long hot months. In winter its beans, of which it produces quantities, again feed the cattle, when a prolonged wet spell or severe cold destroys for a time the grazing. It is to be noticed that upon all these trees in this section of country the mistletoe grows in rank luxuriance, its evergreen leaves and profuse wax-like berries presenting a most beautiful appearance.

The cactus is almost as useful as the mesquite, and its quantity is inexhaustible. Its leaves are very succulent, holding an enormous quantity of moisture. In a drouth or spell of cold, when the flocks would otherwise suffer for food, the sheep herders build large fires and partially roast it in quantities. This burns off the thorns, and the sheep keep fat on this food. For horses and cows, they split open with their long knives the broad, thick leaves, and the animals eat out the inside, thus procuring both food and drink. This cactus has, too, great medicinal qualities, drawing all soreness and inflammation from the cuts and bruises of both man and beast; besides, it bears a fruit which is edible and pleasant to the taste, and from which the Mexicans make a firm, dark sweetmeat, called *queso de tuna*—literally, cheese of the prickly-pear.

This is like being in a foreign country. The vegetation is all strange; the cacti of different kinds grow tall and branch out as large as trees, looking weird and uncanny. Spanish is spoken everywhere, and even on the train one sees the signs in that language: "*Se prohíbe fumar en este carro*"—Smoking is forbidden in this car.

"*El Colorado con un peso se paga ocho pesos; el Blanco se paga parejo*"—The red with a dollar pays eight dollars; the white pays even.

It was the first cry heard at the Fiesta of Laredo, Texas, a festival which is one of the sights and features of this border town. Nowhere else in the United States, and nowhere else in the State, perhaps, can this holiday of the people be seen in such perfection. Commencing two weeks before Christmas, it stretches over forty days and nights, being at its very best on Sunday evenings. Three thousand people throng the level plaza, streaming in and out of the booths. These are all devoted to games of chance, and evidently this Mexican population of Texas means gam-

bling when they institute a frolic. That it is directly contrary to the laws of the State, all know; but what is a great commonwealth to do when she numbers her Latin children by tens of thousands, and they ask to be allowed to keep up the celebration of their peculiar feast as inherited from their forefathers? So the State's authorities shut their eyes, and the *fiestas* flourish.

The town of Laredo presents one of the glaring contrasts so common in Texas. To all intents and purposes it is Spanish, showing in its jacals, adobe houses, low-walled, flat-roofed stone buildings, and the barred and grated windows to its dwellings, all the characteristics of old Spain. Its beggars complete the picture, and its water-carriers, with their barrels drawn by sturdy little donkeys called *burros*, add to the illusion. In contradistinction to this, electric lights swing in the narrow, stone-paved streets, and the low-roofed dwellings, with their stone walls of three and four feet thickness, are illuminated with incandescent globes. An ice factory helps to cool the water carted along the streets, and overlooking the straw-thatched and wattled jacals, a magnificent seminary rears its stately proportions.

Along the streets everything is Spanish—the signs, the language, the people—even the dogs, for the hairless Mexican canine called *pelón* is in full force. Americans are there, of course—many of them—but they are lost in the general foreign air which pervades the place. The señoras and señoritas wear no hats, but over their heads the dearly loved shawl, or *tapalo*, which is often used to coquetishly conceal the lower part of the face, leaving only the great dark eyes exposed, thus adding to their effectiveness. The use of this shawl is general, from the great-grandmother, bowed, wrinkled, and leather-colored, to the wee tot just walking alone; they all wear it, and wear it at all times, performing a thousand duties while enveloped in its embarrassing folds as easily as does the domestic who pushes her sleeves out of the way before commencing work.

The men and boys all affect the high-crowned, broad-brimmed Mexican hat of felt, with its twisted silver snakes around the crown and the arms of Mexico embroidered on the side, or else there is a silver filigree lace wound about it, and

the whole hat is heavy with ornamentation done in fine threads of the precious metal. These hats cost wonderful sums, and a Mexican *ranchero* will spend three times as much for his head-gear as he will for all the other wants of his family combined.

Laredo has many lovely Spanish women, handsome enough to be an eternal temptation to the grave but warm-hearted *caballeros*, and so the windows of these houses, which are built immediately on the street, are guarded by iron bars, forming a grating through which

one may glance and smile and whisper, perhaps, when the nights are dark and no one is very near, but the lovers' kiss and hand-clasp are things that may not be. Many of these Mexican maidens are beautifully fair, the white of the skin making their eyes darker and larger by contrast, while the lace *rebozo*, which they drape so gracefully about them, lends an almost irresistible piquancy to their charms.

In using the generic title "Mexican" when alluding to the inhabitants of a large part of western Texas, it is for the want of a better term. They are Texans by birth, and their fathers before them, but they are of the Mexican race, and have kept their blood, language, and manners distinct from the Americans. Yet when you question their leaders on which side they would fight in case of war with Mexico, they draw themselves up proudly and say, "We are Texans and Americans; we would fight for the United States." Still, they do not speak the language of this country, and they are accused of not desiring to even understand it.

No one traversing the streets of Laredo would imagine himself in the United States. The heavy, wooden-tired, and two-wheeled cart is everywhere in use; the burros, with their loads of fagots slung on either side of their patient little backs, pass through the streets driven by a Mexican with grave brown face, broad-brimmed sombrero, and red blanket thrown around his shoulders. On the sidewalk the pepper venders have spread their squares of white cloth, heaped high with the glow-



THE WATER-CART.

ing scarlet berries. On every corner stand the candy-makers, selling their sweet wares. *Nueces dulces* and *queso de tuna* are prime favorites—the first, a delightful compound of pecans, cinnamon, and sugar; the latter, already mentioned, a very doubtful-looking sweetmeat, made of the juice and pulp of the fruit of the prickly-pear cactus. Then, too, they have a conserve of cocoa-nut, and squares of pumpkin candied crisp without and soft within. And here the little children and fair maidens stop to buy, making everywhere artistic groups in form and color; for they delight in bright hues, and the blues, pinks, and buffs of their choice look well against the sombre background of the old stone houses and the crumbling adobe walls, which seem like remnants of a fortified Spanish town. This brightness of attire contrasts pleasingly with the dark clothes of the men, who show no colors unless in the lining of their cloaks, or the stripes which adorn the great soft blankets so many of them wear shawl-wise about them.

The houses of this town are all interesting, and emphasize the contrast of its inhabitants and manners. The modern structures are light, elegant, and essentially American; the residences of the wealthy Spaniards are low, broad, and cover much space. Built of stone and flat to the ground, the walls are from two to four feet thick, being impenetrable by the heat of summer suns as well as the chilling winds of winter. Square and lacking architectural beauty without, within the proportions are perfectly pre-



THE BANJO PLAYER.

served, and everywhere the pure Gothic arch is observable, partitions and door-casings having that form. The walls in many cases are frescoed and otherwise ornamented in brilliant colors, the paint used being those pure Mexican pigments with which the ancient churches were adorned, and which never change color. The drawing is strange and stiff, but effective, for anything flowing or graceful would be out of keeping with the massive walls, cemented floors, and solid stone door-lintels and window-sills. No wonder that these houses last hundreds of years, for their materials are indestructible, and their flat roofs are covered with tiles burnt as hard as stone itself.

The homes of the very poor are a strange mixture of the odd, the grotesque, and the pitiful. It seems dreadful indeed that human beings should have to dwell with such wretched shelter from the elements; yet it appears to suffice them, and they are as calmly content as their equally grave and more comfortable neighbors. Their houses are made of sticks and clay thatched and patched with old pieces of blanket and of wagon covers, with discarded kerosene cans flattened out and nailed

upon the roof, or over some hole torn in the side of the hut. Even tomato cans are so utilized, and some of these miserable dwellings were seen with roofs glittering in the sunshine, and composed wholly of old tin cans of all kinds and sizes straightened out and fastened on. So it is that the "Greaser" has found a use at last for these seemingly useless things. And here again a contrast strikes one; for these paupers are often land-owners, possessing the piece of ground upon which their poor hut stands, holding on to it through generations, and when their dwelling shall be demolished by time or the elements, they will rebuild it in the same horrible style, living and dying contentedly in the midst of their children and goats, wrapped in their blankets on a dirt floor, and watched over by a cheap print of the Virgin Mary hung against the wall.

A child's funeral passing by will strike Americans as a thing the most unlike their own customs. First comes at a trot an open carriage, in which sits the priest in pure white canonicals and bareheaded. The next carriage has on its box the driver, and a young man who carries across his lap a coffin lid covered and trimmed with rose-colored cambric. Within sit four young girls dressed as brides, with wreaths and veils, supporting upon their laps a little coffin, enveloped in rose-color and dressed with flowers. The little dead child within is covered with them, and the girls look neither grave nor sad. Behind come other carriages, and then people walking on either side of the narrow street. The horses move briskly across the plaza, and stopping in front of the Catholic church, the girls act as pall-bearers, carrying in the coffin and placing it before the altar. Then they kneel, one at each corner, and bow their heads as the gray-haired priest performs the burial service. This done, they again bear the body to the carriage, and taking their places, drive to the cemetery to bury their dead. It seems strange indeed to those unacquainted with their ways, for it is almost like a merrymaking, showing no sign of grief nor mourning.

In this queer, foreign, Texan life the *fiesta* is certainly the *pièce de résistance*. Imagine the great square plaza bounded on all sides by a row of temporary structures—booths as it were—some made of canvas, some of boards; all around on the

inside, and about thirty feet away, runs a line of benches, leaving thus a broad road between. Here are seated hundreds of spectators—old men and women, young matrons with their grave-looking husbands, youthful señoritas with their due-

are born gamblers. The men press around the roulette tables, *los colores*, *curveta*, and many other games combining numbers and colors. They win and lose, these grave Spaniards, with never a change of countenance. They neither smile nor



MEXICAN WOMAN WASHING.

as, and, alas, many to whom such guardianship would not be welcome, and indeed now most unnecessary. They mix all together: it is a feast of the people, and at it they know no distinctions. Into the booths they crowd, for here are all kinds of games of chance, and Mexicans

frown, lament nor rejoice; in dead silence they make their play, in silence are ruined, or in silence pocket their gains and move on. *Curveta*, which is our lotto or keno, is the ladies' game: here they gamble, and with almost as little outward excitement as the men.

At the various booths are stationed bands of stringed instruments, and very pretty music they make, though somewhat odd withal, Mexican time being quite different from that kept by American bands. Here and there are couples dancing, but always in some gambling-room, as an extra attraction it is to be supposed. It is, though, a queer performance; the women are neither young nor pretty, nor even attractively robed. A couple, man and woman, stand on a piece of board about four feet square; they face each other and begin to dance, first slowly, then fast and faster, but always apart and in a series of jig steps. Occasionally the woman stops, while the man continues, and it is then he sings, lifting up his voice in a shrill false soprano, and giving utterance to a song that is neither musical nor gay. Sometimes he stops and she dances and sings; this they keep up for hours, and seemingly are never tired. The whole thing has a strangely ludicrous effect to an outsider, for neither dancers nor lookers-on ever smile, but keep undisturbed their imperturbable gravity. These booths and gambling-rooms have only earthen floors, tramped hard and smooth by the many feet which press them. There is no protection against cold, the canvas and open board walls which run around three sides, leaving one entirely open, afford no shelter should a norther spring up. But the climate is very kind to these children of the sun, and should it indeed be cool enough to make them draw their shawls and blankets closer about them, great fires are built in the open plaza.

Texas, settled as it is with emigrants from every part of the Union and of Eu-

rope, presents such a variety of character among its people that it will be hard to say what is their most prominent trait. The personal characteristics which used to distinguish them are changing. In early times their lives as pioneers were so hard and fraught with danger that it made them grave and even severe, but now they have become decidedly a gay people, pleasure-loving and pleasure-seeking. Formerly a rigid plainness and severity marked their lives and surroundings. At this day, even in the counties remote from the centres of population, their tastes have become more luxurious. They crave the elegancies and refinements of life, which is but the natural effect of the superior facilities for education which distinguish the State. Yet with the simplicity has disappeared much of the hospitality of the olden time; the warm and unquestioning welcome grows rarer each day, and the entertainment of guests is more a matter of calculation or distant social obligation than a spontaneous outpouring of hospitable hearts. Yet away off upon the frontier are still found, here and there, specimens of those strong, brave early settlers who live literally with their lives in their hands, establishing themselves far beyond the outposts of civilization, not knowing at what time the red men might raid upon them and lay their homes in ashes. Sturdy houses those, stockades they might better be called, built of heavy upright logs, with thatched or sodded roofs, houses that are forts as well as homes. And there is found a rare hospitality which asks no questions, but entertains the wayfarer, giving him all that he requires and that their store affords "without money and without price."

SOCIAL LIFE IN OXFORD.

BY ETHEL M. ARNOLD.

"**B**EAUTIFUL city! So venerable, so lovely, so unravaged by the fierce intellectual life of our century, so serene! And yet, steeped in sentiment as she lies, spreading her gardens to the moonlight, or whispering from her towers the last enchantments of the Middle Age, who will deny that Oxford, by her ineffable charm, keeps ever calling us near to the true goal of all of us, to the ideal, to perfection—to beauty, in a word, which is only truth

seen from another side?" Probably in all the prose writings of Matthew Arnold there is no more magical passage than the just quoted eulogy upon Oxford in the preface to the first series of *Essays in Criticism*. And apart from all its beauty of phrase, never was the spirit of Oxford so finely caught, the teaching of the place so happily epitomized. For in spite of the verdict of many an impatient, restless, modern that Oxford is sleepy, enervating,

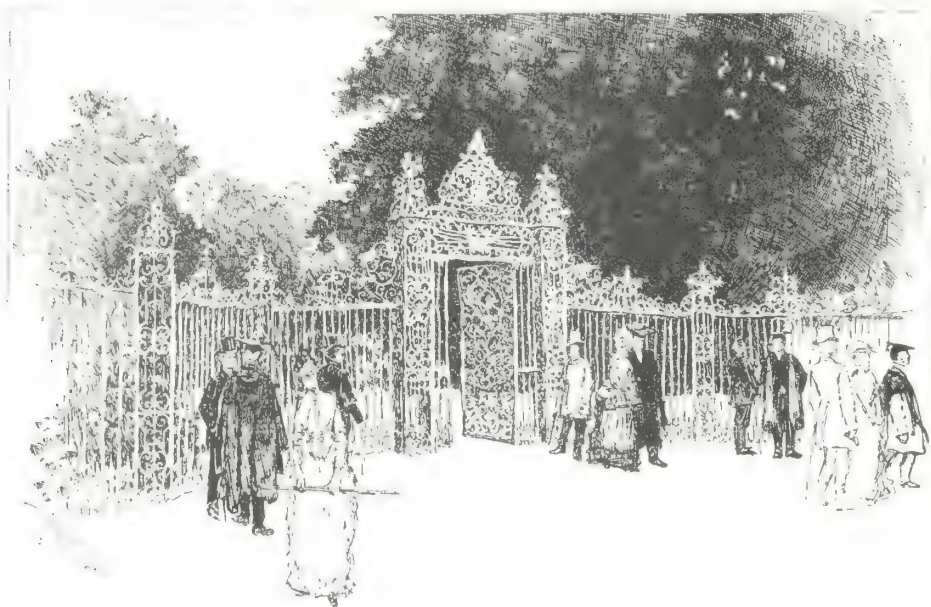


THE WALK BY THE RIVER

old-fashioned, and the like, there are others to whom every stone of its gray walls, every blade of its greensward, is charged with a gentle stimulus, a certain sweet encouragement. Let the stranger who would fain understand the secret of the place turn into a college garden some evening in late spring, and there, giving himself up to the influences around him, wait in patience till their meaning grows clear to him. Gradually the air, laden already with all the fragrance of lilacs and laburnums, will seem to him laden also with things of deep spiritual import. Old enthusiasms which he had fancied buried with his dead youth revive in him; aspirations he had put aside as Quixotic and visionary in his contact with the actual world stir in him with their old purity and strength; beauty which had become a dead letter to him grows suddenly alive, and in the end all the gross fibre which had grown up round his soul seems to melt away, and he realizes once again his spiritual union with the ideal.

In a word, the true spirit of Oxford is anti-materialistic, and to say this in the latter half of the nineteenth century is to say much indeed. Of late years, it is true,

many changes have taken place in the old life of the place. Science has grown bolder every year, and every year some new, unlovely, but eminently practical building is added to the scientific quarter in the Parks; the Fellows marry, and for themselves and for their families rows of red brick villas have sprung up to the north of the town with the rapidity of mushrooms on an August night; theology too has flourished of late, and to accommodate its new development one college has already risen into being on the beautiful old Merton cricket-ground, and another, ruled by men of light and leading, threatens to establish itself close by, demolishing in so doing some of the most beautiful old houses in the city. In some respects, indeed, it would seem to a hasty judge as though Oxford, in spite of Arnold's impassioned assertion that the thing is impossible, had been given over to the Philistines, and many of the older school of Oxford men shake their heads over the innovations, and predict nothing but ruin in the future. And yet such depression is largely the result of insufficient knowledge. The changes which have taken place in Oxford in the last



GATEWAY, NEW COLLEGE GARDENS.

twenty years are no doubt distasteful, and naturally so, to the man who knew and loved the place before they were even dreamed of. We are all *laudatores temporis acti*, and it is hard to be just to the new when we love the old so well. But even for the conservative lover of Oxford, to whom all that is new is vile, there is some consolation to be found if he will only look far enough. For the changes, numerous as they are, are mere excrescences on the surface, and disturb no whit the real and permanent *genius loci*.

For every new thing there is an old one which more than compensates for it. Laboratories may increase and multiply, hundreds of new "villa residences" may form themselves into unsightly suburbs, and every sect in the kingdom may be represented in the great school of theology which is to be the glory of the Oxford of the future, but the heart of the beautiful old town will remain unchanged, the rooks will still build their nests in the New College elms, the Cherwell will still glide past Addison's Walk, the ghost of Duns Scotus will still linger in Merton Library, and from her guardian towers the "enchantments of the Middle Age" will whisper still to every understanding heart. All things change, yet much remains the same—a paradox which yet contains a truth.

As might be expected, with all the ex-

ternal changes in Oxford have come many changes in the social life. In former days—I am speaking of twenty years ago—there was one large university set, with clearly defined limits, consisting of Heads of Houses, Professors and their families, and such dons as cared at all for the social side of life. The social tone was rigid and exclusive in the extreme, and it was hard, if not impossible, for any "outsider" to get a footing in Oxford society at all. A student of human nature might have been interested to find that in this republic of intellect the laws of social precedence were as rigidly kept as in any courtly capital; but, other than psychologically speaking, there was, of course, very little to be said for its narrow provinciality; and it is perhaps, on the whole, a good thing that with *autres temps* have come *autres mœurs*. The question as to whether the new spirit which now animates Oxford society is itself altogether desirable is one which, perhaps, it were premature to pronounce upon. The changes in the collegiate system, including the ability of Fellows to marry, are too new and too extensive for it to be quite fair to judge just yet of their working; another ten years will show more clearly whether we have improved upon the old, or whether the last state of Oxford society is likely to prove worse than the first. But one point of difference makes itself very clearly apparent to any dispas-

sionate observer of the old and the new. The old professorial society, whatever its shortcomings, was, at any rate, distinctive, full of the genuine academic spirit—a thing apart, in fact, and to be judged as such. The society of modern Oxford, on the other hand, prides itself on its abandonment of academic primness, upon its cosmopolitanism, and resemblance to the great world of London, which lies so temptingly near, so that it would almost seem to be the ambition of some of its younger members to transform Oxford into a sort of Brixton or Croydon, with the same inestimable metropolitan privileges. This may or may not be a laudable ambition; there is plenty of room for difference of opinion. But at the same time it sometimes occurs to one that it would be well, perhaps, for Oxford to realize that since it is not and never can be London, it might be a more dignified course to strike out a vigorous, independent line of its own—to shake off, if it will, the mistakes of the past, retaining at the same time that distinctive academic spirit which must always most appropriately animate the society of a university town.

One noticeable result of the system of Benedick Fellows is the falling off of that venerable institution known as "dinner in hall." When the teaching staff of the college for the most part lived on the premises, the high table (at which the dons sit, and so called because it is on a raised dais at the upper end of the hall) was always well filled. Moreover the world at large has always been led to believe that the scintillations of academic wit in the common-room gatherings after dinner were brilliant to a degree. But, alas! if report speaks true, that common-room wit has "all gon away in de Ewigkeit," like Hans Breitmann's "barty." For the married Fellow dines in the bosom of his family in St. Margaret's Road; and if he should think it incumbent on him to appear in hall every now and then, he generally hurries off directly after dinner to his suburban home. The consequence is that in many colleges the high table is almost deserted. The few who still dine there are either the very young Fellows, who are only biding their time before they too enter upon a world of butchers' bills and perambulators, or the confirmed old bachelors, who tend naturally to become more and more crusty as their contact with the outer world diminishes.

There are some places in the world which seem, viewed superficially at least, to be independent of humanity. During the first week one spends in Venice, for instance, one is enthusiastically certain that one could live a life full of interest and color if one were not on speaking



DR. E. B. TYLOR.

terms with any one in the place. The old palaces speak to one as one glides past them in the moonlight, and wherever one goes soft voices whisper thrilling things to one from out a richly storied past. The swish of the gondolier's oar, the lapping of the water against the houses, all the indefinable murmurs of the most silent city in the world, speak the unwritten language of the place: so that if contentment be the only object of man's existence, it would seem that in Venice, at least, his fellow-man contributes very little to its attainment. Oxford belongs to very much the same category; the place itself is full of an undying charm; there is an intoxication in the very air; and, though friendship and intercourse with one's fellows make life richer there as everywhere else, it almost seems as though, for a time at



PROFESSOR E. A. FREEMAN.

Portrait by J. H. St. John, Oxford.

least, it would be possible to live in Oxford unloved and unloving, and yet to find life worth living. Doubtless, in the long-run, there would creep into this selfish existence a sense of something lacking, a consciousness of "that old discontent" which Emerson defines so well as the "fine immundo by which the soul makes its enormous claim," but for a time, at any rate, the glamour of the place would suffice.

In the summer term, and particularly the early part of it, Oxford is a city of dreams; effort of any kind is more or less difficult, and one lives on from day to day in a kind of trance, full of vague aspirations, and feeling very far removed from the actualities of life. One falls naturally into a pleasant routine, all the pleasanter for its gentle monotony. The morning passes in reading or writing, and in the afternoon one turns out for a leisurely constitutional, followed by a look in at the Radcliffe Library to browse for an hour on the new books, then home, stopping on one's way to watch the cricket match in the Parks for half an hour, lying in Bohemian comfort on the grass. And in the evening to stroll about the quiet roads, listening to the bells, watching the moon rise and the stars come out, drinking in the while the fragrant air, brings peace and dreamless sleep at night.

There are variations, of course, in this peaceful existence, but perhaps, in common with most social joys, they only serve to enhance its attractions. Balls, concerts, garden parties, follow one another in quick succession during the summer term, and the roads by the Parks, usually so silent and deserted, resound with the ponderous rumblings of the indigenous Oxford cab. There is much that is pleasant in this gay, ebullient life, bubbling over as it is with youth and jollity, but something a little sad too as the years go by, and many an Oxford resident takes occasion to flee from the place when the yearly commemoration gayeties begin. Possibly the necessarily fluctuating nature of the undergraduate element, which makes the social life seem sometimes like a constantly changing kaleidoscope, and the perennial youthfulness of it all, help to produce this feeling of sadness; but at the best it is a selfish sentiment, which should be fought against and overcome. The winter term has of late become almost as gay as the summer term, possibly gayer, as far as the residents are concerned, for the summer gayeties are given over largely into the hands of the female relatives of the undergraduates, who come from afar, and Oxford swarms with pretty girls and complacent mothers being shown the sights of the town by youths whose faces beam with mingled pride and importance.

Among the leaders of Oxford society are to be found several well-known names equally honored on both sides of the Atlantic. Professor Max Müller's house, close to the University Parks, is one of the pleasantest social centres in the place, and he and his wife and daughter abound in genial hospitality.* Their strip of garden at the back, shaded by dense chestnut-trees, is hardly ever empty in the summer months, and in the winter a weekly day "at home" gives pleasant opportunities for those undergraduates who have the *entrée* of the house to rub off their social angles. Across the road from Professor Max Müller's stands a little red brick house which belonged at one time to Walter Pater, the apostle of the Renaissance, but four years ago he left Oxford to pursue a literary life in London, and the house passed into other hands. Further northward, on the Banbury Road,

* A portrait of Professor Max Müller was given in the May number of *Harper's Magazine*, 1888.

is to be found the home of Dr. Burdon Sanderson, the famous physiologist—the centre of the fierce controversy which raged in Oxford between vivisectionists and anti-vivisectionists over the grant for the new physiological laboratory. His tall, gaunt, stooping figure and striking intellectual face are now among the most familiar sights in Oxford.

a young man exclaim, after a talk with Dr. Tylor, "He is the *simplest* 'great man' I have ever talked with!" a remark which only serves to put into words the impression he makes upon all who know him.

Striking in a westerly direction down Museum Street, and under the quaint old archway of the Lamb and Flag, into the



SHOWING OFF THE TOWN—MAGDALEN TOWER FROM THE BRIDGE

Turning southward again, and strolling through the west side of the Parks, one comes to the South Parks Road, where stands the house of Dr. E. B. Tylor, the anthropologist. He is one of the most delightful of all the scientific men of the day, and his house, to which he and his wife delight in welcoming their friends, is a peculiarly pleasant one. I once heard

broad stretch of St. Giles, one comes upon a fine old gray stone house, which has in its time been through a variety of vicissitudes. At one time it was used equally as the judges' lodgings during the assizes and as a girls' high-school. Now it is in the hands of Professor Freeman and his two daughters. Freeman, who was elected to the Regius Professorship of Modern



DR. FRANK BRIGHT.

Engraving by J. G. Thompson, from a photograph by J. G. Thompson.

History, succeeding Professor (now Bishop) Stubbs, is one of the most individual figures in Oxford, and his excitability and impetuous temperament give rise to endless stories of more or less doubtful authenticity. His lectures are generally well attended—a feature rare indeed among professorial lectures—and are always full of interest and stimulus. He is an ardent anti-vivisectionist, and took a vigorous part in the agitation against the grant for Professor Burdon Sanderson's new laboratory. In the great debate of convocation on the subject which was held in the Sheldonian Theatre, he was one of the most impassioned of the opposition speakers, and in spite of the fact that his words were completely drowned by the shouts of the undergraduates from the gallery above him, he continued to speak with unabated enthusiasm till he had said all he wanted to say—with the result that the scene was not without its humor to a disinterested spectator.

A little further up the wide old street to the north of the church, a short row of gray stuccoed villas stands modestly back from the street. In one of them lives Mrs. T. H. Green, the widow of the late Professor of Moral Philosophy, who exercised such a deep if limited influence over

the Oxford of his day. His name has lately come into prominence before the general public from the fact that he was the avowed original of "Mr. Grey" in Mrs. Humphrey Ward's novel of *Robert Elsmere*, but by all who knew Oxford well during the years he lived and worked there, his name has long been honored and revered. It may not be uninteresting to note that one of the most distinctive features of the views of the late Professor Green was his desire to see a closer union between the town and university, and for many years, in harmony with his convictions, he sat as a member of the Oxford Town Council, an example which has since been followed by several distinguished university men.

Passing from the Professors to the Heads of Houses, the first name which naturally suggests itself is that of Professor Jowett, the well-known translator of Plato, and Master of Balliol College. Probably no one man has influenced Oxford so widely and profoundly in the last thirty years as Mr. Jowett—whether for weal or woe posterity must finally decide.* At present Oxford men are roughly divided into his followers and his opponents, and it is impossible for an outsider to form any opinion on the subject. But this much at least is certain, that whatever may ultimately be thought of his development and encouragement of the examination system, which tends, as some assert, to the destruction of a disinterested love of learning, his influence upon the life and character of the men who have come under his sway at Balliol has been of the noblest and loftiest kind. He has lived his life in and among his men, and yet has found leisure and opportunity to lastingly enrich the world of scholarship, and in his fame and success may be read the death-warrant of that older conception of the duties of a college Head so consistently carried out by the late Mark Pattison. That in the future it will be practically impossible for a man to accept the position of Head of a House, and continue to lead the life of a scholarly recluse, knowing nothing and caring less about the men under his rule, is due in the first instance to Professor Jowett, and to Professor Jowett alone. To have introduced a spirit of increased personal interest and of keener enthusiasm into the

* A portrait of Professor Jowett was given in the December number of *Harper's Magazine*, 1878.

whole teaching staff of the university is probably sufficient positive work for one man to have done; his mistakes, if he has made any, may well be left to rectify themselves.

union closer between Oxford and the best life of the capital, between the old Balliol and the new. His example has been followed by several other Heads of Houses, such as Mr. Broderick, the Warden of Mer-



RHODA BROUGHTON
From a photograph by Alexander Brown, London.

In Oxford society the Master is a very distinct power. For many years past it has been his custom to fill his house from Saturday to Monday with well-known Londoners, who may be either old members of his college or distinguished social figures in the London world, and the Master's dinner parties at Balliol on Saturday and Sunday evenings are among the most interesting social events of the place. By keeping up this constant intercourse with London he has succeeded in drawing the

ton, and Sir William Anson, the Warden of All-Souls, and the streets of Oxford on Sundays, particularly in the summer term, are oddly full of London faces.

University College, the oldest in Oxford, said by tradition to have been founded by Alfred the Great, is now presided over by Dr. Franck Bright, the author of a widely used *History of England*, who succeeded Dr. Bradley in the mastership on the appointment of the latter to the deanery of Westminster. He is a genial, socially-dis-

posed man, full of a certain dry humor, and immensely popular in the college. They tell a story of him which sufficiently illustrates the quality of his humor. The college had done well one year in the annual spring boat races, and the crew, elated by their success, indulged themselves by giving an unusually uproarious bump-supper at the conclusion of their exertions. The next morning one of their number had occasion to present himself in the Master's study to give him an essay. The Master was sitting at his writing-table, evidently absorbed in business. Presently he looked up, to see the young man standing at his elbow, essay in hand.

"So-and-so," said the Master (he stutters a little), "you were all d-d-drunk last night."

"No, sir! upon my word, sir!" remonstrated the young man, full of righteous indignation.

"Th-th-then there's no excuse for you," said the Master, and went on with his writing.

As might be expected from the nature of the place, Oxford is the home of several distinguished authors and authoresses, and several others just beginning upon a literary career. About two years ago a little story appeared in the pages of *Temple Bar* under the name of "A Village Tragedy," and signed by "Margaret L. Woods." At first it shared the fate of most magazine stories—received passing notices in the papers, for the most part favorable, and was apparently forgotten. But it soon became evident that upon the thinking world, or, at any rate, upon the esoteric literary coterie, the little book had made a very distinct mark. It was discussed with complimentary seriousness by good literary judges, and slowly but surely won its way into general notice. In the course of time a French critic becoming possessed and enamoured of it, it was translated in the *Débats*, a compliment rarely paid to English fiction; and in America, last winter, I found that it was causing no small sensation, having even been considered of sufficient importance to serve as the sole intellectual repast at a girls' "discussion lunch." Mrs. Woods, the author of this admirable though painful book—this sketch of the life of two English peasants, drawn in the sombre tints of their suffering, and bitten in with their tears—is the second daughter of Dr. Bradley, the present Dean of Westminster, and the wife of the Presi-

dent of Trinity College, Oxford. To those who had known her in Oxford, the excellence of her work came in no way as a surprise: her ability was always unquestioned; it was a mere matter of speculation as to the time it would publicly show itself and the form it would assume, and her next book will be looked for with interest both by her Oxford friends and by that larger circle of unknown friends her little book has won for her in England and America alike.

It is, perhaps, not generally known that Oxford is the home of "Lewis Carroll," the author of *Alice in Wonderland*, the queen of nonsense books. He is a Senior Student of Christ Church, and was for many years Mathematical Lecturer to the college, but retired from this latter post some few years ago, in order to devote himself more unreservedly to literary work. As might be gathered from his books, he is a genuine lover of children, and his beautiful suite of rooms in the northwest corner of Wolsey's great quadrangle, looking over St. Aldgate's, were at one time a veritable children's paradise. Never did rooms contain so many cupboards, and never did cupboards contain such endless stores of fascinating things. Musical boxes, mechanical performing bears, picture-books innumerable, toys of every description, came forth in bewildering abundance before the child's astonished eyes; no wonder, then, that in childish years a day spent with "Lewis Carroll" was like a glimpse into a veritable El Dorado of innocent delights! For many years he was a considerable amateur photographer, and amused himself by taking his little friends in all sorts of odd and fanciful costumes, till his albums became filled with Japanese boys and girls, beggar-maids in picturesque tatters, or Joans of Arc in glittering armor. The smell of the collodion he used to pour on to the negative, his small "subjects" watching him open-mouthed the while, lingers in the memory still, and the sight of the box in the dark room which used to be pulled out for them to stand upon, in order that they might watch more comfortably the mysterious process of "developing," served not long ago to remind one at least of his quondam child friends, humorously if a little painfully, of the flight of time.

Among notable "outsiders" who have settled in Oxford during the last ten years is to be found Miss Rhoda Broughton.



ROWING DOWN TO IFFLEY.

In a charming book-lined study in one of the most picturesque old houses in Oxford, she writes the books which have produced so many smiles and tears both here and in America. She lives with her sister, Mrs. Newcome, to whom the house belongs, and when they are in Oxford, the afternoon tea hour generally finds them round the tea table in their flower-filled drawing-room, winter and summer alike. The humor which makes Rhoda Broughton's books the most entertaining in modern English fiction is even more apparent in her conversation, and its spontaneity and pungency make her the most delightful company imaginable.

Leaving the region of personalities, there still remain one or two points to be touched upon in order to complete, as far as possible, this rough sketch of Oxford life. The river, which, though in reality the Thames, is for some unexplained reason called the Isis at Oxford, contributes very largely to the pleasures of the summer. On the lower river, as that part of it is called which flows under Folly Bridge,

past Christ Church Meadows to Iffley, Sandford, and Nuneham, the annual eight-oared races take place, and the scene on a fine evening in the "eights" week, which generally falls about the middle of May, is indescribably gay and brilliant. On the left, the long line of college barges drawn up along the bank groans beneath the weight of a brightly dressed crowd; the opposite bank, which, though so near, lies in another county (for the Thames divides Oxfordshire from Berkshire), is crowded with humblersight-seers, the band discourses in the distance, and a continuous stream of people passes to and fro beneath the friendly shelter of the trees. Suddenly a gun booms in the distance, and after three minutes' eager straining of the eyes the moving line of men in multicolored coats comes into near view round the corner of the towing-path. Shouts, rattles, bells, rend the soft spring air, and in a moment more the nose of the leading boat shoots round the bend of the river, and for the great mass of the spectators the excitement begins.

The Cherwell, a tributary of the Thames, which rises near Banbury, of nursery-rhyme fame, and passes at the end of its course through the University Parks, past the Magdalen Deer Park, and on to Christ Church Meadows, is greatly used for boating in the summer term by married tutors and their families; and a large boat-house, built just outside the Parks' boundary for the accommodation of some thirty boats, has almost converted the river into a private recreation-ground for the married Fellow. There is a peculiar charm about the Cherwell which is lacking to the more imposing Thames; and looking

back over past years one finds the little winding stream threading its way through fragrant hay fields, past hedges pink with wild roses, and later on through beds of star-like lilies, forming the gentle background to many a lovely memory.

So life passes in the beautiful old university town, and will pass when we are all forgotten—we who have loved the Alma Mater with such passionate affection. And yet there should be no sadness in the thought, for it is her calm immutability in the midst of the ebb and flow of human life which makes her what she is—the guardian of our nobler selves.

THE SCARECROW.

BY S. P. MCLEAN GREENE.



He had not that humorous expression of countenance which his name and garb implied.

On approach, his face appeared thoughtful, dignified, even with a touch of sadness.

He had come, an old man, childless, companionless, and meekly and deprecatingly taken up his abode in a deserted hut on the outskirts of the village.

Rumor having at first mysteriously hinted that he was a "miser," or an escaped criminal in hiding, had finally ceased to take note of his harmless, indigent life. He could even obtain sometimes odd jobs of work in the village to do, since he would work always faithfully and at less than half price.

But so peculiarly indeed did his appearance resemble that of his forlorn progenitors, the tattered and rickety sentinels of the corn fields, that it had been known to bring a smile to the features of even the most benevolent, while fledglings of a more prosperous brood from the primary department of the academy were wont to celebrate his approach at a distance with suggestive warblings of "Caw! caw! caw!" "Scarecrow," or "Old Caw Carson," he was therefore called indifferently.

"I'm outer a job," said the Scarecrow, addressing the group at the village store. "They ain't nothin' in ord'nary labor I can't do, and they ain't nothin' but what I *will* do. I'm pooty nigh desprit for work jes now. I'm lookin' anywhere for a job."

"I hope as you don't contemplate makin' no change in your clo's, *Mister Carson*," said a recognized wit, with choice gravity. "We ain't a dressy community, you know. Anything in material, only so long as it fits."

"You'd ought to git mar'd, Caw, a fashernater like you," said a callow brute on the soap box, puffing ostentatiously at a bad cigar.

"Why, it don't seem as though you'd ought to be out of a job at this season," said still another, with the same imperturbable gravity.

It was not supposed that the dull mind of the Scarecrow had appreciated these sallies. He stood downcast, with no sign of intelligence.

Young Harry Cleese, in wealth and beauty and ambition the virtual lord of the village, was lounging on the counter with two college chums, guests for whom he was getting what entertainment he might out of this rural sitting. Harry had been gayly jesting with the village clowns; besides, he had had news that morning of success in his college exami-

nations. Success in his first love, there was a flush as of wine in his winning brain.

"Why, look here, Mr. Carson," said he, "the birds of the air are raising the dickens, they say, with my corn fields over yonder. Now I'll pay you a quarter of a dollar a day the season through just to loaf about there and keep the nuisances off. What do you say?"

The Scarecrow raised his eyes, deep, sad, unreproachful, but Harry Cleese's own suddenly fell.

"Young man," he said, simply, "in a-lookin' of a craft over, the question ain't allus, 'Is she handsome?' 'Is she tight-rigged?' but, 'How fur's she ben?' In a-takin' of long viyages, needcessity be of storms. I'n been a long viyage. I'n accept your offer, and I'll do the work faithful. The work appears to need of doin'. I can keep the birds off, and I can hoe beetween-times. I'll do it faithful, and I thank ye kindly."

"Come, take a retainer, Mr. Carson," said Harry, the blush still on his cheek, as he held a generous note toward the old man.

The Scarecrow shook his head. "I don't need any 'retainer.' I'n on'y too glad o' the job. I'll do it faithful, and I thank ye kindly."

Among the calamities which befell the outcast poor is the occasional demolishing of their frail dwellings by wind and rain. Thus Daniel Miguel returned from his day's work at the factory to find his gaunt, dark-eyed wife standing beside the desolated wreck of their poor home, one infant in her arms, five others tugging at her skirts. At the same time the Scarecrow, whose hut formed the only habitation in sight, was seen winging his lame and tattered flight toward them.

"Do *you* speak English?" said he to Miguel, gesticulating. "I couldn't make her understand. House—fire—warm—over there—somethin' to eat—house—fire—warm—come!"

"Oh, mine Gott! t'ank! yes," said Miguel, promptly seizing the infant in his wife's arms and taking her forlorn hand. "Monsieur Skekerow have the goodness to invite. Come!"

"Why, it's as much yours as mine, you know," said the Scarecrow, leading the way briskly. "She wa'n't much of a craft, but I'n got her patched up snug—good fire in there—'nough to eat—as much yours as mine."

"Tell her to make tea—git supper—dry the childern." The old man produced his scarce furniture with glad alacrity. His hut was not wretched, for it was scrupulously clean. A fire, evidently freshly made, was roaring in the cracked stove. "Your house won't never stand propin' up agin, but when the rain stops, we'll try and find some o' your things, and dry 'em up. There was allus too much o' this here bed o' mine. Here, Mr. Miggerwell, you must piece a couple more outer it, and put up a curtain over there by the beam, 'n keep the fire goin'. I'n got an engagement. I'n got to go down to the village 'fore supper."

With the same eager cheerfulness Monsieur Scarecrow tottered down to the village in the rain. He had, indeed, been serving several weeks now in the corn fields, and he had several dollars "laid by," for he was an old man, and had been, as he said, on a long voyage, and was conscious sometimes that he was very near port, and he had a great longing that enough might be found by him wherewith to bury him. But this he forgot coming home, his arms laden with bread and potatoes and a can of milk, and even a bit of meat and a few teacups, for he had had but one, and that would never do.

At the sight of the food for her clamoring children, something like color came to Mrs. Miguel's face, a gleam of hope to her dismal eyes.

"Pay next mont'," cried Mr. Miguel, eagerly; "no money—wife was *seeck*. Little Pettee there, see! she was *seeck* all time—doctor—mad'cine—no money—pay next mont'."

The children ate greedily. Little Pettee ate a mouthful or two with symptoms of unnatural hunger, and then fell back in her chair listless and satisfied.

"*Seeck*," explained Mr. Miguel—"five year—nev' walk—nev' talk. Pettee!"

The child lifted her unsmiling eyes to her father, but quickly withdrew them to continue her absorbed gaze at the face of their host. And for aught one could tell, to the large strange eyes of this little dying alien the face of Monsieur Scarecrow might have appeared like the face of an angel.

It was curious, after the silent Mrs. Miguel had cleared away the things, the conversation between Mr. Miguel and their host.

"You haf employ—is it not?—to alarum the birds, Monsieur Skekerow?" said Mr. Miguel, with the utmost seriousness. He had never understood the application of Monsieur Scarecrow's name; besides, all the tenor of his life had inclined him to grave rather than mirthful contemplation.

"I've been hoein'—workin' over there"—a little spot of red touched for an instant the old man's grizzled cheeks. "Yes," he added, gently, "I scare the birds away too, Mr. Miggerwell—yes, I scare away the birds."

Observing the gentle though pensive look that had settled on his companion's face, Mr. Miguel fixed his dark helpless eyes upon him with profound sympathy.

"Hart times," he then said, comprehensively.

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Miggerwell—yes, you've had hard times."

"You!" interrupted the other, quickly—"you haf the hart times, Monsieur Skekerow?"

"Yes, Mr. Miggerwell—yes, I'n been a long viyage."

"Wife?" said the other, after a long pause.

"Long ago—dead."

"Ah, 'tis so! Chile?"

"Dead—long ago. Home—wife—child—long ago."

"Ah, 'tis so! 'tis so!"

"Since then trade—foreign coast—shipwreck."

"Ah—sheepwreck!"

"Foreign—by wrong—by mistake—prison."

"Ah—preeson! ah, 'tis so!"

But a smile had come to the Scarecrow's wistful face, at which his alien neighbor strangely felt little wonder. Mr. Miguel's experience had not given him any usual conventional ideas as to the fixed causes for smiling or weeping in this world. At a hint he in turn related, though more diffusely, his own woes to the sympathetic ear of Monsieur Scarecrow.

The next day, as the old man was at work in the fields, whither he had gone early, Mrs. Miguel suddenly appeared before him. Her expressive eyes informed him of a new misery, with a grave unquestioning sense of his capacity as savior.

Rain and exposure, mingled with previous privation, had changed little Pet-



"THE SCARECROW RAISED HIS EYES, DEEP, SAD, UNREPROACHFUL."

tee's gentle fading into an acute and rapid fever.

"Monsieur Skekerow!" said the poor mother, bending over her moaning child with an absolute religious sense of those words as a talisman. The child, reflecting

the maternal faith, lifted her feverish eyes with the same enlarged sense of safety.

At night the oldest boy fell ill. Mr. Miguel, on his hard cot, slept the sleep of utter exhaustion. Monsieur Scarecrow,

assisted by the worn mother, cared tenderly for the little sufferers. So for another day; and then at night little Pettee did a most rare thing for her. Often enough had she wept, but now she looked up at the pale face of Monsieur the Scarecrow and very tranquilly smiled.

"Ah, mon Pettee! mon Pettee!" cried the mother, clasping her with sweet anguish. But little Pettee had done with weeping.

The boy would mend. But it proved at the end Monsieur Scarecrow was overwheeled. He was a very old man. He lay down cheerfully on the cot no longer occupied by little Pettee, and he prayed God meekly it might not be long now to port.

A day later Harry Cleese was discussing with his lawyer a subject always provocative of irritation to the young man. "It's a ludicrous idea," he exclaimed, "that such an individual should turn up after all these years. Ludicrous! Impossible!"

"Mr. Cleese," responded the lawyer, dryly, "when you have lived as long as I have, you will know that the 'impossible' is the likeliest. Seriously, I do not anticipate

any trouble for you, Harry; but I wish your estate were free from any of these hypothetical or, if you will, chimerical clauses. The farm only is yours in any case. The mill patent was the invention exclusively of this Yankee partner of your father's, who evidently had attached no value to it, as on the death of his family he went to seek his fortunes elsewhere, leaving the practical development of the scheme wholly with your father. Nevertheless, by these papers, of which he doubtless holds the originals, the patent and the legal right are his."

"Yes; and with the reputation of our business here now for some years, if he had been living he would probably have put in an appearance long before this."

"Probably."

"Undoubtedly," said Harry Cleese, rising, with his usual gay laugh. He walked down to the factory offices. There, some hours later, he heard a timid knock at the door. It was followed by the appearance of the mild dark face and pleading eyes of Daniel Miguel.

"Monsieur Cleese, Monsieur Skeke-row!"

"What's the matter, Daniel?"



"HARRY SPOKE THROUGH BURSTING TEARS."

"Monsieur Skekerow—he 'ave the weesh to see you."

"Who?"

"Monsieur Monsieur Skekerow! You 'ave employ to alarrum the birds," said Daniel, desperately, seeing the unenlightened look on his employer's face.

Harry, suddenly comprehending, burst into a laugh, long and loud.

"Dyin'," said Miguel, with his usual gentle, serious air, though vague as ever as to the causes for laughter or tears here below.

"Is that so?" said Harry, gravely. "And wishes to see me? Come, Daniel, then, show me the poor soul."

Mr. Miguel was still more gently perplexed on observing the thoughtful and cheerful manner, almost as of a superior, with which poor Monsieur Scarecrow welcomed his handsome young employer.

"I'n ben a long viyage," he said. His eyes, sad and grave enough in their long battle with the seas, were twinkling, now that the green banks of the shore were sloping full in sight.

"Yes, Mr. Carson," said Harry.

"I've got a paper here," said the old man, "as I wanted you should know was out o' the world." He held it toward Harry that he might be assured of its identity, and then tore it in many fragments. "Burn!" he said to Mrs. Miguel. "There, Mr. Harry, I didn't want to bother ye, lad, but I wanted ye to know it was out o' the world. Don't ye never think about it. I was so near port it wa'n't no use to me. I didn't mean to step in and rob ye."

"And it was *you*, the rightful owner of all, that I set to scare the crows in my fields?" Harry spoke through bursting tears, the first his young manhood had ever known; they obscured for once his cold, brilliant blue eyes, and fell impetuously on the old man's shrivelled hands.

"There, there, lad! Was it so much to ye? Thank God, then, for it wa'n't a feather's weight to me. Only look here,

Harry, my lad—look here. I can't think it's so very much, after all, even ter the young and happy, ter be rich. I know some thinks so, but I'n been the whole viyage now, and I'm a-nearin' where we know the truth, and I can't think it's so much, nor the greatest thing, Harry, my lad—I can't think so."

"Where we know the truth!" He spoke kindly but wearily, for he had made a great effort.

"But to think that I, who am not worthy to fasten your shoes, who owe all to you—that I should have insulted you!" But Harry Cleese paused, with a sudden awe and wonder.

"As we git near the shore they sing, you see," said the old man, gently and seriously explaining, in a feeble but now painless voice. "What was ye sayin'? Forgive me, lad; it's ben so long since I heard Mary's voice—so long. But we're pullin' in; we're gittin' near now. Don't cry. Was it so much to ye, lad? 'Twa'n't nothin' to me, nothin'." Hark! "I'n ben a long viyage," he said, lifting his eyes with the old meek habit.

But whatever the answer, it was plainly such as to assure the Scarecrow that the tattered garments of earth had been put by, and that he was clothed in raiment not unfitting the presence of the King.

Harry Cleese had a very costly funeral for him they had called the Scarecrow. He put on him the finest of his own dress clothes. "I will never wear fine broad-cloth more," he said; and, strangely, he kept that word. He wore coarse garments, and in no very long time, as it happened, he put those too by for a cheap uniform of blue, and left home and fortune and newly wedded wife, and fought for a patriotic cause faithfully, and fell. The secret "Monsieur Scarecrow" brought home from his weary voyage over far seas, the youth wrested from fate in one supremely bitter hour, and he too learned what alone it is worth while to enter into port with.

PRAISE.

BY MATTHEW RICHIEY KNIGHT.

THE praise that spurs thee on,
And higher lifts thy quest,
Heaven send thee! Better none
Than in it thou shouldst rest.

GIOSUE CARDUCCI,
AND THE HELLENIC REACTION IN ITALY.

BY FRANK SEWALL.

SO thorough is the reaction exhibited at the present day in Italy against the dogma and the authority of the Church of Rome that we are led to inquire whether, not the church alone, as Mr. Symonds says,* but whether Christianity itself has ever "imposed on the Italian character" to such an extent as to obliterate wholly the underlying Latin or Hellenic elements, or prevent these from springing again into a predominating influence when the foreign yoke is once removed. To speak of Christianity coming and going as a mere passing episode in the life of a nation and taking no deep hold on the national character is somewhat shocking to the religious ideas which prevail among Christians, but not more so than would have been to a Roman of the time of the Cæsars the suggestion that the Roman Empire might itself one day pass away, a transient phase only in the life of a people whose history was to extend in unbroken line over a period of twenty-five hundred years.

In the work just referred to Mr. Symonds also briefly hints at another idea of profound significance, namely, whether there is not an underlying basis of primitive race character still extant in the various sections of the Italian people to which may be attributed the variety in the development of art and literature which these exhibit. In his *Studii Letterari*, Bologna, 1880, Carducci has made this idea a fundamental one in his definition of the three elements of Italian literature. These are, he says, the church, chivalry, and the national character. The first or ecclesiastical element is superimposed by the Roman hierarchy, but is not and never was native to the Italian people. It has existed in two forms. The first is Oriental, mystic,

and violently opposed to nature and to human instincts and appetites, and hence is designated the ascetic type of Christianity. The other is politic and accommodating, looking to a peaceful meeting-ground between the desires of the body and the demands of the soul, and so between the pagan and the Christian forms of worship. Its aim is to bring into serviceable subjection to the church those elements of human nature or of natural character which could not be crushed out altogether. This element is represented by the church or the ecclesiastical polity. It becomes distinctly Roman, following the eclectic traditions of the ancient empire, which gave the gods of all the conquered provinces a niche in the Pantheon. It transformed the sensual paganism of the Latin races and the natural paganism of the Germanic into a religion, which, if not Christianity, could be made to serve the Christian church.

In the same way that the church brought in the Christian element, both in its ascetic and its Roman or semi-pagan form, so did feudalism and the German Empire bring in that of chivalry. This, again, was no native development of the Italian character. It came with the French and German invaders; it played no part in the actions of the Italians on their own soil. "There never was in Italy," says Carducci, "a true chivalry, and therefore there never was a chivalrous poetry." With the departure of a central imperial power the chivalrous tendency disappeared. There remained the third element, that of nationality, the race instinct, resting on the old Roman, and even older Latin, Italic, Etruscan, Hellenic attachments in the heart of the people. Witness during all the Middle Ages, even when the power of the church and the influence of the empire were strongest, the reverence everywhere shown by the Italian people for classical names and traditions. Arnold of Brescia, Nicolo di Rienzi, spoke to a sentiment deeper and stronger in the hearts of their hearers than any that either pope or emperor could inspire. The story is told of a school-master of the eleventh century, Vilgardo of Ravenna, who saw visions of Virgil, Horace,

* "Rome has so far been the greatest danger to the Italian cities into what we call a nation; and when Rome, the universal capital, the metropolis of Italy, remained, and the Italian people sprang to life again by contact with their irrecoverable past. Then, though the church swayed Europe from Italian soil, she had nowhere less devoted subjects than in Italy. Proud as the Italians had been of the empire, proud as they were of the church, still neither the Roman Empire nor the Roman Church imposed on the Italian character." — *Symonds's "Renaissance in Italy," Literature*, II., p. 524.

and Juvenal, and rejoiced in their commendation of his efforts to preserve the ancient literature of the people. The national principle also exists in two forms, the Roman and the Italian—the aulic, or learned, and the popular. Besides the traditions of the great days of the republic and of the Caesars, besides the inheritance of the Greek and Latin classics, there are also the native instincts of the people themselves, which, especially in religion and in art, must play an important part. Arnold of Brescia cried out, “Neither pope nor emperor!” It was then the people, as the third estate, made their voices heard—“*Ci sono anch' io!*” (Here am I too!).

After the elapse of three hundred years from the downfall of the free Italian municipalities and the enslavement of the peninsula under Austro-Spanish rule, we have witnessed again the achievement by Italians of national independence and national unity. The effect of this political change on the free manifestations of the Italian character would seem to offer another corroboration of Carducci's assertion that “Italy is born and dies with the setting and the rising of the stars of the pope and the emperor.” (*Studi Letterari*, p. 44.) Not only with the withdrawal of the Austrian and French interference has the pope's temporal power come to an end, but in a large measure the religious emancipation of Italy from the foreign influences of Christianity in every way has been accomplished. The expulsion of the Jesuits and the secularization of the schools and of the monastic properties were the means of a more real emancipation of opinion, of belief, and of native impulse, which, free from restraint either ecclesiastical or political, could now resume its ancient habit, lift from the overgrowth of centuries the ancient shrines of popular worship, and invoke again the ancient gods.

The pope remains, indeed, and the Church of Rome fills a large space in the surface life of the people of Italy; and so far as in its gorgeous processions and spectacles, its joyous festivals and picturesque rites, and especially in its sacrificial and vicarious theory of worship, the Church has assimilated to itself the most important feature of the ancient pagan religion, it may still be regarded as a thing of the people. But the real underlying antagonism between the ancient national instinct,

both religious and civil, and that habit of Christianity which has been imposed upon it, finds its true expression in the strong lines of a sonnet of Carducci's, published in 1871, in the collection entitled *Decennali*. Even through the burdensome guise of a metrical translation, something of the splendid fire of the original can hardly fail to make itself felt.

ROMA.

Give to the wind thy locks; all glittering
Thy sea-blue eyes, and thy white bosom bared
Mount to thy chariots, while in speechless roaring
Terror and Force before thee clear the way!

The shadow of thy helmet like the flashing
Of brazen star strikes through the trembling air.
The dust of broken empires cloud-like rising,
Follows the awful rumbling of thy wheels.

So once, O Rome, beheld the conquered nation
Thy image, object of their ancient dread.*
To-day a mitre they would place upon

Thy head, and fold a rosary between
Thy hands. O name! again to terrors old
Awake the tired ages and the world!

The movement for the revival of Italian literature may be said to have begun with Alfieri, at the close of the last and the beginning of the present century. It was contemporary with the breaking up of the political institutions of the past in Europe, the dissolution of the Holy Roman Empire, the brief existence of the Italian Republic, the revival for a short joyous moment of the hope of a restored Italian independence. Again a thrill of patriotic ardor stirs the measures of the languid Italian verse. Alfieri writes odes on *America Liberata*, celebrating as the heroes of the new age of liberty, Franklin, Lafayette, and Washington. Still more significant of the new life imparted to literature at this time is the sober dignity and strength of Alfieri's sonnets, and the manly passion that speaks in his dramas and marks him as the founder of Italian tragedy.

But the promise of those days was illusory. With the downfall of Napoleon and the return of the Austrian rule, the hope of the Italian nationality again died out. Alfieri was succeeded by Vincenzo Monti and his fellow-classicists, who sought to console a people deprived of future hope with the contemplation of the remote past. This school restored rather than revived the ancient classics. They gave Italians admirable translations of

* The allusion is to the figure of “Roma” as seen upon ancient coins.

Homer and Virgil, and turned their own poetic writing into the classical form. But they failed to make these dead forms live. These remained in all their beauty like speechless marble exhumed and set up in the light and stared at. If they spoke at all, as they did in the verses of Ugo Foscolo and Leopardi, it was not to utter the joyous emotions, the godlike freedom and delight of living which belonged to the world's youthful time; it was rather to give voice to an all-pervading despair and brooding melancholy, born, it is true, of repeated disappointments and of a very real sense of the vanity of life and the emptiness of great aspirations, whether of the individual or of society. This melancholy, repugnant itself to the primitive Italian nature, opened the way for the still more foreign influence of the romantics, which tended to the study and love of nature from the subjective or emotional side, and to a more or less morbid dwelling upon the passions and the interior life. With a religion whose life-sap of a genuine faith had been drained away for ages, and a patriotism enervated and poisoned by subserviency to foreign rule and fawning for foreign favor, naught seemed to remain for Italian writers who wished to do something else than moan, but to compose dictionaries and cyclopædias, to prepare editions of the thirteenth-century classics, with elaborate critical annotations, and so to keep the people mindful of the fact that there was once an Italian literature, even if they were to despair of having another. The decay of religious faith made the external forms of papal Christianity seem all the more a cruel mockery to the minds that began now to turn their gaze inward, and to feel what Taine so truly describes as the Puritan melancholy, the subjective sadness which belongs peculiarly to the Teutonic race. The whole literature of the romantic school, whether in Italy or throughout Europe, betrayed a certain morbidness of feeling which, says Carducci, belongs to all periods of transition, and appears alike in Torquato Tasso, under the Catholic reaction of the sixteenth century, and in Châteaubriand, Byron, and Leopardi, in the monarchical restoration of the nineteenth. The despair which furnishes a perpetual undertone to the writing of this school is that which is born of the effort to keep a semblance of life in dead forms of the past, while yet the really living motives of the present have not found

either the courage or the fitting forms for their expression.

In many respects the present revival of Italian literature is a reawakening of the same spirit that constituted the Renaissance of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and disappeared under the subsequent influences of the Catholic reaction. Three hundred years of papal supremacy and foreign civic rule have, however, tempered the national spirit, weakened the manhood of the people, and developed a habit of childlike subserviency and effeminate dependence. While restraining the sensuous tendency of pagan religion and pagan art within the channels of the church ritual, Rome has not meanwhile rendered the Italian people more, but, if anything, less spiritual and less susceptible of spiritual teaching than they were in the days of Dante or even of Savonarola. The new Italian renaissance, if we may so name the movement witnessed by the present century for the re-establishment of national unity and the building up of a new Italian literature, lacks the youthful zeal, the fiery ardor which characterized the age of the Medici. The glow is rather that of an Indian summer than that of May. The purpose, the zeal, whatever shall be its final aim, will be the result of reflection and not of youthful impulse. The creature to be awakened and stirred to new life is more than a mere animal; it is a man, whose thinking powers are to be addressed, as well as his sensuous instincts and amatory passion. Such a revival is slow to be set in motion. When once fairly begun, provided it have any really vital principle at bottom, it has much greater promise of permanence than any in the past history of the Italian people. A true renaissance of a nation will imply a reform or renewal of not one phase alone of the nation's life, but of all; not only a new political life and a new poetry, but a new art, a new science, and, above all, a new religious faith. The steps to this renewal are necessarily at the beginning oftener of the nature of negation of the old than of assertion of the new. The destroyer and the clearer-away of the débris goes before the builder. It will not be strange, therefore, if the present aspect of the new national life of Italy should offer us a number of conspicuous negations rather than any positive new conceptions; that the people's favorite scientist, Mantegazza—the ultra-

materialist should be the nation's chosen spokesman to utter in the face of the Vatican its denial of the supernatural; and that Carducci, the nation's foremost and favorite poet, should sing the return of the ancient worship of nature, of beauty, and of sensuous love, and seek to drown the solemn notes of the Christian ritual in a universal jubilant hymn to Bacchus. These are the contradictions exhibited in all great transitions. They will not mislead if the destroyer be not confounded with the builder who is to follow, and the temporary ebullition of pent-up passion be not mistaken for the after-thought of a reflecting, sobered mind. No one has recognized this more truly than Carducci.

O few and strong, O few and strong,
 The sturdy folk of olden song,
 O pochi e forti, all' opera,
 O poche persone e di valore.
 None swayed from. Of the ages
 The furthest is built upon thinking.
 O few and strong, to the work!
 For truth 's at the bottom.

It was in the year 1859, when once more the cry for Italian independence and Italian unity was raised, that the newly awakened nation found its laureate poet in the youthful writer of a battle hymn entitled "*Alla Croce Bianca di Savoia*,"—The White Cross of Savoy. Set to music, it became very popular with the army of the revolutionists, and the title is said to have led to the adoption of the present national emblem for the Italian flag. As a poem it is not remarkable, unless it be for the very conventional commingling of devout, loyal, and valorous expressions, like the following, in the closing stanza:

Dio ti salvi, o cara insegna,
 Nostro affetto e nostra gloria,
 Bianca Croce di Savoia.
 Dio ti salvi, e salvi il Re!

But six years later, in 1865, there appeared at Pistoja a poem over the signature Enotrio Romano, and dated the "year MMDCXVIII from the foundation of Rome," which revealed in a far more significant manner in what sense its author, Giosue Carducci, then in his thirtieth year, was to become truly the nation's poet, in giving utterance again to those deeply hidden and long hushed ideas and emotions which belonged anciently to the people, and which no exotic influence had been able entirely to quench. This poem

was called a "Hymn to Satan." The shock it gave to the popular sense of propriety is evident not only from the violence and indignation with which it was handled in the clerical and the conservative journals, one of which called it an "intellectual orgy," and from the number of explanations, more or less apologetic, which the poet and his friends found it necessary to publish. Of these one, which appeared over the signature Enotrio in the *Italian Athenaeum* of January, 1866, has been approvingly quoted by Carducci in his notes to the *Decennali*. We may therefore regard it as embodying ideas which are, at least, not contrary to what the author of the poem intended. From this commentary it appears that we are to look here "not for the poetry of the saints but of the sinners—of those sinners, that is, who do not steal away into the deserts to hide their own virtues so that others shall not enjoy them, who are not ashamed of human delights and human comforts, and who refuse none of the paths that lead to these. Not *laudes* or spiritual hymns, but a material hymn is what we shall here find. "Enotrio sings," says his admiring apologist, "and I forget all the curses which the catechism dispenses to the world, the flesh, and the devil. Asceticism here finds no defender and no victim. Man no longer goes fancying among the vague aspirations of the mystics. He respects laws, and wills well, but to him the sensual delights of love and the cup are not sinful, and in these, to him, innocent pleasures Satan dwells. It was to the joys of earth that the rites of the Aryans looked; the same joys were by the Semitic religion either mocked or quenched. But the people did not forget them. As a secretly treasured national inheritance, despite both Christian church and Gothic empire, this ancient worship of nature and of the joys of the earth remains with the people. It is this spirit of nature and of natural sensuous delights, and lastly of natural science, that the poet here addresses as Satan. As Satan it appears in nature's secret powers of healing and magic, in the arts of the sorcerer and of the alchemist. The anchorites, who, drunk with paradise, deprived themselves of the joys of earth, gradually began to listen to these songs from beyond the gratings of their cells—songs of brave deeds, of fair women, and of the triumph of arms. It is Satan who

sings, but as they listen they become men again, ennobled of civil glory. New theories arise, new masters, new ideals of life. Genius awakes, and the cowl of the Dominican falls to earth. Now, liberty itself becomes the tempter. It is the development of human activity, of labor and struggle, that causes the increase of both bread and laughter, riches and honor, and the author of all this new activity is Satan; not Satan bowing his head before hypocritical worshippers, but standing glorious in the sight of those who acknowledge him. This hymn is the result of two streams of inspiration, which soon are united in one, and continue to flow in a peaceful current: the goods of life and genius rebelling against slavery."

With this explanation of its inner meaning we may now proceed to the hymn itself:

TO SATAN.

To thee my verses,
Unbridled and daring,
Shall mount, O Satan,
King of the banquet.

As with thy serpent
O Priest, and thy droning,
For never shall Satan,
O Priest, stand behind thee.

See how the rust is
Gnawing the mystical
Sword of St. Michael;
And how the faithful

Wind-plucked archangel
Frozen the thunder in
Hand of Jehovah.

Like to pale meteors, or
Planets exhausted,
Out of the firmament
Rain down the angels.

Here in the matter
Which never sleeps,
King of all forms,
King of all forms.

Thou, Satan, livest!
Thou art the
Felt in the dark eyes'
Tremulous flashing.

Whether their languishing
Glances resist, or,
Call and invite.

With happy blood,
Joy may not perish!

So that the languishing
Love be restored,
And sorrow be banished
And love be increased!

Thy breath, O Satan,
My verses inspires
When from my bosom
The gods I defy

Of Kings pontifical,
Of Kings inhuman:
Thine is the lightning that
Sets minds to shaking.

For thee Arimane,
Adonis, Astarte;
For thee lived the marbles,
The pictures, the parchments,

When the fair Venus
Anadiomene
Blessed the Ionian
Heavens serene.

For thee were roaring the
Forests of Lebanon,
Of the fair Cyprian
Lover reborn;

For thee rose the chorus,
For thee raved the dances,
For thee the pure shining
Loves of the virgins,

Under the sweet-odored
Palms of Idume,
Where break in white foam
The Cyprian waves.

What if the barbarous
Nazarene fury,
Fed by the base rites
Of secret feastings,

Lights sacred torches
To burn down the temples,
Scattering abroad
The scrolls hieroglyphic?

In thee find refuge
The humble-roofed plebs,
Who have not forgotten
The gods of their household.

Thence comes the power,
Fervid and loving, that,
Filling the quick-throbbing
Bosom of woman,

Turns to the succor
A sorceress pallid,
With endless care laden.

Thou to the trance-holden
Eye of the alchemist.
Thou to the view of the
Bigoted mago,

Showest the lightning-flash
Of the new time
Shining behind the dark
Bars of the cloister.

Seeking to fly from thee
Here in the world-life
Hides him the gloomy monk
In Theban deserts.

O soul that wanderest
Far from the straight way,
Satan is merciful.
See Héloïsa!

In vain you wear your crown,
 Thin in rough crown, I
 Still murmur the verses
 Of Maro and Placcus

Amid the Davidic
 Pallid and wan,
 Amid the Phlo from—
 Close to thy side—

Rocks, arms, the wall,
 Cows of the friars,
 Enters Licorida,
 Enters Glicera.

Thou other images
 Of thy name—
 Come to dwell with thee
 In thy secret cell.

Lo! from the pages of
 Livy, the Tribunes
 All ardent, the Consuls,
 The crowds tumultuous,

Awake; and the fantastic
 Pride of Italian
 Drives out, O monks,
 Up to the Capitol;

And you, whom the flaming
 Pyre consumed,
 Conjuring voices,
 Wickl' and Huss,

Send to the broad breeze
 The cry of the watchman;
 "The age renews itself;
 Full is the time!"

Already tremble
 The mitres and crowns,
 Forth from the cloister
 Moves the rebellion.

Under his stole, see,
 Fighting and preaching,
 Brother Girolamo
 Savonarola.

Off goes the lance
 Of Martin Luther;
 Off go the fetters
 That bound him in thought.

It flashes and lightens,
 Glitter with flame,
 Matter, exults itself,
 Satan lies won!

A fair and terrible
 Monster unchained
 Courses the oceans,
 Courses the earth;

Flashing and smoking,
 Like the volcanoes, he
 Climbs over mountains,
 Ravages plains,

Skims the abysses;
 Then he is lost
 In unknown caverns
 And ways profound,

Till lo! unconquered,
 From shore to shore,
 Like to the whirlwind,
 He sends forth his cry.

Like to the whirlwind
 Spreading its wings....
 He passes, O people,
 Satan the great!

Hail thee, Satan!
 Hail, the Rebellion!
 Hail, of the reason the
 Great Vindicator!

Sacred to thee, wall,
 Hecuba, the voice,
 Thou hast the god
 Of the people, (Giosue Carducci)

This poem, while excelled by many others in beauty or in interest, has nowhere, even in the poet's later verses, a rival in daring and novelty of conception, and none serves so well to typify the prominent traits of Carducci as a national poet. We see here the fetters of classic, romantic, and religious tradition thrown off, and the old national, which is in substance a pagan, soul pouring forth in all freedom the sentiments of its nature. It is no longer here the question of either Guelph or Ghibelline; Christianity, whether of the subjective Northern type, brought in by the emperors, or of the extinct formalities of Rome, is bidden to give way to the old Aryan love of nature and the worship of outward beauty and sensuous pleasure. The reaction here witnessed is essentially Hellenic in its delight in objected beauty, its bold assertion of the rightful claims of nature's instincts, its abhorrence of mysticism and of all that religion of introspection and of conscience which the poet includes under the term "Semitic." It will exchange dim cathedrals for the sky filled with joyous sunshine; it will go to nature's processes and laws for its oracles, rather than to the droning priests. While the worship of matter and its known laws, in the form of a kind of apotheosis of science, with which the poem opens and closes, may seem at first glance rather a modern than an ancient idea, it is nevertheless in substance the same conception as that which anciently took form in the myth of Prometheus, in the various Epicurean philosophies, and in the poem of Lucretius. Where, however, Carducci differs from his contemporaries and from the classicists so called is in the utter frankness of his renunciation of Christianity, and the bold bringing to the front of the old underlying Hellenic instincts of the people. That which others wrote about he feels intensely, and sings aloud as the very life of himself and of his nation. This, which the

foreigner has tried for centuries to crush out, it is the mission of the nation's true poet and prophet to restore.

The sentiments underlying Carducci's writings we find to be chiefly three: a fervent and joyous veneration of the great poets of Greece and Rome; an intense love of nature, amounting to a kind of worship of sunshine and of bodily beauty and sensuous delights; and finally an abhorrence of the supernatural and spiritual elements of religion. Intermingled with the utterances of these sentiments will be found patriotic effusions mostly in the usual vein of aspirants after republican reforms, which, while of a national interest, are not peculiar to the author, and do not serve particularly to illustrate the Hellenistic motive of his writing. The same may be said of his extensive critical labors in prose, his university lectures, his scholarly annotations of the early Italian poets. How far Carducci conforms to the traditional character of the Italian poets—always with the majestic exception of the exiled Dante—in that the soft winds of court favor are a powerful source of their inspiration on national themes, may be judged from the fact that while at the beginning of his public career he was a violent republican, now that he is known to stand high in the esteem and favor of Queen Margherita his democratic utterances have become very greatly moderated, and his praise of the queen and of the bounties and blessings of her reign are most glowing and fulsome. Without a formal coronation, Carducci occupies the position of poet-laureate of Italy. A little over fifty years of age, an active student and a hard-working professor at the University of Bologna, where his popularity with his students in the lecture-room is equal to that which his public writings have won throughout the land, called from time to time to sojourn in the country with the court, or to lecture before the queen and her ladies at Rome, withal a man of great simplicity, even to roughness of manners, and of a cordial, genial nature—such is the writer whom the Italians with one voice call their greatest poet, and whom not a few are fain to consider the foremost living poet of Europe.*

* See *La Poesia e l'Italia nella Quarta Crociata*. Discourses in the presence of her Majesty the Queen. *Nuova Antologia*, Rome, February, 1889.

The poems of Carducci have been published for

It would be interesting to trace the development of the Hellenic spirit in the successive productions of Carducci's muse, to note his emancipation from the lingering influences of romanticism, and his casting off the fetters of conventional metre in the *Odi Barbare*. But as all this has been done for us far better in an autobiographical sketch which the author gives us in the preface of the *Poesie*, 1871, we will here only glance briefly at some of the more characteristic points thus presented.

After alluding to the bitterness and violence for which the Tuscans are famous in their abuse, he informs us that from the first he was charged with an idolatry of antiquity and of form, and with an aristocracy of style. The theatre critics offered to teach him grammar, and the school-masters said he was aping the Greeks. One distinguished critic said that his verse revealed "the author's absolute want of all poetic faculty." The first published series of poems was in reality a protest against the religious and intellectual bitterness which prevailed in the decade preceding 1860, "against the nothingness and vanity under whose burden the country was languishing; against the weak coquetries of liberalism which spoiled then as it still spoils our art and our thoughts, ever unsatisfactory to the spirit which will not do things by halves, and which refuses to pay tribute to cowardice." Naturally, even in literary matters, inclined to take the opposite side, Carducci felt himself in the majority like a fish out of water. In the revolutionary years 1858 and 1859 he wrote poems on the *Plébiscite* and Unity, counselling the king to throw his crown into the Po, enter Rome as its armed tribune, and there order a national vote. "These," says the poet, "were my worst things, and fortunately were kept unpublished, and

the most part in the following collections: *Poesie*, Florence, G. Barbera, 1871, comprises the poems previously published under the pseudonym Enotrio Romano in three successive issues—1, *Juvvenilia*, the author's early productions in the years 1850–1857, 2, *Levia Gravia*, written between the years 1857 and 1870, and, 3, *Decennali*, produced in the decade 1860–1870; *Nuove Poesie*, 1879; *Odi Barbare*, Bologna, 1877; *Nuove Odi Barbare*, 1882; *Nuove Rime*, Bologna, 1887. Besides the latter the publisher Zanichelli, in Bologna, has also issued editions of the author's *Discorsi Letterari e Storici* and *Primi Saggi*; and a complete edition of the author's writings in twenty vols. 16mo, is promised by the same publisher.

so I escaped becoming the poet-laureate of public opinion. In a republic it would have been otherwise. I would have composed the battle pieces with the usual grand words—the ranks in order, arms outstretched in command, brilliant uniforms, and finely curled mustaches. To escape all temptation of this sort I resorted to the cold bath of philosophy, the death-shrouds of learning—*lenzuolo funerario dell' erudizione*. It was pleasant amid all that grand talk of the new life to hide myself in among the cowled shadows of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. I journeyed along the Dead Sea of the Middle Ages, studied the movements of revolution in history and in letters; then gradually dawned upon me a fact which at once surprised and comforted me. I found that my own repugnance to the literary and philosophical reaction of 1815 was really in harmony with the experience of many illustrious thinkers and authors. My own sins of paganism had already been committed, and in manifold splendid guises, by many of the noblest minds and geniuses of Europe. This paganism, this cult of form, was naught else but the love of that noble nature from which the solitary Semitic estrangements had alienated hitherto the spirit of man in such bitter opposition. My at first feebly defined sentiment of opposition thus became confirmed conceit, reason, affirmation; the hymn to Phœbus Apollo became the hymn to Satan. Oh, beautiful years from 1861 to 1865, passed in peaceful solitude and quiet study, in the midst of a home where the venerated mother, instead of fostering superstition, taught us to read Alfieri! But as I read the codices of the fourteenth century the ideas of the Renaissance began to appear to me in the gilded initial letters like the eyes of nymphs in the midst of flowers, and between the lines of the spiritual *laude* I detected the Satanic strophe. Meanwhile the image of Dante looked down reproachfully upon me; but I might have answered: 'Father and master, why didst thou bring learning from the cloister into the piazza, from the Latin to the vulgar tongue? Why wast thou willing that the hot breath of thine anger should sweep the heights of papal and imperial power? Thou first, O great public accuser of the Middle Ages, gavest the signal for the rebound of thought: that the alarm was sounded from the bells of a

Gothic campanile mattered but little!' So my mind matured in understanding and sentiment to the *Levia Gravia*, and thence more rapidly, in questions of social interest, to the *Decennali*. There are those who complain that I am not what I was twenty-four years ago:—good people, for whom to live and develop is only to feed, like the calf *qui largis invalescit herbis*. In the *Juvenilia* I was the armor-bearer of the classics. In the *Levia Gravia*, I held my armed watch. In the *Decennali*, after a few uncertain preliminary strokes of the lance, I venture abroad prepared for every risk and danger. I have read that the poet must give pleasure either to all or to the few; to cater to many is a bad sign. Poetry to-day is useless from not having learned that it has nothing to do with the exigencies of the moment. The lyre of the soul should respond to the echoes of the past, the breathings of the future, the solemn rumors of ages and generations gone by. If, on the contrary, it allows itself to be swayed by the breeze of society's fans or the waving of soldiers' cockades and professors' togas, then woe to the poet! Let the poet express himself and his artistic and moral convictions with the utmost possible candor, sincerity, and courage; as for the rest, it is not his concern. And so it happens that I dare to put forth a book of verses in these days, when one group of our literati are declaring that Italy has never had a language, and another are saying that for some time past we have had no literature; that the fathers do not count for much, and that we are really only in the beginnings. There let them remain; or, as the wind changes, shift from one foreign servitude to another!"

In the selection of poems for translation in this essay regard has been had not so much to the chronological order of their production as to their fitness for illustrating the three important characteristics of Carducci as a national poet which were enumerated above.

The first of these was his strong predilection for the classics, as evinced not only by his veneration for the Greek and Latin poets, but by his frequent attempts at the restoration of the ancient metres in his own verse. Of his fervent admiration for Homer and Virgil let the following two sonnets testify, both taken from the fourth book of the *Levia Gravia*. Already in the *Juvenilia*, during his "classical

knighthood," he had produced a poem of some length on Homer, and in the volume which contains the following there are no less than three sonnets addressed to the venerated master, entitled in succession, "Homer," "Homer Again," and "Still Homer." The following is the second in order:

HOMER.

And from the savage Urals to the plain
A new barbarian folk shall send alarms,
The coast of Agenorean Thebes again
Be waked with sound of chariots and of arms;
And Rome shall fall; and Tiber's current drain
The nameless lands of long-deserted farms:
But thou, like Hercules, shalt still remain,
Untouched by fiery Etna's deadly charms;
And with thy youthful temples laurel-crowned
Shalt rise to the eternal Form's embrace
Whose unveiled smile all earliest was thine;
And till the Alps to gulping sea give place,
By Latin shore or on Achæan ground,
Like heaven's sun, shalt thou, O Homer, shine!

In the following tribute to Virgil the beauty of form is only equalled by the tenderness of feeling. It shows to what extent the classic sentiment truly lived again in the writer's soul, and was not a thing of mere intellectual contemplation. In reading it we are bathed in the very air of Campania; we catch a distant glimpse of the sea glistening under the summer moon, and hear the wind sighing through the dark cypresses:

VIRGIL.

As when above the heated fields the moon
Hovers to spread its veil of summer frost,
The brook between its narrow banks half lost
Glitters in pale light, murmuring its low tune;
The nightingale pours forth her secret boon,
Whose strains the lonely traveller accost;
He sees his dear one's golden tresses tossed,
And time forgets in love's entrancing swoon;
And the orphaned mother who has grieved in vain
Upon the tomb looks to the silent skies
And feels their white light on her sorrow shine;
Meanwhile the mountains laugh, and the far-off
main,
And through the lofty trees a fresh wind sighs:
Such is thy verse to me, Poet divine!

Here it will be proper to notice the efforts made by Carducci not only to restore as to their native soil the long disused metres of the classic poets, but to break loose from all formal restrictions in giving utterance to the poetic impulse. This intense longing for greater freedom of verse he expresses in the following lines from the *Odi Barbare*:

I hate the accustomed verse.
Lazily it falls in with the taste of the crowd,
And pulseless in its feeble embraces
Lies down and sleeps.

For me that vigilant strophe
Which leaps with the plaudits and rhythmic stamp
of the chorus,
Like a bird caught in its flight, which
Turns and gives battle.

In the preface of the same volume (1877) he pleads in behalf of his new metres that "it may be pardoned in him that he has endeavored to adapt to new sentiments new metres instead of conforming to the old ones, and that he has thus done for Italian letters what Klopstock did for the Germans, and what Catullus and Horace did in bringing into Latin use the forms of the Eolian lyric."

In the *Nouve Rime* (1887) are three Hellenic Odes, under the titles "Primavera Elleniche," written in three of the ancient metres, the beauty of which would be lost by translation into any language less melodious and sympathetic than the Italian. We give a few lines from each:

I. EOLIA.

Lina, brumaio turbido inclina,
Nell' aër gelido monta la sera:
E a me nell' anima fiorisce, O Lina,
La primavera.

II. DORICA.

Muorono gli altri dîi: di Grecia i numi
Non stanno ocazo: ei dormon ne' materni
Tronchi e ne' fiori, sopra i monti, i fiumi,
I mari eterni.

A Cristo in faccia irrigidi nei marmi
Il puro fior di lor bellezze ignude:
Nei carme, O Lina, spira sol nei carme
Lor gioventude.

III. ALESSANDRINA.

Lumi, soavi, profondi: Eonia
Cetra non rese più dolci gemiti
Ma nei sì molli spirti
Di Lesbo un dì tra i mirti.

The second of these examples demands translation as exhibiting perhaps more forcibly than any others we could select the boldness with which Carducci asserts the survival of the Hellenic spirit in the love of nature as well as in art and literature, despite the contrary influences of ascetic Christianity:

The other gods may die, but those of Greece
No setting know; they sleep in ancient woods,
In flowers, upon the mountains, and the streams,
And eternal seas.

In face of Christ, in marble hard and firm,
The pure flower of their naked beauty glows:
In songs, O Lina, and alone in songs,
Breathes their endless youth.

From this glance at the classic form, which is so distinct a feature in Carducci's poems, we proceed to examine the feeling and conceptions which constitute their substance, and which will be found to be no less Hellenic than the metres which clothe them. Nothing could stand in stronger contrast with the melancholy of the romantic school of poets, or with the subjective thoughtfulness and austere introspection of the Christian, than these unfettered outbursts of song in praise of the joy of living, of the delights of love and bodily pleasure, and of the sensuous worship of beautiful form.

SUN AND LOVE.

Fleecy and white into the western space
Hurry the clouds; the wet sky laughs
Over the market and streets; and the labor of man
Is hailed by the sun, benign, triumphal.

High in the rosy light lifts the cathedral,
Its thousand pinnacles white and its saints of gold,
Flashing forth its hosannas; while all around
Flutter the wings and the notes of the brown-plumed choir.

So 'tis when love and its sweet smile dispel
The clouds which had so sorely me oppressed;
The sun again arises in my soul

With all life's holiest ideals renewed

And multiplied, the while each thought becomes
A harmony and every sense a song.

—*Nuove Poesie*, IV., i.

The following is from the *Nuove Odi Barbare*:

ALL AURORA.

Thou risest and kissest, O Goddess, with rosy
breath the clouds,

Kissest the dark roofs of marble temples.

The heavens bent down, a sweet blush tinged the
forest and the hills.

When thou, O Goddess, didst descend.

But thou descendest not; rather did Cephalus,
drawn by thy kiss,

Mount through the air all alert, and, fair as a beautiful god,

Mount on the amorous winds and amid the sweet
odors,

While all around were the nuptials of flowers and
the marriage of streams.

This has all the freshness and splendor of morning mists rising among the mountains and catching the rosy kisses of the sun. Equally beautiful but full of the tranquillity of evening is the following, from the *Odi Barbare* of 1877:

RUIT HORA.

O green and silent solitudes far from the rumors
of men!

Hither come to meet us true friends divine, O
Lidia,

Wine and love.

O tell me why the sea far under the flaming
Hesperus

Send such a terror-moaning, and what on
are they, O Lidia

The pines are chanting?

See with what longing the hills stretch their arms
to the setting sun!

The shadow lengthens and holds them; they seem
to be weeping

A last time, O Lidia!

No one will fail to be struck with the beauty of the figure in the last stanza, nor with the picturesque force of the "green and silent solitudes" of the first, a near approach to the celebrated and boldly original conception of a *silenzio verde*, a "green silence," which forms one of the many rare and beautiful gems of Carducci's sonnet to the ox.

As an example of a purely Homeresque power of description and coloring, and at the same time of an intense sympathy with nature and exquisite responsiveness to every thrill of its life, this sonnet stands at the summit of all that Carducci has written, if indeed it has its rival anywhere in the poetry of our century. The desire to produce in English a suggestion at least of the broad and restful tone given by the metre and rhythm of the original has induced us to attempt a metrical and rhymed translation, even at the inevitable cost of a strict fidelity to the author's every word, and in such a poem to lose a word is to lose much. Nothing but the original can present the sweet, ever-fresh, and sense-reviving picture painted in this truly marvellous sonnet. The unusual and almost grotesque epithet of the opening phrase will be pardoned in view of the singular harmony and fitness of the original.

"Io t'amo pio bove."

THE OX.

I love thee, pious ox; a gentle feeling
Of vigor and of peace thou giv'st my heart.
How solemn, like a monument, thou art!
Over wide fertile fields thy calm gaze stealing,
Unto the yoke with grave contentment kneeling,
To man's quick work thou dost thy strength impart.
He shouts and goads, and answering thy smart,
Thou turn'st on him thy patient eyes appealing.

From thy broad nostrils, black and wet, arise
Thy breath's soft fumes; and on the still air swells,
Like happy hymn, thy lowing's mellow strain.
In the grave sweetness of thy tranquil eyes
Of emerald, broad and still reflected dwells
All the divine green silence of the plain.

We know not where else to look for such vivid examples as Carducci affords us of a purely objective and sensuous sym-

pathy with nature, as distinguished from the romantic, reflective mood which nature awakens in the more sentimental school of poets. We feel that this strong and brilliant objectivity is something purely Greek and pagan, as contrasted with the analysis of emotions and thoughts which occupies so large a place in Christian writing. No one is better aware of the existence of this contrast than Carducci himself. For the dear love of nature—that boon of youth before the shadows of anxious care began to darken the mind, or the queryings of philosophy, the conflicts of doubt, and the stings of conscience to torment it—for this happy revelling of mere animal life in the world where the sun shines, the soul of the poet never ceases to yearn and cry out. The consciousness of the opposite, of a world of thought, of care, and of conscience ever frowning in sheer stern contrast from the strongholds of the present life and the opinions of men—this is what introduces a kind of tragic motive into many of these poems, and adds greatly to their moral, that is, their human interest. For the poetry of mere animal life, if such were poetry, however blissful the life it describes, would still not be interesting.

Something of this pathos appears in the poem "To Phœbus Apollo," where the struggle of the ancient with the present sentiments of the human soul is depicted. It will interest the reader to know that at the time this poem was written (it appeared in Book II. of the *Juvenilia*) the author had not broken so entirely with the conventional thought of his time and people but that he could consent to write a *lauda spirituale* for a procession of the *Corpus Domini*, and a hymn for the Feast of the Blessed Diana Quintini, protectress of Santa Maria a Monti in the lower Valdarno. When called by the *Unita Cattolica* to account for this sudden transformation of the hymn writer into the odist of Phœbus Apollo, Carducci replied by reminding his clerical critics that even in his nineteenth year he was given to writing parodies of sacred hymns, and he further offers by way of very doubtful apology the explanation that, being invited by certain priests who knew of his rhyming ability to compose verses for their feasts, the thought came into his head, "being in those days deeply interested in Horace

and the thirteenth-century writers, to show that faith does not affect the *form* of poetry, and that therefore without any faith at all one might reproduce entirely the forms of the blessed laudists of the thirteenth century. I undertook the task as if it were a wager."

TO PHŒBUS APOLLO.

The sovereign driver
Of the ethereal chariot
Whips the fiery wing-footed steeds—
A Titan most beautiful.

* * * * *

From the Thessalian valley,
From the Ægean shores,
The vision divine of the prophets
Hellenic saw thee arise,

The youthful god most fair;
Rising through the deserted skies,
Thy feet had wings of fire,
Thy chariot was a flame,

And around thee danced
In the sphere serene
The twenty-four virgins,
In colors tawny and bright.

Didst thou not live? Did the
Mæonian verse never reach thee?
And did Proclus in vain call thee
The Love of the universe?

The inexorable truth
With its cold shadow covered
Thee, the phantom of ages past,
Hellas' god and mine.

Now, where is the chariot and the golden,
Radiant brow of youth?
An unsightly mouldering heap
Gloomily flashing remains.

Alas, from the Ausonian lands
All the gods are flown!
In a vast solitude
Thou remainest, my Muse.

In vain, O Ionian virgin,
Thy songs and thy calling on Homer;
Truth, the sallow-faced, rises
From her deserts and threatens.

Farewell, O Titan Apollo,
Who governed the rolling year;
Alone is left to lead me
Love, the last delusion.

Let us go: in the acts and the smiles
Of my Delia still do the Graces
Reveal themselves, as of old
Cephisus beheld them.

Perish the sober age
That quenches the life in me,
That freezes in souls Phœbean
The Hellenic song!

There is traceable in these lines a romantic melancholy, the faint remnant of the impression left by those writers through whom, says Carducci, "I mounted to the ancients, and dwelt with Dante

and Petrarch," viz. Alfieri, Parini, Monti, Foscolo, and Leopardi. He has not yet broken entirely with subjective reflection and its gloom, and placed himself on the life which the senses realize at the present moment as the whole of human well-being. This sentiment becomes more strongly pronounced in the later poems, where not even a regret for the past is allowed to enter to distract the worship of the present, radiant with its divine splendor and bounty. The one thought that can cast a shadow is the thought of death; but this is not at all to be identified with Christian seriousness in reflecting on the world to come. The poet's fear of death is not that of a judgment, or a punishment for sins here committed, and hence it is not associated with any idea of the responsibility of the present hour, or of the amending of life and character in the present conduct. The only fear of death here depicted is a horror of the absence of life, and hence of the absence of the delights of life. It is the fear of a vast dreary vacuum, of cold, of darkness, of nothingness. The moral effect of such a fear is only that of enhancing the value of the sensual joys of the present life, the use of the body for the utmost of pleasure that can be got by means of it. This more than pagan materialism finds its bold expression in the lines from the *Nuove Odi Barbare* entitled,

OUTSIDE THE CERTOSA.

The dead are saying: "Blessed are ye who walk
along the hill-sides

Flooded with the warm rays of the golden sun.

"Cool murmur the waters through flowery slopes
descending.

Singing are the birds to the verdure, singing the
leaves to the wind.

"For you are smiling the flowers ever new on the
certain.

For you smile the stars, the flowers eternal of
beauty."

The dead are saying: "Gather the flowers, for
they too pass away;

Adore the stars, for they pass never away.

"Rotted away are the garlands that lay around
our damp skulls.

Roses place ye around the tresses golden and black.

"Down here it is cold. We are alone. Oh, love
ye the sun!

Shine, constant star of Love, on the life which
passes away!"

In studying the religious or theological tendency of Carducci's Muse, it is necessary to bear in mind constantly the in-

herent national blindness of the Hellenic and, in equal if not greater degree, the Latin mind to what we may call a spiritual conception of life, its duties, and its destiny. But in addition to this blindness toward the spiritual elements or substance of Christianity there is felt in every re-nascent Hellenic instinct a violent and unrelenting hostility toward that ascetic form and practice which, although in no true sense Christian, the greater religious orders and the general discipline of the Roman Church have succeeded in compelling Christianity to wear. The mortification of nature, the condemnation of all worldly and corporeal delights, not in their abuse, but in their essential and orderly use, the dishonoring of the body in regarding its beauty as only an incentive to sin, and in making a virtue of ugliness, squalor, and physical weakness—these things have the offensiveness of deadly sins to the sensuous consciousness of minds of the Hellenic type. To spiritual Christianity Carducci is not adverse because it is spiritual—as such it is still comparatively an unknown element to Italian minds—but because it is foreign to the national instinct; because it came in with the emperors, and so it is indissolubly associated with foreign rule and oppression. It is the Gothic or Teutonic infusion in the Italian people that has kept alive whatever there is of spiritual life in the Christianity that has been imposed on them by the Roman Church. The other elements of Romanism are only a sensuous cult of beautiful and imposing forms in ritual, music, and architecture on the one hand; and on the other a stern uncompromising asceticism, which in spirit is the direct contradiction of the former. While the principle of asceticism was maintained in theory, the sincerity of its votaries gradually came to be believed in by no one; the only phase of the church that seized hold of the sympathies and affections of the people was the pagan element in its worship and its festivals; and seeing this, the popes were wise enough to foster this spirit and cater in the most liberal measure to its indulgence, as the surest means of maintaining their hold on the popular devotion. In the ever-widening antagonism between the spirit and the flesh, between the subjective conception of Christianity on the one hand, as represented by the Teutonic race and the empire, and the sensuous and

objective on the other, as represented by the Italic race and the pope, may we not discern the reason why the Italian people, in the lowest depths of their sensual corruption, were largely and powerfully Guelph in their sympathies, and why the exiled and lonely writer of the *Divina Commedia* was a Ghibelline? It is at least in the antagonism of principles as essentially native *versus* foreign that we must find the explanation of the cooling of Carducci's ardor toward the revered master of his early Muse, even while the old spell of the latter is still felt to be as irresistible as ever. This double attitude of reverence and aversion we have already seen neatly portrayed in the reference Carducci makes in the autobiographical notes given above to Dante as the great "accuser of the Middle Ages who first sounded the signal for the reaction of modern thought," with the added remark that the signal being sounded from a "Gothic campanile" detracted but little from the grandeur of its imports. But the same contrast of sentiment finds more distinct expression in the sonnet on Dante in Book IV. of the *Levia Gravia*.

DANTE.

O Dante, why is it that I adoring
Still lift my songs and vows to thy stern face,
And sunset to the morning gray gives place
To find me still thy restless verse exploring?

Lucia prays not for my poor soul's resting;
For me Matilda tends no sacred fount;
For me in vain the sacred lovers mount
O'er star and star to the eternal soaring.

I hate the Holy Empire, and the crown
And sword alike relentless would have riven
From thy good Frederic on Olona's plains.

Empire and Church to ruin have gone down,
And yet for them thy songs did scale high heaven.
Great Jove is dead. Only the song remains.

But nowhere is the contrast between the Christian sense of awe in the presence of the invisible and supernatural and the Hellenic worship of immediate beauty and sensuous pleasure displayed in so bold and majestic imagery as in the poem entitled "In a Gothic Church." Here, in the most abrupt and irreverent but entirely frank transition from the impression of the dim and lofty cathedral nave to the passion kindled by the step of the approaching loved one, and in the epithets of strong aversion applied to the holiest of all objects of Christian reverence, the very shock given to Christian feeling and the suddenness of the awful descent from

heavenly to satyric vision tell, with the prophetic veracity and power of true poetry, what a vast chasm still unbridged exists between the ancient inherent Hellenism of the Italian people and that foreign influence, named indifferently by Carducci Semitic or Gothic, which for eighteen centuries has been imposed without itself imposing on them.

The true poet of the people lays bare the people's heart. If Carducci be, indeed, the national poet of Italy we have in this poem not only the heart but the religious sense, we had almost said the conscience, of the Italian people revealed to view. Nor is this all Bacchantic; the infusion of the Teutonic blood in the old Etruscan and Italic stock has brought the dim shadows of the cathedral and its awful, ever-present image of the penalty of sin to interrupt the free play of Italian sunshine. But just as on the canvas of the religious painters of the Renaissance angels as amorous Cupids hover about between Madonna and saints, and as in the ordinary music of an Italian church the organist plays tripping dance melodies or languishing serenades between the intoned prayers of the priests or the *canto fermo* psalms of the choir, so here we behold the sacred aisles of the cathedral suddenly invaded by the dancing satyr, who, escaping from his native woods, has wandered innocently enough into this his ancient but strangely disguised shrine.

IN A GOTHIC CHURCH.

They rise aloft, marching in awful file,
The polished shafts immense of marble gray,
And in the sacred darkness seem to be
An army of giants

Who wage a war with the invisible;
The silent arches soar and spring apart
In distant flight, then re-embrace again
And droop on high.

So in the discord of unhappy men,
From out their barbarous tumult there go up
To God the sighs of solitary souls
In Him united.

Of you I ask no God, ye marble shafts
Ye airy vaults! I tremble—but I watch
To hear a dainty well-known footstep waken
The solemn echoes.

'Tis Lidia, and she turns, and, slowly turning,
Her tresses full of light reveal themselves,
And love is shining from a pale shy face
Behind the veil.

The stanzas that follow describe Dante's vision of the "Tuscan Virgin" rising transfigured amid the hymns of angels.

The poet, on the contrary, sees neither angels nor demons, but is conscious only of feeling

"The cool twilight
To be tedious to the soul,"

and then exclaims:

Farwell, Socratic God! the mistress Death
May st. I continue in thy solemn rites,
O far-off king of spirits, whose dim shrines
Shut out the sun.

Crucified Martyr! Man thou crucifiest;
The very air thou darkenest with thy gloom.
Outside, the heavens shine, the fields are laughing,
And flash with love.

The eyes of Lidia— O Lidia, I would see thee
Among the chorus of white shining virgins
That dance around the altar of Apollo
In the rosy twilight,

Gleaming as Parian marble among the laurels,
Flinging the sweet anemones from thy hand,
Joy from thy eyes, and from thy lips the song
Of a Bacchante.

Notwithstanding the bold assertion of the Hellenic spirit in this and in the greater part of his poems, that, nevertheless, Carducci has not been able to restore his fair god of light and beauty, the Phœbus Apollo, to the undisputed sway he held in the ancient mind is evident from the shadows of doubt, of fear, and anxious questioning which still darken here and there the poet's lines. It is here that the stern element of tragedy, the real tragedy of humanity, makes itself felt in this rhapsodist of joy and of love. It comes to tell us that to the Italian as he is to-day life has ceased to be a carnival, and that other sounds than that of the Bacchante's hymn have gained an entrance, with all their grating discord, to his ear: and to silence this intruder will the praises of Lidia and of Apollo suffice, be they sung on a lyre never so harmonious and sweet? With this sonnet, in which is depicted in wonderful imagery the ancient and awful struggle which the sensuous present life sustains with the question of an eternity lying beyond, we conclude our citations from Carducci's poems:

INNANZI, INNANZI!

On, on! through dusky shadows up the hill
Stretches the shining level of the snow,
Which yields and creaks each labored step I go,
My breath preceding in a vapor chill.

Now silent all. There where the clouds stand still
The moon leaps forth into the blank, to throw
An awful shadow a gaunt pine below,
Of branches crossed and bent in manner ill.

They seem like the uneasy thought of death.
O Winter vast, embrace me and quick stay

In icy hold my heart's tempestuous waves!
For yet that thought, shipwrecked, again draws
breath,
And once to heaven! O Night! O Winter, stay!
What are the dead doing down there in their
places

While our interest in Carducci is largely owing to the character he bears as the poet of the Italian people, it would be quite erroneous to consider him a popular poet. For popularity, whether with the court, the school, or the masses, he never aimed, as is evident from his satisfaction at narrowly escaping being made a political poet-laureate. Instead of writing down to the level of popular apprehension and taste, he rather places himself hopelessly aloof from the contact of the masses by his style of writing, which, simple and pure as it seems to the cultured reader, is nevertheless branded by the average Italian as learned and obscure, and not suited to the ordinary intelligence. As an innovator both in the form and in the content of his verse, he has still a tedious warfare to wage with a people so conservative as the Italians of old habits and old tastes, confirmed as these have been by the combined influence of centuries of political and ecclesiastical bondage. But Carducci's writing, springing nevertheless from a strong instinct, looks only to the people for a final recognition, even though that has to be obtained through the medium of the learned classes at first. How far he has succeeded in getting this vantage-ground of a general recognition and acquiescence on the part of the learned, the following testimony from Enrico Panzacchi, himself a critic and a poet of high reputation, may help us to conclude:

"I believe that I do not exaggerate the importance of Carducci when I affirm that to him and to his perseverance and steadfast courageous work we owe in great part the poetic revival in Italy.

"I have great faith, I confess, in the initiative power of men of strong genius and will, and, to tell the truth, while it is the fashion of the day to explain always the individual by the age he lived in, I think it is often necessary to invert the rule, and explain the age by the individual."

He goes on to show that, indifferent alike to conventional laws and public opinion, Carducci always persisted in the constant endeavor to *far l'arte*, to "do his

art." He defied the critics, and tried to be himself.

Mr. Symonds says of the Renaissance that "it was a return in all sincerity and faith to the glory and gladness of nature, whether in the world without or in the soul of man." Carducci reflects the spirit of the Renaissance in so far as by setting free the national instincts he has made way for the Hellenic reaction in favor of the "glory and the gladness of the world without." He has shown, moreover, how foreign to these instincts is Christianity, considered apart from the Roman Church, whether in its ascetic or in its spiritual aspects. But it cannot be said of him, whatever may have been true of the poets of the Renaissance, that he has reawakened or rediscovered "the glory and glad-

ness of nature in the soul of man," and without this the gladness of the world without is but a film of sunshine hiding the darkness of the abyss. Indeed, if the soul and not the senses be addressed, we question whether beneath all the Dionysian splendors and jollity of Carducci's verses there be not discernible a gloom more real than that of Leopardi. Even for Italy the day is past when Hellenism can fill the place of Christianity: the soul craves a substance for which mere beauty of form, whether in intellect, art, or nature, is a poor and hollow substitute; and to revive not the poetry alone, but the humanity of the nation, a force is needed greater and higher than that to be got by the restoration of either dead Pan or Apollo.

TREASURY NOTES AND NOTES ON THE TREASURY.

BY L. E. CHITTENDEN.

NO nation has a better Treasury system than the United States. When its regulations are enforced, it practically eliminates the government against loss by error or fraud. It involves the division of the department into bureaus, each directly responsible to the Secretary, having little connection with each other, and at least three of which must approve a claim before it can be paid, each thus acting as a check upon the other. It recognizes the fact that the subordinates in a bureau, subject to removal by its chief, will obey the orders of that chief, although they may involve a violation of law, so that checks within a bureau are unreliable. But if the payment of a claim requires an examination by three persons in as many bureaus, and the approval of the heads of each, a conspiracy to defraud becomes difficult and practically impossible. Frauds upon the Treasury proper have been extremely rare. The Assistant Treasuries are abnormal growths not subject to these checks, and frauds upon them involving large losses have consequently been common. The manufacture and issue of the postal and fractional currency was another excrescence permitted to attach itself to the system, and the account of that issue cannot be verified. It was the only issue of the war about which there existed any doubt. It may be correct, but it is quite possible

that some millions of dollars of that currency more than the amount shown by the books of the Treasurer were put in circulation. It might have been done without detection, for the white paper was turned into money ready for issue by a single department, under a single head, without supervision or the co-operation of any other department or person.

Originally adapted to an expenditure of \$25,000,000 per annum, the Treasury system had the capacity of indefinite expansion without impairing its security. In March, 1861, it regulated an expenditure averaging about \$8,000,000 per month. Within sixty days it increased to more than \$2,000,000 per day, and ultimately to more than \$1,000,000,000 per annum. Yet the system required no change except an increase of clerical force. Thus it happened that during four years of war more than \$3,000,000,000 was received and covered into the Treasury, and an equal value of securities issued and delivered to those who were entitled to receive them, without the loss of one dollar by error or fraud. This statement rests upon absolute demonstration, and not upon evidence alone. The amount is as far as infinity beyond ordinary human comprehension. The statement and the system which verifies it are wonders of finance in a country convulsed by civil war.

The Treasury was the creation of Alexander Hamilton. It will live as long as the nation exists, and every one who comprehends it will accept it as a monument of the financial ability of its author. It may be criticised by those who do not understand it as an institution of red tape, but no experienced Treasury officer ever advised the removal of one of its checks, or the relaxation of one of its stringent provisions.

There were three frauds attempted during the Secretaryship of Mr. Chase. Two of them came as near success as the Treasury system would permit, and perhaps their frustration must in some degree be attributed to the merits of the system, united with good fortune.

Among the inheritances from the administration of Mr. Buchanan was an application for the reissue of a lot of coupon bonds alleged to have been destroyed. The claimants proved the facts as clearly as human testimony could,—that these bonds, each with six coupons attached, were deposited in a locked mail-bag in Frankfort, transported to Liverpool, and there delivered into the hands of an agent of the Post-office on board a steam-ship which was wrecked by collision, and went, with all its mails, and all but two or three of those on board, to the bottom of the sea. The completeness of the evidence was itself a source of suspicion, and, much to the chagrin of the claimants, Secretary Chase affirmed the decision of a bureau officer that the duplicates should not be issued except by the direction of Congress. On the application of the claimants at the next session, Congress passed an act directing the issue of the duplicates. The claim was again presented with the act, and the duplicates were demanded. The same bureau officer again represented his suspicions to the Secretary, and, with the sanction of the latter, the present regulation was adopted, interposing a delay of twelve months after proof of the claim before the actual issue. This rule was vehemently assailed by the claimants through the press; they even charged the officer with intentionally nullifying the authority of Congress.

At this time the coupons of bonds redeemed were in packages in the Register's file-room. There was little need of their examination, and no attempt had been made to arrange them in consecutive order. Books were now made with one page

appropriated to each bond, and a space for each coupon, while a force of clerks was detailed to place each redeemed coupon in its appropriate space.

At the expiration of the year the claimants came for their duplicates. They were assured that they would now be issued unless some satisfactory reason could be shown for further delay. The books were sent for, and in their proper spaces *were found all the coupons which had been proved to have sunk to the bottom of the sea!* A few months later the bonds themselves were presented for redemption, and, no adverse claims being made, they were paid.

What was the explanation of this mystery? I do not know. The pressure of official duties and the anxieties of war which occupied us so incessantly prevented any further investigation, and the inquiry will probably never be answered.

The next fraud which I recall was a success as far as the department was concerned. The loss of the money was prevented by an accident.

The course of proceeding for the collection of a claim for army supplies was usually this: The contractor made his collections through his banker. His monthly account was made up in conformity with all the rules of the War-Office, and transmitted to that office with a letter of directions where the draft should be sent. The War-Office approved the claim if correct, and transmitted the account, the letter, and the action of the War Department to the Secretary of the Treasury, by whom it was sent to the proper auditor, whose duty it was to audit the claim. If he decided that the claim was a proper one, it was sent to the Comptroller, who revised the action of the auditor, and, if correct, approved it, sending the account with the accompanying documents to the Secretary, who issued the warrant for its payment. This warrant was countersigned by the Comptroller, and entered on the books of the Register; the Treasurer then drew his draft upon one of the depositories for its payment, and the draft was sent by mail according to the original letter of instruction, which constituted one of the file papers. The file was then sent to the Register's file-room, and there remained. It comprised all the papers, showing a complete history of the transaction.

On the occasion in question the cashier of one of the Washington banks came to

the office of the Register with a draft just issued for more than \$80,000, payable to a well-known Massachusetts contractor, and regularly endorsed. It had been presented by the head porter of Willard's Hotel, a reliable man, who said that the payee was ill and unable to leave his room. He had therefore requested him to collect the draft, in notes, if possible, of \$1000 each. Without any apparent reason the cashier said his suspicions were excited, and he went with the porter to the hotel to see the payee, and be sure that the transaction was all right. But the sick gentleman had disappeared. He had probably watched the porter, and finding that there was delay in the payment, had vanished.

The file was sent for, and the letter found directing that the draft be sent to the contractor at Willard's Hotel. He was communicated with by telegraph, and said that the letter was a forgery. He had given the same directions in this case as in his former collections.

This fraud was consummated by an outsider with the assistance of a clerk in the Treasury. No outsider could have obtained access to the files in order to remove the true letter and substitute the forgery. Such a fraud could not be prevented by any system. Fortunately the suspicions or the prudence of the cashier prevented any loss.

In another instance the fraud was successful, but its fruits were wholly recovered and returned to the Treasury. It had some interesting features. One of the most difficult subjects which engaged our attention was the complete destruction of the Treasury notes withdrawn from circulation, or so worn or mutilated that they were unfit to be reissued. The bulk of these issues was very great. The first so withdrawn were called the "demand notes." They were issued under a special act, and being receivable for duties, bore a premium nearly equal to gold. There were fifty million dollars of them in small denominations, and their issue involved the use of many cords of paper. After the financial system authorized by the acts of the extra session of July, 1861, had been instituted, this issue was redeemed, and the notes corded up in the Treasurer's vaults. The problem was to count these notes, destroy them beyond the possibility of a reissue, and give the Treasurer credit for them without any opportunity for reissue or fraud.

After much deliberation the following plan was devised. The notes were separated into denominations, and made into packages uniform in amount, and each package was cut into halves, lengthwise. The upper halves were delivered to the superintendent of a force of counters in the office of the Treasurer; the lower halves to the head of a like force in the office of the Register. These two forces had no communication with each other. Each counted their respective packages, and made a record of each one. The records were compared in another office, and if they agreed, the *count* was supposed to be correct. The counted packages were then delivered to a committee of citizens, and by them placed in a furnace in the basement of the Treasury, which had been heated to a white heat; the door was locked, and the combustion watched by the committee through openings, until they were entirely consumed. The committee then verified the facts by affidavit, upon which a warrant was issued to the Treasurer to credit his account with the notes so destroyed. Receipts were given whenever the packages changed hands. The process was expensive, complex, and supposed to be reliable.

The burning of a cord or less of notes daily was a subject of general curiosity. Applications to witness it became so frequent that an iron railing was built around the furnace, within which no one was admitted except the committee of citizens. A colored messenger one day applied for a permit for his boy of ten years to see the process. On the following day the messenger told me that his boy had asked him a singular question: "Whether it was right for Mr. Cornwell, when throwing the packages into the furnace, to drop one of them in the side pocket of his overcoat?"

Cornwell was a clerk in the bureau of General Spinner, the Treasurer, whose duty it was to see the packages cut in halves by the machine, and deliver them to the chiefs of the two divisions of counters. He had no right to touch them afterward. His assisting in the work of the citizens' committee was an impertinent interference with their duties which destroyed the value of the system, and was probably tolerated because of his official connection with the work of the Treasurer's bureau, where he was a trusted clerk, I believe of the third class.

The messenger was directed to go to his home and bring his son to the Register's office. He proved to be a modest, intelligent lad, and greatly alarmed at the consequences of his question. "He was not certain," he said, "that he saw anything. But Mr. Cornwell worked very hard, and threw more packages into the furnace than all the other gentlemen. He wore an overcoat with a side pocket having a large opening, and once as he was quickly passing his hand with the package from the basket toward the furnace door he thought he saw one package drop into the large open pocket. He was not certain of this, however, and might be mistaken."

The boy was sent home in charge of his father, who was told to keep him in-doors, and not permit him to communicate with or see any other person. Without attempting to ascertain how any use could be made of these packages of half-notes, I directed the heads of the counting divisions not to permit any of their counters to leave the room, but to send for me when their day's work was finished. About four o'clock the accounts of the day were made up, and the aggregates appeared to agree. I then directed the counters in the two divisions to bring their packages together into one room, and place each package of upper with the corresponding package of lower halves. If there was no irregularity, as the day's work commenced with packages of entire bills, a package of lower should be found for every package of upper halves. But when the last two packages were reached, to the amazement and alarm of every counter, they would not match at all. Every counter knew that something was wrong, and each was in terror lest he or she should be the one suspected. Some of the young women were in tears, and one or two gave indications of hysterics. They were dismissed with the assurance that no suspicion rested upon them, and that they would have no trouble if they kept the facts to themselves for the next twenty-four hours.

The next morning Cornwell was called into the private room of the Register and shown to a chair directly in front of that officer, who, without noticing him, went on with his regular work. Cornwell soon became nervous, and in an excited manner asked what was wanted of him. I replied that I had an impression that there was something which he ought to disclose

to me, and that I wanted him to consider thoroughly, without interruption. He insisted that he must return to his duties. I said that I had had him excused for the day in order that he might assist me in the investigation of an irregularity. He soon became excited, and as he appeared to be summoning his fortitude to meet an emergency, I suddenly said to him,

"Cornwell, you have been stealing, and your thefts have been detected!"

I should fail if I attempted to describe the effect of these few words. His emotion was pitiable. A deathly pallor covered his face, and he seemed to be trying to swallow something which he could not. As commonly happens, Satan deserted his victim, and his first words were a fatal confession. After a supreme effort at self-control he said,

"How did you find it out?"

"That is of no importance," I said. "What I want of you is to tell me how much you have taken, and where it is."

He made no effort or struggle, but gave up at once. He took from his pocket a small blank book, in which he had entered from day to day, in regular order, the amount of his stealings. The following had been his method of procedure: He received from the Treasurer daily, for example, \$100,000, in ten packages of \$10,000 each, and became accountable for them. After seeing the whole bills divided in the machine, it was his duty to deliver and take a receipt for an equal number of packages of upper halves from one division and of lower halves from the other division of the counters, so that the same number of packages of divided bills should be sent to the counting divisions which he had received in entire bills from the Treasurer. Having abstracted a package of upper halves at one time and of lower halves at another while the bills, after having been counted, were being thrown into the furnace, he could then take a package of whole bills from those he received from the Treasurer, and by substituting the packages of stolen halves for them in the delivery to the counters, his account would appear to be correct. He would deliver to the counters just as many divided packages as he had received whole ones. But the two stolen packages would not fit or match together, as had been shown in the investigation of the preceding day.

I called a carriage; he entered it with

me, and we drove to his house in Georgetown. On one of the upper floors he unlocked a small room, in which there was a new safe with a combination lock. This he also opened, took from it and delivered to me one package of \$100,000 in coupon 5-20 bonds, into which he had converted a portion of his booty through a firm of brokers in New York; \$50,000 in whole demand notes; and packages of halves representing \$20,000 more, making in the aggregate \$170,000. Except a difference of a few dollars, caused by converting the demand notes at a premium into bonds, this aggregate agreed with the account of his abstractions, entered from day to day as they were made, upon his account-book. He strenuously insisted that this amount comprised every dollar of his thefts, and we never had the slightest reason to doubt his statement.

He was indicted, and upon his own confession sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary, where I lost sight of him, and have no knowledge of his subsequent career. He maintained to the last that he never intended to wrong the United States. These notes, he said, had been issued at par, the government having received 100 cents for each dollar of them. If they were redeemed at the same rate, the government was no loser. They happened to be worth a premium of sixty per cent.; he thought he had as good a right to make that premium as the government. He had always intended to restore the par of these notes to the Treasury. To that end he had converted enough of them to purchase \$100,000 in coupon bonds, which he intended to place to the credit of the Treasury conscience fund. His appropriation of the sixty per cent. premium, he insisted, was no crime, and he thought it was not even prohibited by the Treasury regulations. It is scarcely

necessary to say that this reasoning neither satisfied the Treasury officers nor did it save him from the penitentiary.

No loss to the Treasury could possibly have occurred in two of the instances above mentioned.

After the close of the war there were many members of Congress and others who did not believe it possible that so large an amount of money as \$3,000,000,000 could possibly have been received into the Treasury, securities issued for it, and placed in the hands of the large number of persons entitled to them, without error or fraud, or any loss to the government. It was even suspected that the officers connected with the issue of these securities must in some manner have profited thereby. Accordingly one of the first acts of each of the two or three succeeding Congresses was to raise a special committee to investigate the Treasury. The Treasury officers well knew that no fraud or irregularity could have occurred without immediate detection in the Treasury. They therefore regarded the proceedings of the committees with quiet unconcern. In the early days of the investigation cases were found which were supposed to involve the integrity of some of these officers, and they were notified that their immediate appearance before the committee was necessary to their reputations. They did not appear, however, and in every case the committee found the explanation. These investigations were, as they should have been, thorough and exhaustive. But neither committee discovered any error, fraud, or loss to the government in the department of the Treasury proper. No credit belongs to or was ever claimed by the officers of the Treasury for this result; but it should at least be regarded as most satisfactory evidence of the perfection of the Treasury system.

A DEAD SOLDIER.

BY GEORGE EDGAR MONTGOMERY.

HE sleeps at last—a hero of his race.
Dead!—and the night lies softly on his face,
While the faint summer stars, like sentinels,
Hover above his lonely resting-place.

A soldier, yet less soldier than a man—
Who gave to justice what a soldier can:
The courage of his arm, his patient heart,
And the fire-soul that flamed when wrong began.

Not Cæsar, Alexander, Antonine,
 No despot born of the old warrior line,
 Napoleons of the sword, whose cruel hands
 Caught at the throat of love upon its shrine—

But one who worshipped in the sweeter years
 Those rights that men have gained with blood and tears;
 Who led his armies like a priest of men,
 And fought his battles with anointed spears.

TWO LETTERS.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

I.

FROM THE GOTHAM GAZETTE OF APRIL 21.

FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.

GEORGETOWN, DEMERARA, *April 1.*

I ARRIVED here last Sunday, safe and sound, and I expect to be able to proceed shortly to the scene of the boundary dispute between England and Venezuela. I have heard of a boat sailing next week for the mouth of the Orinoco, on which I hope to secure a passage. Although there has been a fortnight or so of pleasant weather, the rainy season is not yet over, and travelling is not altogether as easy or as pleasant as it might be.

I cannot say that I regret the delay, as it has enabled me to make acquaintance here with a few charming people, from whom I expect to take useful letters when I go on my journey.

For another reason also I am not dissatisfied that I have been forced to remain in this hospitable town. The delay has given me an opportunity to make the acquaintance of Mr. Walter Stead, an American citizen of English birth, and a man of singular courage and nobility of character. It has enabled me also to secure from Mr. Stead's own mouth a full and exact account of the extraordinary attack recently made upon him in the interior, up the Essequibo River. Although Mr. Stead, like other men of positive convictions and unhesitating boldness, has not a few enemies here, I find that there is a general agreement of opinion that the outrage on him should be carefully investigated, and that condign punishment should be meted out to the survivors of the strange people against whom he has had to defend himself. That any portion of the treasure he risked his life to protect can now be recovered is extremely doubtful.

Mr. Stead came to British Guiana as a representative of the Essequibo Gold Company, an American organization, of which Mr. Samuel Sargent is president. Although the mines have never received adequate attention, it has been known for centuries that there was gold in abundance in the mountains of Guiana.

It was in this country that Sir Walter Raleigh placed his El Dorado, following in this the belief of the earlier Spaniards; and when Chertsey sent out his 12,000 colonists here in 1763, it was hoped that they would be able to develop the gold mines; but so great was the mortality consequent on bad management that within five years after the arrival of this colony barely a thousand survived. The insalubrity of the climate has been partly to blame for this neglect of the golden treasure which lies almost within man's grasp. And at one time the fear of the Indians was also a deterrent. As is well known, the Caribs were cannibals; now they have mostly died out. The Araucans are natives of high intelligence and unusual courage. Not a few of the bush tribes retain flitting traces of their former Christianity, which now commingles with their degraded superstitions. In the mountains at the head of the Essequibo there has been rumored to be a tribe of White Indians, who were supposed to be the last of the ancient Peruvians, living to-day as their ancestors lived under the Incas when the Spaniards conquered the country. That such a tribe still exists has hitherto been but a doubtful rumor, as no white man had ever succeeded in penetrating into their country. But to-day, although we know little more about them, we know at least that such a tribe does exist. Mr. Walter Stead has good reason to remember them, and it is the tale of his misadventures in their country

that I shall try to tell in this letter, regretting only that my feeble pen cannot reproduce adequately the stirring accents of Mr. Stead's story as I heard it from his own lips.

I must begin by saying that although it has been well known for centuries that there was abundant gold in the mountains where the many rivers which traverse Guiana have their source, hitherto the attempts to get at it have been spasmodic and more or less unsatisfactory. In the upper waters of the Caroni, in Venezuela, and at Arataya, in Dutch Guiana, the prospector has been fairly successful, and many a bag of golden dust has rewarded his enterprise. But it was not until a strong syndicate of Americans, headed by Mr. Samuel Sargent, organized the Essequibo Gold Company that any serious endeavor was made to wrest the precious metal from the heart of the Sierra Acarai Mountains.

The Essequibo Gold Company, supported by abundant capital, was able to make a careful survey of the situation. Its agents skilfully prospected throughout the length and breadth of British Guiana. The reports they sent home were compared, and the specimens of ore they forwarded were assayed; and the consensus of expert opinion was to the effect that it would be best to begin operations almost at the head of the Essequibo watershed, between the Zibingatzako Pass and Mount Turako. Two years ago a body of experienced Californian miners was got together and despatched to Demerara, whence the men, with their tools, were sent up the Essequibo as far as the King William IV. Cataract. Hence they had still to push their way into the tropical wilderness nearly a hundred miles further, through the territory of the friendly tribe of the Taruma Indians.

For now eighteen months these resolute Americans have been hard at work digging gold from the flanks of the Sierra Acarai. It has hitherto been impossible to provide these sturdy miners with the improved machinery to which they have been accustomed. Hydraulic mining, for example, has not yet been attempted. Although the enterprise has passed the experimental stage, the works are still of the most primitive character. Yet the results have been very encouraging, and the yield of gold is steadily increasing. The facilities of approach have been im-

proved, although they are still wholly inadequate. A monthly messenger descends from the miners to Demerara; the products of the washings come down every quarter; and supplies and reinforcements are sent up from the coast at least twice a year. In the organization of these means of communication Mr. Stead has been invaluable. For a year he has been here, going to and fro, acquainting himself with every detail of the work, and devising improved methods for its accomplishment. And it was in pursuance of this duty that he met with misfortune, and was forced to fight for his life.

Before setting forth the details of his brave struggle—one man against many—I ought, perhaps, to try to set before you the man himself. At first sight he does not seem to be cast in heroic mould. He is shorter than the average, and his figure is slim rather than sturdy. But, slight as he is, he is wiry and tough; and his meagre form sheathes a soul as noble as any in the breast of a Crusader of old. Although Mr. Stead is not yet forty, his hair, a rich bronze, is already beginning to be streaked with gray, and the deep lines on his thin face tell the same tale of hard battling with the vicissitudes of life. His eyes are restless and yet piercing. His expression is self-reliant; one does not hesitate to say at first sight, "Here is a shrewd man, able to take care of himself." And when occasion serves, Mr. Stead is able to take care of himself, as I shall show.

Mr. Stead reached the mines some two months ago, bearing letters and instructions. The superintendent of the company's works there was beginning to get a little uneasy about the accumulated gold, which was increasing with unexpected rapidity, and yet he was not able to send down a detachment of men to guard the treasure to the coast. There were rumors of uneasiness among the surviving Caribs, perhaps the most dangerous of the Indian tribes, and a friendly Taruma had come into the camp with a strange story about some marauding expedition of the alleged tribe of White Indians, whose possible identity with the surviving people of the Incas I have already recorded. That such a tribe even existed has hitherto been doubtful, and the superintendent, although he was not a little alarmed by the reports, which came to him from two or three sources,

was not at all convinced either that these Inca Indians were on the war-path, or even that there was any such tribe. Nevertheless, when the time came for Mr. Stead's departure, and he offered to bear down to the coast as much gold-dust as he could carry in a belt around his waist, the superintendent accepted his proposal gladly. Although spare, as I have said, Mr. Stead is a man of unusual strength, and he was able to bestow on his person about forty pounds' weight of gold, worth approximately ten thousand dollars. The flat ingots of the precious metal were sewed into a broad belt or jacket, girt tightly about the waist, and supported by straps over the shoulders. This jacket-belt was made for him by a native woman.

For the most part the long and wearisome journey was to be made in a canoe, and the burden of the gold was therefore far less than it would have been had it been necessary for Mr. Stead to cover the distance on foot.

The bearer of the treasure was amply armed. He carried a repeating rifle, and he wore a revolver at his waist. He was to be accompanied throughout his trip by one white man, and one only. This companion was a fellow-employé of the Essequibo Gold Company, Mr. Thomas Austin, also an American, but a man of far less readiness of resource and strength of character than Mr. Stead. Austin had occupied a humble position in the service of the company, and the climate had broken his health, so that he begged the privilege of returning to Demerara with Mr. Stead, to whose recommendation, indeed, he owed his engagement.

The canoe which was to bear the intrepid travellers on their long and lonesome voyage was of the kind called by the natives a "wood-skin"—that is to say, it was made from the heavy bark of the purple-heart; it was about fifteen feet long, and it could carry comfortably the two voyagers, with a supply of provisions sufficient for their journey.

On the first stage of the journey, down to the King William IV. Falls, the two Americans were accompanied by a band of the friendly Tarumas; but after assisting Mr. Stead and his companion over the portage around the falls, these Indians bade them farewell, and returned to their own country, not daring to venture into the wilder Carib territory, through which the Essequibo River passes. Mr.

Stead is now inclined to believe that the Tarumas were also affrighted by the rumors about the White Indians.

This passage through the land of the Caribs was always accounted the most dangerous part of the voyage down the river from the mines to the coast. Mr. Stead and Austin accomplished it without delay or mishap. For hours they floated down with the swollen current, making no other exertion than was needed to keep the canoe in the swiftest channel. For hours they sped along in the midst of the oppressive silence of a South-American forest—a vast and deadly stillness, awful beyond belief, and broken only now and again by a startling scream. At noon sometimes a booming crash would echo through the forest, followed by a clang like that of an iron bar against a hollow tree. Then the silence would settle down again, and it might be an hour or more before a piercing half human and wholly terrible shriek would shrill out. Toward night, again, as the twilight fell and the long shadows of the twisted trees lay black and contorted on the water, a cry would suddenly rend the air—a weird, blood-curdling yell; and the travellers would tire themselves in vain effort to account for it. And through these horrible sounds, and through this still more horrible silence, the two Americans fared forward to the settlements of civilization on the coast.

Through the territory of the Caribs they passed without adventure or misadventure. It was not until they came under the shadow of the Makarapan Mountains that they had the first suggestion of impending evil. They landed for dinner on the left-hand side of the stream, and as they were about to prepare their simple repast there appeared before them suddenly three stalwart warriors. Fortunately Mr. Stead saw them reflected on the surface of a pool of water spreading from a bubbling spring beside which the travellers had seated themselves, and he was able to grasp his repeating rifle in time to confront the strange visitors. Apparently the new-comers knew what fire-arms were, although they themselves were equipped only with bows and arrows. They advanced and stood before the two Americans. Mr. Stead stared at them in surprise, as he saw how they differed from the ordinary native of the Essequibo Valley. The Indians of Guiana adorn their

bodies in fantastic patterns, with a red paint which is highly scented, and they wear necklaces of boars' teeth. The three men who stood before Stead were unpainted, and they wore only ornaments of feathers; and, most remarkable of all, their skins, although not white, were far lighter in color than any Indian's.

For a moment the two groups stood silently facing one another. Then the White Indians, as Mr. Stead calls them, drew nearer, and the one who seemed to be their leader spoke. Austin, who had been longer in South America than Stead, said that the only word he could recognize was "gold." At first this seemed to have no significance, but when the chief approached Stead, and touched the treasure-belt he wore beneath his shirt, and sought to remove it, then the Americans knew that the White Indians were aware of the object of their journey, and that thereafter they might have to defend the gold with their lives. How the Indians got wind of the precious belt it was impossible to say, but Mr. Stead has reason to suspect that one of the Taruma Indians—perhaps the husband of the woman who had made his treasure-belt—spied out the secret, and managed to communicate it to the men who now sought to waylay him. When the White Indian reached out for the belt, Mr. Stead sternly thrust off the fellow's hand, and with energetic gestures indicated that the treasure was his, and that it could not be surrendered. Among most savage races sign-language is highly developed, and the three men who stood before Stead obviously understood his emphatic negation. They made another vain effort, and then they withdrew into the heavy woods which spread away from the river on both sides.

At Mr. Stead's suggestion, the two Americans hastily reloaded their canoe, and dropped down the river a dozen miles or more, stopping at last on the other side at a bend of the stream, where there seemed to be a level space of grass. Here they made a hasty meal, having started a fire at the roots of a withered cotton-wood tree which stood in the centre of the clearing.

Around this tree the ground seemed to have been carefully cleared, and at a distance of a dozen yards or so there was a circle of white stones, so regularly placed that it was scarcely possible not to accept them as having been arranged by human hands. Throughout Guiana the huge cot-

ton-wood decays into fantastic shapes like the skeleton of a demon. Austin told his companion that the natives are very superstitious about the cotton-wood, and will never cut one down, or even throw stones at it, believing that misfortune will surely follow if they do. Many are the strange beliefs among the Indians. "There is even known to be a tribe," said Austin, "which worships a sacred bird." Mr. Stead recalled the custom of the Incas in the old days of Peruvian civilization, when the monarch wore upright in his turban three feathers of a rare and curious bird, the coraquenque. This biped was sacred to the ruler: it served only to supply the plume which was the badge of sovereignty; and if an ordinary citizen killed one, the penalty was death.

The two Americans had built their fire in the prickly spurs of the tree, feeding it with chips from the withered branches, which still extended from the hollow trunk. When they were finishing their repast the fire had burned well into the roots, and the whole tree began to blaze up. As the smoke poured thick through the rotten trunk, as through a chimney, there was a noise of wings and a weird hooting, and an awkward fowl flew up out of the hollow, where it had been reposing.

Obedying a sudden impulse, Stead seized his gun, and as the fleeting object was outlined against the fading twilight, he fired, and brought it down with a single shot.

"Let's hope I haven't killed the sacred bird!" he cried, as the gory mass of feathers fell to the ground.

But that was exactly what he had unwittingly done; and the evil deed brought dire misfortune. As the echo of the shot died away, the two Americans heard a long loud whistle, almost human, but with a ghoulish shrillness.

"Now we shall have bad luck," said Austin, shivering despite the fire before which he was standing.

"Why?" asked Stead.

"Because that is the call of the Didi, and it always forebodes evil to those who hear it."

Mr. Stead was aware that the Didi is an unknown and unseen evil spirit, which the natives believe to lurk in the dark depths of the forest. To him is attributed any sudden death or mysterious disappearance. But Mr. Stead is not supersti-

tious; laughing lightly at Austin's evident dread, he stepped into the brush and brought forth the body of the bird.

"It is like the coraquenque," he said, as he held it in his hand. "See, here are the three royal feathers."

"Hush!" whispered Austin, suddenly, gripping his arm. "We have been followed. Don't you hear the paddles?"

Stead listened intently, and from the distance there came a succession of faint sounds.

"They are on our trail," said Austin.

"Who?" asked Stead.

"The White Indians," answered Austin. "They know that you have the gold, and they will not cease from following us till they get it. Don't you hear them?"

Again the two Americans held their breath as they bent forward listening. From over the water there came a regular rhythmical sound as of paddle strokes. Then suddenly there rang out again the shrill, uncanny whistle of the Didi.

"I'm going to get out of this," cried Austin.

Mr. Stead threw down the body of the bird. "If there is some one on our track," he said, "we had best not stand in the glare of this fire. Nobody could ask a better mark than we are here."

They stepped back into the shadow. Fortunately they had not unloaded the wood-skin, and Mr. Stead had not removed the treasure-belt from his waist. Their canoe was hidden in the shrubbery which thickly fringed the river a few yards below the point where they had lighted their fire. When they came to the wood-skin, night was already settling down on them. Only the blazing tree cast a ruddy glow.

Austin got into the boat at once; but Stead, after handing his rifle to his companion, stood on the shore, hidden in the darkness, peering forward to see if they were really pursued.

"Come on," cried Austin; "we are losing time."

"Why need we go?" said Stead. "I want first to make sure that there is a reason for flight."

"Reason enough," Austin answered. "If you had been in this country as long as I, you would know that the Didi never brought anybody good luck."

Stead did not answer. At that instant he saw the bow of a canoe come out of

the shadow into the light of the flaming cotton-wood.

There were three men in this canoe; two of them were paddling, and one was seated in the centre. They were the three White Indians who had visited the two Americans in the afternoon.

"What are you waiting for now?" Austin whispered, in a trembling voice. "You see they are after us. Get into the boat at once, and we can still escape them."

Stead looked at his companion with some slight surprise. "I don't think," he said, "that two Americans ought to run away from three Indians."

"But we don't know how many more they have coming with them," answered Austin, pettishly. "Enough of this foolishness, I say. Get in now, or I'll push off without you."

Stead said nothing, but silently watched the three men make fast their canoe and step out on land. They looked up the river, and one of them gave a doleful cry. It was repeated from far over the water, and then taken up again and again, farther and farther off.

"They have a dozen more wood-skins on the way down here," said the timorous Austin. "I give you fair warning I am not going to stay here to count them. With you or without you, I'm off."

Before Stead could reply, a second canoe came in sight. As it touched the bank, five more of the White Indians alighted from it. The three who had first landed drew near to the tree on fire. One of these almost stepped on the carcass of the bird Stead had shot. He stopped and picked it up, and gave a sudden wail of sorrow. The others had no sooner laid eyes on the slain bird, with its sacred feathers bedraggled with blood, than they too made a pitiful cry. Then, as the new-comers approached, the bird was pointed out, and all eight of the White Indians raised a fierce yell. Though the language was unknown, the meaning of their outcry was plain enough—they would seek revenge for this sacrilege. And so, by his innocent shot, Mr. Stead had added a religious fervor to their pursuit; and they sought now not only his treasure, but his life as well.

Brave as he was, he felt that the time had come to withdraw. But when he turned to join Austin in the wood-skin, he found that it was gone. Affrighted

by the revengeful shriek, Austin had deserted him. Mr. Stead was alone, without a friend, without a boat, without food. He had nothing but his treasure-belt and his revolver, with the twenty or thirty cartridges he happened to have on

At this moment a third canoe appeared, and five more White Indians were added to the group gathered about the fire. Mr. Stead took advantage of the noise and excitement which arose among his foes as they showed the new-comers the body of the bird he had slain, and crept farther back into the bushes as noiselessly as he could. Escape by way of the river was impossible, now that Austin had abandoned him. To get away from the water into the woods which masked the hills was his sole chance of safety. For the moment the one thing needful was to take himself out of sight of the rapidly increasing band of White Indians, who were determined to kill him, moved now by the double motive of avenging a sacrilege and of plundering his treasure. After he might get clear of them, it would be time enough to make plans for returning to the settlements of civilization.

With every muscle at its highest tension, Mr. Stead wormed his way along the ground, borne down by the weight of his gold, which even then, in the dire extremity of his danger, he did not think of abandoning. Inch by inch, foot by foot, he crawled away from the fatal spot. At every step he expected to betray himself. Every minute he feared to see the White Indians scatter in pursuit of him. To this day he does not know why they made no immediate effort to discover his whereabouts. The shot that killed the cora-queque was fired when they were in hearing, but two minutes before they came in sight, and the bird must yet have been warm with life when they took it in their hands. Why it was that they did not make an instant search for the man, who could not have been far off, is to him inexplicable. Mr. Stead is now inclined to accept this dilatoriness and delay of his enemies as the providential means of his escape. As it was, he succeeded in gaining the verge of the denser forest on the hill-side just as the moon came out and flooded with light the vacant spaces across which he had fled but a few minutes before under cover of the friendly darkness.

The hill forest was distant barely half a mile from the river-bank, but Mr. Stead had taken more than an hour to make the journey, on his hands and knees mostly, except where he arose to dash across a clearing as swiftly as he could. He sat him down in the shadow of the trees, to take breath and to collect his thoughts. He had only a vague idea as to his exact position, but he believed that a little way below the mountain rose abruptly on each side of the stream, and the river ran through a narrow gorge. On the other side, it might be some ten or twenty miles away, or it might be more, there was a village of friendly Indians, where he had once spent the night on his journey up stream to the gold mines. If he could but get to this village he doubted not that he could procure a wood-skin and assistance to continue his journey to the coast, where he had agreed to deliver the treasure which now weighed him down.

The blazing tree by whose roots he was standing when he had shot the fatal cora-queque a couple of hours before had burnt itself out, but on the open space before it there was gathered a group of the White Indians which he reckoned to contain at least fifty. They were drawn up in rings about the chief—the tall man who had first addressed Stead—and this chief seemed to be haranguing them. A cry of approval punctuated his sentences, and when he concluded there arose a yell of vengeance, which Mr. Stead, alone in the darkness of the hill forest above them, could hear, and heard without fear.

Yet it was with a certain beating of the heart that he saw his foes scatter in search of him at last. While he was recovering his breath and resting his muscles, a shout from the shore notified him that the point was discovered where the canoe had been made fast. The trail of Mr. Stead's tortuous and crawling progress from that spot into the denser brushwood fifty yards away was plain. In fifteen minutes more the White Indians in a compact body were pressing forward on his track through the undergrowth of the foot-hills.

Then began for Mr. Stead a flight by night which was enough to break the nerves of the bravest of men. Through the darkness, in the forest, up hill and on the level, lighted only by the chance rays of the moon as they broke through the heavy foliage, borne down by the weight of his golden burden, worn out by the

labor of the day and by the haste of his escape, on and on he toiled, hearing the call of his pursuers, now fainter and now louder, pushing ahead, but not knowing where he was going, and conscious finally of naught but a struggle between his love of life and an overmastering fatigue, which multiplied with every step he took.

At last he could do no more. He had been climbing higher and higher, and he had come out on a shelf of rock, from which the mountains seemed to rise sheer before him. He had no strength to advance, even if his benumbed intelligence could see a path upward. He sank down where he stood, exhausted absolutely, conscious only that the signals of his pursuers had been fainter of late. But before he could even formulate a hope that he had distanced them, or that they had lost his trail, Nature claimed her own and he was asleep.

How long he slept he did not know; but when he awoke the sun was breaking over the mountains. He lay still, slowly collecting his thoughts. Even then he could not recall all the incidents of his flight. He had fled, and they had pursued, and he was safe so far—this was all he knew, and it was almost all he cared. How he was to advance farther he did not know, or what he was to do next. His bones ached as he lay there on the ground, his mouth was parched, and he began to feel the pangs of hunger. He looked about him to see if he could not find some fruit with which he might stay his stomach, or a brook whereat he might quench his thirst. He was lying on a ledge of rock but thinly covered with earth, although richly robed with the luxuriant vegetation of the tropics. In front of him rose the sheer cliff which in the darkness had barred his farther progress. It was this rock, an unsurmountable obstacle in the darkness, which was now to prove a means of safety by day.

As Mr. Stead gazed about him in search of what might serve as meat and drink, the light of dawn strengthened, and the precipice which towered before him began to glow with the beams of the rising sun. In this increase of light he seemed to see a strange medley of figures moving across the face of the rock. At first he mistrusted his senses, feeling that his fatigue had perhaps made him subject to hallucinations or visions. But as he looked again

he found that his eyes had only half deceived him. The figures were there before him, but they were motionless. Carved on the face of the cliff in rude relief, they were colored into a semblance of reality.

Then Mr. Stead knew where he was. He recognized the fact that he had before him one of the Pictured Rocks of the Essequibo, which many a voyager had sought and very few had ever found. He had been told that they existed in three or four places, and that they were always so situated that they could be seen from afar by the first rays of the rising sun. What their origin might be, nobody can declare with precision. Sometimes they are apparently commemorative of some royal hero or some noble feat at arms; sometimes they are obviously explanatory devices designed to guide the wayfarer.

That which Mr. Stead was fortunate enough to find before him belonged to this latter class. It served as a sign-post, as it were, to a way of safety. In this case the tinted sculptures indicated a sort of profile map of the mountains, with the river flowing between. An outstretched hand with pointing finger showed the direction to be taken if the traveller desired to pass over to the other side of the stream by a hanging bridge which swung across the chasm. Rudely cut figures as rudely daubed with color were proceeding along the paths and passing over the frail bridge. Then Mr. Stead remembered that on the journey up the river they had had to make a long portage around the mountain because the stream here ran between high walls, and was not to be ascended by boat on account of its succession of rapids and cataracts. He had never heard that there was any such bridge across the river as was seen in the picture-writing, but there might very well be. And if there were, then he had at least a chance of escape. Once across the river, he thought he could find his way to the village of friendly Indians a few miles further below; then the rest of the journey would be easy and without danger.

How distant the bridge might be, if indeed there were any bridge, he could not estimate from the pictorial outlines before him. But whatever was the distance the direction was plain, and the journey must be undertaken. Mr. Stead arose and tightened the belt around him. Following the suggestion of the outstretched finger, he started along the ledge of the cliff, and now that full daylight helped

him, he soon came to a break in the rock above him—a break through which it was easy to attain the brow of the mountain. Here he came out on a table-land less densely covered with vegetation. Although almost level, it sloped gently upward. A quarter of a mile away to his right the ground broke, and here he supposed the high bank of the river to be. A mile beyond him, or it might be two, the cliff of the opposite river-bank rose up, and apparently the channel narrowed. There, if anywhere, would be the bridge which was figured in the picture-writing.

Hitherto Mr. Stead had proceeded very cautiously, feeling his way lest he should walk into an ambush, looking back often to make sure that he was not followed, and keeping his revolver in his hand, with his finger on the trigger. But in the joy of seeing the table-land stretch away before him, with the hope that the bridge of safety was but a mile or two ahead, inadvertently he paused for a moment at the edge of the cliff up which he had climbed. For a few seconds only was his figure outlined against the sky.

Brief as was this space of time it sufficed. A cry arose from the hill-side beneath him to the left of the path by which he had come; it was the same cry with which the White Indians in the first canoe had called to their comrades in the other boats. Instantly it was repeated—first to the right of him, then again to the left, then four or five times farther down the hill-side. There was no mistaking the meaning of these calls: he was discovered, and the enemy was on his trail.

Mr. Stead looked over the cliff again. Not one of the White Indians was in sight. So he knew he had a good start. To stand still was but to invite death. His one chance of life lay in reaching the bridge first. He set off at once at a rapid pace notwithstanding the heavy weight of treasure which lined his belt. If it were absolutely necessary to save his life, he was ready to abandon the gold, but only under the most desperate circumstances did he intend to give it up. The pursuers meant to kill him and to get his precious burden; and Mr. Stead was resolved to prevent, if he could, their doing either.

Knowing that his enemies were now following him closely, he looked back with every few steps he took. In the

fear of a fatigue which might prevent his reaching his object, he dared not over-exert himself, but he walked as fast as he thought wise. He rested himself now and again by breaking into a jog-trot whenever the incline of the ground was not too abrupt. He had covered nearly two-thirds of the distance from the brow of the hill to where he might hope to find the bridge when he caught the first glimpse of his pursuers: the outline of a single man stood out against the horizon. He quickened his pace.

When next he looked back there were four or five men gathered together in a little group about the tall chief. As his eyes were on them the chief waved one hand, and the warriors sprang forward in a brisk run. He had seen them, and he knew that they could see him. It was now a question of speed. If he could get across the bridge safe and sound, it might be that he could hold it until nightfall should give him another chance of escape. If they should catch up to him on the open ground, or if there should not be any bridge at the spot where he hoped to find it, then all would be over; his life would not be worth an hour's purchase, however dearly he might sell it.

The ground favored him just then, and he dropped into a gentle run. Soon the declivity became too steep for so rapid a progress, and he fell back to a walk. Again he looked at his pursuers. The little group about the chief, not so compact now as when he had first seen it, had covered more than a quarter of the distance which had separated them. And behind these were three other groups rushing toward him, stretching across the slope one after the other.

Mr. Stead set his teeth and strode forward. For five minutes he toiled steadily upward: as he neared his goal the ascent was steeper. When he could no longer resist the desire to see whether or not his enemies were gaining on him, he turned his head again. The chief and his followers were but a few hundred feet behind him—scarcely beyond bow-shot; and tailing out over the inclined plain were half a hundred more White Indians, all racing toward him. As they saw him looking at them they raised fierce yells of hatred.

In ten yards more Mr. Stead came out on the brink of the river, which rolled along in a deep gulf below, whence it sent

out a cloud of spray from a thundering cataract. Scarce a hundred feet before him the gulf was spanned by a slight swinging bridge.

Mr. Stead saw it, and he gave a gasp of relief; knowing there was now no more need to husband his strength, he rushed forward as fast as he could. When he came to the foot-path which led to the bridge he was still a hundred feet in advance of the nearest of his pursuers. He crossed the frail and vibrating structure as swiftly as he dared, though it trembled beneath his tread, and swung from side to side until it almost threw him off into the dark abyss below, where the river raged fiercely along. As he was toiling up the farther half of the bridge the White Indians arrived on the brink of the cliff behind him. They paused, and two of them fitted arrows to their bows. One of these missiles missed Mr. Stead, the other struck him in the back of the waist, and broke off against the plates of gold which protected his person at that place.

When he set foot on the firm land and faced about, three of his foes were already on the bridge and crossing over. He stood still in the centre of the path and took deliberate aim and fired. The foremost Indian threw up his hands and fell sideways from the bridge. A second shot struck the next man in the right thigh, and he dropped back, vainly grasping, as he turned in the air, at the ropes which supported the fragile pathway, and dropped down into the dark water which was roaring along the bottom of the chasm more than a hundred feet below. The third man had but just started on his perilous passage: when his two predecessors perished so suddenly, he hesitated for a second, then he sprang forward again. The chief stretched out his arm and stayed the other White Indians as they came up, waiting to see what might be the fate of the third man. Mr. Stead held his fire until this man—a tall, handsome fellow—was within fifty feet of him, then he pulled the trigger, and the pursuer, shot through the heart, sprang up into the air, and fell down into the gulf below, knotted into a convulsive ball. Then Mr. Stead, seeing that there was no movement on the part of his enemies to attack again, reloaded his revolver.

By this time nearly all the warriors had assembled on the other side. Several of the late comers were about to run forward

on the bridge, but the tall chief called them back. Suddenly a flight of arrows shot across the chasm, and fluttered down before Mr. Stead's feet. He was just out of range. But he thought it best to discourage any desire they might have to use him as a mark: taking careful aim, he fired his revolver again, and the bullet broke the chief's arm. An awful yell arose at this, and for the third time the chief had to restrain the impetuosity of his followers. Mr. Stead could not but admire the reckless bravery of his foes, eager to sacrifice their lives to avenge their leader.

For a few minutes there was a respite. While an old man carefully bandaged the chief's wounded arm, the others gathered about them and raised a weird, irregular, pathetic chant, which seemed part of the ceremonial of cure. Mr. Stead took advantage of the lull to consider the situation. So long as he could hold the end of the bridge he was safe; they could advance across it only one at a time, and their numbers were therefore of no advantage to them. Yet this security was but temporary; he dared not abandon his post, for his safety depended on his defending it. He was forced to remain where he was, and to make no attempt to proceed on his journey. His foes outnumbered him fifty to one. They could tire him out, and they could starve him out, if they were willing to settle down to a siege. They might even separate, and while one detachment kept him at bay, the other might retrace its steps to the place where he shot the bird of ill omen, and where their canoes were; then, crossing the river in these, they might come down and take him in the rear.

This scheme seemed to have occurred to the chief at the very moment that it suggested itself to Mr. Stead. From his commanding position the American saw the leader of the White Indians call a man forward and give him a series of orders, accompanied by gestures which Mr. Stead found no difficulty in interpreting. When he had received his instructions the chosen leader of the detachment went among his comrades and picked out a dozen of them. These he drew up in line before the chief, who spoke a few words of advice, apparently, and of warning. When the chief ceased, his followers raised a shout of anticipatory triumph, shaking their weapons in the air, and casting looks

of hatred against the single American. Then the designated group broke away from the main body and ran back on their own trail. In less than five minutes they were lost to sight.

Mr. Stead had no doubt as to the meaning of the departure of this detachment of his foes. He knew that in a definite time—probably four or five hours—he would be outflanked. With an enemy behind him, against whom he could have no protection, his doom would soon be sealed. He saw that if he wished to save his life, and to bear off the treasure which had been confided to him, and which he had bound himself to convey safely to its destination, he must do something, and he must do it quickly.

His first thought was to pick off his opponents one by one, as he had wounded the chief. But a moment's reflection showed the impossibility of this proceeding. There were still nearly twoscore White Indians at the other end of the bridge. By taking them unawares, he might hope to kill ten or a dozen. But what would this profit him? The rest would hide themselves behind the rocks, and, securely under cover, they could then bide their time, exposing themselves only when their comrades might announce their arrival on his side of the river. And yet another reason deterred him. His stock of ammunition was limited; he had barely a score more cartridges.

To remain where he was would be impossible, and to retreat while his foes might at once cross the bridge after him was to invite an immediate death. His only hope of safety was so to bar their passage across the river that he might continue his journey without fear of their following him.

The bridge was of a kind uncommon in Guiana, but frequent enough in the passes of the Andes, where it was found when the soldiers of Pizarro first trod the soil of Peru. It is probably the most primitive form of the suspension-bridge. It consists of two stout cables stretched across the valley in a pendent arc. These cables are made of the pliant woody stems of climbing plants, twisted into bush-ropes, as they are called; and they are almost unbreakable by any strain likely to be put on them. These tough and flexible cables are fastened to huge rocks on each side of the gulf, running parallel with each other, less than a yard apart.

They are floored with light planks laid across from cable to cable, and securely lashed by bands of *mamurie*, a finer cord made of osier withes or lianas. On each side of the main cables and a little above them is another slighter bush-rope, intended to serve as a hand-rail for those who trust themselves on the fragile and oscillating bridge.

To block a delicate suspension-bridge like this so as to debar a passage across it would be impossible. But as Mr. Stead, under the pressure of impending death, took stock of the situation and considered the matter in every light, he saw that it might not be impossible to destroy the bridge. Tough as were the huge cables of twisted vines, he believed that he could saw through them with the knife which every South-American traveller must needs carry. Unfortunately, as he found, he could not do the work of destruction except in full sight of the beleaguering foe. On his side of the river a lip of rock thrusting well out into the valley had been chosen as the landing-place; the two cables had been stretched tightly across, then they disappeared into the earth, being apparently made fast to subterranean stones.

Mr. Stead made a most careful examination. His one chance of safety was to destroy the bridge, and the one place where this could best be done was at the very verge of the precipice from which it projected. In fact, to work to advantage, Mr. Stead saw that he would have to bend forward over the yawning chasm. For this reason he removed his treasure-belt or jacket, laying it at his feet. He looked to his revolver, preparing a little pile of cartridges ready to his hand, wisely thinking that the White Indians would probably renew their attack as soon as they discovered what he was doing. He sharpened his knife. Then he seated himself between the two cables at the edge of the shelf of rock, and began the task of cutting them in two.

He had labored for several minutes before the White Indians took any notice of his movements. Then one of them began to watch him suspiciously, and called the attention of the chief. In a minute they discovered what his object was. A wild shriek of rage arose, and two men seized their weapons and sprang forward along the bridge. Mr. Stead shifted his knife to his left hand and

grasped his revolver. The two White Indians came on as fast as their swinging foothold would allow. When they were within forty feet of him he fired, and the first man fell back. He fired again, and the second man, tripping on his comrade's body, which lay dead across the foot-path, dropped down, turning spasmodically until he struck the water below, and was hurried out of sight.

Mr. Stead reloaded his revolver and resumed work.

Other White Indians hung back just at the entrance to the bridge, doubting and undecided. The American kept his eye on them while he went on with his labors. The vegetable fibre of the bush-rope was singularly resisting, and to cut it called for strength and skill and time. There was a hesitation among his adversaries which gave him opportunity almost to sever the cable at his right hand; at least it was more than half cut through, when his knife broke, and the best part of the blade slipped into the abyss.

At this moment he noticed an unusual movement among the White Indians. They had withdrawn a little to a clear space on one side, and there they had formed a ring around the chief. Chanting a wild but simple refrain, they circled about their wounded leader, who stood erect in the centre, beating time by striking the ground with a hollow bamboo staff he held in his unwounded hand. The rude and monotonous song they sang resembled a dirge, wailing and funereal; it was broken at regular intervals by discordant shouts.

With the stump of his knife still serviceable, Mr. Stead was at work on the cable at his left; but he never took his eyes from the enemy. He could not guess their purpose, but he felt sure that it portended evil to him, and that he must be more than ever on his guard.

Suddenly there was a shout louder than the rest, and one of the White Indians broke from the ring and stood on one side. Then the same monotonous wailing began again; and in due season there was another loud shout, and a second man left the ring, and took his place by the side of the first. A third time the rude chanting began, the chief beating on the ground with his bamboo staff, and after the same interval there was again a loud shout, and a third man took position with the other two.

This proceeding puzzled Mr. Stead, and, without slacking his labor on the left-hand cable, he bent his attention to the doings of his foes. Strange as was the rough chant, which soon began again for the fourth time, there seemed to the American something familiar in its rhythm. He had no memory of having ever heard it before, yet it rang with a pulsation vaguely resembling something that had fallen on his ears somewhere. For a while he could not place it. But as it concluded for the fourth time with a shout, and a fourth man stood aside, there came back to Mr. Stead the echo of a foolish rhyme of his childhood, a jingle of gibberish, unmeaning, but useful, for it served to designate that one of his boyish playfellows whose duty it should be to chase and touch the rest of them.

Then, as the strange strain arose for the fifth time, the American knew what it was, and he saw its significance. It was a counting-out rhyme, by which the followers of the tall chief were choosing men for a special purpose. Different as was the doggerel he had used in his boyhood from that which he heard now, there was the same marked regularity of beat, the same simple rhythm, and, above all, the same result.

A fifth man took his position beside the others who had thus been chosen by chance. When the song ceased again, a sixth man stepped out of the ring and joined his five comrades.

Mr. Stead was working away steadily, and he had made a deep cut in the cable at his left, softer and more rotten than that on his right, so that his labor was not harder, though he now had but the stump of a knife.

After the six men had been selected the rhythmic chant ceased, and the ring was abandoned. The White Indians gathered about the chief to receive his instructions.

Then, and then only, did Mr. Stead discover their intent. The chief knew that the revolver could fire only six shots without reloading. He had picked out six men to sacrifice themselves by drawing these six shots, after which the American would be defenceless. The rest would rush forward. The plan was simple, and it bid fair to succeed.

Mr. Stead worked on with desperate energy. Every second was precious to him. If they would delay their attack

but five minutes longer, the bridge would be cut, and he would be secure from pursuit.

But they did not delay a single minute. The six men stepped to the head of the bridge, and stood one behind the other, ready to advance. The chief came forward beside them and raised his hand. They fell on their knees, and he waved his staff above their heads, while the rest of the White Indians uttered a shrill cry, half defiant and half sorrowful. Then they arose and girded themselves for the certain death to which they were going. The others fell in line behind them, headed by the chief.

Mr. Stead saw that the moment had come. He rose to his feet to await the attack.

A moment more and it came. The chief gave the signal. A yell of rage and hate broke from the throats of the White Indians, and the six doomed men set forward to cross the bridge, in single file, followed by the chief and the rest of their fellow-tribesmen. More accustomed to the oscillations of so frail a structure, their progress was far more rapid than Mr. Stead's was when he had been forced to run across the bridge with the enemy close behind him.

When the first of the six had reached the body of the man who had been killed when Mr. Stead began to cut the cable, the American fired, and the White Indian plunged forward head-first into the chasm. Then Mr. Stead fired again, and the second man, reeling forward, grasped the corpse which lay across the bridge, and together the two—the dead and the dying—dropped headlong into the gulf below. A third shot, and a fourth shot, and a fifth shot, and three more of the assailants were swept from the bridge.

At the sixth shot the revolver missed fire, and the last of the chosen six was within twenty feet of Mr. Stead when, on the second attempt, the trigger did its duty, and the bullet found its billet in the doomed man's heart.

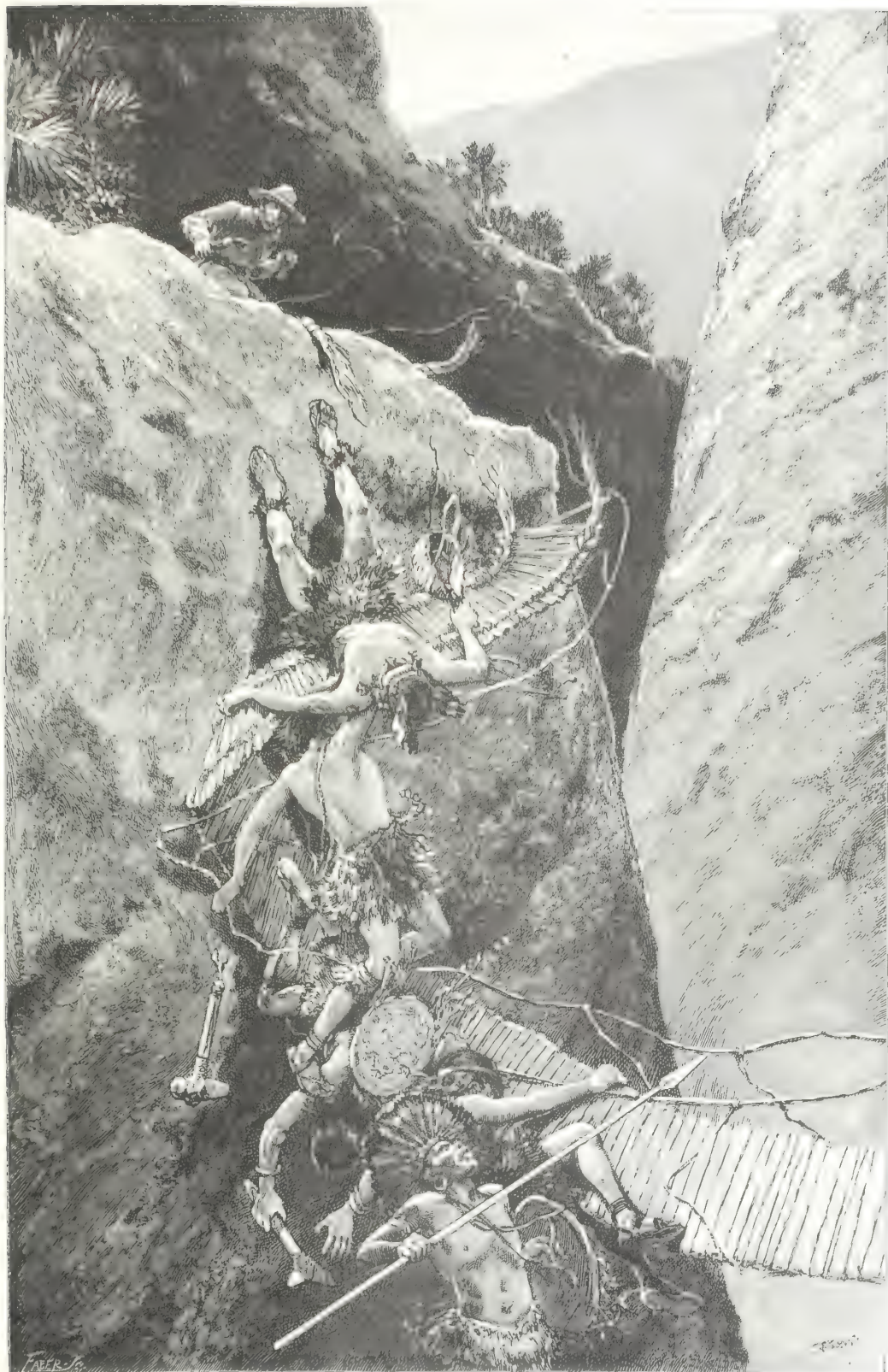
The six shots had done their work, and the six men had done theirs. The seventh man—the chief himself—was not more than twenty-five feet distant when the last ball left the American's revolver. There was no time to load again. The best Mr. Stead could do was to fight for his life man to man, at the head of the bridge. He grasped his revolver by the

barrel, and he stooped and with his left hand seized the stump of the knife. He thought that the seconds he had yet to live were counted, but he did not blanch; and he looked death in the face and flinched not.

But it was not to be. Fortune favors the brave. Though he had not had time to cut the cables wholly in two, he had weakened them so that they were unable to bear the strain of the whole band of White Indians. The foremost was barely a yard from the end of the bridge when the left cable parted, and Mr. Stead saw his foes fall together into the dark river below. With a mighty effort the chief, who was at the head of the line, reached forward to clutch the solid earth. His hand grasped the treasure-belt, which had lain at Mr. Stead's feet all through the fight, and it clasped this with the grip of desperation. In the sudden emotion of deliverance from death, Mr. Stead was not prompt enough to see this minor danger, and the chief of the White Indians bore with him to the bottom of the turbulent river the gold which the American had risked his life to save. To expect ever to recover it is hopeless.

There is no need to delay your readers with a detailed account of Mr. Stead's return to civilization. As soon as he was free from the danger of pursuit, he set out for the village of friendly Indians, which he found, as he had expected, some fifteen miles further down the river. Here he was well received, and supplied with the means of continuing his journey.

While at this village he made inquiry for Austin, who had basely deserted him in his hour of peril. To Mr. Stead's great grief—although not at all to his surprise—he found that nothing had been heard of Austin. And as yet nothing has been heard of the fellow. It was nightfall when Austin thrust loose from the bank and started alone on his voyage down the river. In his fright it is probable that he forgot the rapids before him until it was too late to turn back, or even to check his canoe. Barely a mile below the point where he abandoned Mr. Stead, the river becomes narrow and the banks precipitous, and there is a succession of cataracts. It was above this gulch that Mr. Stead fought for his life, and it was probably in this gulch that Austin met his death by the wrecking of his canoe in the turmoil of waters. If once the wood-skin



THE DEATH OF THE WHITE INDIANS.

had got caught in the rush of the rapids, there would be no possible chance of escape for its solitary occupant. That this is what happened to Austin seems now beyond doubt, since no other explanation of his disappearance is possible. Coward as the fellow was, it is sad to think of his dark and lonely voyage to a certain and horrible death.

It was only the night before last that Mr. Stead arrived here at Georgetown. Yesterday I had the pleasure of meeting him, and of hearing the full tale of his adventures from his own lips. In transcribing these for your readers I have passed the night. It seems to me to be a duty which a man of letters owes his fellow-man to set forth simply and succinctly so brave a fight against terrible odds as that which Mr. Stead has just fought. It is the study of a strong character like his, and of brave deeds like this, which restores our faith in our common humanity.

I have thought it best also that the facts of this outrage on an American citizen should be laid before the people of the United States as soon as possible, that the State Department might be moved to take prompt action.

This letter goes back to you by favor of Mr. Joshua Hoffman, whose beautiful steam-yacht, the *Rhadamanthus*, is to sail for New York this afternoon. Mr. Hoffman has been spending a fortnight in these waters; he expresses himself as delighted with the scenery, and much benefited in health by the rest he has obtained.

I expect to sail for the Orinoco early next week, and you shall hear from me again at the very first opportunity.

A. Z.

II.

FROM THE GOTHAM GAZETTE OF APRIL 22.

OFFICE OF THE ESSEQUIBO GOLD COMPANY,
76 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, April 21.

To the Editor of the *Gotham Gazette*:

SIR.—I have read with interest the entertaining letter from an Occasional Correspondent which you have published this morning, and which purports to give an account of an extraordinary outrage recently committed in British Guiana on an American named Stead by a tribe of hitherto unknown White Indians. I hate to have to spoil so sensational a story, but I see that there is a sort of to-be-con-

tinued-in-our-next at the end of his letter, and I feel, therefore, that I am only anticipating the correction the Occasional Correspondent will be forced to make as soon as he knows what has happened since he wrote. Perhaps you will excuse me if I suggest that before writing he might have inquired more carefully as to the value of the information he received.

What has happened since then is that the man Stead was arrested yesterday for theft and for attempted murder. The thing he tried to steal was the gold intrusted to him to convey from the mines to the coast. The man he tried to murder was his accomplice in the intended theft—Austin.

When I inform you that Austin is in New York, that he has confessed fully his share in the robbery, and that he has accused Stead of an attempt to put him out of the way, it may occur to some of those who may have read the exciting letter of the Occasional Correspondent that he is a gentleman of an unduly confiding nature, and that he has inadvertently allowed himself to be used by a rascal.

The exact facts of the matter are that Stead and Austin, being intrusted with the gold of the Essequibo Gold Company, conspired to steal it. When they had arrived near the cañon across which Stead claims to have fought so brave a fight against such long odds, they dug a hole and buried the gold, Stead telling Austin that he would invent a tale of an attack by the White Indians, who exist in local superstition, but whom nobody has ever seen. That night the thieves fell out, and Stead set Austin adrift in the canoe without a paddle, knowing that there was a water-fall ahead, and hoping that his accomplice would be drowned. Apparently Austin is reserved for another fate; his canoe sank on a rock in shallow water; he waded ashore, and was taken up by a band of friendly Indians, with whom he journeyed slowly to the coast. He arrived at Georgetown about midnight, a few hours before the *Rhadamanthus* sailed. Going to a friend's house, he heard the story Stead had been telling, and in fear of his life he determined to fly the country. This friend had done some trifling service for Mr. Joshua Hoffman, and thus Austin succeeded in being taken aboard the *Rhadamanthus* without the knowledge of the people of Georgetown. There is a pleasant irony in the fact that

the very yacht which bore away the Occasional Correspondent's account of Stead's single-handed combat with impossible White Indians over a non-existent bridge should convey also the one man who knew the whole truth.

On his arrival here yesterday Austin came down to the office of the Essequibo Gold Company and surrendered himself. He made a clean breast of his share in the attempt to rob the company. We cabled at once to the Georgetown police. We learnt that Stead had been away in the

interior for a week, and that he had just returned. He was about to take ship for England when he was arrested. The stolen gold was found in his possession.

I have to apologize for this trespass on your space, but enemies of the Essequibo Gold Company try to use ghost stories like that of the Occasional Correspondent to depress the securities of the company, and as its president it is my duty to prevent this. Besides, just now I am a bull on the market. Your obedient servant,

SAMUEL SARGENT.

BALTIC RUSSIA.

BY HENRY LANSDELL, D.D.

WHEN Wulfstan, a great traveller in his day, related to the Saxon Alfred his journeys in foreign parts, he told the King of a land bordering what we now call the Baltic Sea, saying that "Est-land" was a large tract of country, having many towns, with a king in each; that it produced a great quantity of honey, and had abundance of fish, the rich men drinking mares' milk, but the poor and the slaves only mead.

The Esthonians are mentioned again, in the eleventh century, by Adam of Bremen. They troubled their Scandinavian neighbors by piratical expeditions; whereupon Canute IV. of Denmark, with 760 ships, invaded their country, and forced some of them, for a time, at all events, to profess Christianity. It was about the same date, namely, in 1030, that Dorpat is said to have been founded by Yaroslav I., Grand Duke of Novgorod: but we hear more of this region and the country southward, called Livonia, or Livland, owing to the shipwreck in 1158 of a Bremen trading vessel, by which a number of Germans were cast ashore near the mouth of the Drina.

Here they subsequently established commercial relations with the inhabitants, and erected a fortified goods store. The traders were speedily followed by the churchmen, so that ten years later Meinhardt, an Augustinian monk, had converted some of the Livonians, and became their first bishop. The work of proselytism was more fully developed by his third successor, Bishop Albert, who founded Riga in 1202, and made it the seat of his bishopric.

The Christianity of this episcopal member of the Church militant appears to have been of a very muscular type; for he not only kept soldiers, and, under the name of monasteries, erected fortresses, but he founded the military "Order of the Brethren of the Sword," by whose aid the natives were compelled to be baptized, and were reduced to serfdom, the land being divided to a great extent between the knights, churches, and monasteries.

Bishop Albert managed to persuade the neighboring Russian prince, Vladimir, to make the conversion of the heathen an object of ambition; until, suspecting the designs of the German bishop in erecting so many fortresses, Vladimir ordered proselytism to cease.

But it was too late; and on the two coming to arms, the bishop, with the help of the Brethren, drove the Russians back, and subdued the greater part of Livonia, one-third being made over to the knights, and the dominion shared by the five bishoprics of Riga, Dorpat, Oesel, Kourland, and Lemgallen.

These rulers had, however, many adversaries, both in the subdued inhabitants and the surrounding Russians and Lithuanians, as well as the Danes, the last of whom had landed on the southern shores of the Gulf of Finland. Accordingly the Brethren of the Sword were obliged to summon to their aid, in 1237, the Knights of the Teutonic Order, which had been incorporated by the Pope less than half a century before.

We read that a candidate for this order had to be German, born in wedlock, of

noble family, never having been married, and vowing for the future a single life without property. He was to renounce subjection to father, mother, and relations, and obey only the master of the order: to serve God, the sick, and the poor, and to fight for the Holy Land against the enemies of the cross.

Palestine, however, was already occupied by the Templars and Hospitallers, so that the Teutonic Order, as it increased, made war not only in the East, but in various parts of Europe, especially in Germany and Lithuania, and was quite ready to unite with the Brethren of the Sword in forming a new Livonian branch of the Teutonic Knights, to be presided over by a Master, who was himself to be under the Grand Master of the Teutonic Order.

For many years this unholy alliance of the cross and sword continued, the knights burning whole villages that had relapsed into idolatry, and making out of free-born men the most wretched slaves. Meanwhile another power was growing up, known as the Hansa, or Hanseatic League, a commercial confederacy of towns, which combined to offer armed resistance to impediments to trade, whether from rapacious princes and robbers on land, or pirates on water. Among the towns which joined the league were the Russian Novgorod and the Livonian Dorpat; Revel also, and Riga—Riga from 1253 refusing to recognize the authority of the bishops and knights. Further sources of weakness to the orders were their luxury and internal dissensions.

The outward cause, however, of the collapse of the knightly régime was the advance of the Russian, Swedish, and Polish forces, who crossed the borders almost simultaneously. The only question for the Livlanders was to which of the intruders they should submit, and it ended in the knights purchasing peace, and the undisturbed possession of Kourland, as a fief of the Polish crown, by surrendering Esthonia to Sweden and Livonia to the Poles. But this brought not peace to Livonia; for Russians, Swedes, and Poles now met and fought on its soil, so that in 1629 Livonia also became a Swedish province, and so remained until, with Esthonia, it was given up, in 1721, to Peter the Great. Kourland was also swallowed up by the Muscovites, and thus came into existence as they now are, Kourland, Livonia, and Esthonia; which three, with

the government of St. Petersburg, make up what are called the Baltic Provinces of Russia.

Into these provinces not one Englishman in fifty, I suppose, who travels to the Russian capital by rail dreams of turning aside. But why not? They are by far the most intellectual portions of Russia, as I have been frequently reminded in Siberia and other parts of the empire; for when, on meeting a more than commonly able officer or professional man, I have asked whence he hailed, the answer usually has been, "From the Baltic provinces." Here an Englishman who speaks German may feel nearly as much at home as in Prussia or Switzerland, and may study the many curious questions connected with a Lettish and Esthonian peasantry living with a Teutonic aristocracy, and all governed by autocratic Russia. Regardless, however, of any such attraction, I had four times rushed headlong from the frontier to St. Petersburg, or *vice versa*; but on my last visit I turned aside to see something of the commerce of Riga, the University of Dorpat, and the antiquities of Revel, some account of which is placed before the reader in the following pages.

Leaving London on Tuesday morning, July 21st, with Mr. Herbert Allcroft, and proceeding by Cologne and Berlin, we reached the Russian frontier on Thursday afternoon, and very early next morning we were upon the confines of Kourland, the southernmost of the Baltic provinces, the total area of the four being about as large as that of England and Wales. Kourland is the smallest, and is hardly so large as Belgium. Its western end forms a seaboard for 150 miles, whilst eastward it is squeezed in like a wedge between the provinces of Vitebsk and Kovno. No mountain wall or range of heights breaks its surface, the highest spot being only 700 feet above the sea, whilst hundreds of small lakes and rivers water its broad, fruitful plains, stretching from the marshy banks of the Niemen to the southern slopes of the Lower Dvina, as the latter is called, to distinguish it from the Upper Dvina, that flows toward Archangel.

Except on the northern headland, and the narrow tongue we crossed by rail, corn fields are everywhere seen. Some of the dunes are wooded with fir, birch, and oak; but, for the most part, the pine forests have shrunk into small woods and



A RUSSIAN TEA STALL.

enclosures carefully tended, affording a refuge for the fleet hare and the timid doe, but from which the hungry wolf and shaggy bear have disappeared. Endless fields of rye, wheat, oats, and barley, as well as a little flax, hemp, and tobacco, alternate with rich meadows, and only an occasional barren moor.

In no part of the Baltic provinces is the German Protestant character of civilization so distinctly stamped as in lower Kourland. Large cities are few, but small market-towns and homesteads are comparatively numerous. The busiest towns of Kourland are Libau and Wendau on the coast, but Mitau is the capital.

Our best way thither would have been to branch from the main line at Koshe-dary toward Libau, turning off at Mojeiki to Mitau. We could thence have continued toward Riga, whither, however, we had determined to proceed by Düna-burg, where we arrived at the uncomfortable hour of four in the morning. Nor did a change of carriages involve merely a walk across the platform, inasmuch as the station for Riga was a mile distant, near the town, and was served by a local train. We were taken, however, under the wing of a fellow-traveller whose acquaintance we had made—M. de Rudnitsky, a director of the Düna-burg-Riga Railway—who kindly invited us to share his special carriage, thanks to which we had not only ample accommodation, but the company of a gentleman who gave us abundance of information by the way.

From Düna-burg to Riga is about 140 miles, the route lying along the valley of the Dvina. This river drains an area as large as Scotland, and receives an annual rainfall of twenty inches, thereby giving the river a discharge of about 18,000 cubic feet per second, or a little more than half as much as the Thames at London Bridge, the width, however, of the Thames in London being about the same as of the Dvina at Riga.

Not long after leaving the station is passed the strong fortress of Düna-burg, one of the second line of fortifications which protect the western frontier of Russia. It was built in 1825, on a spot where had been a stronghold so far back as 1582. It commands the passage of the river, and is intended to oppose an enemy on the main lines between St. Petersburg and Warsaw, Riga and Vitebsk.

About sixty miles from Düna-burg we

entered the province of Livonia, or Livland, which in early days gave its name to Kourland and Esthonia also. The province, including its islands, is rather larger than Switzerland, and has a more hilly surface than Kourland. There are several plateaus, some with an average height of 700 feet. Livonia has more than a thousand lakes, and two-fifths of its surface are covered by pine forests, some of them 200 miles in diameter. The country is covered everywhere with a glacial stratum, in some parts 400 feet thick, but there are no traces of marine deposits higher than 150 feet.

The appearance, consequently, of Livonia, though having many similarities, differs from Kourland in reminding the traveller that he is farther north. The gloomy pine forests tell unmistakably that the thinly scattered inhabitants have a less favorable field to cultivate than their Kourland brethren. The peasant farms are not so substantial in appearance, and thatched roofs abound. About fifty miles north of Riga, however, are the rich flax lands of Livonia. Here the forests are thinned and transformed into fields. Stone buildings with red-tiled roofs predominate, and the comfortable appearance of the peasantry leads one to suppose that they have become proprietors instead of tenants. Taking the country as a whole, however, only fifteen per cent. of the estates belong to the peasants; the remainder of the soil appertains to the nobles, the average holdings of the landed proprietors being from 9500 to 11,000 acres, which is far above the average of the estates in Russia.

We reached Riga about noon on Friday, and took rooms at the Hôtel de Rome. The city proper lies on the northern bank of the Dvina, but is no longer encompassed with walls. The lines of fortification were removed in 1858. Since that date the town, now the fifth in population in the empire, has been greatly enlarged, and there is, outside the old city, the St. Petersburg suburb on the west, the Moscow suburb on the east, and on the other side of the river the Mitau suburb.

On the Mitau bank, where the houses are chiefly of wood, one sees Jews, Poles, and Kourland and Lithuanian peasants landing masses of flax, linseed, and grain, whilst the Moscow suburb is inhabited chiefly by Russians, as witnessed to by their tea stalls and samovars in the street.



THE HALL OF THE BLACKHEADS, RIGA.

Many of them are dissenters of the "Old Believer" sect, whose ancestors fled here to take shelter under Protestant protection. These Russians gain a scanty subsistence as small dealers, harbor-men, and carpenters.

There may be seen here also, in the summer months, numbers of "Burlaki," a class whom I have met in other parts of Russia. Their occupation is to bring down timber, flax, and grain from the interior. This they do on rafts and immense barges, yoking themselves in gangs, like horses, with a broad band across the chest, and towing the craft along. These men are usually dressed in sheepskins, and wear conical felt hats. They remain in Riga only to dispose of their cargoes and to break up their barges for firewood, before returning home to live on their spring earnings. This branch of trade forms an important feature in the commercial life of Riga, rough-timbered

rafts lying all along the banks of the Moscow suburb.

The most elegant and wealthy part of Riga is the St. Petersburg suburb, where live the English and German merchants, and near to which was our hotel. Our first business on the morning after our arrival was to call upon the Governor, General Zinovieff, who resides in the Imperial Castle, a massive building with two crenellated towers, dating from the time of the Grand Masters of the Teutonic Knights. Afterward we were conducted to the Schwartzhaupter-Haus, or Hall of the Honorable Company of Blackheads, a brotherhood of unmarried merchants, founded in 1232 for the defence of the town, and who constituted a military division. It is now, I believe, little more than a club, whose members must be bachelors, one of whom was to do the honors in receiving us.

The hall was erected about the year



SILVER STATUETTE—ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON

1200, and has been often restored, its curiously ornamented gable presenting to the street a strange mixture of styles, whilst a part of its frontage has been appropriated by an undignified "chainie magazin," or tea warehouse. The brotherhood had the Moor "Mauritius" for their patron saint, and hence their insignia of blackamoor or negro heads all over the place. We were marched through several spacious rooms hung with pictures of the Flemish school, as well as enormous life-size portraits of Russian sovereigns, to a

small apartment containing their plate, which by reason both of age and design was extremely interesting.

Among the rich collection of drinking vessels were relics of the Hanseatic history of the city, including presents from other Hanse towns, as well as gifts of honor from foreign kings and princes. One of the finest pieces of plate was a table ornament, or silver statuette, of St. George in conflict with the dragon, wielding a sword in his right hand, and with the left thrusting his shield into the dragon's jaws. It has an octagonal pedestal, and bears date 1507, the height being in all thirty inches. It is probably of Lubeck workmanship.

The Lubeck welcome-cup, dated 1651, and presented at the opening of the new building, is of silver gilt, resting on three claws. It is richly ornamented with embossed arabesques and fourteen coats of arms. The coverlid is surmounted by the Goddess of Fortune and a winged sphere, the entire height being twenty-six inches, and the weight six pounds.

Perhaps the most elegant drinking-cup, however, is one bearing date 1654. It is of silver gilt, with a "six-bellied" or hexagonal pedestal or bowl, the shaft being formed by a young Bacchus striding a wine tun. The six facets of the bowl are chased with sea-horses, dolphins, satyrs, Amor and Venus, Ceres, etc., the height, with the cover, which is surmounted by a full-length Mercury, being twenty-eight inches.

There were also two silver equestrian statuettes, the one of Gustavus Adolphus, holding the baton of a commander-in-chief, and the other of a Moor sitting on a sea-horse, with a crown in his right hand.

Yet another piece of plate of magnificent proportions was a silver state salver, gilded, and chased in the centre to represent Phaeton in his four-horse chariot struck by the lightning of Jupiter. Round the rim were twelve medallions with engraved coats of arms, the centre ones to right and left being embossed Moors' heads. The salver measures twenty-four by thirty inches.

From the Hall of the Blackheads we returned to the Ritter-Haus, where I had already vainly called, hoping to find Baron Richter, whose name had been given me as of one cognizant of city statistics. Here we saw the Knights' Hall and about three hundred coats of arms of the Livonian nobility, who here hold their triennial parliaments. The constitution is still aristocratic, and rests in the hands of the various Estates of the city.

The First Estate (half of them merchants and half lawyers, and in whom is vested the supreme power) is formed of a council of four burgomasters and sixteen councillors. The Second Estate is formed by the greater guild, consisting of merchants and men of learning, for whom a bench of aldermen and Mayor act as committee of the whole, the members being divided into full citizens, who may be elected to office, and "brothers," who can only choose and vote. The Third Estate is the lesser guild, or corporation of artisans. Any decree in municipal affairs to be valid requires the agreement of these three Estates. A Fourth Estate, or corporation, now politically unimportant, consists of the Honorable "Black-

heads." Traces of the former importance of these last still exist in the pews and monuments of the cathedral church, whither we next went, chiefly for the purpose of hearing the organ, new in 1883. It is one of several that claim to be the "largest in the world," and is blown by a gas-engine of four-horse power. It has 6826 pipes, and I think I counted 126 stops. There is little of architectural interest in the cathedral, but it contains the tomb of the first bishop of Livonia.



LUPPEK WELCOME CUP



DRINKING CUP

We had been invited by Mr. Peter Bornholdt, the Danish consul, to spend Saturday afternoon at his house by the sea-side at Dübeln, the "Margate" of the Baltic provinces; and on our way by rail,

in crossing the Dvina, we had a peep at the Riga shipping. The river forms an inlet to the very heart of the empire, and though the imports of Riga are less than those of Revel, the exports are greater. The collection of exports is greatly facilitated by the position of Riga, at the mouth of the Dvina, which, besides its own course of nearly six hundred miles, has water communication with the basin of the Dnieper. By rail also the town is connected with St. Petersburg in the north, with Orenburg in the east, and Tsaritsin on the lower Volga. About half the exchange of Riga is with England, Russia

being a sea-side place where, in the house, no one can see the sea; for the village of wooden houses, with a few villas interspersed, is situated in a sandy hollow about a quarter of a mile inland, and separated from the waves by a low hill covered with pine-trees. So exceedingly proper are the authorities, indeed, that not only are no houses allowed to be built overlooking the sea and the bathers, but the hours of bathing for ladies and gentlemen respectively are strictly regulated, and neither sex may go on the sands during the hours that are given up to the other.



SILVER STATE SALVER.

sending flax, linseed, timber, hemp, and cereals, and receiving salt, coal, tobacco, wine and spirits, cotton, metals, machinery, oil, and fruits.

Navigation is impeded at the mouth of the Dvina by a bar which leaves only fourteen feet of water. Hence heavily laden vessels stop at Dünamünde, close to the mouth of the river, which is frozen at Riga for 127 days of the year, that is, from December to March.

A run of an hour sufficed to bring us to Dübeln, which has the peculiarity of

We heard a good story to the effect that even when on one occasion a wrecked vessel drove ashore during the ladies' bathing hour, the sailors had to cling to the rigging for dear life, till the regulation time when male assistance could appear. I ventured to suggest the adoption of aquatic garments, and was told that their introduction had been attempted, but that neither sex cared for them.

Our host had invited to meet us Mr. A. Raby, the English consul; Mr. Robinson, an old English resident at Riga; and some



RUINS OF CATHEDRAL AT DORPAT.

others; and after dinner we were shown the stables and a trotting horse which was to run on the morrow upon the sands at the races, in expectation of which, preparations were going on. In the evening we went to a small pleasure garden where a band was playing, and the rank and fashion of the place, gathered from various parts of the interior, were walking.

We returned to Riga fully intending to post thence to Dorpat. This would be newer than the humdrum railway route. The distance was only 130 miles, and at Wenden, fifty miles on the way, we should have an opportunity to see one of the chief towns of Livonia, and its old church and castle, once the residence of the Masters of the Teutonic Order. The road would take us, too, through the picturesque valley of the Aa, called the Livonian Switzerland. We found, however, that we could not procure a Russian tarantass, in one of which I had travelled with comparative comfort some thousands of miles in Siberia, nor easily hire a conveyance to carry us right through; whilst to go in the rough post-carts of the country, changing at every station, was not inviting. So we took the advice of local friends to the effect that, though much further, it was easier to return to

Dünaburg, go thence by rail to Pskov, and on by steamer to Dorpat.

Accordingly on Monday morning we left Riga at eleven, after six hours we regained Dünaburg, and arrived at Pskov at two in the night. Pskov is situated on the Velikaia River, which is about as long as the Thames, and flows into a lake named after the city. To this lake accordingly we steamed about eight o'clock next morning, and after ploughing across it from the southeast to the northwest, we entered a channel rather more than three miles wide, which brought us into Lake Peipus. Peipus, or Tchoodskoe, is the fourth largest lake in Europe, and five times the size of the Lake of Geneva, its surface belonging to the provinces of Livonia, Esthonia, and St. Petersburg. It was on this lake that Peter the Great made his first experiment in navigation after the Western fashion, having with him on board a Scotchman, Patrick Gordon, who kept a log of the proceedings. The one river that flows out of the Peipus Lake into the Baltic is the Narova, on the north, whilst among several that flow into it is the Embach, up which we steamed westward for about sixteen miles to Dorpat.

I was armed with three introductions for Dorpat—two to members of the nobil-

ity, and the third for his Excellency Mr. Kapoustine, the curator or chief of the university. These introductions, after we had taken up our quarters at the Bellevue Hotel, and had dined, I sallied forth to present, Herbert staying within. All my desired acquaintances being "out of town" I made for the house of Professor Wahl, the rector of the university, and in less than five minutes found myself a welcome visitor in the midst of a family who considered themselves half English, and most of whom seemed to speak or read our language. English books were lying about in all directions, and I learned not only that the professor regarded London as the most enviable of all places in the world to reside, but that his principal English friend lived near me at Blackheath.

Before supper Dr. Wahl took me to the Domberg, where we looked for a while at the exterior of the ruined cathedral, and then I was taken to the end of a long avenue to an overhanging spot that commands one of the finest views in the Baltic provinces and the best prospect of the town. Between the north base of the Domberg and the river (spanned by a granite bridge) are the best houses and shops, and the professor pointed out the most important buildings, including three Lutheran, one Roman, and two Orthodox churches.

The well-known university is, of course, a great feature of the town, and connected therewith they have a good hospital and anatomical theatre. There are also a botanical garden, with 12,000 plants; and a veterinary institute, founded in 1846, as well as certain learned societies and an observatory. The university was founded by Gustavus Adolphus in 1625, and has had a somewhat checkered career; for, to escape the invasion of the Russians in 1699, the professors, students, libraries, and museums all departed, first to Pernau, and then to Sweden, leaving empty the learned halls of Dorpat for about a century, until, under the auspices of Alexander I., the restoration took place, and this half-German university is now regarded, I believe, as one of the best in the Russian Empire.

It has about forty ordinary professors, a total teaching staff of some seventy members, and upward of eight hundred students. Among these students are Livonians and Esthonians, sons of Riga cit-

izens and Kourland barons, the descendants of old patrician houses, and the sons of half-Germanized peasant families, the mingling of whom has tended much to the good of the Baltic provinces. The first teachers, under Alexander, were almost all immigrants from North Germany; but, side by side with these, twenty years later, were to be found natives of the country who had obtained the academical purple, and who have helped to make Dorpat the intellectual centre of Baltic life. We heard, however, of one sign that the students have not yet attained to quite the front rank of civilization, in that sword duels are common amongst them, these encounters being betrayed by scars and sticking-plaster on the young gentlemen's faces.

Dorpat has about 30,000 inhabitants, amongst whom we did not stay beyond the day after our arrival. Professor Wahl showed us in the morning the interior of the cathedral, which he spoke of as an early specimen of Gothic, and in the structure of which I noticed large bricks measuring perhaps fifteen inches by six, and four in thickness. Part of the church had in troublous times been used as a fortress, the places for the catapults being still visible. A portion of the building is now set apart for the 250,000 volumes of the university library, in which the professor drew our attention to a mechanical contrivance for supporting opened books, and revolving like a water-wheel, but always so that the six boards remained horizontal and the books lay flat—a capital machine for a writer needing at hand several books for simultaneous reference.

After a pleasant lunch on Madame Wahl's veranda, amid plants and creepers and excellent hospitality, we were accompanied to the station by the rector's son, and started for a five hours' journey to Revel. Our route lay fifty miles north-west to Tapps, where the Dorpat branch "taps" the main line from St. Petersburg to Baltic Port. Half the distance lay over Livonian soil, but we had practically left the Livonians behind, since the conventional line that parts them from the Esths may be drawn horizontally across the country through Walk, which lies about fifty miles south of Dorpat. The Esthonian villages have a less pleasing appearance than those of the Livonians, but a larger proportion of Esthonia than of Li-



OLD WALL TOWERS, REVEL.

vonian is being cultivated, though Esthonia even has only an eighth under the plough. Of the remaining superficies another eighth consists of marshes, heaths, rivers, and lakes.

About fifty miles from Dorpat we entered the province of Esthonia, which is about half the size of Switzerland. It is nearly a level plateau of Silurian limestone, presenting to the Gulf of Finland a coast from 50 to 120 feet high, and gradually sloping inland toward the south. The western coast is rocky and rises in cliffs, forming, with the adjacent islets, a perilous shore. A cruel advantage was taken of this in former times by the inhabitants to exhibit false lights, in order to obtain wrecks. It is told of one nobleman at Dagöe that he was convicted of lighting fires on his castle tower on stormy nights, and deservedly punished by banishment to Siberia.

We arrived at Revel late in the evening, after a somewhat uninteresting journey from Dorpat. The upper part of the town is picturesquely situated on the Domberg, or hill of the cathedral, where are situated also the Governor's palace and many houses of the nobility. Revel is supposed to have been founded about the thirteenth century, when Valdemar II., King of Denmark, built a castle on the Domberg. In less than ten years the castle and town fell into the hands of the Livonian knights, who, however, within the next decade restored it to the Danes. About the same time merchants from Lubeck and Bremen began to settle in the vicinity, and soon gave to Revel the German character it has since retained. Toward the close of the thirteenth century Revel became one of the most important of the Hanse towns, for the protection of whose trade a part of the city was walled.

Portions of the wall with its old-fashioned towers are yet standing. One of them is called the Hermann Tower, after the bishop of that name, and is not far distant through public gardens from the cylinder-turreted prison. Revel remained subject to the Danes till 1347, when they sold Esthonia to the Livonian knights for 19,000 marks. From the knights it passed, in 1561, to the Swedes, who held possession until Peter the Great annexed the province. The great Peter was fond of Revel, built himself a house in the neighborhood, and near to it a palace for the Tsarina, which he presented to her by the name of Catherinenthal.

It was in this suburb of Catherinenthal, at the Hôtel de France, we took up our quarters—not very good ones, however, for the house was full of summer visitors. Amongst them we found his Excellency Mr. Kapoustine, whom we had failed to see at Dorpat, and to whom I presented an introduction from Mr. W. S. Ralston, a well-known writer upon Russian subjects.

His Excellency kindly accompanied us to the surrounding points of interest. We walked through the gardens and park, which is literally a "bower of verdure" redeemed from a waste of sand, to the modest little Dutch house of that extraordinary man, Peter the Great. It has only three rooms—a dining-room, a bedroom (wherein is preserved his simple mirror, and a tall clock of the period by "R. Andrews, London"), whilst in the sitting-room there is an *ikon* of the Italian school of painting, a secretary with a marvellous number of secret places for hiding money and valuables, and a *zertsalo*, or triangular pyramid, which, when uncovered, symbolizes the presence of the Tsar, and before which all heads must be bare.

This little house was built under the rocks of the Laaksberg, so that from the windows the Tsar could see his infant fleet at anchor in the bay. We climbed the rocks for the sake of the view, and also to visit the light-house, in which we examined the apparatus, made, I observed, by Chance Brothers, of Birmingham, at a cost, we were told, of £1700. The principal light could be seen by ships only when directly in front of it, but there was an ordinary light in the rear, so that mariners knew their relative position, according as they could see one or both the lights. Leaving the light-house, we walked farther in the grounds, which Peter be-

queathed as a legacy to Revel. The palace has been a temporary sojourning place of all the sovereigns of Russia; and now suites of apartments therein are granted by the Emperor, I learned, for the summer, to distinguished Russian families.

Mr. M. N. Kapoustine is chief of all the educational affairs in the Baltic provinces, wherein, I was informed, one person in every fifteen (in some parts one in ten) is at school, and that in the three provinces are about 3000 schools and 200,000 scholars. The teaching in the elementary schools is conducted in Lettish and Esthonian, but in the higher establishments in German, the fees for the most expensive schools being £14 a year. Riga has a technical school, a Russian seminary, four gymnasia, and ten private schools, spending annually for her 60,000 German inhabitants, on German education, £18,400, whilst the cost of education among 32,000 Russians and 60,000 Letts amounts to £1200 and £200 respectively.

Revel is a more ancient-looking city than Riga, and possesses more antiquities than any town in the Baltic provinces. The founding of the city by a Danish ruler and the duration of Swedish rule have left their traces behind them, and the approach to the Dom, some of the Gothic walls and turrets of which are standing, is vividly reminiscent of mediæval times. The large, dingy, fortress-like houses and the grass-grown streets looked desolate, as if awaiting their owners' return for the winter. The cathedral—where we saw some interesting shields—the cathedral school, the Governor's palace, and the House of Assembly of the nobles, all looked somewhat woe-begone, and as if they had outlived their day.

We visited in the lower town two of the churches, of which there are many, the finest being that of St. Olai, built about half a century ago on the site of a former church of the fourteenth century, which was struck by lightning no less than eight times. The nave appeared remarkably lofty, and the spire is 430 feet high. It stands in a public garden, nearly surrounded by trees, and forms a graceful object in the appearance of the city.

The churches mentioned thus far are Protestant, as are more than nine-tenths probably of the inhabitants of the Baltic provinces; but there are in Revel four



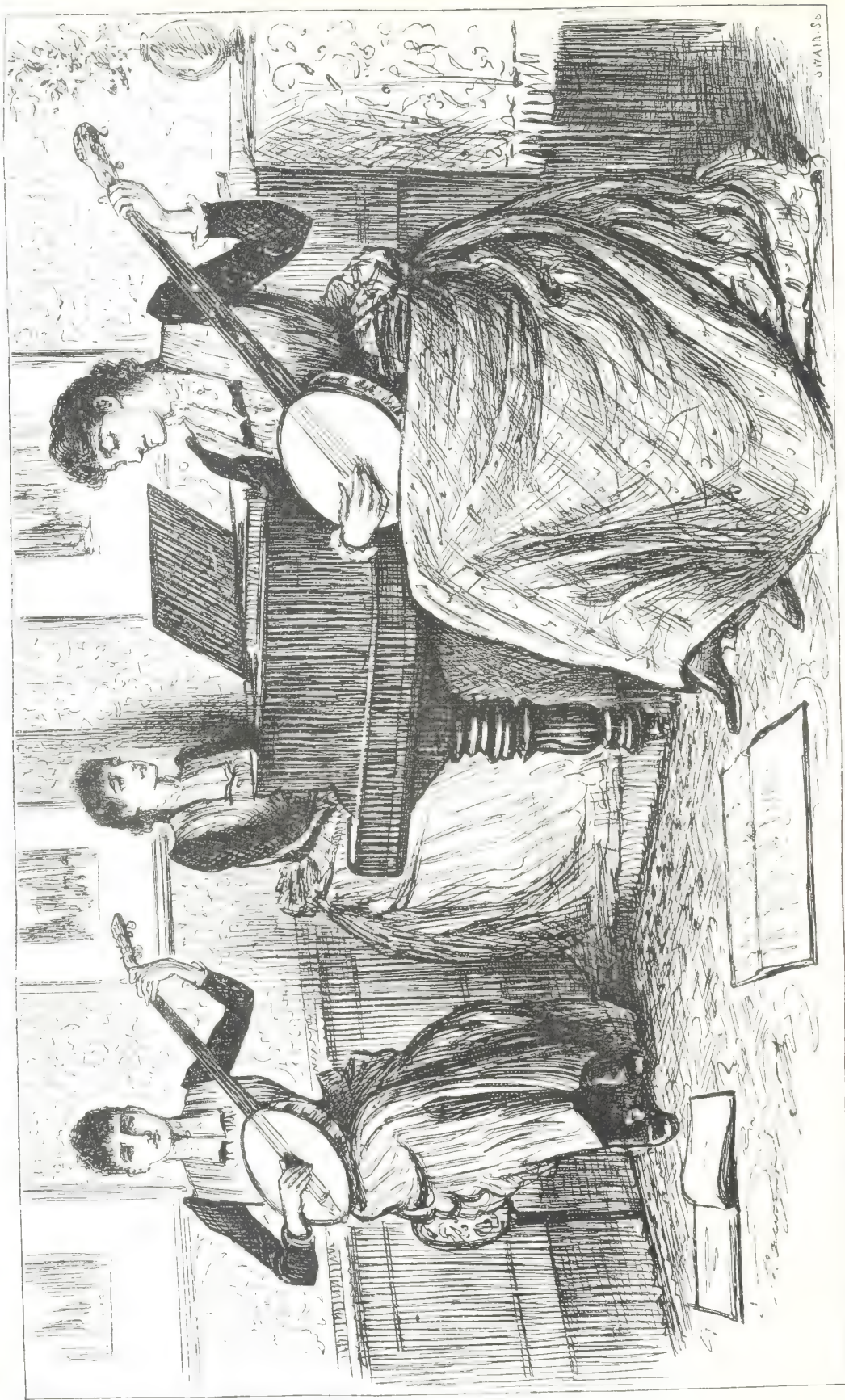
THE HERMANN TOWER AT REVEL.

Russo-Greek churches for the 15,000 members of that confession, a Roman Catholic chapel, a Jews' synagogue, and, it is said, a Mohammedan mosque. One may see, therefore, at Revel, beside the Lettish and Esthonian pastors, the usual staff of Russian clergy—the bishop, wearing his crape-covered hat and imperial decorations, whilst carrying a walking-staff of episcopal proportions; the protopope, or dean, in velvet hat without brim; and the ordinary parish priest and his deacon, in the old-fashioned “beaver” or low-crowned felt—but all of them carrying out the rule of the Nazarite in suffering no razor to come upon their heads.

After visiting the principal buildings of Revel proper, we returned to Catherinenthal, and took a pleasant evening walk through the park to the sea-side. Next morning, after bidding adieu to Mr. Kapoustine, who was kind enough to give us some valuable introductions to digni-

taries in St. Petersburg and Moscow, we started by rail for the former capital. Had time hung on our hands, we might have visited some of the small towns and watering-places along the coast of the Gulf of Finland, such as Baltic Port and Hapsal, which two, with Revel, are the principal ports in Esthonia for foreign commerce; Merrekul, where was staying Captain De Livron, who took me away from Siberia in 1879 in his man-of-war; and the ancient Narva, with its quaint sixteenth-century houses. At this last place is one of the largest cotton-mills in Russia, as described by Mr. Gallenga, who had given me an introduction to the manager.

But we had many miles before us, and accordingly pushed on to St. Petersburg. There we arrived on the last evening of July, and soon afterward went forward to Finland, the land of a thousand lakes, and the lake of a thousand isles.



"SO ENGLISH, YOU KNOW" Drawn by GEORGE DE MATTHEI.

The Miss Browns of "a good old Bayswater family" playing "Buffalo gals," with variations, on two American banjos and an American parlour grand.

Editor's Easy Chair.

IT is just seventy years since Sydney Smith asked in the *Edinburgh Review*, "who reads an American book?" The question was asked at the end of a review of a quarto work called *Statistical Annals of the United States*, by Adam Seybert, which was published in Philadelphia in 1818. As its title imports, the book contained a statement in figures of the revenues, expenditures, produce, and population of the country. The review is written in a patronizing but not unkindly strain. It warns Brother Jonathan against a love of false glory, which would betray him into war. "David Porter and Stephen Decatur," says our rosy British mentor, "are very brave men, but they will prove an unspeakable misfortune to their country if they inflame Jonathan into a love of naval glory, and inspire him with any other love of war than that which is founded upon a determination not to submit to serious insult and injury."

Then follows the familiar and, excepting the story of Mrs. Partington, the most famous passage in the writings of Sydney Smith, the passage upon taxation, which to an England overwhelmed with the enormous burdens of the Napoleonic wars was most significant. It begins with the words, "We can inform Jonathan what are the inevitable consequences of being too fond of glory: taxes upon every article which enters into the mouth, or covers the back, or is placed under the foot." It describes in detail the taxation which dogs at every step the poor victim of a love of glory, until "large fees are demanded for burying him in the chancel, his virtues are handed down to posterity on taxed marble, and he is then gathered to his fathers to be taxed no more."

We have always nourished a grudge in this country against Sydney Smith for that taunt about the American book. But the question was not unnatural, and we cannot deny that seventy years ago it had a relevance, and therefore a sting, which has long ago disappeared. It is undeniable that the critic's tone is patronizing; but that also is not surprising, and it was certainly no more unbecoming than our tone of truculent bumptiousness toward England in later days. "Thus

far we are the friends and admirers of Jonathan," says complacent John, "but he must not grow vain and ambitious, or allow himself to be dazzled by that galaxy of epithets by which his orators and newspaper scribblers endeavor to persuade their supporters that they are the greatest, the most refined, the most enlightened, and the most moral people upon earth. The effect of this is unspeakably ludicrous on this side of the Atlantic; and on the other, we shall imagine, must be rather humiliating to the reasonable part of the population." Conceding that we are brave, industrious, and acute, John asserts that we have given no indications of genius, and, considering our numbers and favorable circumstances, have done marvellously little to show that we came of the stock of Bacon, Shakespeare, and Newton, or that our English blood has been exalted or refined by our republican training and institutions.

All this was seventy years ago. It was in 1820, when practically *Knickerbocker's History* and "Thanatopsis" had been our only contributions to literature, for the first number of the *Sketch-Book* was scarcely issued, and not until the next year came Bryant's first thin little volume. The *Edinburgh* article sweeps on to the end with a catalogue of the names of conspicuous and famous Englishmen in the half-century since our separation, demands what illustrious names of the common blood we can produce, and then flares up into those questions which the quality of our common blood could not forgive. "In the four quarters of the globe who reads an American book, or goes to an American play, or looks at an American picture or statue? What does the world yet owe to American physicians or surgeons? What new substances have their chemists discovered, or what old ones have they analyzed? What new constellations have been discovered by the telescopes of Americans? What have they done in the mathematics? Who drinks out of American glasses, or eats from American plates, or wears American coats or gowns, or sleeps in American blankets? Finally, under which of the old tyrannical governments of Europe is every sixth man a slave, whom his fellow-creatures may buy and

sell and torture? When these questions are fairly and favorably answered, then laudatory epithets may be allowed; but till that can be done, we would seriously advise them to keep clear of superlatives."

So, with a sharp and rankling sting, ends this famous article. How furious was the little America of the day under that taunt! But how well the America of seventy years has answered those exasperating questions! The article, however useful, and, in a certain sense, true, nevertheless recalls Miss Martineau's account of Sydney Smith's description of the "savage and tartarly" methods of the *Edinburgh* reviewers:

"We were savage," replied Sydney Smith. "I remember" and it was plain he could not help enjoying the remembrance—how Brongham and I sat trying one night to see how we could exasperate our cruelty to the utmost. We had got hold of a poor nervous little vegetarian, who had put out a poor silly little book; and when we had done our review of it we sat trying—and here he joined his finger and thumb as if dropping from a vial—to find one more chink, one more crevice, through which we might drop in one more drop of verjuice to cut into his bones."

Americans were always good-naturedly resigned to Sydney Smith's losses in American securities. If he chooses to play with such cheap fellows, let him not whine if he gets hurt. But his wit comforted him in turn: "I would you were altogether such as I am, except these bonds."

However savage, and however angrily resented, this famous article is still good and suggestive reading for that "reasonable part" of the American population to which it alludes. It is a sharp reminder of the standards of national life, which capital and enterprise and the statistics of accumulating wealth cannot satisfy. It is not opportunity, but the use of opportunity, which is the test of manhood, both in an individual and in a people. It is the fact of the ennobling and refining uses of the greatest wealth which this season of collegiate and university anniversary celebrations recalls which furnishes one of the signal answers to the old taunt of John to Jonathan. The institutions of education, the hospitals and infirmaries, the libraries, the galleries, open to all the people by private munificence—the shrewdest *Edinburgh* critic who ever nourished literature on a little oatmeal

could not now omit to take account of these. If besides these, and the works of our inventive and literary genius, our pictorial and plastic art, our industrial and scientific skill, which have long since answered those lordly questions, the silent but precious accumulations in the country of rare works of the genius of all time are considered, the contrast with the material aridity of the scene which Sydney Smith contemplated is prodigious.

None the less his warning is still to be heeded. Jonathan may still wisely refuse to be dazzled by the galaxy of epithets describing his greatness into the belief that because Niagara is sublime, and the prairies broad, and the national growth and well-being imposing, there was no glory in Greece, and no grandeur in Rome, no liberty in England, and no learning in Germany.

A CORRESPONDENT whom the Easy Chair strongly suspects of having written a book which has been the subject of critical censure begs to know what the Chair understands to be the principles of modern literary criticism. The inquirer, if he be really the author of a book, has probably read in one journal that his work seems to fill the long-felt want of an American literature, and in another that a man who has nothing to say would do wisely to hold his tongue. One critic may have declared that in this somewhat remarkable work Shakespeare and Cervantes, hand in hand, have returned to earth, and another that Nahum Tate or Amos Cottle has reappeared. But when he asks the Easy Chair upon what principles the judgment proceeds, what can the Chair do but refer the inquirer to Sydney Smith's statement of the principles which guided the criticism of the *Edinburgh Review* in the earlier part of the century?

Dr. Maginn's performances in *Fraser*, also, or Gifford's in the *Quarterly*, show little other canon of criticism than the desire to be entertaining, with a disposition to praise what suits the personal taste of the critic, and lash what he does not like. This results from the conditions under which criticism proceeds. That of the daily newspaper is designed to inform the public of the writer's opinion of the character and value of such works as are sent to the paper. It is sometimes learned, acute, and admirable. It is often, however, an opinion which would have no

weight merely as the judgment of the writer. But print and publicity give it importance. Roe's private assertion that Doe is a thief does not challenge attention. But if Roe placards the town with his opinion, it is very disagreeable for Doe.

In this day of universal newspaper and magazine reading what is called criticism is in general an advertisement rather than a candid and sympathetic account of the purpose of the book and the degree in which the purpose is attained. Still less is it an award of fame. Except for the notice in the newspaper, but a very small part of the public would hear of the publication of the book. The managers of reading clubs, perhaps, peruse the publishers' announcements as an official duty, and in such cases the club would get some at least of the new books. But this would concern only a very select circle. The great mass of the public is made aware of the issue of new books mainly by the notices in the newspapers and the magazines. But the diversity of intelligence and qualification for the discharge of this office are as great almost as the number of newspapers.

In the older day the reviews of the *Evening Post*, for which Mr. Bryant was held responsible, of the papers with which Robert Walsh was connected, and of the *Tribune* when Margaret Fuller and George Ripley were the critics, were all important and authoritative. In later days the critical bench of many other papers than the two named is of great weight. But in the enormous multitude of papers there are every kind and degree of fitness for the duty of reviewing books. Whatever the qualification, however, the power of this bench is unquestionable. If the paper which is the literary director of its readers declares that our correspondent's work is well-meaning twaddle or tedious superfluity, that his subject is worthless, and his attempt at authorship a failure, which he will do well to heed, the number of readers who will read the book to ascertain whether the judgment is justified will not be many. For that circuit the case is closed: the opinion of another judge that the book is one of the glories of the age will not avail.

The consolation of the author must be found in the knowledge that there is an invisible higher tribunal—a court of appeals—which passes upon all the lower

judgments, and awards the final decision. The beatification of a book is its becoming a part of permanent literature. But to this result no critic's approval is the title, nor can his condemnation prevent it. There are reputations that glitter in the past—bright moths of an hour—authors whom everybody praised, but whom nobody now reads, whose names are vanishing or are utterly gone. What songs the world will heed and hum through the long lapse of coming time no critic sense can foretell. We only know that in certain flowers which seemed no fairer than their mates the bees found a honey that is stored in unwasting cells, a perpetual delight.

The value of criticism obviously depends upon the critic. But that value is derived from his character and accomplishment, not from obedience to supposed canons of criticism. If a man of fine taste and great knowledge and experience of pictures commends the sketches and studies of J. J., young Ridley may justly feel encouraged, and the spectator may be tolerably sure that he will not "dilate with the wrong emotion." But that is all. There is no critic living who can foretell whether a hundred years hence our good friend Walt Whitman will be accepted as a great poet or have fallen into the limbo where the vast throng of Kettell's poets lie. The critics are a needlessly awful host to the novice in art and letters. They may make the present moment disagreeable, and prejudice the newspaper judgment. But they cannot bribe or coerce the tribunal of time.

Even more indispensable to just criticism within its range than knowledge and insight is the friendly disposition. As in writing history, the vital necessity is the historic sense, the ability to conceive the spirit of a time and to interpret it with candor, so the critic's power of sympathy is his best equipment. Arthur Maynwaring is a name not familiar in general, but also not unknown to the students of Anne's "Augustan age" of letters. Steele dedicated to him the first collection of the *Tatler*, and it was said of him, in the well-balanced period of the time, "his learning was without pedantry, his wit without affectation, his judgment without malice, his friendship without interest, his zeal without violence; in a word, he was the best subject, the best friend, the best relation, the best master, the best critic, and

the best political writer in Great Britain."

It must have been pleasant to know such a Crichton, but the *Tatler* might have said truly it was because he was all the rest that he was the best critic. He criticised, as we ought all to live, by the golden rule. It was not to gratify a grudge, nor to be brilliant and entertaining, nor to show his cleverness or his superiority, but to tell the truth as he saw it of another man's work, as he would have wished that man to tell the truth of his. That is the criticism which helps both the writer and the reader. You may not agree with the opinion, but you must agree with the sincerity, and feel yourself enriched by a view as honest as your own, however different.

Shall the Easy Chair confess that as it takes every month a kind of literary "constitutional" in the neighboring Study, it cannot help feeling that had it come a moment sooner it would have caught Mr. Arthur Maynwaring in the very act of criticism?

THERE is one point which is perilously near politics, but upon which there is a singular harmony of view upon all sides. At a late agreeable dinner a doughty protectionist said with warmth that he agreed with the notorious free-traders in wishing to abolish the customs tax upon foreign works of art brought to this country. The same views were publicly expressed by one of the chief newspapers which advocate protection, and with general consent the duty has been stricken out of the new tariff.

It is not a very long time, that is to say, it is easily, in Macaulay's phrase, "within the memory of men still living," that Cole's pictures of the "Course of Empire" and the "Voyage of Life" were exhibited for the admiration of the town. It was an innocent town, distrustful of its knowledge of art. There was not a word of fun or good-natured or severe satire directed at the pictures. The papers spoke them fair. The public went to admire, and it admired. They were declared to be poetic and beautiful and suggestive pictures, and the ill-conditioned sceptics who looked askance at American art, as Fisher Ames had looked ruefully at American literature, were asked what they thought now, and whether they supposed the blossoms of the art of Raphael and Titian

and Correggio did not survive under the apparent material incubus of American life as the May-flower springs afresh under the cold, moist, dead leaves of last year in the woods?

It would be pleasant to know how much the remarkable growth and development of American art since the days of the "Voyage of Life" have been affected by the familiarity of American artists with the older and newer works in Europe. Washington Allston studied abroad, and Cole went to Italy with a benedictory sonnet from Bryant, and a long train of American pilgrims of art have followed them. But although returning they brought studies and sketches and hints and subjects from the other side, and sought Titian's secret of color, and modelled like Raphael to make sure of their sense of form, and although they threw upon the Academy walls something of the Italian landscape and glimpses of the Italian tradition, they could not bring with them the fostering atmosphere of art which lies in the long possession and presence and familiar association of the noblest pictures.

The originality and vigor of our art really began with the taste which was undoubtedly in large part what is called the "fad" for foreign pictures. The money of successful business was transmuted into famous European works of art. Excellent gentlemen who had been too much engrossed in their youth with the activities of trade to devote much time to actual study of the fine arts, collected pictures and formed galleries at a profuse cost, and with the consciousness that they were highly creditable possessions. With the greatest generosity they opened their collections to the public under certain restrictions. The young artist whose lean purse would not bear him over the ocean could see the finest works of modern genius, and occasionally an older picture. Among prosperous men the knowledge and the taste grew with the increasing multitude of works until they became connoisseurs and leaders in art; and at last the Metropolitan Museum is the permanent public repository of great and renowned treasures, which show the matured taste and intelligence of the community that looked with pleased but conscious æsthetic ignorance upon the "Course of Empire."

The public treasures in this kind are

known. But the more private riches of art in the country are less familiar. There are houses in various cities beautiful to behold, spacious and splendid, themselves works of an art in which we excel, and full of other works which are a liberal education. Nothing more signally than this illustrates the vast increase of American opportunities in every department, and the beginning of the transfer to this continent of the centres of art activity. The details of such possessions in the city of New York alone would astonish those who do not keep themselves familiar with this advance. In New York palaces there are collections in certain branches of art which kings' galleries do not rival, and upon modest walls hang pictures famous not only in themselves, but from the fame of their critics.

This happy result has largely fostered the feeling which is now universal, that all possible barriers should be removed from the entry of such works into the country. The cardinal argument fails that difficulty of entry would tend to greater domestic production. To exclude the "Transfiguration" or the "Assumption" would not give us greater American pictures, as the exclusion of Jenny Lind would not have given us greater native singers, and the exclusion of Gladstone would not stimulate nobler American eloquence except in indignant protest. The more admirable pictures the country contains, the more it will paint. Genius is not an industry that can be nursed and extended, and taste thrives best upon the richest fare. The Americans who bring us beautiful and ennobling works of art, like those who domesticate among us finer shrubs and trees, serve the higher national life by refining our taste and training the national love of beauty. But if a man asks what is the use of beauty, we must turn him over to the tender mercies of Easter lilies and June roses.

OUR old holiday "the glorious Fourth" has changed its character somewhat, and is now a day of recreation rather than of patriotic reminiscence and exhortation. Doubtless in old Boston there were those who thought that the 5th of March, the day of the massacre in King (or State) Street in 1770 would be always as piously observed by patriotic Boston as when Dr. Warren and John Hancock delivered the

oration. But the observance ended, Mr. Palfrey tells us, in 1783; and in 1785, perhaps with the same relief that the nobleman regarded the death of an author, because he could then "bind him up" and place him on the library shelf, thirteen 5th of March orations were bound up, and the celebration of the famous day was also laid upon the shelf.

No such decline will be apprehended for the Fourth of July, and as for binding up the orations upon that day—! The old character of the holiday will revive upon occasion, however, and a great orator will always give it distinction by pointing a present moral. There is no more noted Fourth of July oration in all the long list than that of Charles Sumner in Boston in 1845. His theme was the true grandeur of nations, which he declared to be peace, and on the anniversary of the triumphant national independence resulting from a great war, and in the presence of the military forces of the commonwealth, the discourse was a powerful philippic against war. It was a memorable oration, thoroughly characteristic of the man, which really disclosed him to the public, and perhaps to himself. But nothing could have more signally illustrated the orator's want of a quick sense of humor.

There were two other later and notable Boston Fourth of July orations. In 1858 Rufus Choate, in his most fervent and characteristic vein, and a flood of that poetic rhetoric in which he is wholly unsurpassed among American orators, delivered a plea for the Union in the old conservative sense; and Edward Everett, about a year before the war, recounted our greatness and deprecated the inevitable. Both orators were the pensive poets of a vanished America. Closing his brilliant survey, and insisting that our condition in 1858 assured our health, our strength, and our future—as indeed they did, but not as the orator surmised—Choate said, but with anxious exultation, just as the great civic storm was about to break: "This shadow that flits across our grasses and is gone, this shallow ripple that darkens the surface of our broad and widening stream and passes away, this little perturbation which our telescopes cannot find, and which our science can hardly find, but which we know cannot change the course or hasten the doom of one star—have these any terrors for us?"

These are voices of a Fourth of July that is gone. It was not a flitting shadow nor a shallow ripple that the orator saw. But the tempest which they portended has purified the air, and the Fourth of July eloquence of this year may happily devote itself to a service which was then hopeless, because the conditions of its success did not exist—the service of weaving an ever-closer tie of national

union. The words of Choate, which when spoken were profoundly painful and unreal from their vivid contrast with the terrible fact, we can repeat to-day with the joy of assured anticipation. "Happy, if such a day shall not be desecrated by our service; happy, if for us that descending sun shall look out on a more loving, more elevated, more united America!"

Editor's Study.

I.

WE have often admired the noble disdain with which we have seen an editor treat a correspondent asking him to retract some mistaken statement, or correct some injurious error. In these cases a correspondent is seldom able to lout so low, or to pitch his prayer in such a bated key, that the editor will not somehow spurn him with his foot, or deal him a box on the ear for his impudence. This behavior we have conceived to be the right way of maintaining the dignity of the press; it has seemed to us even more effective than the contemptuous silence of other editors who refuse to print any appeal from themselves to themselves; for it carries with it the terrors of a public disgrace, and may well be supposed to act deterrently. We confess that we have always envied it, and in the beginning we intended to practise it; but we early found that the Study was of such a defective make that it was useless to attempt the highest journalistic methods in it. The consequence has been that from time to time the presiding Genius of the Study (we make the little concession of the word Genius to the amiability of the superstitious who believe in such a thing) has found itself publicly eating humble-pie, owning itself wrong, trying to repair harms done, and otherwise dishonoring the calling of a censor. Strange to say this genius (whom we can allow a large G only in the first instance) has not only thriven upon the repulsive diet, but has formed a morbid appetite for humble-pie, and eats it with avidity; so that the Study is perhaps the only tribunal of the kind which is not merely willing but eager to be convicted of flaws of judgment, sins of ignorance, and inaccuracies of expression.

Some such explanation seems needed to

account for the publication of the following note from a fellow-critic, which we print without suppressing any of those caressing expressions which we like, but which we do not exact from correspondents seeking to set us right.

II

"DEAR MR. STUDY. I wish I had your facile felicity of expression: then could I review friends' books without giving offence to my friend or my conscience. But when you say (*re Garden of Dreams*), 'One must be slow to deny that the writer could fail of the highest effect she aimed at,' I fancy your phrase reverses your thought. 'Slow to assume' she could fail would be praise; 'slow to deny' she could fail is derogatory.

"*Enemy*. 'She could fail.'

"*Friend*. 'I deny that she could fail.'

"*Half-friend*. 'I am slow to deny,' etc.

"I was tempted to exploit this in my literary column—good jokes against the Study are so scarce—but I thought I'd do as I'd be done by for once."

We suppress the real name of the writer, who would probably be mobbed by those lewd fellows of the baser sort, to whom his reluctance to break the Study's windows when he had a chance will seem a cowardly treason; and we are very glad of his letter in the interest of Mrs. Moulton's charming volume. We thought when we wrote the sinuous sentence he has quoted that we were praising her work by that graceful indirection which a real literary person likes to use, and now we see that we were doing nothing of the kind. Even if we had said what we meant we should not have been praising it enough; but we had to be reticent so as to show a critic's natural, and in fact, unavoidable superiority to a poet. We thank our correspondent for his correction, and we commend his letter as a

model to all intending petitioners for justice at our hands. We will do justice upon any appeal, but we will do it a great deal more promptly and handsomely if there is mingled with the appeal a little judicious recognition of those virtues inherent in the Study, which, knowing it as we do, we should be the last to deny.

III.

The next piece of humble-pie is rather more difficult to manage. Not only is the keen edge of appetite blunted by the earlier refection, but it seems to us that a rather stronger relish of humiliation lurks in the following letter, and that there is a tang of irony in the smooth flavors of its most deprecatory expressions, though this may be merely our fancy. In spite of it, if the reader will watch, he shall see how manfully we will swallow it.

"DEAR SIR. Pardon the liberty I take in addressing you, but my excuse is simply that I have been much interested in your Editor's Study for March, and I am a little puzzled to know what Gower you refer to as coming between Chaucer and Spenser. I thought John Gower, the poet, a contemporary of Chaucer. Was it not Chaucer who gave him the name of the 'Moral' Gower, because of the moral tone of his poem in French, the one of his writings of which no known copy exists?"

"Is there another Gower you have in mind? I feel that you must be right in the matter, and yet I do not see just how you are. Again apologizing for writing you, I am,

Respectfully yours,

— — — — —"

There! But we wish to say, before leaving a subject that would be so distasteful to a less disciplined spirit than the Study's, that our correspondent is right in every particular, and particularly right in holding that though we were apparently so mistaken in our literary history, we must be correct upon general principles; in other words, that we were infallible. We hoped that we might easily establish, for the sake of the "great silence" between Chaucer and Spenser which Mr. Phelps would find so vocal in thought, that there really was another Gower, as our correspondent suggests. But upon referring to a friend who owns a copy of Chambers's *Encyclopædia of English Literature*, and getting him to refer to that, we learned that there really was no other Gower. We then instantly perceived that as it was impossible for us

to have been wrong in our position, we were the victim of a gross typographical error: and that we had not written Gower at all, but Skelton. Of course it was impossible that we should not have written Skelton, for with Pope's couplet in our mind,

"Chaucer's worst ribaldry is learned by rote,
And heads of houses beastly Skelton quote,"

it was inevitable, by any orderly psychological process, that we should fail to write Skelton after writing Chaucer. In fact, what we did write was "beastly Skelton," as could be readily proved by referring to our manuscript, if we had not instantly destroyed it upon making up our mind to this assertion.

IV.

We turn without reluctance from this correspondent to another, who, while owning us impeccable, convicts us of a sin of omission. This sort of sin is far less heinous than a sin of commission, and the delinquent may deal with it much less heroically. For some such reason we shall not be half so strenuous in denying that we said anything of the sort attributed to us; we will even admit that we did not go as far as we meant to go in the very direction our correspondent takes.

"As a rule," she begins, and we cannot praise her beginning too highly, "you always say just what I would like to say if I only knew how. But for once you have disappointed me. In speaking of the *Odd Number* volume of Maupassant's stories you say, "'The Diamond Necklace' and 'The Piece of String' are of heart-breaking pathos,' meaning thereby they are imbued with that sadness of life seemingly hopeless, because answering no comprehensible purpose or fulfilling any adequate design. The review was evidently of a cursory character, which can alone explain a lack of quick responsiveness to the fine subjectivity of this work. The stories are of course caviare to the general, and on the face altogether pessimistic. Of those above-mentioned, the life's sacrifice in one was apparently useless: the death in the other a sort of moral murder; the impression received of the remainder being likewise depressing. The technique of each is perfect in itself, in its faultless simplicity and analytical candor; and this is what is seen and admired, and this is what the Study calls 'extremely clever.' But hidden in this ingenious mechanism is a tiny, vital spark, which, when found, sheds a psychological light over the whole. It shows a

we are not mere victims of the dooming mysteries of life; we are not placed here to suffer for some enigmatical cause to be revealed in the hereafter, if indeed it may ever be revealed at all. But it teaches that while a wilful insistence for the false leads to moral degeneration or ruin, yet we also often find ourselves the subjects of undeserved calamity. The apparent injustice of this, Maupassant solves as did the old philosopher:

‘If I and mine are of the gods neglected,
There’s reason for their rigor.’

He also teaches it is good to follow the strongest law of our being if it satisfies the higher part of us, no matter as to the outward form it may take on. It shows that most tragedies of common occurrence may be traced to the often obscure source of an ‘overmastering passion’ of some sort. Indeed it is doubtful if these lessons could be conveyed as effectively other than in this clear searching light of every-day life. For all these meanings and many much deeper does the little spark reveal, and is to the plot what the soul is to the body.”

This seems very penetrating and just criticism, not so well expressed, of course, as if the Study had uttered, rather than adopted it; but showing that ethical and æsthetic refinement which the habitual reader of the Study is pretty sure to share with it sooner or later. It will reach the professional critics last of all; but even in them, the Study sometimes already fancies the gleam of a reflected light. In the mean time, it has many gratifying proofs that its readers think; and it does not insist that they shall always think with it. On the contrary, it is quite willing they shall think beyond it if they can, though we promise them they will find this difficult, as in the case of a correspondent who has lately written us, asking our influence against the use of criminal incidents in fiction. A coarse diet, our friend perceives, the crude-minded must have in literature, as we suggested a few months ago; but need it be poisonous? Why not hold out a wisp of sweeter grass to the donkey that likes thistles, and keep beckoning? Or, if an author must portray evil, should he not be most careful, most religiously careful to leave no doubt as to his own feeling in regard to the implications of the problem he handles, since “if we are interested in the work of an author, we are jealous of his personal integrity”? Unquestionably he should, for if he fails to do so, he does a moral mischief which no artistic virtue can atone for. The blind

faith with which a young reader especially trusts the direction of his sympathies, almost his conscience, to the imagination of a great “genius,” is something that no writer can abuse without being an infinitely greater scoundrel than “genius.” Our correspondent has hinted the pathos of a case whose perils the Study has more than once declared, both directly and indirectly, when it has pleaded with the band of intellectual giants who are now writing our novels to use the minor means of interesting their readers, to employ the *milde Macht*, which, if it does not always cure, is not so apt to kill. How many times has not this apartment rung with entreaties to be simple, to be rational, to be cleanly, to be decent, to be natural, addressed to the prodigious forces which too often revel in blood and tears, filth and crime, shame and vice, in order to enable the average novel-reader to pass an agreeable half-hour?

V.

These entreaties have not been without their effect, if we may trust the kind expressions of another correspondent (like the last three quoted, of the letter-writing sex), upon American novelists, and secondarily upon English readers, who are being here and there led to recognize the superiority of our fiction over their own.

“On opening HARPER’S MAGAZINE this evening,” she writes us from a large provincial city in England, “and turning to the Editor’s Study, I was much struck, in reading the remarks on ‘The Age of Words,’ by the fact that the comparative value of American and English modern novels as literature has been occupying my thoughts a good deal lately . . . It will perhaps be not altogether unpleasant to the editor of HARPER’S to hear my opinion, as it is also the opinion of several sensible but not ‘literary’ girl friends, with whom I have occasionally discussed modern novels.

“A number of years ago I became a member of a magazine club. We got thirteen magazines monthly, and as I am a terribly greedy reader there was scarcely an article and certainly not a story in one of the magazines unread by me. The magazines were *Contemporary*, *Nineteenth Century*, HARPER’S, *Atlantic Monthly*, *Scribner’s*, *Cornhill*, *Blackwood’s*, *Temple Bar*, *Chambers’s*, *Argosy*, *Magazine of Art*, *Longman’s*, and *English Illustrated* . . . In this range of reading the novels which have impressed me most during the last five or six years have been American. Their great charm was their exceeding naturalness. The characters in each of them seem to stand out in my memory as the figures stand out in

some of Millet's landscapes. In many of the modern English novels, after six months it is difficult to recall the characters; they seem to get hazy and mixed up with the surroundings. . . . With most of the clever modern English novelists the characters are made subservient to the ideas that the author wishes to promulgate. . . . Or he gives you just a string of incidents, often highly improbable; and at the end the heroine is rewarded by marrying a wealthy man, if she does not become a great heiress herself. The description of the dress or dresses, furniture and bric-à-brac, is simply tiresome, and it is pretty bad reading for the general public, who are already enough given to think more of a person's surroundings and circumstances than of the person himself. I cannot say that I have read many American novels, or that I know American novelists so well as English, but those I have read lately in HARPER's and Scribner's, although there have been beautiful surroundings, beautiful dress, and *heaps of money*—so that everybody can go to Europe!—these are only *by the way*. The stories are written to show character, and how the circumstances and surroundings influence the character.

"In regard to short stories, Americans are before the English. The short stories in most English magazines I never remember after I read, but in the American magazines I remember a number, and all good.

"In HARPER'S MAGAZINE the reviews on books are always worth reading, although they occasionally differ from some English reviews. Mark Twain's new book has been severely criticised here; it was called *irreverent*. I confess I did not feel the irreverence; but perhaps HARPER's is *Americanizing* me, as I very much enjoyed reading *A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur*, and read bits aloud to any one I can get to listen."

VI.

Nothing but the most inflexible devotion to justice, to justice presenting itself in the peculiarly winning form of justice to ourselves, could have prevailed upon us to print some passages in the closing paragraph of this very suggestive letter. But from time to time it is necessary to sacrifice modesty in the cause of truth, and we cheerfully "give publicity," as the editors say, to our correspondent's recognition of the value of our reviews. They do indeed occasionally "differ from some English reviews," and we have had moments when we fancied that their value largely resided in this difference. But we will not insist upon a point possibly offensive to the patriotism of a correspondent so agreeable; and we hope it will not be displeasing to her if we own that we think HARPER's is Ameri-

canizing her, and at such a rate that nothing but the absence of woman suffrage among us could keep her from voting at the next Presidential election. There is something very charming in the ingenuous daring, the ingenuous misgiving expressed in her opinion; it must have cost something in face of tradition and convention to arrive at beliefs so little conformable to the teachings of all the critical authorities of her island.

All? Perhaps not all. Here is Mr. Grant Allen, in a late contribution to that new English journal, *The Speaker*, saying very much the same things as our fair correspondent, and he is one of those critical authorities. He makes bold to declare that the present taste in fiction among his fellow-countrymen is a "recrudescence," and that it is in America the true principle is honored, and the character novel of the great English novelists is developing with traits peculiar to our conditions, while it is falling into almost entire neglect at home. He blames somewhat the weekly instalment plan of publication for the present state of things in England, with the demand for a constant quiver of sensation which it must supply; but he is aware that this is not the whole trouble, and he frankly attributes the greater part of it to the decay of the critical faculty among the critics. He might not agree with us that it is the want of humanity in English criticism that disables it; and by this we do not mean a want of kindness to any given author under review, but a want of sympathy with race interests. We think it quite impossible for criticism in sympathy only with class interests, growing out of class education, and admitting only class claims to the finer regard and respect of readers, to do justice to the American school of fiction.

"The modern American novel," as Mr. Allen truly says, "is built upon principles all its own, which entirely preclude the possibility of introducing those abrupt changes, sensational episodes, improbable coincidences, which to our contemporary English romance are indispensable ingredients. It is the real Realism, the natural Naturalism; it depends for its effects upon the faithful, almost photographic delineation of actual life, with its motives, its impulses, its springs of action laid bare to the eye, but with no unnatural straining after the intenser and coarser emotions

of blood and fire, no intentional effort to drag in murder, crime, or fierce interludes of passion, without adequate reason. If these things belong by nature to the particular drama, as it rises spontaneous in the author's brain, fall into their places they will and may; but the drama won't certainly go out of its fixed path to look for them. Such a conception of the nature of romance stands to the conception of the current English novel precisely as the modern landscape of truthful transcript from nature stands to the Claudesque and Poussinesque landscape of impossible composition and pseudo-classical idyl."

It would be hard to give a more exact and vivid statement of the artistic intention in the American novel, but we feel that Mr. Allen leaves a very important, a very essential matter untouched, and that is the American novelist's inherent, if not instinctive perception of equality: equality running through motive, passion, principle, incident, character, and commanding with the same force his interest in the meanest and the noblest, through the mere virtue of their humanity. Without this perception English romance wallows in sensation, and English criticism flowers in the vulgarity of the *Saturday Review*. Without this we have here in America our imitators of that romance and that criticism: poor provincials who actually object to meeting certain people in literature because they do not meet such people in society!

It is mostly these Little Peddlingtonians, trying so hard to be Little Londoners, who do the crying out for the "ideal" among us: for the thing that they think ought to be, rather than the thing that is, as if they, peradventure, knew what ought

to be better than God who made what is! Their noise is at times so confusing that one almost asks one's self if they have not some reason. But presently from somewhere comes a clear note, like a great dispersing light, and then we know that they have none, and can have none. Such a note came lately in a letter of Mr. Lowell's, written thirty years ago to Mrs. Stowe, and now printed in her biography:

"My advice is to follow your own instincts—to stick to nature, and to avoid what people commonly call the 'Ideal,' for that, and beauty, and pathos, and success, all lie in the simply natural. We all preach it, from Wordsworth down; and we all, from Wordsworth down, don't practise it. Don't I feel it every day in this weary editorial mill of mine, that there are ten thousand people who can write 'ideal' things for one who can see, and feel, and reproduce nature and character! Ten thousand, did I say? Nay, ten million. What made Shakespeare so great? Nothing but eyes and—faith in them."

This is anticipating by a long stretch of time the principles laid down by Señor Valdés in the prologue of his last story. But it is advice that may be advantageously offered still, even to American novelists, some of whom are more or less frightened from their propriety by those "infants crying in the night" for the moon: not of course the real moon, all uncomfortably cratered over with extinct volcanoes, and unpleasantly cold, but the ideal moon, the toy moon of the poets, the silvery orb of the love-sick swain. Señor Valdés set the figure of those who could write novels of effectism at some hundreds, to ten or twelve living authors who could write novels of character; but Mr. Lowell makes it ten million to one; and we do not think he is more than two or three million out of the way, if that.*

Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 10th of May.—

The Samoan treaty was officially signed at Berlin by the representatives of the United States, Great Britain, and Germany, April 12th. The treaty settling the island troubles was signed at Apia by King Malietoa and the American, British, and German consuls, April 19th.

President Harrison appointed George W. Steele Governor of the Territory of Oklahoma May 8th.

The Supreme Court of the United States decided, April 28th, that liquor may be sold in the original

package in any State, and all excise or prohibitory laws to the contrary are unconstitutional.

The World's Fair Bill, with the Senate's amendments, passed the House April 22d, and was approved by the President April 25th.

The International Copyright Bill was defeated in the House May 2d, by a vote of 126 to 98.

The Ballot Reform Bill for the State of New York was signed by Governor Hill May 3d.

A formal treaty agreeing to submit all differences between them to arbitration was signed, April 28th, by the representatives of the United States, Guate-

Guatemala, San Salvador, Honduras, Bolivia, Ecuador, Hayti, and the United States of Brazil.

The Reichstag was opened May 6th. The Emperor, in a speech from the throne, advocated the passage of laws for the protection of working-men and the continued preservation of peace. Herr von Levotzard was re-elected President of the Reichstag May 7th.

Colonel Mercedes Bermudez, the official candidate, was elected President of Peru April 13th.

A bill extending the *modus vivendi* with the United States for another year passed the final reading in the Canadian House of Commons April 24th.

A motion to exclude Jewish pupils from the superior schools was adopted in the Upper House of the Prussian Diet May 9th.

The use of the Russian language in the schools of Finland was made compulsory May 9th.

DISASTERS

April 16th.—Collapse of a weaving mill at Bergamo, Italy. Seventeen girls killed.

April 21st.—News received of wreck of steamer *Bilboa* in the North Sea. Fifteen lives lost.

May 6th.—Burning of insane asylum, Longue Pointe, Quebec. Over one hundred lives lost.

May 7th.—Twenty-five persons killed in the burning of the county poorhouse of Chenango County, at Preston, New York.

OBITUARY.

April 11th.—In Philadelphia, George H. Stuart, philanthropist, aged seventy-four years.

April 12th.—In Peking, China, Marquis Chitso Tseng, diplomat and statesman, aged fifty years.

April 15th.—In Washington, D. C., Samuel Jackson Randall, Congressman, in his sixty-second year.

April 16th.—Report from Zanibar of the death at Usambiro of the Rev. Alexander Mackay, missionary in the Uganda country, aged forty years.

April 17th.—In Amherst, Massachusetts, R. H. Mather, Professor at Amherst College, aged fifty-five years.

May 4th.—In Washington, D. C., James B. Beck, U. S. Senator from Kentucky, aged sixty-eight years.

May 7th.—In New York, Dr. J. R. Cummings, President of the Northwestern University, aged seventy-three years.—News from London of the death of James Nasmyth, engineer, aged eighty-one years.

May 9th.—In New York, Horace Louis Benson, banker and merchant, aged seventy-three years.



It does not seem to be decided yet whether women are to take the Senate or the House at Washington in the new development of what is called the dual government. There are disadvantages in both. The members of the Senate are so few that the women of the country would not be adequately represented in it; and

the Chamber in which the House meets is too large for women to make speeches in with any pleasure to themselves or their hearers. This last objection is, however, frivolous, for the speeches will be printed in the *Record*; and it is as easy to count women on a vote as men. There is nothing in the objection, either, that the Chamber would need to be remodelled, and the smoking-rooms be turned into Day Nurseries. The coming woman will not smoke, to be sure; neither will she, in coming forward to take charge of the government, plead the Baby Act. Only those women, we are told, would be elected to Congress whose age and position enable them to devote themselves exclusively to politics. The question, therefore, of taking to themselves the Senate or the House will be decided by the women themselves upon other grounds—as to whether they wish to take the initiative in legislation and hold the power of the purse, or whether they prefer to act as a check, to exercise the high treaty-making power, and to have a voice in selecting the women who shall be sent to represent us abroad. Other things being equal,

women will naturally select the Upper House, and especially as that will give them an opportunity to reject any but the most competent women for the Supreme Bench. The irreverent scoffers at our Supreme Court have in the past complained (though none do now) that there were "old women" in gowns on the bench. There would be no complaint of the kind in the future. The judges would be as pretty as those who assisted in the judgment of Paris, with changed functions; there would be no monotony in the dress, and the Supreme Bench would be one of the most attractive spectacles in Washington. When the judges as well as the advocates are Portias, the law will be an agreeable occupation.

This is, however, mere speculation. We do not understand that it is the immediate purpose of women to take the whole government, though some extravagant expectations are raised by the admission of new States that are ruled by women. They may wish to divide—and conquer. One plan is, instead of dual Chambers of opposite sexes, to mingle in both the Senate and the House. And this is more likely to be the plan adopted, because the revolution is not to be violent, and indeed cannot take place without some readjustment of the home life. We have at present what Charles Reade would have called only a right-handed civilization. To speak metaphorically, men cannot use their left hands, or, to drop the metaphor, before the government can be fully reorganized men must learn to do women's work. It may be a fair inference from this movement that women intend to abandon the sacred principle of Home Rule. This abandonment is foreshadowed in a recent election in a small Western city, where the female voters made a clean sweep, elected an entire city council of women and most of the other officers, including the police judge and the mayor. The latter lady, by one of those intrusions of nature which reform is not yet able to control, became a mother and a mayor the same week. Her husband had been city clerk, and held over; but fortunately an arrangement was made with him to stay at home and take care of the baby, unofficially, while the mayor attends to her public duties. Thus the city clerk will gradually be initiated into the duties of home rule, and when the mayor is elected to Congress, he will be ready to accompany her to Washington and keep house. The imagination likes to dwell upon this, for the new order is capable of infinite extension. When the State takes care of all the children in government nurseries, and the mayor has taken her place in the United States Senate, her husband, if he has become sufficiently reformed and feminized, may go to the House, and the reunited family of two, clubbing their salaries, can live in great comfort.

All this can be easily arranged, whether we are to have a dual government of sexes or a mixed House and Senate. The real difficulty is about a single Executive. Neither sex will

be willing to yield to the other this vast power. We might elect a man and wife President and Vice-President, but the Vice-President, of whatever sex, could not well preside over the Senate and in the White House at the same time. It is true that the Constitution provides that the President and Vice-President shall not be of the same State, but residence can be acquired to get over this as easily as to obtain a divorce; and a Constitution that insists upon speaking of the President as "he" is too antiquated to be respected. When the President is a woman, it can matter little whether her husband or some other woman presides in the Senate. Even the reformers will hardly insist upon two Presidents in order to carry out the equality idea, so that we are probably anticipating difficulties that will not occur in practice.

The Drawer has only one more practical suggestion. As the right of voting carries with it the right to hold any elective office, a great change must take place in Washington life. Now for some years the divergence of society and politics has been increasing at the capital. With women in both Houses and on the Supreme Bench and at the heads of the departments, social and political life will become one and the same thing; receptions and afternoon teas will be held in the Senate and House, and political caucuses in all the drawing-rooms. And then life will begin to be interesting.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

A LITTLE OF BOTH.

A FAMOUS physician, at a dinner party, who thought he had a fine voice, after singing a song, remarked that when he was young he was quite undecided whether to choose medicine or music as a profession. A friend replied, promptly, "Frank, your voice is physic."

A PROPER AMENDMENT.

A VERY discreditable son of Henry County, Virginia, on returning to his birthplace, had occasion to address his fellow-countrymen in a speech.

"My friends," he said, "I owe—" He was going to add, "everything that I am to the people of Henry County," but suddenly remembering that this would be rather a doubtful compliment, he hesitated. "I owe," he repeated, and paused again. "I owe—in fact, I owe everything that I *ought* to be to the citizens of this county."

TURN ABOUT.

A YOUNG lawyer's fall from grace in the management of an estate resulted in the following conversation between the delinquent's brother and a former friend of the family who had not heard of the young man's trouble:

"Is your brother still pursuing the law?"

"He was until last spring."

"And now?"

"The law is pursuing him."

HOW THE HORSE GOT HIS DRINK.

A GREAT many men who get their conveyances from the livery-stables become very good drivers without ever learning how to get the harness on or off a horse. A young man of this sort from the East was driving out one day with the young lady to whom he was engaged, whose home was on an Illinois prairie, and who could on emergency harness a horse as well as the most expert stable-boy. In the course of the drive they came to a watering-trough by the road-side, and the young lady, with rare liberality, the afternoon being warm, suggested that the horse have a drink, where-upon her escort reined up to the trough accordingly. But the horse, being checked up, could not reach the water, and the lady again suggested that her companion get out and let the animal's head down, which he proceeded to do. He made a careful survey of the harness, considered the various straps that ran along the animal's back from his head to his tail, and after due thought reached a philo-

sophical and *ad hoc* conclusion, and proceeded to *adjust the strap*. The horse got his drink, but the country girl, who sat in the *phacton* and watched the operation, was so nearly convulsed with ill-concealed merriment as to be wholly unfit for ordinary conversation for the next half-hour.

WARNING HIM.

"THE safest way to kill a man," said facetious Chollie, "is to bore him to death."
"Well, you want to be careful. You're just the sort of fellow to do that sort of thing."

THE MOTTO.

THE Congress talked at matters for their motto.
"I thirst!" chose one; and one, "God help my
own soul was *about* *The Heart of the Soldier*."
All the *terms* *trains*; that were *entitled* on
Quoth Faintheart, "With your choice I can't agree;
The *with* *argument* *—* *conclude* *the* *case*."
S. D. S., JUN



BONDS OF SYMPATHY.

MR. TERRY, *in doing a lot of good*, *is* *the* *best* *of* *us*, *and* *the* *difficulties* *of* *gettin'* *our* *money* *when* *our* *jobs* *is* *done*, *we* *don't* *have* *too* *easy* *a* *time* *of* *it*."

CAUSE FOR THANKFULNESS.

IN the Theatre Royal, Dublin, when the Italian Company came to play *Faust*, the actor who took the part of Mephistopheles neglected to try the size of the trap-door by which he was supposed to descend into the infernal regions. His figure, which "he had not lost, but which had gone *before*," was too large for the opening, and at the supreme moment he discovered that he could not get down above his waist. To heighten the awkwardness of the situation, and to relieve the strained feelings of the audience, one of the gods in the gallery, in a rich Irish brogue, exclaimed, "Begorra! hell's full."

A CURIOUS COUPLET.

A FRIEND of the Drawer whose French is not a pronounced success is responsible for the following extraordinary couplet to Caran d'Ache:

"Excuse my slang, but thou dost take the cake,
Thou son of art, O wondrous Caran d'Ache!"

BIT ME TOO.

THE old doctor and the old captain were fast friends, both inveterate jokers, and both, despite their aggregate sixscore years, rabid sportsmen. The doctor's frightful stammer did not seem to impede the flow of a joke, nor did the captain's equatorial girth lessen his agility.

One afternoon the old men set out on a rabbit hunt. As they passed through an orchard something scurried into a burrow.

"A r-r-wist-rabbit!" shouted the doctor. "L-l-let's p-pull him out;" and kneeling at the hole, he thrust his arm in up to the shoulder. "S-s-say!" he remarked after a moment's fumbling; "I c-c-wist-can't q-quite g-get h-him. Y-y-uh-you t-try it, John; y-y-uh-your arm's l-longer than m-m-mine."

The captain knelt and thrust his arm down. In an instant he was executing a war-dance around the tree, waving a bloody finger.

"Blankety-blank-blank! That's no rabbit; it's a ground-hog."

"D-d-wist—did he bite you, J-John?" queried the doctor, anxiously.

"Bite? Blankety-blank! Don't you see he took off the whole end of my finger?"

"Wh-wh-uh-why, that's t-too b-b-wist—bad," said the doctor, taking his own hand from behind him and showing a sadly lacerated thumb. "*H-he b-b-wist—bit me too.*"

A MARVELLOUS CURE.

"HE is a wonderful physician," said Mrs. Ultrafaith, languidly. "When I first went to him I was simply prostrated with health. From that time I began to mend, and really feel now that I am what might be called an interesting invalid."

TEMPORARY UNCERTAINTY.

THE habit of "uncertainty" has frequently been the ruin of a man, and in a particular instance that has come to notice nearly cost a young citizen of a Western town his happiness. The young citizen in question was standing at the altar with his bride, and in the usual course of events was asked, "Wilt thou, John, take this woman to be thy wedded wife?"

"I guess so," replied the non-committal bridegroom.

"John!" ejaculated the bride, in dismay.

"Oh—ah—yes!" added the groom, realizing his error. "Why, certainly I wilt."

A PREFERENCE.

I MUCH prefer a soft felt hat
Like his who labors in the fields,
To jewelled head-gear like to that
He wears who golden sceptre wields.

But when it comes to meat and drink,
I envy not the farmer's fate;
From his plain board I'd surely shrink,
And settle down a potentate.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

OVERHEARD IN AN ART GALLERY.

I.

CADMUS. "I say, Chalkley, I thought this picture of yours was a sunset?"

CHALKLEY. "It was, but the idiots hung it on the east wall, and I had to change it to a sunrise to go with the compass."

II.

PINKERTON HUNGERFORD. "Your work is very original, Mr. Hawkes."

HAWKES (*gratified*). "Thank you, Mr. Hungerford; I strive to be original."

PINKERTON HUNGERFORD. "It's really wonderful. I don't believe the angel Gabriel himself ever saw a sky of that color, and that mauve verberna patch off to the left has never been equalled even by Nature."

III.

BARNES. "This young painter left pork-packing to take up art."

POTTER. "What a very bad pork-packer he must have been!"

IV.

MARGAUX. "That is a funny sort of a picture. What is it—an aquarelle?"

WAGG. "I don't know. It's funny enough to be a Max O'Rell."

V.

MRS. HAMILCAR-PELTON. "This little thing of Varick's reminds me of Meissonier at his best."

BADGERTON (*a rival of Varick's*). "Yes; it is framed like Meissonier's 'Friedland.'"

VI.

CRITICUS. "What do you think of Corey?"

CYNICUS. "His signature suggests Corot; his coloring is like that of—ah—what is the name of that campaign banner painter on Canal Street?"

CARLYLE SMITH.



ALMOST PERFECT.

FIRST LADY. "What do you think of Mr. Thompson?"
SECOND LADY. "He only needs instinct to be a perfect brute."

A PRACTICAL HIBERNICISM.

Mrs. L——, of Brooklyn, on going into the country for the summer, left the key of her house in charge of faithful Patrick O'F——. Returning in September, she learned that the man had gone out of town for a few days, and had failed to leave any word about her key. She devoted hours to going from one end of the city to the other, trying to obtain some tidings of Patrick or her key, and did not succeed till night. What should first greet her eyes after unlocking and entering her house but this inscription, carefully chalked on the kitchen wall by the conscientious custodian: "Notis—Mrs. L—— will foind her Key at No. — Bidferd avhoo."

ESSEL STILSON.

MY SALAD DAYS.

"The youth sings 'love' through all his salad days."
—*Old Song.*

THE thatch upon my mental roof
Is growing rather thin,
And I'm inclined to stand aloof
From prattle's merry din.
I'm fonder of my friend and pipe;
I think I'm more serene;
Men soon, I fear, will call me *ripe*,
Although my name is Green.

Miss Mabel and Miss Margery now
Declare that I'm a bore;
No sweet smile greets me when I bow;
It was not thus of yore.
And so I view with rapt regret,
More fair through memory's haze,
That pristine period when I yet
Was in my "salad days."

My much-beribboned loves I see:
Where are they now, alas?
Ah! if the dears not wedded be,
They sleep beneath the grass.
With maidens fair no more I wind
Down shady woodland ways;
I left romantic strolls behind
In glad old "salad days."

We had no gay lawn-tennis then;
Yet we could play "love all"
As well as any modern men
Who deftly "serve" the ball.
We drove, we boated, and we danced;
We trod the garden maze;
And, oh, the bright eyes, how they glanced
In happy "salad days"!

Gone all the buoyancy and zest;
I'm "laid upon the shelf."
My thoughts of consolation rest
In goodly store of pelf.
And yet I'd gladly barter gold,
And pride of place, and praise,
For those blithe-hearted times of old
In frolic "salad days."

THE TWO DROMIOS.

THE mistakes of Mrs. Malaprop find their parallel in the aggregation of errors for which the old lady who went to see the Two Dromios was responsible. On her return home she observed that she had seen the play once before in her youth, but it was all changed

now. Instead of having a Juliet they had two Dromios, who looked so much alike that you couldn't tell 'em apart, except when they were off the stage, and then you couldn't see them; that for her part she didn't think Shakespeare would stand such foolish perversion of his beautiful play, and that if he hadn't any respect for his own work he might have had enough for his audience to keep his clowns in the circus where they belonged. The Drawer prints this as a valuable addition to the "Curiosities of Criticism."

TWO FAMOUS JOKES.

THE memory of Theodore Hook, the celebrated English humorist, is very appropriately associated with the most audacious jest on record, viz., his announcement, when recalled from his post as Governor of Mauritius on a charge of embezzling \$60,000 of the public money, that he had come home "on account of a disorder in his chest." But the most brilliant of his comic feats was achieved in concert with his famous rival, Tom Hood. The two were strolling one summer evening on the outskirts of London with their friend Charles Matthews, the great actor, when Hood said to Hook, "They call us 'the inseparables,' but, after all, it's only natural that *Hook-and-eye* should always be together, eh, Theo?"

"Bravo, Tom!" cried Hook; "that's the best I've heard for a long time. I say, suppose we have a match which of us two can make the best joke on the spur of the moment. Charlie Matthews here shall be umpire, and the loser shall stand treat for a supper for three."

"Done!" said Hood; and scarcely was the word uttered when they espied a sign-board, the owner of which, wishing to advertise that he sold beer, had unluckily worded the announcement, "*Bear* sold here."

"Oho!" said Hook, "I suppose that *bear* is his own *Brain*."

"Well done!" cried Charles Matthews; "you'll have hard work to beat *that*, friend Thomas."

"I dare say he'll do it, though," said Theodore; "he carries more than two faces under one Hood—don't you, Tom?"

At that moment they turned a sharp corner, and came in sight of a small, tumble-down house, standing in the midst of a wretched little plot of worn and trampled grass, just in front of which was displayed a huge board, with the inscription, "*Beware the dog*."

Hood looked warily round him in all directions, and finding no dog anywhere visible, picked up a broken piece of brick and scribbled underneath the warning, "*Ware be the dog*!"

"Well, I'll tell you what it is, my boys," said Charles Matthews, "I can't decide between two such jokes as those, and what's more, I'm not going to try; so we had better all go and sup together, and each pay his own share."

DAVID KER



"WHEN MISS LEE AND MR BROWN REGULARLY WENT DOWN TO THE ROCKS."
See "The Uncle of an Angel."

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No. CCCCLXXXIII.

PORT TARASCON:

THE LAST ADVENTURES OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS TARTARIN.

By ALPHONSE DAUDET, TRANSLATED BY HENRY JAMES.

BOOK SECOND

I.

Memorial of Port Tarascon: a Diary kept by Secretary Pascalon, in which is set forth Everything said and done in the Free Colony under the Government of Tartarin.

DECEMBER 20th, 1881.—I have undertaken to commit to this register the principal events in our annals.

I shall have a lot of trouble, with all the work already on my shoulders; for, as General Commissioner of the different Bureaux, I look after all the administrative papers, and then, as soon as I have a minute to myself, dash off a few verses in our special idiom, for fear the high functionary in my spirit may destroy the national bard.

Never mind, I shall manage to keep everything going. It will be curious some day to follow these first steps in the career of a people. I have spoken to nobody of the work I begin to-day, not even to the Governor.

The first thing to be noted is the happy turn of affairs since the *Tootoopumpum* left us a week ago. We are getting settled, and the flag of Fort Tarascon, which bears the Tarasque quartered on the French colors, floats from the summit of the citadel.

It is there that the government is established, by which I mean our Tartarin, the Commissioners, and the Bureaux. The unmarried Commissioners, like myself, like

M. Tournatoire, Commissioner of Health, and Brother Bataillet, Grand Chief of Artillery and of the Navy, are lodged at headquarters. Costecalde and Escourbaniès, who are married, eat and sleep in town.

When we say "in town," we mean the general residence, the big house which the carpenters of the *Tootoopumpum* succeeded in putting into fair condition. Around

it we have laid out a kind of boulevard, a promenade, to which we have given the pompous name of the "Walk Round." It is quite Tarascon over again.

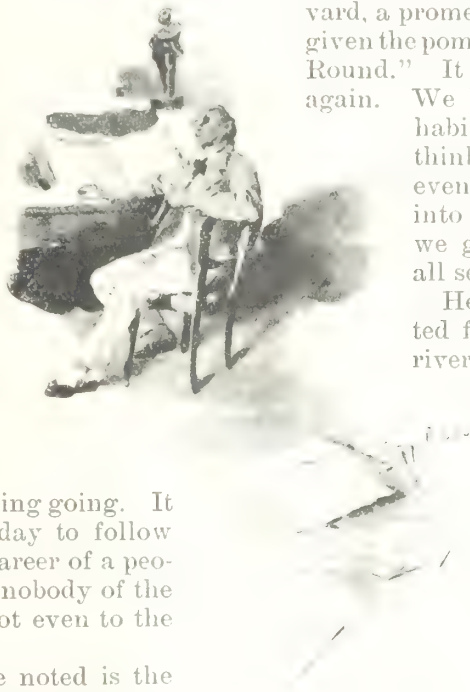
We have already taken the habit of it. We say: "I think I'll go into town this evening. Have you been into town to-day? Suppose we go into town." And it all seems quite natural.

Head-quarters are separated from town by the little river, to which we have given the name of the Little Rhone. This is a sweet memento of home.

From my office, when the window is open, I hear the slapping and beating of the washer-women, though it doesn't go so fast nor sound so sharp as their Tarasconian chatter. I see

them leaning over the bank; I hear their songs, their calls to each other; and this little picture, the dialect of home, with its sharp sonorities, putting a bit of scenery into the air, quite recalls and revives the mother-land.

There is only one thing that makes it disagreeable for me at head-quarters—



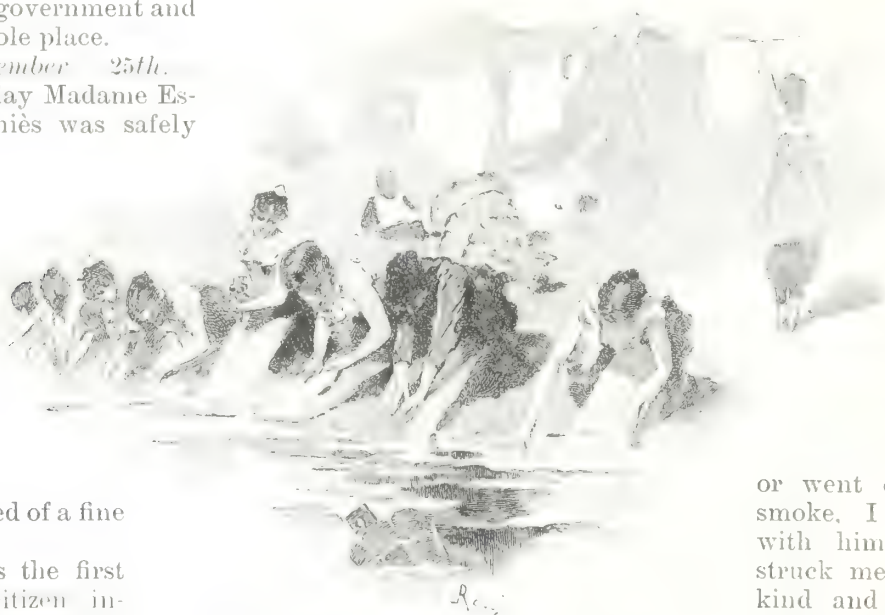
the consciousness of the magazine. Our friends left us a great quantity of powder, which, with the culverin, has been deposited in the sub-cellar of the citadel. There also are our general stores, our supplies of provisions of every description—garlic, preserves, liquids, reserves of weapons, of instruments and tools. The whole thing is carefully bolted and barred, but all the same it rather haunts me, especially at night, to think of our having there under our feet such a lot of explosive and combustible matter, quite enough to blow up the government and the whole place.

September 25th.

Yesterday Madame Escourbaniès was safely

tening came a general stroll on the Walk Round. All the world was in spirits; it seemed as if the new-born babe had brought hope and happiness to the colony. The government distributed a double ration of tunny and potted pears, and in the evening there was an extra dish on every table. At head-quarters we put a wild pig to roast, owing the animal to the skill of the Marquis des Espazettes, the first shot on the island after Tartarin.

When dinner was over, as the Govern-



"THE WASHER-WOMEN ALONG THE BANK."

delivered of a fine boy.

He is the first little citizen inscribed on our books. Accordingly we have given him the suggestive name of Miracle. He has been baptized in great pomp at St. Martha's of the Palms, our little provisional church, constructed of bamboo, with a roof of big leaves.

I had the good fortune to be godfather, and to have for godmother Mademoiselle Clorinde des Espazettes. She is unfortunately a little tall for me, but so pretty; she looked wonderfully fresh and smart under the checkers of light that filtered through the trellis of bamboo and between the gaps of the leafy roof.

The whole city was collected; our good Governor pronounced a few admirable words, moving to us all, and Brother Bataillet brought the ceremony to a close by the recital of one of his charming tales.

The day was treated as a holiday, and work was everywhere suspended. We made a regular fête of it. After the chris-

or went out to smoke, I went with him. He struck me as so kind and paternal, as we talked together, that I confessed to him

my affection for Mademoiselle Clorinde. He smiled; he was already aware of it. He promised me to intercede, and, full of encouraging words, spoke to me of my fine position. It is true that to be General Commissioner of the Bureaux at my age—

Unfortunately the Marquise is a Lambese, very proud of her origin, and I am only a commoner. Of a good family, doubtless; we have nothing to be ashamed of; but we have always lived as plain folk. I have also against me my bashfulness, my slight stutter, and moreover there is a little place on top where my hair is beginning to thin. But I have a spirit and a future.

Oh, if it were only a question of the Marquis—deuce of a bit would he care, so long as he can get his sport! It is not like his wife, with her quarterings. Only fancy—an Espazettes! To give you an

mouth. What does this mean? I can't imagine, and I didn't venture to question him.

During breakfast he was nervous, and in conversation with his chaplain these words escaped him, "If you come to that, we have too little of the Rabblebabble."

As Madame des Espazettes de Lambesc has always on her lips this contemptuous expression, "the Rabblebabble," I thought that he might have seen her, and that my request had not

been acceded to; but I was unable to find out how matters stood, inasmuch as the Governor immediately began to talk of the report of Commissioner Costecalde on the subject of agriculture.

This report has been most dismal. It

idea of her pride, all the world, in town, assembles in the evening in the general saloon. It's very pleasant; the ladies bring their knitting, the men take a hand at whist. But Madame des Espazettes is too grand for this, and remains with her daughters in their cubicle, though the place is so tiny that when the ladies change their gown two of them can never do it at once. Very well, the Marquise would rather pass her evenings there, receiving "at home," and offering camomile tea and sickly decoctions of herbs to guests who can't sit down, than mingle with the rest, so great is her horror of the Rabblebabble. That will give you an idea.

However, I have the Governor with me, and in spite of everything this gives me hope.

September 29th.

—I have not been out for two days, have not budged from my room or my office.

Yesterday the Governor went down into town. He promised me to speak of my little matter, so as to have it to tell me about when he came back. You may think if I waited with impatience! But when he came back he never opened his



BAPTISM OF MIRACLETE.



PASCALON AND CLORINDE.

tells of fruitless attempts of maize, of corn, of potatoes, of carrots, of everything, refusing to sprout. There is no vegetable mould, and so much water, with the impervious soil, that all the seed is swamped. In a word, it is what Bézuquet announced, only still more wretched.

I must add that the Commissioner of Agriculture perhaps does his best to push matters to the worst, and present them in the saddest light. Costecalde, in truth, is such an evil spirit! He has always been jealous of Tartarin's glory. I feel that he is animated with sneaking hatred of him.

All the while lunch lasted nothing was talked of but this report. Brother



Ross

PASCALON AND TARTARIN.

Bataillet, who never goes the longest way round, plumped out a demand for Costecalde's dismissal; but the Governor replied, with his high reason and his habitual moderation, "It is requested of your Reverence not to get started."

On leaving table we passed into Costecalde's private room, and Tartarin went up to him, you know, quite calm. "So, as we were saying, Mr. Commissioner, our cultivation—"

The other, very sour, replied, without wincing, "I have addressed my report to his Excellency."

"Come, come, really, Costecalde, your report's a trifle severe."

Costecalde turned quite yellow. "It's

just what it has to be, and if people are not satisfied—"

His eyes flamed, and the insolence rang out in his voice; but Tartarin controlled himself on account of the others who were present.

"Costecalde," he said, with two sparks in his little gray eyes, "I'll have two words with you when we're alone."

It was terrible; the perspiration poured from me.

September 30th.—Oh, these old nobles—what an awful crew!

It's just as I feared; my suit has been scorned by the house of Espazettes. I'm of too humble extraction. I'm authorized to visit there as before, but I'm forbidden to hope.

Devil take it, what are they looking for? Is there a noble in the settlement to whom they can give their Clorinde? They themselves are the only grand people. Do they

want to make her an old spinster, like Mademoiselle Tournatoire? Do they want to

make her, I mean, a poor wounded heart? For, strictly, I can't compare so lovely a creature to the tall Touareg, who, for the last twenty years or more, has been showing our Tartarin the whites of her eyes, never taking it in that he can't possibly want her, that he means never to marry at all, having taken glory for his bride.

What am I to do? What line can I take? Clorinde loves me enough, I'm sure, to elope with me, and let me seal our union in some other country. But what other country—since we have the bad luck to be on an island?

I could, in a manner, have understood their repudiating me when I was only a druggist's apprentice. But to-day I have a future. To put it in a word, Tartarin delights in me; he has no children; I may dream of almost anything! Who knows but later— It would only be the matter

of a transfer of authority. Yes, surely, there are no aspirations forbidden me!

How many others would like to believe I think of *them*! Without going very far, little Miss Franquebalme, a good musician—she “learns” her sisters—is a case in which the parents would be enchanted if I were to so much as lift my finger.

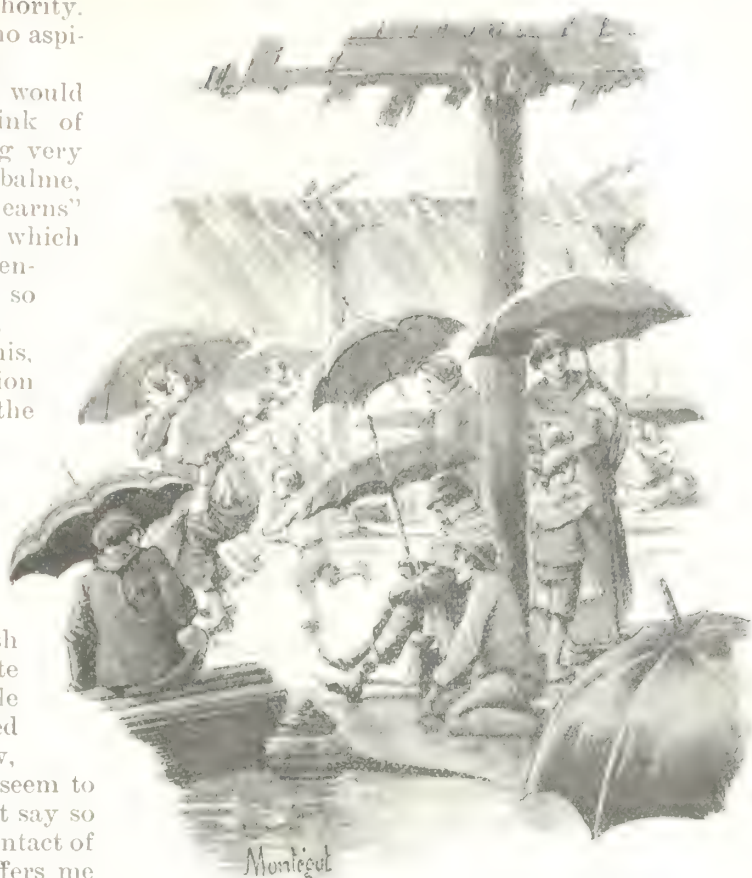
Despair! despair! This, then, is the consummation of all my dreams, of the brave illusions I framed during those sweet talks on the deck of the *Tootoo-pumpum*. And since we have been here, what other delicious hours! Must I relinquish joys that are great in spite of being made of little things—evenings passed near her at the window, words exchanged that seem to be nothing and that yet say so much, the accidental contact of our hands when she offers me the cup of camomile, the decoction of herbs?

They are over, those happy days! And to finish me off, it has been raining ever since this morning, raining without a stop, so that everything is blurred and blotted out and drowned, muffled in a deadly gray veil.

Ah, Bézuquet told the truth—it does rain at Port Tarascon; it certainly does. The torrents surround us on every side, cage us up behind the fine wires of a cricket hutch. There’s no horizon left, nothing but the rain and the rain. It swamps the land and riddles the ocean, which mixes with the water that falls all the water that rises in splash and spray.

October 3d.—Yes, the Governor’s al-lusion was happy; we have not quite enough of the Rabblebabble. Rather fewer quarterings of nobility, fewer high dignitaries, and rather more plumbers and masons and slaters and thatchers and carpenters, would meet our requirements considerably better.

Last night, with the continual rain, these water-spouts that soak through everything, the roof of the big house



“UNDER OPEN UMBRELLAS.”

burst in, and the city was inundated. The morning has been spent in general bewilderment—complaints on complaints, an incessant rushing to and fro between head-quarters and town.

The different Bureaux shift the responsibility from one to the other. The Department of Agriculture says it’s *our* business, while our department insists that the matter falls within the jurisdiction of the Board of Health; this board, meanwhile, sending the complainants to the Navy, because it’s a question of planking and building.

In town they were all furious, up to their knees in water, but declaring that it’s all the fault of the “state of things.” From this position they refuse to budge, quite indifferent to the conflict of jurisdiction. Meanwhile the great gap has been growing bigger, the water gushing in a cataract from the roof, so that there’s nothing to be seen in the cubicles but people squabbling under open umbrellas, and



"A SERVANT-MAID SCRAMBLED UP ON THE ROOF."

brawling and bawling, and accusing the government.

Happily we have no lack of umbrellas. There was a tremendous lot of them in our assortment of goods for barter with the savages, almost as many as dog-collars; enormous cotton ones of every color, which we are very glad to have in a country of permanent rain.

Well, to finish about the inundation, a brave girl, a servant-maid belonging to Mademoiselle Tournatoire, scrambled up on the roof and nailed over it a sheet of zinc, extracted for the purpose from the emporium. The Governor directs me to write her a letter of felicitation.

If I mention this incident here, it is because the occasion has made the weakness of our colony so conspicuous.

The administration is excellent, zealous, even complicated, thoroughly French; but for colonizing purposes we simply want hands. The scribbled paper is out of proportion to the strong arms.

I'm also struck with another thing, the fact that each of our big-wigs has been intrusted with the kind of work for which he's least suited and least prepared. Costecalde, the armorer, for instance, who has spent his life in the midst of pistols and rifles, the implements of the chase, is Commissioner of Agriculture. Escourbaniès hadn't his like for the manufacture of the blessed Arles sausage; but since poor Bravida's accident he has become Commissioner of War and head of the Levies. Brother Bataillet has taken the Artillery and the Navy, because he knows how to sail a boat and fire a cannon; but, after all, what he knows much better is to say mass and tell us stories.

In town it is the same thing. We have there a heap of worthy people, little *rentiers*, dealers in gingham and prints, grocers, and pastry-cooks, who are now the owners of acres, but haven't the least idea what to do with them, not having the smallest notion of agricultural methods.

I don't see any one but his Excellency who really knows what he's about. This extraordinary man knows everything, has seen everything, read everything, and there is something wonderful in the vividness with which he conceives. Unfortunately he can't be everywhere at once; and then he is too kind, too unable to believe any harm. Thus he still clings to his faith in the Belgian, that scoundrel and swindler and liar; he still expects to see him arrive with fresh hands and provisions, so that every day when I go into his room his first word is, "No ship in sight this morning, Pascalon?"

And to think that so humane a man, so excellent a ruler, already has enemies!

Yes, he has enemies. There are ill-disposed people in the city. He knows it; he smiles at it; he says to me: "What will you have, my child? I'm the 'state of things,' and there are always people who are against the 'state of things.'"

October 8th.—Spent the morning in taking the census of our little colony. This document on the early phases of a little state which will perhaps become a great one, has the curious feature of having been drawn up by one of the founders, one of those who helped to break ground.

October 10th.—Water, water, nothing but water. In these floods of damp, this continual drenching, one grows wofully slack, loses all taste for anything, turns sour and ill-natured, universally disgusted, quite as when one has been taking bromide.

A party of the disaffected is forming in the city, with Costecalde for chief and ringleader. They assemble at the place they call the *Café Pinus*, which consists of two or three tables and a couple of benches in one of the cubicles. It appears to exist for the purpose of drinking bottled lemonade. Pinus, in the whole colony, is the only man who is making any money, and he makes it by the sale of this fizzing liquid.

These gatherings under his roof have been kept up very late, and have filled the big house with such a clatter of discussion that complaints have been made in the city. The racket keeps the children awake. Therefore the Governor has been obliged to give orders for the closing of the establishment—a measure that has produced a bad effect on many minds.

It so happens that another affair has contributed to the state of tension. The Marquis des Espazettes and a few other crack shots, kept in-doors by the dreadful rain, lately conceived the idea of setting up targets formed of old tin boxes, disused receptacles of sweetmeats and tunny, of sardines and potted pears, and then

of firing at them the livelong day from the windows.

Our former cap-shooters, now that helmets and caps are not so easy to replace, have thus been converted into can-shooters.

In itself this is not a bad exercise, but Costecalde has succeeded in persuading the Governor that it leads to a deplorable waste of powder.

Out comes, therefore, a new decree, prohibiting this expensive sport. The can-shooters are furious, the aristocracy sulks. This was precisely what Costecalde had foreseen. Oh, he's up to snuff!

But, after all, what can you bring



AT THE CAFÉ PINUS.

against our poor Governor? The — Dutchman has let him in, just as he has let us all in. But is it his fault if it keeps on raining, and if the bad weather prevents us from getting forward with the bull-baiting? Our national sport, you know, was promised us from the first; but up to this time it has been impossible to set it going.

There has been a kind of blight on this familiar pastime. Our good Tarasconi-



"OLD ROMAN HAS GOT OUT."

ans, who had been cut off from it in France, rejoiced in the thought of giving it a new life here. We brought with us expressly some cows, and a bull of the Camargue, Old Roman, the same who used to win such fame on our votive anniversaries.

On account of the rains, which have rendered it impossible to leave them at pasture, these beasts have been kept in a stable; but all of a sudden, without any one's knowing in the least how it happened—I shouldn't be surprised if Costecalde had had a hand in this too—Old Roman has got out.

Now he's roaming the forest, he has become wild, he's no longer a bull—he's a buffalo.

Of course we've tried to catch him again, but he's quite too terrible. In reality he's baiting us,

instead of our baiting him. And he's the only wild animal in the colony!

I wonder if this, too, is Tartarin's fault?

Ah, things are going wrong. Heaven watch over our Governor!

II.

The Bull-baiting at Port Tarascon.—Adventures and Combats.—Arrival of King Nagonko and his Daughter Likiriki.—Tartarin rubs Noses with the King, a Ceremony long fallen into Disuse.—A great Diplomatist.

Day after day, page after page, through strokes as fine as the gray slant of the rain, with the desperate dead monotony of the watery, watery waste, we content ourselves with giving the sense, though with scrupulous fidelity, of our friend Pascalon's diary.

As the intercourse between the town and head-quarters continued to be characterized by a visible tension, Tartarin, to recover a measure of popularity, determined at last to organize the bull-baiting; not, of course, with the assistance of Old Roman, who was still ranging the thicket, constantly wilder and more of a buffalo, but with that of the three cows who remained.



"THE THREE COWS."

Very attenuated, very lean, and sad to behold were these domestic animals of our country, accustomed to the open air and the sun, and immured ever since their arrival at Port Tarascon in a damp, dark stable. Never mind, this was better than nothing.

On the sandy shore, beside the sea, the spot forming the usual parade-ground of the militia, a platform had been erected in advance, and a circus enclosed by ropes, according to the custom in Provence.

Advantage was taken of a glimpse of fine weather, a day when the sun almost shone, and the Governor, the high dignitaries, and their ladies assumed their places on the platform. All costumes were displayed, all the bespangled mantles, and the women had extracted their best-preserved finery from the depths of their trunks.

Every one seemed happy, touched with the intoxication of the game, down to the little ones who ran round and round the ring, pursuing each other with cries of "There! there! the cattle!" while the higher personages settled themselves in their rows, and the underlings and militiamen, with their wives and daughters and maid-servants, pressed together round the ropes.

Forgotten at this moment was the weariness of the long rainy days, forgotten were the grievances against the Belgian—the dirty Belgian. "There! there! the cattle!" this cry of the children sufficed to rekindle the good-humor of the mobile race who are cheered up by a sun-beam. "There! there! the cattle!" Yes, at Port Tarascon we could have our bull-baiting: different enough from what it had come to be in the old country: no one to worry the poor plain folk, to deprive them of their favorite pleasure.

And what folly, indeed, ever to have forbidden the bull-baiting of our gentle southern France, in which there is nothing bloody, nothing cruel; in which it is only a question of plucking off a cockade planted between the horns of a bull! Doubtless the sport is not absolutely harmless. It requires skill and agility. But, on the whole, accidents are rare,

and are reducible to a few innocuous bruises.

The flourish of trumpets, under the direction of Escourbanîes, Chief of the Levies and the Orpheon, mingled its brazen uproar with the cries and the rumble of the crowd. After the "Port Tarascon March" had been played several times, the drums beat a loud tattoo.

It was the signal. The circus, which had suddenly become a field of danger, emptied itself in a trice, and one of the animals entered the lists, greeted with frantic hurrahs.

She had nothing very terrible about her, the poor scared cow, with her ribs showing through, who stared at the crowd from big eyes disaccustomed to the light of heaven; she only began to "mooh," and stood still, sticking fast in



BULL-BAITING.

the middle of the arena, with her big tri-colored cockade between her horns.

One of the baiters came and "shaved" her, as the term is, passing behind and before her, clapping his hands and trying to excite her. "There! there! there!" But she suffered him to approach her, even to touch her, and remained quite peaceful and resigned, without the slightest disposition to retaliate. There would have been neither peril nor honor in relieving her of her cockade.

At this sight the public got indignant, and cried for the irons—the irons! Then two men came forward, armed with long poles tipped with irons in the shape of tridents. When they pricked the poor thing's nose, instead of losing her temper, as usual, she uttered a plaintive low, and fled, rushing round the course, pursued, belabored, with all the world at her heels, in the midst of hisses and hootings and

shouts. "Enough! enough!" cried the crowd. "Zou! zou! put her out! put her out!" She retired in extreme humiliation.

The second cow absolutely refused to leave the stable. Neither shouts nor blows nor prod-dings could overcome her reluctance. It was vain to push her; it was fruitless to pull her; it was impossible to drag her across the threshold.

So they gave their attention to the third, who was said to be very vicious with her blood up. She entered the circus on the gallop, digging her forked hoofs into the sand, lashing her sides with her tail, and butting vigorously



Harbouch

"SHE REMAINED THERE TILL EVENING."

right and left. The inquiring spectators who had lingered in the arena skipped nimbly out of her way, clearing the course on the spot.

This time, at least, there would be a fine game. Not much, however, as it turned out. The animal dashed away, bounded over the rope, cleaving the crowd, taking aim with her horns, and rushing straight to the sea, hurled herself into it.

With water up to the hock, then up to the shoulder, she went out as far as she could go. Soon nothing more of her was seen than her poor nose above the water, where her two horns formed a crescent, with the cockade in the middle. She remained there till evening, wofully lowing; and the whole settlement, from the shore, called her names, hissed her, and assailed her with stones, hootings, and gibes, of which last missiles the poor "state of things," who had come down from his platform, had also quite his share.

The collapse of the national game was a great check to the government, of which the disaffected party made haste to take advantage. "Monkey's work—little of it, and that little bad," said the bilious Costecalde, with his wicked grin. This was the way he



BROTHER BATAILLET WITH HIS CULVERIN.



"THE PRISONERS WERE CONDUCTED TO HEAD-QUARTERS."

spoke of all the Governor's acts. Something, at any rate, had to be done to drain off so much fermentation. The government therefore conceived the idea of an expedition against King Nagonko. The scoundrel had fled from the island, with his Papuans, after the death of the unfortunate Bravida, and nothing had been heard of him since. It was said that he inhabited a neighboring island six or eight miles away, whose vague outline was distinguishable on clear days, but invisible most of the time, thanks to the continual rains and the curtain of fog.

The unavenged insult to the Tarasconian flag was one of the greatest grievances of Costecalde's section, one of his most powerful arguments against the "state of things." These were pointed mainly at the cowardice of the head of affairs, who had exacted no reparation for the death of the unhappy Bravida, none for that of Cambalalette or of Father Vezole, to say nothing of so many other compatriots devoured by the savages.

In the *entourage* of Tartarin there had

been much talk of some really great attempt. Brother Bataillet preached war as he alone could preach it. Tartarin himself, with all that was pacific in him, had long resisted. But so many ill-natured remarks were retailed to him that at last his patience broke down. As we say at Tarascon, little flies make big donkeys jump. He therefore took a great decision, hoping thus to re-establish his popularity, and the expedition was prepared.

When the long-boat had been put into condition, repaired and provisioned, and the culverin, handled by Brother Bataillet and Galoffre the verger, set up in the prow, twenty militiamen, all well armed, went aboard under the orders of Escourbaniès and the Marquis des Espazettes, and one morning they set sail.

Their absence was to last three days, and these three days seemed extremely long to the colony. What would be the result of so adventurous a cruise? To what dangers would the expedition not be exposed? Would it come back at all? These anxieties were fostered by the per-

fidious machinations of Costecalde, who kept gnawing like a wood-louse at his rival's reputation, and went about saying, "What an imprudence!—as if it would have not been much better to leave the wretches alone!"

Toward the end of the third day the report of a cannon, rolling over the deep,



"BEGAN TO RUB NOSES WITH HIM."

brought down the whole population to the shore, from which the long-boat was seen to approach under all her sail, with her nose in the air, at a rapid pace, as if borne on a breeze of triumph.

Even before she had reached the strand the joyous cries of her company, the "Let's make a noise!" of Escourbaniès, announced from afar the complete success of the enterprise.

An exemplary vengeance had been extorted from the cannibals, heaps of villages had been burned, and, according to every one's account, thousands of Papuans slain.

The figure varied, but was always enor-

mous, and the accounts were rather different too. In any case, what was certain was that they had five or six prisoners of mark to show, among whom were King Nagonko himself and his daughter Likiriki.

The prisoners were conducted to headquarters amid the ovations rendered by the crowd to the victors. The soldiers filed out in great array, carrying, like the companions of Columbus on his return from the discovery of the New World, all sorts of strange objects—brilliant plumes, skins of beasts, weapons, and spoils of the savages.

But the prisoners were especially surrounded as they passed, the good Tarasconians examining them with all the curiosity of hate. Brother Bataillet had caused a few draperies, which they ineffectually held together, to be thrown over their black bareness; and to see them thus figged out, to say to one's self that they had eaten up Father Vezole, Notary Cambalalette, and so many others, gave one the same shudder of repulsion that one feels in menageries in the presence of anacondas digesting under dirty blankets.

King Nagonko marched first—an old blackamoor with a big belly, and a mass of crinkled white wool that sat on his head like a smoking-cap. A red clay pipe—the kind they make at Marseilles—was attached to his left arm by a bit of string. Near him came the little Likiriki, with shining, impish eyes, bedecked with coral necklaces and bracelets of pink shells. They were followed by the others, great monkeys with long arms, who showed their pointed teeth in the grimace of their horrible smiles.

There were a few jokes about them at first, such as that they would give Made-moiselle Tournatoire plenty of work, and the good old spinster, revisited by her famous fixed idea, began indeed to think how she could turn them out; but curiosity was quickly converted to fury as we remembered the fate of our baked and boiled compatriots.

Presently many people began to cry: "Death! death to them all! Zou! zou!" To give himself a more military stamp, Escourbaniès had adopted Scrapouchinat's

phrase, and kept crying that we must have them all shot like green monkeys.

Tartarin turned toward him and checked his ravings with a gesture. "Spiridion," he said, "let us respect the laws of war."

But moderate your ecstasy. Tartarin had his plan.

A consistent defender of our old friend the Duke, if he had never given in to his being an impostor, he had yet at bottom had his suspicions. If, after all, one had been taken in by a vulgar swindler, the treaty for the purchase of the island, which his Grace pretended to have made with Nagonko, would then be as false as all the rest; the island would not be ours, and our vouchers for the acres, our great bargains, would be nothing but so much waste paper.

Accordingly, as soon as the prisoners had been introduced into the citadel, the Governor, far from thinking of shooting them like green monkeys, offered the Papuan monarch a solemn reception.

This was just the sort of thing he knew how to do, deeply versed in everything that had been done by Captain Cook, by Bougainville, and other great navigators.

He simply approached the dusky monarch and began to rub noses with him.

The barbarian seemed extremely surprised, as in his tribe this fashion had been long abandoned, had become quite a lost tradition.

He submitted none the less, evidently thinking it must be a Tarasconian custom;



THE KING BREAKS INTO SONG.

and at the spectacle even the little Likiriki, who had a bit of a nose like a kitten, scarcely any at all, insisted on Tartarin's treating her to the same ceremony.

When the rubbing of noses was over, arose the question of communicating verbally with the brutes.

Brother Bataillet spoke to them first, in his Papuan of the other side; but naturally, as it was not the Papuan of this side, they couldn't understand. Cicero Franquebalme, who knew English after a fashion, tried them with the idiom of Shakespeare. Escourbaniers mumbled out a few words of Spanish, but without more success than the others.

"Let us, at any rate, give them something to eat," said Tartarin.

So a few boxes of tunny were opened. This time the savages understood, and threw themselves upon the dainties in question, while the Governor and Commissioners



THE KING SIGNS THE TREATY.

surrounded them, watching them gluttonously devour and empty the boxes, scraping them to the bottom with fingers dripping with oil. Then, after several great swigs of brandy, which they seemed particularly to appreciate, the king, to the General's stupefaction, began to troll out in a hoarse voice our Tarasconian revolutionary song about chucking the refractory from the big window. Hic-coughed forth by this thick-lipped barbarian, with his mouth smeared with red and his teeth with black, it had a fantastic, ferocious sound.

So, then, Nagonko knew our local language.

After a minute of amazement the anomaly was explained.

During the few months of association with the hapless passengers of the *Faran-dole* and the *Lucifer*, the Papuans had picked up a certain amount of Tarasconian—a Tarasconian of no great elegance, no doubt, and consisting mainly of the expressions of the Rabblebabble; but with the aid of gestures it helped to enable our friends to communicate with them.

So they communicated.

Questioned on the subject of our ally the Duke, Nagonko declared that he had never, never in his life, heard of this distinguished personage, or of any one who remotely resembled him.

The island had never been sold.

There had never been any treaty.

Never any treaty? Tartarin, on the spot, caused one to be drawn up. The

scholarly Franquebalme had an extensive hand in the framing of this severe and scrupulous document. He availed himself in it of all his legal erudition—whatsoever, whensoever, and wheresoever at every step—so that, with its Roman cement, the thing made a compact and solid whole.

Nagonko ceded the island in exchange for a barrel of rum, ten pounds of tobacco, two cotton umbrellas, and a dozen dog-collars.

A career of usefulness was thus opened to these last objects of traffic, which had been brought in such quantities because Tartarin had read in the works of travellers that they are particularly appreciated by the savages of Oceanica.

A codicil affixed to the treaty authorized Nagonko, his daughter, and his companions to reside on the west coast of the island, the direction in which the settlers never trusted ourselves, for fear of Old Roman, the famous bull who had become a buffalo.

The business was concluded in secret session—knocked off in a few hours.

In this manner, thanks to their great leader's diplomatic ability, the bonds and vouchers of the colonists became valid again, really representing something.

And who was taken in this time? That plotter of a Costecalde and his partisans.

Who, on the other hand, was very happy? The author of the *Memorial*, Pascalon, the gentle stutterer, now more than ever in love with his mum-mum-master.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IMPRESSIONS OF BERLIN.

BY THEODORE CHILD.



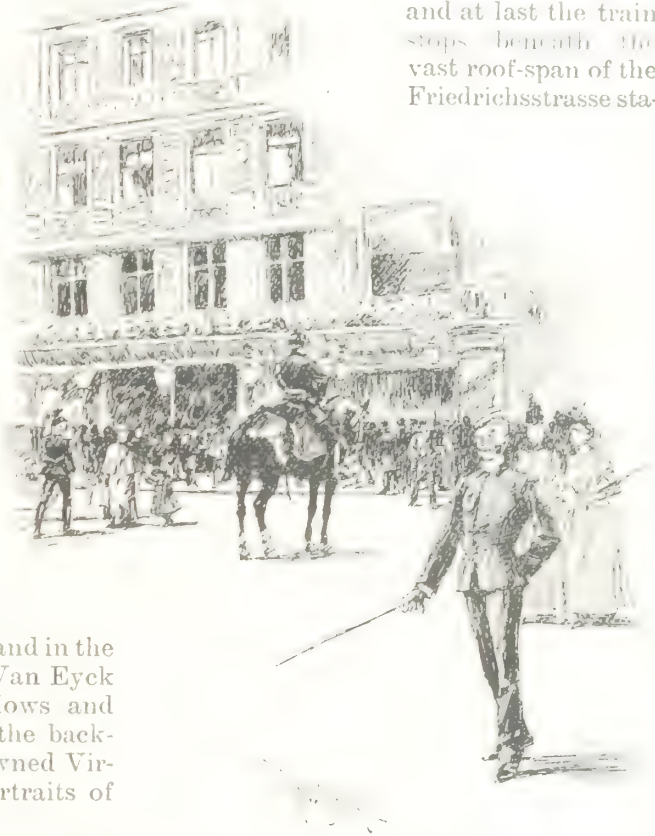
HE hazards of railway travelling often humor the dreams of the observer, and enable him to acquire his first impressions of a new city in conditions such as he would have desired had he been consulted by some all-powerful master of ceremonies. On our way to Berlin we had lingered in Frankfurt-on-the-Main and in the old Residenz cities of Cassel and

Brunswick, still full of remnants of old Germany of the Middle Ages and of the Germany of the days of the Landgraves and Electors, who piqued themselves on their literary and artistic culture, and ruined their subjects by imitating the splendor of the Versailles and the magnificence of the Grand Monarque. In these towns, it is true, evidences of progress are not wanting; the electric light glares in the streets; the horse-cars hurry along with jingling bells; overhead a net-work of telegraph wires cross-hatches the sky; but the quaint pointed or convoluted gables and bulbous spires of the past remain; the parks and gardens retain the aspect given to them by the hand of the famous

designer Le Nôtre; the squares, promenades, and fountains are the same that formed an appropriate background for the gay uniforms and liveries of the Landgrave's court, and for the showy equipages of the wits and adventurers whose presence was never unwelcome. The old Schloss, too, the moat, the river, the ramparts, although now converted into shady walks, carry us back in imagination even further than the polite and philosophic eighteenth century. By a slight effort we can annul in our vision the temporary excrescences of modern improvements; we can neglect the elements of formal eighteenth century elegance; and with the aid of a hundred relics of architecture, and whole quarters of narrow, tortuous streets and overhanging houses, we reconstitute the more ancient Germany that figures in the clear and sharp distances of Dürer's engravings, and in the broad vistas that Memling and Van Eyck reserve through the open windows and Gothic arches that illuminate the backgrounds of their pictures of crowned Virgins flanked by the kneeling portraits of pious donors.

The last station on the main line has been left behind, with its regiment of military-looking officials and porters; for the last time a gorgeously arrayed and big-framed inspector has inserted half his grossly blond person through the car window to examine our tickets, excusing the intrusion with brief formulæ of guttural politeness. Through the twilight we discern woods and flat plains intersected by narrow rivers and canals. The line rises higher and higher as we approach the city, which suddenly bursts upon the view an immense, endless, flat sea of house-tops, over which floats a huge cloud-like canopy of ruddy and luminous mist. The vision is modern, and wholly modern. From the car window our glances plunge downward from the elevated track. Here we note symmetrical blocks of monotonous houses, the homes of monotonous existences; there the glare of electric lights reveals chairs and tables, trees, alleys, and a vegetation of painted

zine, peopled by groups of men and women enjoying the pleasures of a beer-garden. From time to time the train rumbles over a bridge that spans a river laden with sombre barges; and at last the train stops beneath the vast roof-span of the Friedrichsstrasse sta-



tion. Here we are at Berlin. In a few minutes we find ourselves safely deposited in a vast caravansary, where we are ticketed, numbered, and left to our own devices.

The next morning we were awakened at sunrise by the piercing sound of fifes and the rattle of drums accompanying the rhythmic thud of many feet. It was an infantry regiment going to drill. Seen from above, this mass of men, bristling with gun-barrels and helmet spikes, and marching with the undeviating regularity of a machine, suggests the comparison of a monstrous black centipede. Berlin was still veiled for us in the vague charm of the unknown and the unexplored, but it seemed as if this silent regiment marching through the deserted streets in the gray morning light had the significance of a key-note.

Our first wanderings through the streets of Berlin did not fill our souls



THE BRANDENBURG GATE.

with that thrill of joy and that sympathetic trepidation of the whole being which we experienced when we first visited Venice, for instance, or Florence, or Constantinople; nor did they excite that wonderment and eager desire to appreciate which we had felt in the great American cities like Chicago. Berlin is absolutely wanting in charm, whether of situation, of general aspect, or of historical souvenirs. It is a modern city, but its modern aspect has no marked character, and next to no originality. From the time of Frederick the Great, who was the founder of its prosperity, down to the present period of active transformation, which dates from the Franco-German war, the architectural history of Berlin was almost entirely one of imitation and adaptation. The street architecture until within the past ten years has been absolutely null—mere rows of box-like habitations pierced with the necessary openings for light, ingress and egress, but conceived absolutely as a packing-case is conceived, without any regard for agreeableness of proportions, lines, and distribution of masses. The public buildings, of which several are grandiose, have been erected, for the most part, under the

influence of mistaken admiration of the models of ancient Greece.

The great sights and wonders of Berlin are concentrated along the famous avenue Unter den Linden and in the vicinity of the old Schloss, whither the visitor will inevitably direct his steps, and where he will certainly acquire his most imposing and durable impressions of the German capital. We will suppose that he reaches Unter den Linden through the Friedrichsstrasse, one of the largest, busiest, and most brilliant streets of Berlin, lined with shops of all kinds, and interspersed with several remarkable new buildings in the old German style, devoted to the sale of beer. Gambrius is the most liberal and enlightened patron of architecture in modern Ber-

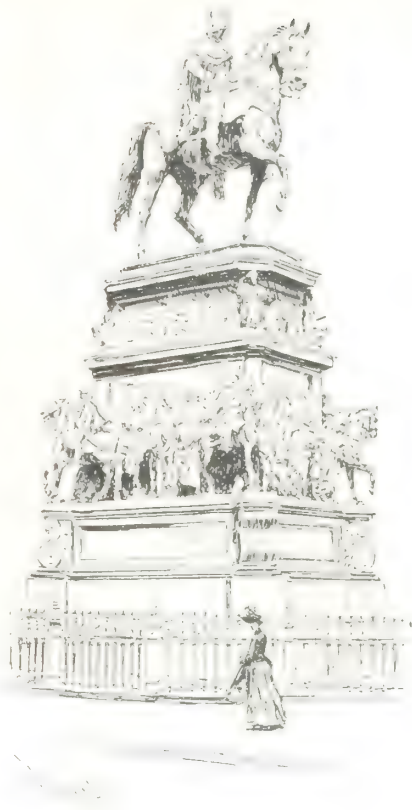
lin. The intersection of Friedrichsstrasse and Unter den Linden is a peculiarly busy and characteristic spot. On one corner is an old-fashioned "conditorei," or pastry-cook's shop, with a little terrace barely two feet wide, which forms a pleasant vantage-point whence to view the spectacle of the street as you sip coffee and eat cakes. On the opposite corner is the Café Bauer, which the Berliners hold to be one of the sights of the capital—a modern Viennese café arranged in the most approved style, lighted by electricity, and decorated with brilliantly colored classical frescoes by A. de Werner and Wilberg, representing



THE POSTILION.

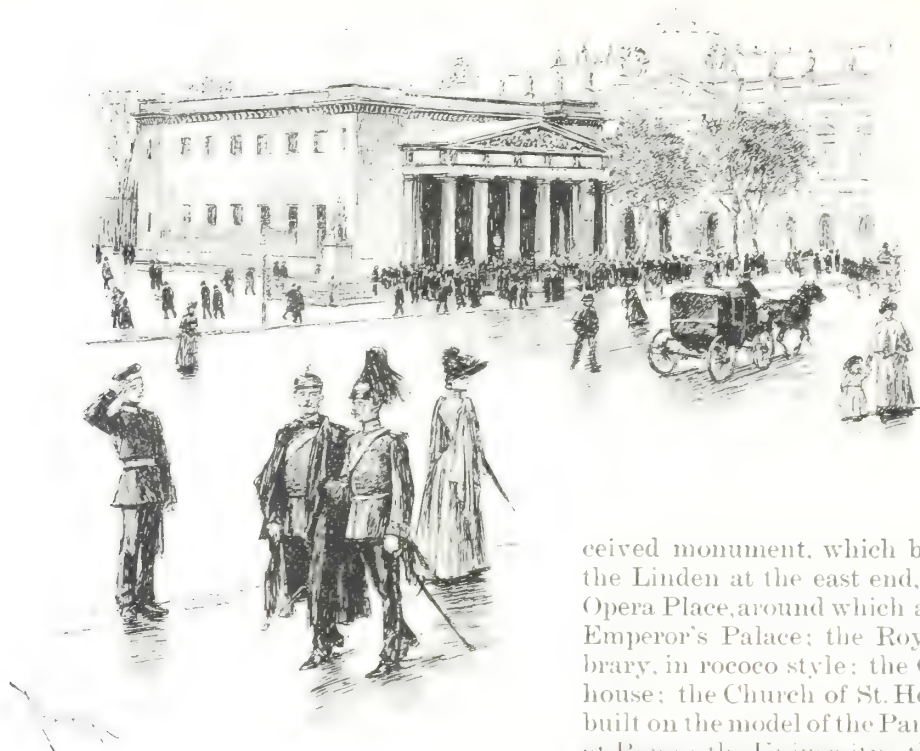
the joys and luxury of the Greeks and Romans. At another corner, under the trees, is a Trinkhalle for the sale of non-spirituous drinks, such as syrups, seltzer, and soda, presided over by a patient Gretchen of the class called by the Berliners "Sodalischen," in contradistinction to the "Kellnerinnen" and "Schänkmamsells," who serve in beer saloons and "Kneipen," or tap-rooms of low degree. The traffic here is crowded; there are vans, drays, omnibuses, small carts drawn by dogs, a few private carriages, and quantities of cabs, or "Droschken," as they are called, the last of two categories, first and second class, the one as undesirable as the other. In the middle of the roadway a mounted policeman sits his horse with an air of corpulent authority and austere uselessness. Unter den Linden stretches to the right and left, 160 feet broad, 1500 yards long, planted with four rows of chestnut and lime trees, and divided into roadways, foot-paths, and riding tracks. At one end of this avenue is the Brandenburg Gate, which forms the entrance to the Thiergarten, very much as the Arc de Triomphe at Paris marks the entrance to the great fashionable promenade of the Bois de Boulogne. The Brandenburg Gate is effective, whether we look at it from the pretty Pariser-platz or from the Thiergarten side, where its architectural lines contrast with the surrounding verdure, and form the background of familiar scenes of elegant life in Berlin, such as the equestrian groups of brilliantly uniformed officers and smart ladies going to or returning from the morning ride in the park. The reader will not be astonished to learn that the Brandenburg Gate is built on the model of the Propylæa of Athens; that it is surmounted by a quadriga driven by Victory; that it is flanked by a guard-house, whose guard is kept busy saluting and presenting arms to the numerous military big-wigs who are constantly passing; and, finally, that all its splendor is sham and its Doric columns simple stucco. Let us note also that the Thiergarten is traversed by lines of horse-cars.

Turning eastward, we will stroll along Unter den Linden, and note such things as may strike our eyes. The first observation we make is that the famous linden-trees are not so regularly planted or so flourishing as we expected to find them, and the second is that Unter den Linden



STATUE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.

is badly kept, indifferently paved, and a mere quagmire when rain falls. The dividing posts and rails are even more elementary and unpleasing than those which disgrace Rotten Row in London, while the benches are the most primitive that could be imagined. On the right we notice the handsome palace of Count Redern, a reproduction of a Florentine building. Then come some picture shops, where something pink and delicate by Gabriel Max attracts the eye. Here is a terracotta store, full of busts of the Kaisers, of Bismarck, and of Moltke. We reach the Kaisergallerie, a fine arcade, less splendid than the Victor Emmanuel arcade at Milan, but still a laudable effort in the Renaissance style, and as good as yellow brick and terra-cotta can make it. The Kaisergallerie is lined with shops that do not seem prosperous; in the middle is a Wiener Café, which has a marked importance in the eyes of the young bloods of Berlin; on the upper floors of the arcade is the wax-work show called Castan's Panopticon, the Musée Grévin of Berlin. We cross the Friedrichsstrasse and note



KING'S GUARD-HOUSE AND THE ARSENAL.

the quaint aspect of the drivers of the yellow parcels post vans, who seem lost in their vast seats on the top, and much hampered by the brazen horn slung under their arms with a red and white cord. Then we take a cup of coffee at the Café Bauer, glance around at the various types at the tables, discreetly sheltered from the gaze of curious passers by a thick hedge of shrubs, and after this brief rest we stay to look at nothing until we reach the monument of Frederick the Great, at the eastern extremity of Unter den Linden.

This monument, standing more than forty feet high, is perhaps the most remarkable work of Rauch, who himself is the finest sculptor that modern Germany can boast. On the top of a polished granite pedestal of three tiers stands the bronze equestrian statue of Frederick. The bass-reliefs of the topmost tier depict scenes of the private life of the King. The tier below is decorated at the angles with four horsemen, and on the sides with alto-relievo groups of contemporaries and companions of the King; while on the lowest tier are inscribed the names of military heroes and celebrated men.

Beyond this imposing and finely con-

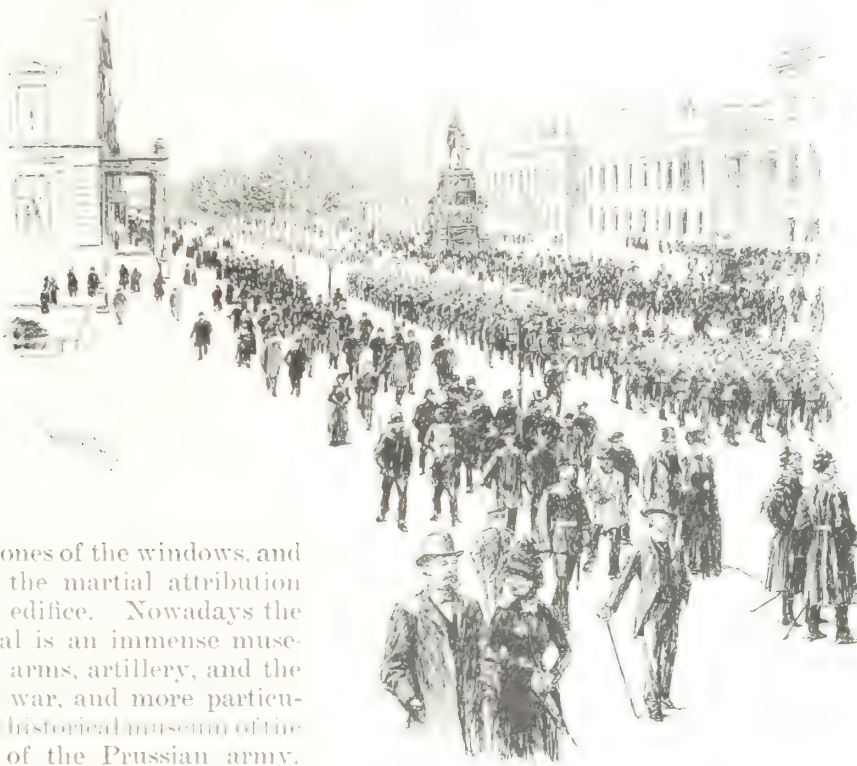
ceived monument, which bounds the Linden at the east end, is the Opera Place, around which are the Emperor's Palace; the Royal Library, in rococo style; the Opera-house; the Church of St. Hedwig, built on the model of the Pantheon at Rome; the University; the Königswache, or King's Guard-house; the Crown Prince's Palace; and the Arsenal. These buildings,

well disposed, with abundant open space around them, and trees, gardens, and statues to relieve the bareness of the foreground, make a certain show; their mass is effective, especially from a distance; but they will not repay examination, with the exception of the Guard-house and the Arsenal. The Guard-house, strange to say, is in the form of a Doric temple. Such in the year 1818 was Architect Schinkel's ideal, and to such extremes was he led by his desire to combat the hated rococo style. The spectacle of the guard in their modern uniform and pickelhaube helmets executing the "Paradeschritt" with six Doric columns for a background is as comic and unexpected a contrast as could well be imagined. The guard-mount at noon, when the watchword is given out to the assembled officers, always attracts a crowd of idlers and sight-seers.

The Zeughaus, or Arsenal, is a grand building, perhaps the grandest and most completely satisfactory of all the monuments of Berlin. This vast square pile, of which each façade is nearly 300 feet long, was begun in 1695, continued by Schluter from 1698 to 1699, and finished by De Bodt in 1706. Massive, majestic, impos-

ing in proportions, the building derives its special significance from the decoration, the variously composed escutcheons carved on the key-stones of the arched windows of the ground-floor, the ornaments of the pointed windows of the second floor, and the martial trophies and allegorical groups that crown the attic. The inner court, now roofed over, is also finely decorated with masks of dying warriors that form escutcheons on the

to the collections of arms, armor, and uniforms arranged historically in the galleries of the first floor. The Halls of Glory are monuments of the artistic genius of modern Germany devoted to the commemoration of the heroes and exploits of Prussian arms. There are three halls, one for the sovereigns, the other two for the generals. The central hall contains a statue of Victory and gigantic busts of the Kings of Prussia; in the other halls

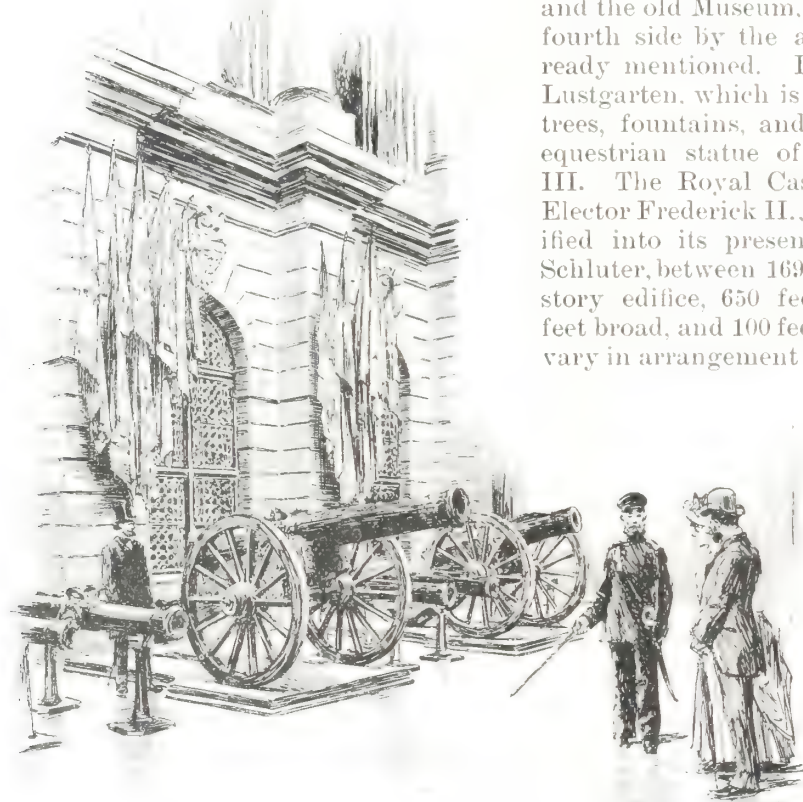


THE GUARD-MOUNT.

key-stones of the windows, and assert the martial attribution of the edifice. Nowadays the Arsenal is an immense museum of arms, artillery, and the art of war, and more particularly a historical museum of the glory of the Prussian army. As you enter, to the right and left are collections of fire-arms, models of old French fortresses, brought from Paris in 1814, engineering tools and models, paintings of Frederick the Great's gigantic grenadiers, and quantities of other curious and interesting objects; while from each pillar and all along the walls are hung trophies of arms and flags taken from conquered enemies, and very many brought back from Paris in 1814. The court-yard is surrounded with field artillery and cannons, and the walls between the windows are adorned with regimental flags, the whole captured from the French in 1870-1. In the centre of the court is a colossal statue of Borussia by some ponderous contemporary sculptor, while at the end of the court a double staircase leads to the Halls of Glory, and

are busts of eminent generals. The walls are being painted, and the chief subjects are three scenes of modern military history, depicted by Camphausen, Bleibtreu, and Werner—the victory of Sedan, the surrender of Napoleon III., and the proclamation of the Emperor Wilhelm I. at Versailles in 1871. The Germans may know how to win victories, but they do not know how to paint them; and, in spite of all their efforts to make it grand, their triple Ruhmeshalle, with its frescoes, its garishly gilt bronze busts, and its gaudy splendor, is, on the whole, rather grotesque than imposing. The vicinity of Schluter's warriors' masks and of the fine trophies and allegories with

which this master decorated the Zeughaus makes this modern Borussia and her attendant busts look very cheap and paltry. However, this heroic imagery produces, we may suppose, the desired effect upon the gaping populace; it demonstrates to them the greatness of the Hohenzollerns, and the glory and importance of the victory of Sedan. We might have preferred to see these ideas conveyed with the impressive splendor of art, but unfortunately such men as Schluter are not common, especially in modern Germany. Indeed he was a rare spirit, this Hamburg man, Andreas Schluter, whom the Kurfürst Frederick III. invited to Berlin in 1694, to occupy the post of court sculptor. The Germans even venture to compare him with Michael Angelo, which homage may at least be construed as a proof of their high appreciation of his genius.



IN THE COURT-YARD OF THE ARSENAL.

Leaving the Arsenal and its treasures and spoils of war, we cross an arm of the Spree over the Castle Bridge, or Schlossbrücke, decorated with eight marble groups symbolizing War. These groups naturally solicit our attention, for, although the work of sculptors of the present century, they are quite unintelligible until recourse has been had to a guide-book, which explains to us that the subjects are Victory teaching a child the history of heroes, Pallas teaching a young man the use of arms, Pallas arming a warrior, Victory picking up a wounded warrior, Iris taking to Olympus a warrior who has died with arms in his hands, and so on. This bridge and its decoration is one of those queer Neo-Greek eccentricities so common in Germany since the days of Winckelmann, Lessing, and the Schlegels.

At the end of the bridge we find ourselves in the spacious Lustgarten, surrounded by the old Castle, the Cathedral, and the old Museum, and bounded on the fourth side by the arm of the Spree already mentioned. In the centre of this Lustgarten, which is neatly laid out with trees, fountains, and flower beds, is an equestrian statue of Frederick William III. The Royal Castle, founded by the Elector Frederick II., but rebuilt and modified into its present aspect, chiefly by Schluter, between 1699 and 1706, is a four-story edifice, 650 feet long, nearly 400 feet broad, and 100 feet high. The façades vary in arrangement and ornamentation;

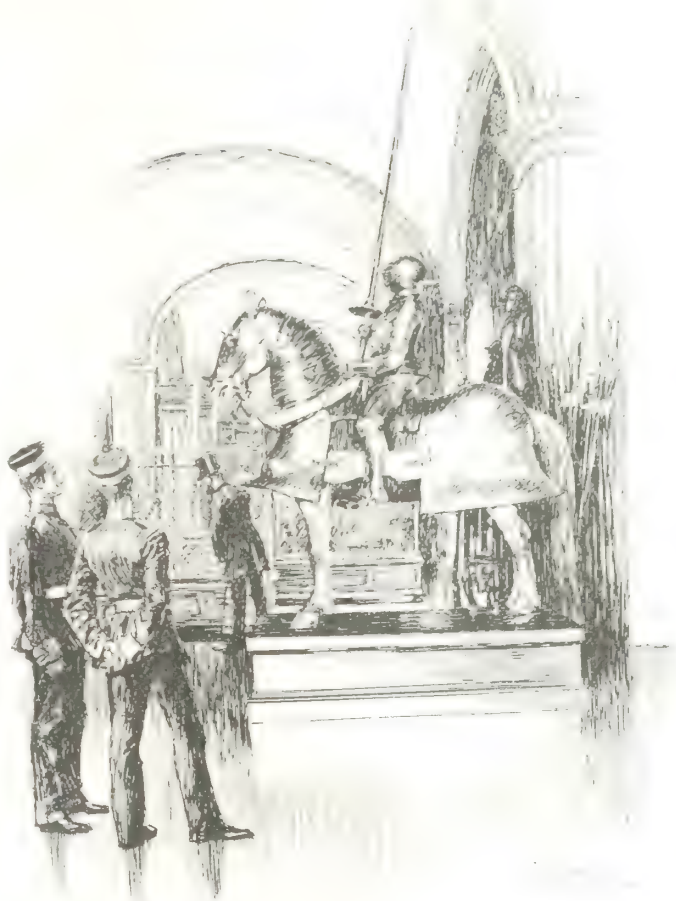
the inner courts are also each different from the other. In the first court may be noticed particularly the façade beneath the dome of the royal chapel, and the two figures of Renown sculptured in high relief, and placed with bold grace over the fine curve of the archway. The Castle as a whole is a severe and imposing monument; even in the inferior parts it is not wanting in

character, while in the best, and in almost all the sculptured ornaments, we find in Schlieters work the fine qualities of the noblest art of the seventeenth century.

In contrast with the Zeughaus and the Castle, which are both instinct with the influence of the architecture of the Renaissance, and conformed with due regard to the requirements of the climate and habits of Western Europe, stands the old Museum, and at the back and to the right of it the New Museum and the National Gallery. In the construction of these buildings the Neo-Greek craze of the beginning of the century has been the supreme influence. The old Museum, built by the terrible Schinkel between 1824 and 1828, is 280 feet long, 175 feet broad, and 62 feet high, preceded by a portico of eighteen Ionic columns and a broad flight of steps—"a reproduction of Greek architecture in the true sense of the word."

This remark is even more completely true as regards the National Gallery, which was built from the plans of Stuler, a pupil of Schinkel, in the form of a Corinthian temple, and surrounded by Doric colonnades. How appropriate a Greek temple is for the reception of modern pictures! How well adapted are the circular walls of the shrine for displaying the poetic fancies of Richter, Knaus's gay *Kirmesses*, and Adolf Menzel's masterpiece, "The Foundry," which, out of respect for the Corinthian classicism of the gallery, is rechristened by the official catalogue "The Modern Cyclops"!

Schinkel and Stuler are the two great names in the monumental history of Berlin. Master and pupil were the great enemies of the so-called rococo style, or "Zopf spirit," which we see so ponderously caricatured in Kaulbach's queer allegories in the Pinacothek at Munich.



IN THE ARSENAL.

Like the men who built new Munich, they believed only in the architecture of Greece and Rome; and again, like the accomplices of King Ludwig I. of Bavaria, their Helleno-Italic craziness caused them to consider slavish imitation of the ancients to be the only acceptable form of originality. Hence the grotesque combination of spiked helmets and Doric columns which we have already noticed in the King's Guard-house; hence these wonderful Corinthian temple-museums; hence the Théâtre Royal, and the streets after streets lined with monotonous churches, barracks, schools, hospitals, and private houses constructed according to models inspired by Architect Stuler, approved by his friend and patron King Frederick William IV., and imposed by the Privy Superior Building Councillor, Geheimrath baurath Stuler. Thanks to the influence

of Stüler and his royal Mæcenæ, official Berlin is absolutely uninteresting. Indeed, the Berliners themselves have invented two pellucid conglomerations of words to characterize and at the same time to stigmatize the architects and the style that prevailed in Berlin up to 1870; these words are "Geheimenbaurathschule" and "Geheimenbaurathstyl."

The invention of a term of dispraise would imply that the Berliners are now blessed with something more rational and more beautiful than the "Geheimenbaurathstyl." Domestic architecture is in truth emancipated. Stüler died in 1865, and the influence of his school has been almost null in the construction of modern Berlin—of the Berlin, that is to say, which has grown up within the past twenty years, and which owes its development to the successive victories of Prussian arms. How important is this new Berlin may be judged from the comparison of a few figures. When William I. came to the throne in 1861 the population of Berlin was 519,543; in 1867, 702,437; in 1875, 968,634; in 1880, 1,118,630; while at the present day the population is not far from 1,500,000. The increase of population has been con-

comitant with immense building activity, which has produced quantities of handsome private houses, fine commercial buildings, and ordinary dwelling-houses which, if not peculiarly artistic, are nevertheless better adapted to the climate of Berlin and to the requirements of modern life than the flat-roofed boxes which are still so numerous in the old streets of the Schinkel-Stüler period. Berlin, it must be remembered, is a Northern city where the average summer lasts barely six weeks, and where winter temperature prevails for more than eight months out of the twelve. It may be imagined how such a climate harmonizes with Greek temples and Florentine palaces, and to what a pleasing state of leprous decomposition exterior frescoes are soon reduced by damp and frost. Happily, however, the Helleno-Italic craze has nearly died out, and the tendency of contemporary architects is to revive German Gothic and the characteristically ornate style of the early German renaissance. The unification of Germany and the consolidation of the empire at the same time that it has created the German nation has also fostered the national feeling in art, and consequently favored the resumption of the national artistic traditions which were interrupted in the last two centuries by the imitation of the French and the Italians, and in the present century by the mistaken idolizing of Greek and Roman models. Thus, after having inspected the palaces of Unter den Linden and the classical monuments in the centre of old Berlin, we shall find in further wanderings through the capital many buildings that will excite interest and even admiration. In the Behren, Wilhelms, Leipziger, Friedrichs, Bellevue, Victoria, and Thiergarten Strassen, and in many of the squares, promenades, and suburbs, there are houses and business blocks which, from the points of view of material, proportion, decoration, and style, are excellent, and at the same time full of character. If the healthy movement which these specimens imply continues at the present rate, and if Berlin goes on increasing in population and wealth as it has since 1871, we may expect to see the whole city transformed within the next ten years. To notice even the most striking of these modern buildings in detail would lead us into technical considerations which might not be to the taste of



STATUE OF FREDERICK WILLIAM, THE GREAT ELECTOR.



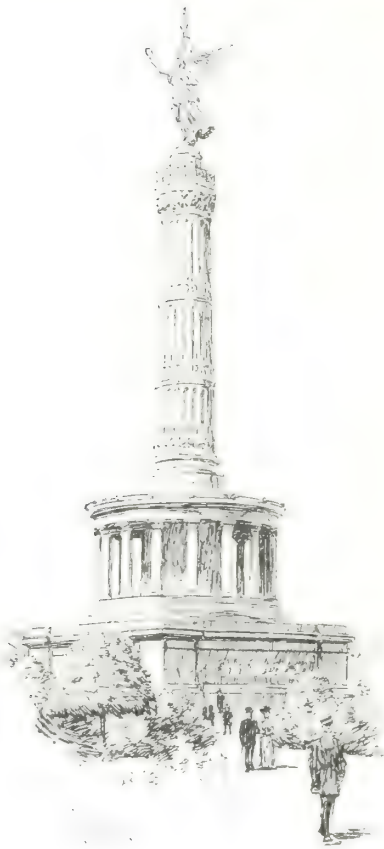
THE REICHSHALLE.

the general reader. We will mention only the new Town-hall, or Rathhaus, in Königsstrasse, an imposing edifice of red brick, nearly 300 feet square, 90 feet high, and surmounted by a square tower 275 feet high. The style is a mixture of mediæval arched forms and elements borrowed from the style of the North Italian Renaissance. The main building is perhaps rather heavy and barracks-like; the façades just a little monotonous; the openings, especially the doors, of comparatively mean proportions. The tower, however, is elegant, and very interesting as a piece of ornate brick-work. The Town-hall is the pride of the municipality of Berlin, and its tall tower, bathed in light by day and its huge illuminated clock face by night, marks the centre and heart of the town.

In the vaults beneath the Town-hall is one of the vastest restaurants in Berlin—the Rathskeller. The Berliners, it may be remarked, in their reaction against classical taste, have not only gone back to the habits of the Middle Ages, but even to those of the Troglodytes; they delight in low vaulted rooms and deep cellars where daylight never penetrates. The Rathskeller is one of the most completely characteristic of these establishments.

Imagine a succession of vaulted rooms, opening one into the other and running the whole length of the Town-hall, some twenty feet below the level of the street. In each room are tables and chairs; the light is distributed by electric lamps; the walls are covered with allegorical paintings, and inscriptions in praise of drink and good cheer.

A typical Berlin beer-saloon is the Reichshalle, in Leipzigerstrasse, an immense Gothic vaulted hall, like the guard-room of some feudal castle. The roof and white walls are decorated with coats of arms painted in all the crude brilliancy of gules, sable, azure, argent, and or. The wainscoting is wrought in old style, and so, too, are the tables and chairs, sufficient to accommodate hundreds of people. All the evening a strong orchestra makes the arched roof re-echo, now with a gay waltz, now with a Wagnerian fragment. At the



THE VICTORY COLUMN.

tables are seated whole families, father, mother, and children; at others young couples are flirting awkwardly and with few words; at others soldiers are fraternizing with civilians, and counter-skippers with lawyers' clerks; at others you see groups of students with ridiculously small caps, and their faces slashed, seamed, and sewn up like a patchwork quilt, for the silly practice of duelling is still held in high honor in the German capital, and there is no commoner sight than a student swaggering along the streets with his face plastered up in a manner that might excite pity did not the sufferer's self-satisfied air indicate that he deserves only ridicule.

Another characteristic pleasure resort is Kroll's establishment. To reach this vast beer-garden, concert-hall, theatre, and restaurant combined, you pass through the Brandenburg Gate, and along the Friedensallee, or Peace Avenue, which leads directly to the Victory Column, or Sieges Säule, in the middle of the Königsplatz. This column, in the form of a tower, adorned with Danish, Austrian,

and French cannons, gilded and fixed around it so as to form flutings, rises from the centre of a circular gallery surrounded by Doric columns, on the walls of which are mosaics, frescoes, and bas-reliefs, representing the glorious campaigns of Prussia, the Danish war, the battle of Sadowa, the battle of Sedan, the Franco-Prussian war, and the establishment of the German Empire. Let us note parenthetically that you cannot walk a hundred yards in any direction in Berlin without being reminded of the victories of the Hohenzollerns. The army is everywhere. No opportunity is neglected of reminding the Berliners that they owe their greatness to the war. The fostering of the military spirit is carried so far that the very commissionnaires and street-sweepers are dressed in martial uniforms, while the variety of military, semi-military, and would-be military caps is so great that a volume might be devoted to this subject alone. Having relieved our minds by this remark, we pass the turnstile and enter Kroll's establishment. An opera is being performed in the theatre. In the huge concert-room tables are laid for the accommodation of eaters and drinkers, who are few, however, for the night is fine, and the majority prefer the open air. Along one side of the garden runs a covered gallery with tables laid for dinner or supper; along the other side are various bars, kitchens, entrances to the theatre, and other rooms; and in the intervening space, planted with trees and strewn with gravel, are multitudes of tables and chairs arranged symmetrically and intersected by promenades, whose course is marked out by festoons of opaque white globes, and crossed at intervals by elaborate archways of colored lights. The illumination is obtained by thousands of incandescent electric lamps. Besides the natural trees and flowers, there is an abundant vegetation and flora of painted zinc and cast-iron; for instance, in the centre of a round plot in an alley a tall century-plant will tower up and blossom into gas jets, while on the surface of a neighboring fountain basin the lotuses and lilies will disclose each an electric lamp within the transparency of their blooms. The ornamentation of this garden is completed by flag posts painted white and picked out with rose, and the same scheme of color will be found in the painting of the chairs and tables. On



ROBERT A. GARDIN

grand nights and on Sundays, when all the lamps are lighted, and when the visitors appear in all the glory of their best clothes, the aspect of Kroll's is very gay and interesting, the more so as you see there people of all classes, and faces and costumes of all degrees of German civilization, from the rustic matron on a visit to the capital to the fashionable Berlin lady who prefixes to her name the feminine form of some long and ceremonious official title. The amusements at Kroll's are the theatre, music, promenading, and, above all, eating and drinking—and more especially, of course, beer-drinking.

The amusements of the Berliners are, besides beer-drinking, which is the first, the last, and the most persistently and enduringly popular, music halls, concerts, promenades in the Thiergarten, boating on the Spree, fishing, and going to the races at Charlottenburg or at the Hoppegarten. At these meetings you see the cream of Berlin elegance, both masculine and feminine. The Charlottenburg Rennbahn is a vast undulating steeple-chase course of rather bleak and dismal aspect, with a fringe of trees along the very distant horizon. There is a grand stand, a second-class stand, a third-class section, and the field, with a big white flag floating in the breeze, and bearing in black the inscription, "IV Platz." The popular attendance forms a vast black crowd; the second-class tribunes swarm with people of the middle classes, while in front of the grand stand, on the lawn, and in the paddock behind there is as brilliant a display of beauty, toilets, and uniforms as Berlin can produce. The blue Gretchen-eyed Berlin ladies summon up all their wit, grace, and piquancy as they walk up and down with young officers, whose trailing sabres trace lines and zigzags on the gravel, and whose uniforms, faced with bright scarlet, blue, orange, or pale yellow, are worn with all the angular and rectilinear "chic" that German drilling can teach. These officers are fine men, tall, straight, well built; but one cannot help being struck by the phenomenal thinness of their legs and the prodigious tallness of their collars, which thoroughly deserve their monumental name of Sieges Säule. As for the Berlin ladies, they seemed to be in general slender, and totally wanting in that buxom plumpness, or "Vollbusigkeit," to use a familiar term, which characterizes their great rivals, the

Viennese. Their toilets are Parisian or Viennese in cut, but worn stiffly, conventionally, without style. At the races, as in all other instances where Germans are assembled, the foreigner is struck by the silence of the crowd. The only sounds you hear are the continuous rumbling of ticket-stamping at the "Totalisator" or "Pari Mutuel" offices; the crunching of the gravel beneath the feet of the promenaders; the popping of champagne corks at the first-class buffet; the low murmur of talk arising from groups of fat German men who are discussing the "favorite," beer-glass in hand. But there is no roar of united human throats such as you would hear on a French race-course; no noise of laughter and gayety; no exchange of clear-toned greetings; no pearly notes of feminine chatterings that make one turn to see if the face of the speaker is as fair as her voice. The only moment of relative excitement is that when the winning horse passes through the wicket that separates the track from the paddock, and a few bravos salute the victor. At the Charlottenburg races the young officers form the majority of the gentlemen riders, so that the field wears quite a military aspect; and in nine cases out of ten the victor is a martial youth, who responds to the bravos and congratulations of his friends and backers by a formal salute in correct military style.

In the history of Berlin there are "good old times," but few Berliners look back toward them with regret, because in the good old times Berlin was not a Reichshauptstadt, as it now is. The Berlin of the present day, the capital of the German Empire, has acquired its special character and physiognomy since the Franco-German war.

In point of population Berlin is the third city of Europe. In 1859 the capital of the Kingdom of Prussia counted 493,000 inhabitants; at the present day the capital of the German Empire has nearly one and a half millions of inhabitants. Scarcely one-third of these, it appears, were born Berliners, baptized with Spree water, but all flatter themselves that they are Athenians of the Spree—"Spreeathener," as the local term is: for the first ambition of the immigrant German who settles at Berlin is to become "Berlinisirt," to assimilate the manner of talking, the sentiments, and opinions of his new and intellectual home. In pol-



THE CHARLOTTE GO. LEAVES



BERLIN ON THE SPREE.

itics the Berliners are always in opposition; their boast is that they criticise God and the universe, and everything in heaven and earth; discussion is their great delight; in their newspapers, their clubs, their beer-saloons, and meeting-places of all kinds, criticism, fault-finding, disputing, are the indispensable conditions of life.

Nevertheless it must not be supposed that the Berliners are incapable of enthusiasm: the army and military parades and reviews have the privilege of exciting them to the wildest manifestations of civic and patriotic joy, and next after the army, the races at Charlottenburg, Kroll's establishment, the Café Bauer, the Pschorr-bräu, and Pauline Lucca. Charity concerts, bazars, and exhibitions also excite Berliners to a display of real good-heartedness.

In spite of their local pride the Berliners are not averse to things foreign, especially to Viennese notions. Viennese cafés, Viennese waiters, Viennese actors and theatre managers, Viennese writers, and Viennese beer play a great rôle in Berlin life. Viennese barbers also impose their dreadful Herrenfrisur on the "mashers" of the Siegesallee. Indeed, we may say that Vienna stands in the same relation to Berlin as Paris does to the other capitals; it is the well-spring of civilization and refinement; the purveyor of the luxuries, comforts, and dainties of life.

A military review at Kreuzberg brings all Berlin in crowds to see the manoeuvres of the finest army in the world on the

finest parade-ground. The spectacle is as imposing as military pomp, gorgeous uniforms, perfect drill, and the national war-like genius can make it. Whether the moment be that when the Emperor, followed by a brilliant escort, rides along the lines bidding a friendly "Guten Morgen" to each regiment, which responds with the roar of a thousand throats, or that when the troops march past the Emperor with the famous Prussian "Paradeschritt," the sight is equally impressive.

The Berliners may justly claim to have given proof of the possession of "reinste

Intelligenz" in the organization of their museums. The Ethnographical Museum, the Museum of Industrial Art, and the Royal Museum, where the treasures of Greek, Roman, Egyptian, Mediæval, Renaissance, and later European art are displayed, are models of arrangement and of respectful and splendid hospitality. With the exception of the National Gallery at London, there is no museum where the works of the great masters of painting can be studied in more agreeable conditions. Another museum which particularly interested us was that devoted to the relics and souvenirs of the Hohenzollern family in the charming Château de Monbijou. In the very heart of Berlin, on the banks of the Spree, which is still so picturesque with its forests of stakes, to which are attached floating fish reservoirs, nets, and creels, and with its old world boats pushed painfully along by sturdy bargees, who lean their weight on long poles as they walk the length of the deck, the Château de Monbijou is situated in the middle of a park. It is a roomy country house, dating from the beginning of the eighteenth century, the summer residence of the old Prussian sovereigns, and now the historical museum and royal portrait-gallery of Berlin. In these elegant and tasteful rooms, with their tall French windows opening on to a green lawn, we may study the features, the wardrobes, the arms, the personal knick-knacks and souvenirs of the precursors and founders of the German Empire, from the old Kurfürsts down to the Emperor Frederick the Noble. Here is the armor,

HOOP BEATEN BY THE ENEMY



the hat, and the walking-stick of the Grosser Kurfürst; here is a wax model of Frederick the Great as a baby; here is his favorite horse Condé, stuffed with straw, and his withered hide visible in patches where the hair has fallen off; here is his Majesty's ivory flute, his eye-glass, his travelling teacup, the collar of his pet dog Fidèle, his snuff-boxes, the shirt in which he died, his pocket-handkerchiefs, made out of old sheets, and exhibited, as the inscription says, to show the great man's thrift, or "Sparsamkeit." Here are dozens of portraits and souvenirs of Queen Louisa, whose blond beauty and sweet nature have made her memory the most graceful and poetical in the annals of her house. In a room whose walls are covered with portraits of her delicate features we see her spinet, her writing-table, her wool-work, her little shoes, her pink ball dress of Directory cut. In three other rooms are religiously displayed the souvenirs of Kaiser Wilhelm, from his cradle, his baby-carriage, and his toys, down to the objects used at his funeral. Want of space and respect for the reader's patience will not allow us to linger further over the thousands of portraits, masks, autographs, and miscellaneous relics preserved in this Hohenzollern museum, which is, by-the-way, a very recent creation. For the hasty visitors, and also for those who have more leisure, the significance of the collection is summed up in three colossal busts conspicuously placed in one of the halls, representing the Grosser Kurfürst, Frederick the Great, and Kaiser Wilhelm, the mighty trinity of warriors who made the German Empire what it is.

Kaiser, war, and beer seem to be the

three preoccupations of the inhabitants of Berlin. We might cite many a modern German writer in confirmation of our own impressions; we will, however, content ourselves with a few lines from the *Bilder aus dem Berliner Leben*, by that distinguished writer Julius Rodenberg. Speaking of the Belle-Allianzplatz, a military and architectural monument in commemoration of the victories of 1814, he remarks that fifteen years ago he saw this Platz all neglected and buried in sand, with a paltry wooden bridge hard by. At present he sees there marble and granite, a handsome stone bridge bedecked with statues, and a park with marble images of War, Bravery, Glory, and of heroes who died for the father-land. "Were we not the modern Spartans before we sought to win the renown of being the modern Athenians?" asks Julius Rodenberg. "From the column of the Belle-Allianzplatz to the Königsplatz [where is the Siegesdenkmaal column in memory of the Franco-German war] is a long way. But we have made that way, and it is one long war street. Military laurels lighten or darken everything here. The race that grows up between these two points must be warlike and a race of soldiers. And are there not trophies on all sides? It is through war that we have become what we have become. We used to be a society of humble folks; we used to live in old-fashioned, uncomfortable, ugly houses; whereas now we have stylish, mighty, colossal houses, with marble steps, satin wall-hangings, electric bells, and telephones. . . . And what is the source and origin of all these things? War—the war of 1864, 1866, and 1870."





FERNANDO MAGELLAN

FROM THE

MAGELLAN AND THE PACIFIC.

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

FERNANDO MAGALHAENS, the greatest of navigators, was the first who struck the east of Asia by the westward voyage from Europe. It was what Columbus had attempted; he had attempted it in four voyages. Magalhaens, using wisely the experience of almost a generation of Columbus's followers, succeeded. The remnant of his crew—without him, alas!—were the first men to circumnavigate the world.

The man himself is one of the most interesting of heroes—a knight of old romance, of unselfish and dauntless courage, the first of seamen, and an accomplished

gentleman, all in one. With his great voyage the real history of the Pacific Ocean begins. Till his time all men supposed that there was a narrow sea between America and Asia. He made the map of the world over.

Within the last forty years his remarkable voyage has been illustrated anew by the discovery in manuscript of forgotten narratives by his fellow-sailors, and by the observations of seamen and naturalists of our time. Everything which thus comes to light of his arrangements for his voyage and of the causes of its success reflects new honor upon him. In trying



MAGELLAN'S SHIPS

to describe this voyage anew I shall use these recent authorities. I shall not try, however, to change the custom of all recent French and English writers, who have almost unanimously called him Fernando Magellan, as they have called the strait which bears his name Magellan's Strait. This is but a matter of spelling, in which these authors have followed the Latin spelling of his name.

He was born of a noble Portuguese family a few years before the discovery of the West Indies by Columbus. He was brought up in the court of King John II., of Portugal, in those marvellous years of the end of the fifteenth century, when the enthusiasm for new discovery was at the highest, when Da Gama sailed and succeeded, when little Portugal had half the world given to her by the famous bull of Alexander,* and when the King and

nation alike were eager for new discovery. The young Fernando was trained for service on fleets as well as for the army. His early education was in the household of Queen Leonora, from which he passed into the service of King John, as afterward into that of King Emmanuel.

His precise age at that time is not now known. But his first military and naval service, when he was yet a very young man, was in the great fleet of twenty-two vessels sent out by King John in 1505, under Francisco de Almeida, for the reduction of the islands in the East Indies discovered by Portugal. Magellan distinguished himself more than once in the critical operations thus begun. He was at the sack of Quiloa, and was in the expedition detached under Vaz Pereira to take possession of the island of Sofala. He assisted in the conquest of Malacca, and by his prudence and courage saved the expedition of Sequeira from a dangerous native conspiracy. In 1510 he was sent out, still farther east, for the exploration and discovery of the Spice Islands, of which the Portuguese had

* The Kings of Spain and Portugal agreed, at Tordesillas, to divide the new discoveries by a meridian line three hundred and sixty miles west of the meridian of Ferro. Portugal was to take the eastern part, Spain the western. Pope Alexander confirmed this division in the year 1494.

heard through the native traders. Magellan now was in command of a separate expedition. Serrano, always his friend, commanded another. Abren, a third officer, separated from Serrano by a storm, discovered Banda. Serrano was shipwrecked, but saved his life, and worked his way on to Amboyna, where eventually he established himself. Magellan meanwhile reached certain Malay-an islands six hundred leagues, it is said, beyond Malacca. He was able to communicate with his friend Serrano, and from him gained information new to Europe as to the wealth of the Spice Islands and their position. This information was the basis on which, when the time came, he built the plan of his great expedition.

From this outpost of duty Magellan returned to Portugal. In a war which the King was carrying on against Morocco, Magellan was wounded in the knee, and forced to return to Portugal. This wound made him lame for life; yet it was the cause of one of the indignities which drove him from his own country. Another was the scornful reply given to an application which he made for an increase, due to him on the standard of his military rank in the palace, of allowances made to him for his horses. His claim was rejected, and he was told at the same time that his lameness was a pretence. Outraged by this indignity, Magellan renounced his allegiance. With all the pride of a Portuguese nobleman, he published a formal act, declaring that he abandoned the service of the crown of Portugal. With his friend Ruy Faleiro, who also was dissatisfied with Portugal, he went to Spain. He offered his services to Charles the Fifth, and never returned to an ungrateful country. It is but fair to say that even the Portuguese historians admit that this extreme course had full justification.

To Charles V., Magellan and Faleiro at once proposed the plan of the great voyage which was to strike the Spice Islands on the eastern side by sailing west from Spain. This was simply a renewal of the plan of Columbus, but it was a renewal with the advantage of twenty-five years of experience and discovery. No time was to be lost in exploration of America. The squadron was to be fitted out for trade with the Spice Islands. Magellan knew where they were, what their natives wanted, and what they could produce in

return. To his eager statement and Faleiro's the King of Spain gave a careful and sympathetic hearing. He finally agreed to fit out an expedition, at the royal charge, on the complete scale which the adventurers proposed. The chief part of the profit was to come into the royal treasury. On this basis a contract was signed on the 22d of March, 1518.

Then followed endless intrigue, especially at Seville, where was then the great naval establishment of Spain. The jealousy of other naval commanders, who left no stone unturned to deprive a Portuguese nobleman of a charge so great, was the centre of all the difficulties which surrounded the plan. But Charles was true to his promise. The expedition was fitted out more thoroughly than any which had ever sailed from Spain. Poor Faleiro, however, went crazy before he saw it sail. But at last, all difficulties being in a fashion surmounted, the squadron ~~left for sea on the 20th of Sep-~~tember, 1519. It consisted of five vessels, the *Trinidad*, the *Sant' Antonio*, the *Concepcion*, the *Victoria*, and the *Santiago*. The first two were of 120 *toneles*, the third of 90, and the others of 80 and 75 each. A *tonele* is about one and a fifth of our tons. The flag-ship was therefore of about 144 tons of our measurement.

Thoroughly equipped in stores for trade, in armament, and in sea furniture, the squadron had this misfortune: the second vessel was under the command of Juan de Carthagena, who had been appointed, in consequence of the jealousies about Magellan, as *veedor* or "inspector" of the expedition, as a kind of guard against his over-authority. From the first Magellan regarded him as an intermeddling spy, and he was probably right in that opinion. Before the fleet left the Cape Verd Islands to stretch across the Atlantic, Carthagena claimed the right to know what were the King's orders. Magellan replied by putting him in the stocks, which was of course the most shameful indignity to an officer of his rank. At the importunity of the other captains, Magellan yielded so far as to liberate him from confinement. But he deprived him of office, and kept him under arrest till they all arrived at San Julian at the beginning of the Southern winter.

Their first American port was the Bay of Rio Janeiro, to which they gave the

name of Santa Lucia. It had been explored by Lopez four years before, and even before that time. There was one Portuguese trader settled on an island in the bay, the pioneer settler of the great city which stands there to-day. The whole crew were delighted with the luxuries of the climate and the cordiality of the simple natives. "You can buy six hens for a king of diamonds," says Pigafetta, the amusing historian of the voyage. "They are not Christians, but they are not idolaters, for they adore nothing; instinct is their only law." This is his summary account of their religious habit and condition, an account proved to be quite inadequate by more careful inquiries. After thirteen days spent in this bay the squadron resumed its voyage of discovery.

They looked in at the great estuary of the river La Plata; but Solis, who had lost his life there, had already discovered that this was not a passage to the Pacific. Still coasting southward, they sighted and perhaps landed on the Island of Penguins and the Island of Sea Lions, and here were struck by a terrible storm. Not far from these islands, on the shore of the continent, they discovered the Bay of San Julian, and here Magellan determined to winter.

Here, alas, began his more serious troubles—troubles which followed him, in one or another misfortune dating from San Julian, all through his voyage. The disaffection of Carthagena and what must be called his party broke out as soon as the instructions were given for wintering so far from home. They declared that the provisions were not sufficient. The disaffection does not seem to have demoralized the crews as badly as it did their officers, yet when the crisis was over, Magellan said he pardoned forty of them, and this was a large remnant in a force of only two hundred and thirty-six men. The disobedience of the commanders first showed itself in an open act the day after their arrival in harbor, on Palm-Sunday, 1520, which fell that year on the 1st of April. Magellan invited the chief officers of the fleet to hear mass with him, and to dine on board the flag-ship. Of the captains only his own cousin, Mesquita, came. He appeared with the officers of his ship. De Coea came also, who held the rank of "contador," with his staff. But Mendoza and Quesada did not come, and of course

Carthagena did not, who was under arrest on Quesada's vessel. The night after this unsuccessful dinner party Quesada and his prisoner Carthagena, with thirty men from the *Concepcion*, crossed to the *Sant' Antonio* and seized her, making Mesquita their prisoner. Quesada took command of this ship, and Carthagena resumed command of the *Concepcion*. The conspirators were thus in possession of three ships, and began to dictate terms to Magellan. They told him that they were ready to acknowledge him as chief and to kiss his hands, but that the King's commands for the voyage must be obeyed, and they professed, perhaps supposed, that these commands did not involve a winter sojourn at San Julian. Magellan curtly told them to come on board the flag-ship. When they refused, he sent Espinosa with six armed men on board the *Victoria*, with a peremptory order to Mendoza to come on board the *Trinidad*. When Mendoza declined contemptuously, Espinosa closed on him and stabbed him; a sailor struck him over the head with a cutlass and killed him. This bold act virtually broke up the conspiracy. Magellan sent another boat under Barbosa to seize the *Victoria*, and the next day put the other two vessels under officers who were devoted to him.

On the 4th of April he quartered the body of Mendoza and proclaimed him a traitor. On the 7th he beheaded Quesada as a traitor. Carthagena and the priest Sanches de la Reina, who had joined in the conspiracy, were adjudged guilty of treason, and sentenced to be left at San Julian after the squadron sailed. Forty men of lower rank were, as has been said, "pardoned," with the condition that they should serve loyally through the rest of the voyage.

Fortunately for the credit of civilization, none of the savages of the country appeared while this tragedy was in progress. Magellan made the ships secure at the shore, built a forge and storehouse, and some huts for barracks, and established a little observatory, where Andres San Martin determined the latitude as $49^{\circ} 18'$. Longitude, in those times, they could not well determine.

While they were thus occupied a little party of natives appeared, and after some friendly signalling one or more of them came on board. Magellan directed a sailor to land, and to imitate every gesture of

the first who appeared, as a token of friendship. The man acted his part so well that the gentle savage was propitiated, and readily came to an interview. On this or another occasion six Indians consented to go on board the flag-ship. Their Spanish hosts gave them a kettle full of biscuit—enough for twenty men, in the Castilian measure of appetite. But the hungry Indians devoured it all. Two, at least, of these visitors were of unusual size. The Spaniards only came up to their girdles. But, as the children's books say, these were "friendly giants." One of them saw the sailors throwing rats overboard, and begged that he might have them for his own. Afterward he regularly received the rats caught on board the ships as a daily perquisite. Before their voyage was over, Magellan's sailors were glad enough to follow his example, and to place these fellow-voyagers on their bill of fare at the rate of a ducat apiece.

This party of six—and a party of nine seen at another time—which may have included part or all of the first six, are all of the natives whom Magellan and his men ever saw. Of these, it seems certain that two at least were very large. All the Indians wore large shoes, which they stuffed with straw for warmth. From this custom the Spaniards gave them the name of *Patagons*, meaning in Spanish those who have large feet. When Magellan was about to sail, he determined to carry the two giants home as curiosities. It was impossible to overpower either of them in fair contest, and he resorted to treachery, which can only be excused on the theory of the Spaniards at that time that all these savages were to be ranked among brutes, over whom Christian men had certain special rights. The two friendly giants, being about to leave the ships, Magellan loaded them with presents. He gave them knives, mirrors, and glass trinkets, so that their hands were full, then he offered to each a chain. They were passionately fond of iron, but could not take the chains from very embarrassment of riches. With their full consent, therefore, Magellan bade the smith fasten the chains to their legs by the manacles which were attached to them. When it was too late the poor giants found, as so many wiser men have found, that they had accepted too many presents, and that in their very wealth they were made slaves. When they discovered this they were wild

with rage, and vainly called on their god *Setebos** to come to their succor.

Not satisfied with this success, Magellan tried to make more captives. He directed nine of his strongest men to compel two of the Indians to take them to the station where their women were. One of them escaped, but the other was subdued after a hard conflict. He consented to lead them to the wives of the two prisoners. When the women heard of the fate of their lords they uttered such screams that they were heard at the ships far away. The Spaniards had such superiority in numbers that they expected the next morning to carry the Indian women and their children on board ship. But meanwhile two Indian men came, who spent the night with them, and at daybreak the whole party escaped together. In their flight they killed one of the Spaniards with a poisoned arrow. Magellan sent a large party on shore and buried him.

And so they parted—the Spaniards and the Patagonians. The two giants were separated; one was placed on the *Trinidad*, and the other on the *Sant' Antonio*. It was from these experiences that Europe took the notion, which is, perhaps, not yet fully dispelled, that Patagonia was a region of giants.

Before the Southern winter was over, Magellan despatched the *Santiago* to explore the coast. At more than one hundred miles' distance from them the vessel was lost on the rocks. The crew fortunately escaped, and remained encamped on the shore for two months, supplied with provisions from the home station, while they collected such stores as they could from the wreck.

On the 24th of August they all left San Julian, where the winter, after all, had not been uncomfortable. Pigafetta speaks of ostriches, foxes, and rabbits which they found there, and of trees which yielded incense. Sailing south they spent more than a month in the river of Santa Cruz, provisioning the vessels with water and wood. And now Magellan was sure that the real voyage was to begin, and gave orders that every one should receive the communion and go to confession like a "good Christian."

Sailing still south, on the 21st of October, which is the day of St. Ursula and

* Shakespeare took the name *Setebos* from Eden's narrative of this voyage.

the eleven thousand virgins, they made the great discovery of the opening of Magellan's Strait. They doubled the high cape, which is still called by the name of the virgins, and entered the first reach of that remarkable channel from ocean to ocean, which in a zigzag course of nearly five hundred miles gives everywhere deep water for navigation, and almost always affords easy access to the shore, and with no lack of good harbors. "I think," says Pigafetta, in his transport on getting well through it, "that it is the best strait in the world." The squadron sailed bravely down the first reach, which, as will be seen by the map, runs southwesterly. After the second narrows the whole passage widens, and here Magellan divided his squadron, and sent the *Sant' Antonio* to examine the southeastern passage, while with the other vessels he sailed to the southwest.

With his own vessels he pushed westward with more and more assurance of

found, but Magellan declared that now they had found it, they must use it. He sent an order to every ship that no man should discuss the quantity of provisions, and that no man should speak of returning. With his own vessels he pushed on to a point where the channel was but five leagues wide, but still deep, and with every evidence of the Western sea, and here he waited for the *Sant' Antonio*.

But the *Sant' Antonio* never came. Her captain was his loyal cousin, Alvaro de la Mesquita; but her pilot, or, as we should say, sailing-master, was this Stephen Gomez. Gomez, with Guerra, who is called the notary, determined to return to Spain, and raised a mutiny on board the ship. They seized Mesquita, who in the affray wounded Gomez, and was wounded in return. Gomez was made captain, and took the vessel back through that part of the strait which they had discovered, and so returned to Spain. They arrived at Seville on the 6th of May, 1521. They had on board the giant John, but about the time that they crossed the equator, the poor fellow died.

Meanwhile Magellan waited for his false consort, but of course he did not find her. He came to anchor in the mouth of a river which probably flowed from the mountains of Terra del Fuego, which they called the River of Sardines, from the immense quantity of this fish which they found there. They waited there four days, but sent out a boat well-manned to explore the channel, and this boat returned on the third day with the joyful news that the Pacific was found. The cape at the extremity of Terra del Fuego was called "Dezeado," the "desired" cape, the discovery of which answered so many longings. "We wept for joy," Pigafetta says, and they may well have done so. They could not yet follow up their discovery, for they had but two vessels. They went back to meet the *Concepcion* and *Sant' Antonio* with their joyful news. But, as the reader knows, the *Sant' Antonio* was gone. After the report of the other vessel, nothing more could be done than to leave messages for their lost consort, and, with only three vessels now, to pursue the great discovery. Then began that extraordinary voyage which gave to the Pacific Ocean its name. For three months and twenty days the little squadron sailed on, and no storm broke the tranquillity. They made, as they supposed,



MAP OF THE STRAIT

success. Stephen Gomez, a Spanish pilot, who had a deservedly high reputation as a navigator, had eagerly urged the return of the whole squadron, now that they knew the passage to the Moluccas was

more than fifty leagues a day, which they estimated by the log, their dead-reckoning being the only way they had of computing their longitude. To us of to-day this voyage is the most interesting achievement of Magellan, and for some farther detail of it we would gladly exchange many pages of Pigafetta's account of the language of the Brazilians, or of the intrigues of the islanders of the East Indies. But such detail cannot be purchased to-day even with tears. It is, perhaps, the general fate of long months spent at sea that they afford to mankind little or no history. At the one moment of his life when the chronicler has a great abyss of useless time, which he would gladly employ in any innocent occupation, he has nothing to chronicle. When events and action come in upon him they leave him no fit time to make his record. When he has that time, in the fortunate quiet of his cabin, as the trades bear him over a calm ocean, there is nothing to record.

For its freedom from storms the ocean received from Magellan the name of *The Pacific Ocean*, which it has ever since retained. That name has gradually blotted out the name of the "South Sea," which had been given it by Balboa and the other Spaniards who first discovered it by looking southward from the Isthmus of Panama. That isthmus, as young readers are not apt to remember, runs from the northwest to the southeast, and a traveller crossing it from the Atlantic to the Pacific travels in a southwesterly direction. The ocean seen from it was therefore the South Sea.

We now know the Pacific as an ocean studded with innumerable islands, with inhabitants well provided with food from their own land and water; but it was the extraordinary fortune of Magellan in this great voyage to sail more than ten thousand miles and light on but two islands, both of which were barren and uninhabited. He found no bottom close to the shore. At the second he stopped to fish for sharks, and gave it the name Shark's Island, or "Tiburones." And so impressed were the crew by their dismal welcome that the two were called "*Desventuradas*," the Unfortunate Islands.

These two islands, the first born to Europe of the multitudes of the Pacific Ocean, cannot now be identified. The indications given by the different narrators

of Magellan's voyage are inconsistent, vague, and shadowy. They may be briefly stated.

On leaving the strait and South America, Magellan bore on a course which is described by Pigafetta as four thousand leagues between west and northwest quarter northwest. The great commander probably told Pigafetta that he meant to steer in this general direction. Accordingly such a line will be found on some of the old globes and maps. But the fortunate discovery of the log book of one of the "pilots" gives us now the course, the declination of the sun, and the computed latitude for every day of the Pacific voyage. It appears that Magellan held well to the north, not far from the coast of South America, till he had left, on the west, Juan Fernandez and Mas-a-Fuera without seeing them, and only then struck to the northwest, and afterward to the west. He thus came out upon the equator after a voyage which by their dead reckoning was four thousand leagues, and by their mistaken computation of longitude was 152° west of the meridian of Ferro, 159° 40' west of our first meridian of Greenwich.

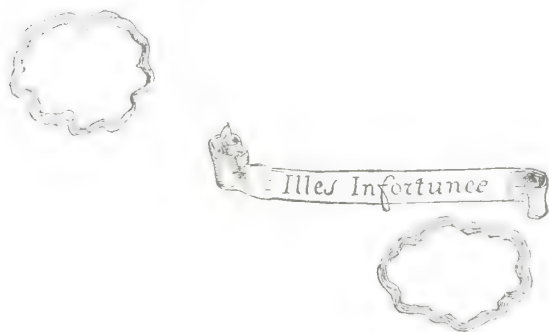
If that longitude could be accepted as correct, it is not difficult to draw an imaginary line to this meridian on the equator from the point on the South-American coast where they lost sight of land, three hundred and fifty or perhaps four hundred miles north of the strait. Such a line has been drawn, and the two Unfortunate Islands appear upon it as St. Pablo, discovered on St. Paul's Day in latitude 16° south, longitude 135° west of Greenwich, and Tiburones, 12° south, longitude 145° west.

But while the discoverers did not even attempt to give the longitude of these islands, we have in four different accounts four different statements of their latitude. It is therefore quite impossible to fix with any certainty upon the accurate charts of to-day the two Unfortunate Islands. Amoretti supposed that they were to be found among the smaller islands of the Society group. But in this he was deceived by his impression, taken from Pigafetta's narrative, that Magellan made a straight course from the strait to the equator. Had Magellan struck any such island, where were bread-fruits or cocoa-nuts, or anything to eat, he would have been glad to land to recruit his dy-

ing seamen, for they were now suffering from a terrible invasion of scurvy, which was a disease not well known in those times. Pigafetta's description of it is sadly accurate: "Our greatest misfortune was that we were attacked by a sort of malady which causes the gums to swell so that they rise above the teeth, in the upper and lower jaws alike, and those who are attacked by it can take no nourishment. Nineteen of our men died of it, among whom were the Patagonian giant and a Brazilian whom we had taken on board. Beside the dead, we had twenty-five or thirty sick sailors, who had pains in their arms, legs, and other parts of their body; but they recovered."

We now know that this disease was induced by the lack of fresh meats and vegetable food. The provisions of the squadron were now at the very worst. "Our biscuit," says Pigafetta, "was no longer bread; it was dust mixed with worms, of smell unbearable. Our water was stinking and putrid. We were at last reduced to chewing the bits of ox-hide with which the mainmast had been protected from the chafing of the ropes. These hides, by exposure to sea and air and sun, had become so hard that we had to soak them in the sea for four or five days before we could make them a little tender; then we broiled them to make them eatable. We were often reduced to sawdust for food; and mice were regarded as such dainty morsels that they were sold for half a ducat apiece."

In the several manuscripts of Pigafetta the two Unfortunate Islands are figured.



But as they are represented as close to each other, while in fact, according to his own text, they were two hundred leagues apart, the representation only throws a doubt on all the numerous drawings of like character with which these curious

manuscripts abound. Such as the drawing is, we copy it from one of the French manuscripts in the National Library of Paris.

Sailing on from the Unfortunate Islands, Magellan crossed the equator. His method of obtaining longitude was very deficient, and he knew it was; but he supposed, as has been said, that he was in our west longitude $159^{\circ} 46'$. This would have been well within the Spanish half of the world, according to Alexander VI.'s bull. Its limit in the Pacific was our meridian $132^{\circ} 14'$ east of Greenwich. Calculating back from his position when he reached the first land which can be fixed, he was really about 172° west of Greenwich—about 13° on the equator farther west than he supposed. In longitude he had crossed half the Pacific, reckoning to the Moluccas, or Spice Islands, which he was seeking. But he had made all the northing requisite, so that he had sailed more than half his way. He entered the Pacific on the 28th day of November, and crossed the equator on the 12th of February. He had still twenty-two more days before he could refresh his scurvy-tainted crew.

But at last, on the 6th of March, they saw two small islands. Soon a number of small sails appeared, as the islanders came out to meet the ships. They seemed to fly, for they had large sails of matting of triangular form above their little boats, and the Spanish seamen saw for the first time the curious catamaran of the natives of those waters.

A third and larger island, which is either that since known as Guahan or that known as Rota, tempted Magellan to land. He called it Iragana. But so many of the natives swarmed upon his ship, and so rapacious were they in stealing whatever they could lay their hands upon, that he found himself almost at their mercy. They begged him to land, but at the same time stole the boat which was fastened to the stern of the ship. At last Magellan did land in a rage. He burned forty or fifty of their huts, several of their boats, rescued his own, and killed seven men.

It was observed that the islanders did not know the use of the bow. If a Spanish arrow passed through the body of one of the poor wretches, he tried, naturally enough, to withdraw it, and afterward "looked at it with surprise," to the pity, one

is glad to say, of their invaders, who were not much of the pitying kind. After the invasion the squadron continued its westward course, followed by a hundred canoes. The savages now showed fish, as if they wished to trade, but the women wept and tore their hair, probably "because we had killed their husbands."

Pigafetta gives quite an elaborate account of these people from what must have been very slight material. It reminds one of the midshipman's despatch, regarding some of their neighbors, to the English Admiralty: "As for manners, they have none; and their customs are very filthy." "They have," says Pigafetta, "neither king nor chief. They

worship nothing; and they go naked." Thus he begins an account which, as our present knowledge proves, is singularly accurate.

Ten days more of ocean for poor Magellan's scurvy-tainted crew. But at last, on the 16th of March, 1521, "at the rising of the sun," they found themselves near the high land of Zamal. It is the Samar of modern maps of the Philippine group. The islands of Asia had been reached from the east. The Pacific Ocean had been crossed, and its mystery uncovered to the world of Europe. "I do not think," says poor Pigafetta, "that any man will ever wish to undertake such a voyage again."

TO AN OLD APPLE-TREE.

BY COATES KINNEY

Thou maimed limb, plead thy story,
The wounds upon thy body speak for thee;
Thou art a veteran soldier scarred with glory,
My brave old apple-tree!

Oftt hast thou borne up under
Onset of storming wind and shot of hail;
And once a sword-hinge of assailant thunder
Slashed down thy broken mail.

Old age, disease, and battle
Have scathed and crooked and crippled all thy form,
And thy Britann bare arms clish and rattle,
Tost in the wintry storm.

I seem to feel thee shiver,
As on thy nakedness hang rags of snow
May charitable Spring, the gracious giver,
O'er thee her mantle throw!

She will: and sunshine spilling
From blue skies thou again shalt drink as wine,
And feel afresh the rush of young blood thrilling
Through that old heart of thine.

For in the season duly
Each year there rises youth's perennial power
Within thee, and thou then rejoicest newly
In robes of leaf and flower.

Ay, though thy years are many,
And sorrows heavy, yet from winter's gloom
Thou issuest with the young trees, glad as any,
As quick of green and bloom.

The bluebird's warble mellow
Returns like memory and calls thy name,
And, as first love, the oriole's plumage yellow
Burns through thy shade like flame.

Thou quiver'st in the sunny
June mornings to the welcoming of song,
And bees about their business of the honey
Whisper thee all day long.

Thus thou art blest and blestest -
Thy grace of blossoms fruiting into gold;
And thus, in touch with nature, thou possessest
The art of growing old.

THE BATHLEY AFFAIR.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

I.

THE name was clearly called. "Miss Julian! Miss Julian!" in a pretty treble voice. Maclise stood still a moment and listened, the sound of an English name being pleasant in this lonely Pyrenean hotel.

The young man had wandered down a corridor, and into a long, silent, sleepy-looking hall or concert-room, which he concluded might be brilliant enough in the height of the season, but just now dull and lifeless, although at the upper end there was a platform with a grand piano open upon it, some sheets of music scattered about, and a huge bowl of lilies, evidently freshly placed there.

"Miss Julian!" the voice went on again. A door close to where Maclise's tall figure was standing was pushed open; a small person of about eight years of age came in, and regarded the Englishman with an air of frowning disapproval.

"Where is Miss Julian?" she demanded.

Maclise laughed. "How should I know?" he said, shortly, and looking at the child with an amused sort of contempt; but in the same instant a light footstep sounded in the corridor, and a girl of perhaps three or four and twenty, with a head like a young Diana and a manner imperious enough for an Eastern princess, appeared. Her hands were full of roses, some of which went tumbling down upon the floor, while she gave a swift glance in Maclise's direction out of a pair of dazzling dark blue eyes.

"Have you been waiting long for me?" she inquired, quickly. She went forward, holding her roses more securely, and with an exquisite although rather chilling grace turned again to the astonished young man. "I am sorry to have kept you. Where will you sit? If you are to judge of my voice artistically, please don't go very far away, as it isn't—she smiled—"what you would call a big voice at all." She pointed to one of the benches in the centre of the long dim room, while her manner seemed to take so much for granted that Maclise could only listen in quiet amusement, understanding that he was mistaken for somebody else, but by no means tempted to

quarrel with the accident. "Sit down, if you please," she went on, "and don't think me troublesome, but I'm rather peculiar about the way I like to sing. Don't speak too soon. Let me sing the first part straight through."

Maclise did sit down where he was bidden, and the young lady went up the steps at the side of the platform and began turning over the music. "Do you think you are in a good place?" she continued, coming forward with her music in her hand.

Maclise had for the first time an opportunity to take in a full impression of this girl, and accustomed as he was to what was distinctly high-bred, if not always beautiful, in womankind, he thought that "Miss Julian" was the most thoroughly effective-looking handsome girl he had ever seen. She wore a gown of some soft pale-hued gray, and the ornaments of unpolished steel at her neck and belt gave the costume a certain Parisian finish; but her face, clearly cut and fine in outline, the eyes of the darkest blue, and shaded by black lashes, the soft waves of chestnut-colored hair, above all, the fine finish about the girl's appearance, required no special assistance from Mr. Worth and his followers to set them off.

"It is too bad," the girl went on, "that you don't play the accompaniments. Really it is very trying to sing without them."

"But I do," protested Maclise, smiling.

"Oh, do you? Why, Fervarti said you couldn't."

"He didn't know," declared Maclise, going over to the piano; and when he had seated himself he put out his hand for the music. "Let me see what you have there," he added.

"Oh, just this," Miss Julian returned, carelessly, as though her voice was capable of much greater things than "Batti, batti," but still she was willing to do a small thing very well on certain occasions.

Maclise knew *Don Giovanni* by heart, so it was easy to put on a masterly professional manner, in spite of the strong desire he had to laugh aloud; and as he played through the gay little symphony, Miss Julian listened to him with the air of a fine critic well pleased, and then

opening her charming lips, sang with a voice like a happy thrush. She had been right in saying that it was not a *big* voice, but it was one in which were so many delightful elements both of quality and expression that the absence of depth seemed of not the slightest consequence as one listened; and above all things she had the faculty of looking very beautiful as she sang. Maclise thought he had never seen or listened to so captivating a Zerlina, and his face expressed his admiration when the last note died away.

Miss Julian looked at him with a very impersonal sort of manner, the anxiety in her face being entirely the result of a desire of his criticism.

"Well," she said, with half a sigh, "what do you think? Fervarti said he would rather have your opinion than anybody else's, but I think he makes a mistake. Now what I want to do is to study Wagner."

Maclise, who was divided between interest in this piquant adventure with so beautiful a girl, and an impulse to laugh aloud over the whole thing, had to put on an expression of serious reflection.

"I sincerely hope," he said, looking at the girl solemnly, "that you will keep to your own *genre*. It is the greatest mistake in the world for people with a voice like yours—a clear light *cantabile* voice, let us say" (here Maclise paused just an instant to think of some more scientific term, and went on hurriedly, leaning his arms upon the piano, and regarding Miss Julian with a critical frown)—"the greatest mistake, I say, for people who can do one thing very well, to try to do another—badly."

The girl interrupted him. "You have never heard me sing any of Elsa's music," she said, calmly.

"But I should not want to," persisted Maclise: "really it would be as out of place as though—well, as though William Morris, for example, insisted upon being a second Milton. This does not in the least disparage the real grandeur of 'The Earthly Paradise.'"

Miss Julian opened her eyes a trifle more widely. She had expected a conventional singing-master, an impresario who would talk "shop" to her, and perhaps try to use some of old Fervarti's arguments to induce her to go upon the stage; but an indolent, well-dressed, thorough-going society man in appearance;

a man who looked as though he might be one of the distinguished painters of the day, perhaps; certainly a man of keen intelligence, and with an apparent sense of the social fitness of things, although exhibited so far in the smallest kind of trifles; a man who could talk about William Morris and Milton—what did it mean? Into the girl's face, confronting Maclise's across the darkly shining surface of the piano, a faint rose-color crept, while she was apparently puzzled as to what to say next.

Maclise's instincts came to her rescue. "I am afraid I owe you an apology, Miss Julian," he said, laughing and standing up; "but you seemed to take things so for granted. I really never heard of Fervarti, except in a general way as the best teacher of his kind, and I ought to apologize since my meeting you here was purely accidental. I stopped over at this hotel expecting to see some Americans who were to have been here, but my letters, forwarded me from friends in Paris, speak of their sudden departure. I was just cursing my fate over having an hour to wait for my train when you appeared."

The girl had listened to Maclise's statement, evidently stirred in some strange fashion by what he was saying. If at first she had seemed amused, the expression of her face was finally one of dismay, and then annoyance.

"The mistake was mine as well as yours," she said, very coldly, and preparing to leave the room, while Maclise felt as though he would give a great deal to detain her for some more satisfactory apology and explanation of the affair, which now looked only disagreeable to him. "I suppose I ought to tell you, sir, that Fervarti, my singing-master, was very anxious that a special friend of his from Paris, who was to be here to-day, should hear me sing. I had so many other things to think of that when I came into the room I did, as you say, take it all for granted. I supposed you to be Fervarti's friend. He is an Englishman, although he teaches in Paris."

She smiled politely, and taking her music in her hand, went down the steps of the little platform like a young queen, and walked out of the room.

She went down the corridor and passed into a pretty little salon furnished with a great deal of dark inlaid wood, blue silk drapery, and gilded ornamentation.

A lady with a pretty air of invalidism was reclining on a sofa near a wood fire, and as Miss Julian came into the room she looked up from her book inquiringly.

"You can't imagine what has happened, Harriet," the girl exclaimed, in a low, intense voice, "the most astonishing thing!" She broke off, and with a sweeping gesture flung herself into a low chair near the invalid.

"I went into the concert-room expecting, of course, to find Fervarti's young man there. Instead, there was a tall Englishman, with that look so many of them have, don't you know—a bored sort of fascinating manner. I don't know how to describe it; it is critical and observant, and yet so very careless of everything and everybody. He was not handsome exactly, but very good-looking in his way: blue eyes and a blond beard—my final necessity in a man, you know."

The elder lady was as interested in the description of Maclise's personal appearance as though there was nothing else of greater importance to come later, and she murmured, admiringly, "Yes, dear, I know"; and added, "well, go on."

The girl leaned back in her chair and smiled reflectively. "Well, my dear, consider my feelings when, after rather forcing him into the position of Fervarti's friend, and talking to him in the most ridiculous manner about my singing, he turned out to be—whom do you suppose?"

"My dear Bell, *whom*?"

Bell rose from her chair with a light sarcastic little laugh. "No other than Frank Maclise! He informed me that he had come to find some Americans, but his letters from Paris explained their unexpected departure. Harriet, I thought for an instant I would faint."

The elder lady regarded her companion with an expression which showed how serious an importance the girl's words really had.

"What are you going to do about it?" she said presently.

"I don't know," murmured Bell. "He called me Miss Julian," she added, "because little Bertha had just come in, looking for me, I suppose, and calling me by that name. And oh, Harriet, if only it should happen so that he remains for a few days, and I should make him sorry for the mission he undertook on his uncle's behalf!"

There was silence for a moment be-

tween the two, and meanwhile Bell walked over to the window, where she stood looking down into the valley, where the signs of the picturesque rural life of the district were many. The village was a small one, between Lourdes and Caute-rets, and possessed the usual external elements of a Pyrenean place of the kind. Bright-looking little houses, and at irregular intervals fields and gardens which bore evidence of the fruitful season. The hotel veranda overlooked a widely terraced slope, where here and there peasants were moving about, their toil deprived of all air of hardship or drudgery from the simple fact that their bright dress and alert manner gave a touch of independence to their actions, which, under such a divinely radiant sky and in such a peaceful country, made the idea that any out-of-door occupation could be servile seem impossible.

The young lady in the window contemplated this scene with its familiar characteristics dreamily for a moment, while her companion went on, in an excited monotone: "Don't you think his position is a very hard one at best? I am sure I should not care to do what he is doing for the dearest friend in the world. And remember that he thinks—"

The girl turned suddenly, looking at her companion with blazing cheeks. "He thinks, I suppose," she said, "that if I had married his cousin I would have disgraced the whole family. And so he has to come here to break it off. That is really what the visit means, Harriet, when you bring it down to plain English. Now, then, let me tell you what I mean to do. He shall be sorry enough, if he stays here three days longer, that Bathley and I have broken our engagement, or are on the verge of doing so. As if it hadn't been a very millstone about my neck from the very moment I was silly enough to let mamma persuade me into accepting him! Harriet! Harriet! don't look at me, dear, like that!" cried the girl, coming forward impulsively and kneeling down beside the sofa; "don't look at me as though you thought I was ready to do anything desperate. But you can't think how lowering to all my finest feelings this whole miserable business has been; and if now I can only show them all what I really am, and then make my courtesy to them, it will be a comfort for the rest of my life."

The lady on the sofa bent an admiring, pitying glance upon the girl's lovely face, flushed now, and a mist of tears quivering about her dark lashes.

"What do you want to do, dear?" she said, with gentle compassion.

"I mean to make him stay here, to begin with," said the girl; "I will write him a letter which will explain itself to you when you read it. I will keep strictly to the truth in it, but let him imagine I am Miss Crofts' particular confidential friend. It can't turn out a tragedy; but, comedy or farce, I am determined to play it through, and have the applause on my side. There seems a justice in our being detained here."

II.

Meanwhile Mr. Frank Maclise, in an upper room of the same hotel, was writing to his cousin Lady Fraser, in London, as follows. The scene in the concert-room was briefly and rather absurdly sketched, and then:

"If I could make any excuse for remaining a day longer I think I would do it, if only to put myself into a better position with the bewitching Zerlina. If Miss Crofts has just left the place, perhaps this Miss Julian knew her, as I take her to be also an American. Now if Bathley had fallen in love with such a girl as this, what a difference it might have made! You know he used to be rather given to being taken by the way a girl wore her clothes, and this young person certainly fulfils the most exacting demand in that regard. She looks born for purple and fine linen. Three or four days might be very agreeably spent in studying this part of the Pyrenees with her for a companion. I brought Dobson's book down here with me, and I should like to read aloud a little, and see the effect of that sort of social lyric upon her. I know what you would say if you were here—not to begin a new flirtation. I will be prudent, unless I am tempted beyond my strength, but I cannot, my dear Laura, say what the effect of moonlight, for instance, and Miss Julian would be together. I suppose Bathley will groan when he hears that I have missed seeing his fair one. Don't tell him any of the nonsense I have been writing here. I can't do anything with him as a mentor if my influence is spoiled in such a fashion. Really he is the most unlucky beggar, when you think of

it. The three times he has tried to tie the knot! I wonder whether a plainly worded advertisement would not be the safest method of securing a good alliance for him? Tell Dick to think it over, and suggest to Uncle Arthur," etc., etc.

Maclise had rambled on to his devoted cousin Lady Fraser some pages when a letter brought by one of the servants of the hotel was put into his hand.

Breaking the seal, he read as follows:

"DEAR MR. MACLISE,—It was impossible, when we met this morning, to make clear to you that my cousin Mrs. Barbour and I were deputed to receive you in place of Miss Crofts. I think it is just as well, for I doubt if there could be any understanding between you and herself which would be satisfactory. I am so entirely in her confidence that I can say, frankly, I feel sure that she could not discuss with you, or with any outsider, the question of an engagement which could only be ended by mutual consent. It seemed to her quite incredible that Sir George Bathley could have suggested renewing it through the medium of Colonel Finchley, who called upon Miss Crofts in Pau last month; still more so that Lord Harcourt should have sent an emissary in yourself to request her to pay no attention to his nephew Sir George's request. All things considered, it was most natural for Miss Crofts to feel it impossible to meet you, and I am sure that if we discuss the matter you will appreciate her motive. We are going to drive to Luz this afternoon, and would be delighted to have you join us. We start at two o'clock. Will you kindly let us know if we may expect you? I have just received a telegram from the gentleman Signor Fervarti had arranged for me to meet. He explained that he could not keep his appointment. Pray pardon what must have seemed a very curious demand upon your time and patience.

"Very truly yours,

"ISABEL JULIAN."

Maclise read the letter with smiling satisfaction, although much amused over the fresh complication in his affair. What could he say to Miss Julian that would not make him appear still more ridiculous? Two days ago the possibility of his cousin's renewing an engagement with a girl who was described as the typical hoy-

den of Western America had seemed to him a folly so enormous that he was willing to sacrifice his time or inclination to almost any extent, and set out to see, as Lady Fraser put it, what could be done with the girl herself. The engagement had taken place in America the winter before, and had been broken off almost directly by the girl herself, but the Bathleys considered it done in a fit of pique: and now Sir George, who happened to be laid up from an accident in the winter, was endeavoring to renew his correspondence with her, hearing of her arrival in Europe.

However, Maclise was usually ready for any social emergency, and he despatched a very satisfactory acceptance of Miss Julian's invitation, adding these words in regard to Miss Crofts' engagement:

"I hope I shall be able to make you think a little less severely of my visit to Miss Crofts. Perhaps my errand was undertaken impulsively, but still I may be able to make my own motives apparent before I leave."

Two hours later Mr. Maclise presented himself at the door of Mrs. Barbour's salon, and was received by that lady, in her costume for the drive, with a greeting which was evidently intended to be very gracious, but which impressed the young man as somewhat confused. He made out, however, that Miss Julian would join them presently. Maclise was intensely amused by this time over the mistake of the morning, which had given a new piquancy to this journey of his. While he sat exchanging conventional civilities with Mrs. Barbour, admiring the view from the veranda, explaining this was his second visit to the upper Pyrenees, etc., he was really occupied with a conjecture as to whether explanations about the Bathley affair would be very easy with the charming, imperious girl he had seen, whose very eyes and lips and manner seemed to demand so much from everything about her. Indeed, the chief impression left upon Maclise's mind was of her striking beauty and an imperative sort of expectancy. Therefore her very simple method of greeting him when she appeared a few moments later was a surprise. The candor of her glance was even sweeter than he had thought it when she sang "*Batti, batti*," a few hours before, and the little ripple of laughter with

which she offered him her hand was like the note of a happy child.

"Shall you like to go to Luz?" she inquired presently, buttoning her gloves, and looking at Maclise with very gentle interrogatory in her glance. "We had planned the trip for to-day, and my cousin has to take advantage of the bright weather. She had Roman fever early in the winter, and is an invalid yet."

"I should be delighted to go," Maclise said. "Luz is one of the *barége* villages, is it not? I have always meant to see something of the town."

"You will like it, I think," said Miss Julian. She looked furtively at him from under her dark lashes, and then added, smiling, "I can't help wondering, Mr. Maclise, how I came to mistake you for Fervarti's friend."

They both laughed, and as he assisted the ladies into their carriage a little later, Maclise said, returning to the subject.

"Weren't you surprised, Miss Julian, at my so quickly assuming the part you assigned to me?"

She blushed a little. "I don't think," she said, looking at him very frankly, "that I thought much about that. You see, I was annoyed at having to sing for him at all, and Mrs. Barbour felt too ill to come into the concert-room with me, and it was altogether a bore."

"Nevertheless," said Maclise, "I am impatient to hear you again, though not in *Lohengrin*."

"That is unkind. You must know, Mr. Maclise, I am one of those unfortunate beings who desire always to do and be what they cannot or what they are not. It is not a desire for novelty so much as for a change which will involve something requiring a new faculty. That is why, perhaps—" She broke off rather suddenly, and turned to the consideration of Mrs. Barbour's wraps, averting her face from Maclise's thoughtful inspection of it. "Harriet," she said, in an altered tone, "are you sure you are warm enough? Remember this drive will be long and chilly."

Mrs. Barbour was sure she was warm enough. The carriage rattled down the hill, and out of the little town, curving about a road which pressed against the abrupt steeps at the right, the prospect to the left being of a swift descent, ravines, water-falls, and irregularly bridged causeways.

Isabel was familiar with the lower Pyrenees, having spent many a holiday in the Basque country, but these scenes, with their wild picturesqueness, the gray blue-green heights dominating the breaks of valley land, were wholly new to her, and in direct contrast to the country which, curving graciously about the Bay of Biscay, seemed to include all that is rugged, and at the same time is so full of rural simplicity.

It was almost impossible to keep the passionate resentment which Isabel was sure she felt at its proper pitch, when nature and the elements were so completely in harmony, and the object of her indignation a man whose face looked to the girl capable of very fine intuition about the things which she cared for most. She had been framing various speeches intended to bring about a discussion of Sir George Bathley which should include some of her special points of view; but instead of uttering any of these, she looked at Maclise with a smile, and said, folding her hands with a little fashion she had when particularly happy or pleased with things about her:

"Thanks to the human heart that in me lives."

Maclise responded quickly:

"For me the meanest flower that blows."

Isabel looked at him gratefully.

"I suppose one ought to feel old-fashioned in quoting Wordsworth, but my father brought me up to be very fond of his poetry," she said.

"Is your friend Miss Crofts in the least a cultivated girl?" said Maclise, rather suddenly.

Isabel blushed furiously, and returned to her former condition of mind. "Do you mean," she said, "is she a girl likely to be companionable for Sir George Bathley?"

It was Maclise's turn to look confused, but he laughed. "Come," he said, good-humoredly. "That is rather hard. Poor George never went in for anything solid, I know; but he is a good-natured creature."

Mrs. Barbour shuddered. "What an awful description!" she said, smiling.

"I know it," persisted the young man; "but then, if either of you had ever seen him, you would understand that it is quite just. Really I didn't feel that the engagement with that American girl was fair all around. To take George away from his traditional associations, to see

him married to a girl like that, was a sort of hopeless thing to all of us, you know. He is not steady enough, not sure enough of himself any way, to compete with—"

"Compete with what?" said Isabel Julian, in very determined accents. "Now, Mr. Maclise, will you not tell me just what it was the Bathleys were all so afraid of? Of course Miss Crofts had no fortune of her own, but really she was a lady, and, as I know the story, this is the way in which the engagement took place: Sir George Bathley was in America, as you know, and at Niagara two years ago, and he was introduced to Miss Crofts. My cause of wonderment is that the girl ever thought of accepting him, but she did it, and the engagement was a very brief one. If ever a poor mistaken young person was thankful to be released, it was she, I assure you. Then comes the renewal of Sir George's offer: he sent it, as I believe you know—the girl's lips curled disdainfully—"through his friend Colonel Finchley, and thereupon Lord Harcourt, Sir George's uncle, is in a fine dilemma! It is not to be supposed for an instant that the American girl will not jump at this second chance offered her, and so—"

"I am asked," put in Maclise, with a mixture of amusement and irritation, "to see what I can do, to explain various matters to Miss Crofts, and prevent the marriage taking place if possible."

"Exactly," returned Isabel; "and as Miss Crofts had absolutely declined Sir George's second offer, don't you think the family were rather over-anxious?"

"You are spoiling the drive," put in Mrs. Barbour, who was visibly nervous during this conversation. "Now it isn't likely we three shall ever go over the same road again, and do let us enjoy ourselves."

"Provided," laughed Maclise, "that Miss Julian will relieve my mind on a future occasion in regard to certain things about Miss Crofts which seem enigmatical. For instance, she was represented as belonging to a very good family in America, and well educated, but she was also represented as doing the most remarkable things, and determined to go upon the stage as soon as she became Lady Bathley."

"I never heard of her as a peculiarly wild girl," said Miss Julian, gravely; "she led a very quiet life—almost a tame one, socially speaking. She is a girl who has

read a great deal, and tried to think a little, and had some dim vision about a life to lead with some definite object in it, and until quite lately she has been what I suppose you people would call poor. She has a voice which was well enough trained to justify her, after her father's death, in thinking of going upon the stage; but it was merely as a matter of expediency, and in spite of her teacher's anxiety to bring her out in public, she long since abandoned any such idea. Some member of Sir George's family circle must have a largely developed imaginative faculty."

"I declare," said Mrs. Barbour, laughing, but still nervous, "I would rather hear you talk Wordsworth than go on about Miss Crofts in this way."

"We will forget her," said Maclise. "Heaven knows she has bored me and all of us long enough. To begin with, there were George's sentimental raptures, and his misery on breaking the engagement; then the wild tales which Mrs. Price brought to us to hear; Lord Harcourt's terror over the possibility of the engagement being renewed; and altogether she has been the greatest incubus in the family."

Maclise observed that the face of the girl before him flushed and paled while he spoke, and he added, contritely:

"I ought to beg your pardon, Miss Julian, but you know Miss Crofts doesn't seem to me a distinct personality, and I forget that she is your friend. She has been to us a kind of mythical creature who might at any time develop into a terrible reality."

"We will forget her," said Miss Julian, coldly.

They now reached the village, which was high up in the mountains, and seemed to have confronted time and change with admirable nerve and self-possession, since nothing appeared to have been altered for generations. The houses, irregularly dotted about, all showed the walls and thresholds which belonged to a remote century. The square, the silence of which our party broke almost rudely, as the carriage clattered in, retained all the simplicity of stone flagging and uncertain lines of bell tower and unimpressive verdure which seemed also to have belonged there for many decades.

Mrs. Barbour and Bell were soon cozily established in a hotel. Isabel walked

through the rooms declaring she had not experienced anything so nearly like an adventure since they left Spain. "And really," she said to Mrs. Barbour, "he is not a bad companion. If one could disassociate him from the Bathley affair, he might be very good company indeed."

Meanwhile the object of this condescending criticism had gone out for a little stroll about the town, his footsteps seeming to waken echoes everywhere. He had a package of unopened letters, received just before they had started on the drive, and which he now decided to read, sitting on the low stone wall of a church-yard, which was old enough to attract the attention of the curious, and in fact belonged to the history of the village in the fifteenth century.

It might have been the result of all his reflections and the letters he had been reading, but Maclise certainly brought back to the hotel an expression and manner which impressed Mrs. Barbour and Miss Julian as surprising. He was at once preoccupied and observant; that is, he answered what was said to him half at random, and yet seemed quick to listen for a new remark when Miss Julian made one. His eyes followed the girl searchingly, even as they took their places at the table in the lonely dining-room and she made some light jest about the *table d'hôte*.

When they returned to the sitting-room the radiance of the day had suddenly departed, the solemn heights of the hills about the town were luridly opposed to the flecks of sunshine which danced about the streets, and Maclise, who knew the characteristics of the country very well, declared that a great storm was coming.

The question arose as to whether they should try to return at once, or decide to remain here for the night. It was perplexing, especially as Mrs. Barbour was too much of an invalid to be comfortable away from her maid and various small necessities; but Maclise took the burden of decision upon himself with the authority of old acquaintance.

"We can send a messenger over to Argelès," he said, decisively—"a man who isn't afraid of the journey even if it does storm; and Mrs. Barbour's maid perhaps can be brought over. I don't believe it would be safe for us to venture back in that open carriage."

Two hours later, one of the character-

istic storms of the country swept down upon the little place, driving away from it every semblance of the spring time brilliancy which had made the morning so fair to see. A wood fire had been lighted in the little salon. Mrs. Barbour, Isabel, and Maclise had resigned themselves to the fact that to get back to Argeles that night was impossible, and the older lady was talking comfortably to the young man, while Isabel stood in the window looking out, fascinated by the fury of the tempest as it raged above the absolutely deserted square before the hotel. The grandeur of the hill-sides was certainly more impressive under the lashings of the wind and rain, and in spite of the feeling of a destructive force in the torrent of water falling before her eyes, there was something exhilarating in it to the girl, who, had she followed the impulse within her, would have liked to rush out into the thick of the storm itself, or to stand on one of the great ledges of rock dominating the vista to the right of her, and feel herself one with the tragedy that seemed to be in the elements themselves. She was rather glad, on the whole, that something so exciting in nature opposed itself to the calm of the little place, and gave her thoughts an energetic impulse which carried them away from herself, for as time went on she began to feel it quite impossible to talk in a commonplace way with Maclise, whose every repetition of the name "Miss Julian" grated upon her ear. It is surprising how often our ill feelings or moments of resentment come back to reflect upon ourselves. Isabel was irritated beyond expression with herself for the part she was playing, and already it seemed to her to be of not the slightest consequence what any of the Bathleys thought or didn't think of Miss Crofts. The whole thing seemed to the girl now simply unpleasant in so far as she had allowed Maclise to be somewhat imposed upon; and supposing—supposing they were compelled to stay in this hotel two days longer, would it be possible for her to maintain her composure without betraying to him her identity? and when that was done, what would he have the right to think of her? The girl was not accustomed to anything mysterious or improbable in her life. She disliked this new sense of deception; but how was she to turn round and explain matters satisfactorily now? If only he would go away!

but already a peculiar fascination in his presence had affected the girl in spite of herself, and she was forced to admit that under any other circumstances she would have welcomed the adventure and the position they were placed in most cordially, enjoying Maclise's companionship quite well enough to prevent the evening, or a next day even, of seclusion being at all tiresome. Maclise, looking from time to time at the girl standing in the window with her hands pressed against the sash, and her cheek now and then laid down upon them, had his own thoughts, which of course Mrs. Barbour could not fathom, but which ran in a direction very nearly akin to Isabel's own. He was inclined at one moment to wish that he had never undertaken this queer mission of hunting up Bathley's former *fiancée*; but, on the other hand, if only things were a little clearer, could not a day or two be spent very agreeably with this frank-eyed, delightful girl?

Two hours later, Isabel, enveloped in a long fur-lined cloak, and with a silk scarf tied loosely about her head, was pacing a covered gallery with Maclise, whence they could enjoy the spectacle of the storm as untroubled spectators. Instead of any sunset brilliancy, there had come a wonderful pale amber and gray effulgence, which swept across the country, dividing mists and scattering rain-drops, but in no way putting an end to the torrent of falling water. But Isabel declared that she liked the scene better than in the noonday radiance.

"It is like seeing one's excited fancies—one's flights of imagination, for instance—take form or illustration," Maclise said, as they stood a moment looking out upon the tumult, and conscious of a mournful little rain drip near by.

"It is fortunate that our fantastic notions cannot be carried on in a whirlwind," said the girl, smiling. She was wishing to bring the conversation around to something personal, at least to open the way to make things clearer, but these large figures of speech seemed a lame way of doing so. She looked up at Maclise's strong profile. Her eyes and the fluffy chestnut hair, the ivory-tinted face and rich lips, were exceedingly lovely in the framework of red silk scarf. Maclise brought his eyes around to meet hers.

"All the same," he said, "we would not be accountable for the whirlwind, you

know. See here, Miss Julian, look at that thin wreath of mist going up the mountain-side! What painter could give an idea of its brilliancy? Now it loses force in spreading a little . . . now it has gathered a larger faculty again, a new lease of life . . . and now—"

They strained their gaze forward watching it. The gallery overlooked one of the mountain roads, whose perspective, dimly seen, was a sort of valley land, with greeneries at this moment lashed by the storm. Directly opposite was a bold hill-side, seamed and furrowed, here and there densely verdant, and yet showing great bare brown patches, which contributed reluctant streams of sand and pebble to the downward rush of the water. In one of these the tender mist trail was suddenly caught, and scattered loosely to the wind.

"How easy to be figurative," laughed Maclise, "watching anything of this kind! You must have been to Niagara, and I suppose any one can be easily rhetorical, for example, on that subject."

The girl shrank suddenly, and the crimson color shot into her cheeks. It was at Niagara Sir George Bathley's brief engagement had begun and ended. Isabel stood still a moment, the recollection overpowering her. Trifling incidents in that unlucky episode came back, as though borne on the stormy winds, or stamped upon the very face of the mountain-side before her. Luckily it is not only on the stage that diversions are created opportunely. At this juncture Mrs. Barbour was heard at the lower end of the long gallery with a plaintive "Isabel," and the girl, smiling faintly at her companion, hurried down to the windows of the little salon, within which her cousin was discovered slightly aggrieved in manner.

"We were watching the storm," said Isabel, throwing aside her cloak and scarf as they went in.

"And talking platitudes," continued Maclise. "But, do you know, from my experience of this locality, I think it is likely to keep up for the next three days."

The young man, as he spoke, looked up, irritated suddenly by the expression of dismay which he beheld on Miss Julian's countenance.

III.

From Lady Laura Fraser to Miss Bathley, Pulverton Manor, Pulverton, Essex.

DEAREST MARY,—I really cannot tell you when Frank Maclise will be home,

but, of course, if you are troubled on account of George's folly, you ought to dismiss it from your mind, as Frank writes most positively that he is very certain nothing would induce Miss Crofts to renew the engagement. It appears that the girl was no better satisfied with the affair than we were, which I must say shows her good sense. Frank is still in the Pyrenees. It appears that he got up into one of those mountain villages, just before a three days' storm came on, with some Americans, friends of Miss Crofts; then one of the ladies fell ill, and of course he could not leave them, and he seems to consider it his duty to see them safely as far as Paris. If you are ready to start with your mother, and it is so necessary for her health to go, why not try to take in Frank on your way? You can find him either at Argelès, or, if you send a letter *poste restante* to Biarritz, you may catch him there, but I'd try Argelès first. Judging from his letters, he seems to have become most Arcadian in his tastes. He spends his time roaming round and studying the natives, or reading aloud with these Americans, who must be very entertaining people to keep Frank so long with them. You are well off not being in town this season. Such a crush of people everywhere! If it were not for my morning ride, I don't know what I would do. My ball comes off on the 28th, and if you see Frank, tell him he really must be back in time for that. The Crediton girls will be here staying with us.

Always your affectionate

LAURA F.

From Miss Bathley, at Argelès, ten days later, to Lady Laura Fraser.

DEAREST LAURA,—Thanks so much for all the papers, etc. This is the most forlorn sort of place, but mamma likes the weather and the climate, and we are going on to Biarritz, thank fortune, in a week. We have just missed Frank, but think he and the Americans may be at Lourdes. It is only a short drive from here, and I am going over with mamma this afternoon. I won't forget to give Frank Maclise your message if I find him.

Affectionately, etc.,

MARY BEATRICE BATHLEY.

While this letter was being penned, Frank Maclise and Isabel Julian were slowly pacing the wide hilly slope which

overlooks the valley and the grotto of Lourdes. They were in that frame of mind when speech seems as much an impossibility as a necessity. Something, it appeared to Isabel, was in the very atmosphere about her, which, vibrating between Maclise and herself, charged them each with a consciousness of the other's nearness, nay, with the very train of thought in the other's mind, and yet what Isabel most dreaded was that Maclise should put into words the feeling which he had already shown her so plainly in a hundred trifling but still important ways, and yet to discuss commonplaces with this weight of emotion in the very air about them was utterly impossible. To Maclise it had begun to matter very little indeed where they directed their steps in the walks which he insisted upon the young girl's taking as a relief from the attendance upon her cousin. He had a general idea of the pervading stillness and peacefulness of the Pyrenees country which formed the setting for these daily hours of companionship, but the time had long since gone by for him to analyze or make fine local or personal distinctions. When Isabel laughingly quoted Bradshaw to him he was rather apt to be annoyed; and the afternoon when he had been able to talk about the storm upon the mountain, and to look critically and dispassionately at the girlish figure beside him, seemed to have been in another intellectual phase of his existence. But Isabel's entire attitude was one of tremulous elusiveness. The girl felt only the misery which she had brought upon herself—was conscious that each day made it more and more impossible for her to look Maclise honestly in the face and say to him: "I am the girl you came in search of—to whom you came that she might set your cousin free. Go back to the Bathleys and the Frasers and tell them your mission is fully accomplished."

At times, when something of the kind was on her very lips, it would almost seem as though Maclise himself had driven the utterance away; and again when their association was full of exquisite delight, how could she so cruelly put an end to it? But a talk that very morning with Mrs. Barbour had decided her to lay the case frankly and clearly before Maclise, and to beg him to say good-by to her once and forever, since further association was impossible. The idea of his re-

turning to England the warm friend of "that tiresome Miss Crofts" was a social incongruity Isabel could not think of with calm; and if—*if* there had been a chance for anything else, what possibility of such a thing could there be now? In moments when she was away from him, and was piecing the queer thing together in her mind, it occurred to Isabel, with something irresistibly ludicrous in the suggestion, that the position was a simply ridiculous kind of entanglement. Fancy—if such a thing were to be thought of—Maclise returning to London engaged to the terrible Miss Crofts himself!

"My dear," she said once to Mrs. Barbour, who was openly talkative on the subject, "they could say or feel anything on earth they liked of me after that. What sort of a person do you suppose that Miss Bathley—Sir George's sister—would consider me, for instance? Fancy such a thing for a moment!"

"That is all great nonsense," Mrs. Barbour answered. But the fact was that Maclise and the older lady were the very best of friends, and it was quite impossible for her to realize Isabel's putting away from her such good fortune as seemed to be almost daily laid at her feet.

But there is always a crisis, no matter to how prolonged a struggle, and Isabel, walking up and down above the peaceful grotto of Lourdes that day, had decided that this hour must end it.

If any one of us who are on-lookers while the comedies or dramas, or tragedies perhaps, of life are being played, could stand on some high vantage-ground and see the various *dramatis personæ* approaching from their different entrances, as it were, and circumstances like the carefully schemed out events upon the stage approaching with them, what a fine spectacle for moralists it would be! Isabel, racked with her miserable reflections, anxious at least to acquit herself fairly in Maclise's sight when she had told her tale, anxious that their parting should be as friendly as possible, and Maclise, caring for nothing particular except the fact that Isabel and he were still together, walked up and down, pausing now and then to look at this or that in the scene of interest before them, wholly unconscious that fate and decision of an unexpected kind were advancing up the hill-side toward them in the shape of the dowager Lady Bathley and her large, fair-haired daughter,

who, seated in an open carriage, were driving leisurely along, Miss Bathley's face alight with interest as their carriage entered the little village, and they began the ascent of the hilly road, which, sweeping upward, curves finally to the peaceful stretch of stream and quiet vale enclosing the grotto.

Lady Bathley was, so her daughter declared, always more or less ruffled by anything demonstratively religious, and she began to object, in her quiet, well-modulated voice, to the various external symbols of the shrine which they encountered, and which Miss Bathley tried to make her understand were only local.

"Never mind, mamma dear," Mary Bathley said, finally, in a very comfortable voice, "you know we saw Frank Maclise's name on the hotel register, and who knows but that we may find him here? That will console you, I am sure."

And by this time, the carriage being near to the top of the hill, the driver turned for the ladies to alight.

Isabel, answering what Maclise had to say in briefest monosyllables, saw the carriage stop and the two ladies descend. But the occurrence was an every-day one. Although it was not a special season for pilgrimages, visitors were constantly making their way up this hill, and all that she thought of these two was that they were handsome specimens of the English upper class—the comeliness of the tall, fair-haired girl a youthful reproduction of the good looks of the mother; but Maclise had seen them too, and across his face had come a look which seemed to burn itself into Isabel's very soul when he turned upon her.

"Don't look startled or confused," he said, hurriedly. "Perhaps it is as well that this has happened. There are my aunt and cousin, Lady Bathley and her daughter, coming toward us."

Isabel gave a little half-articulate cry; she rested one of her hands upon the balustrade, and tried to compose her face and thoughts together; but everything was whirling around her, everything seemed confusion and mist, as the ladies advanced, the younger one recognizing Maclise with a sudden exclamation of delight; and then, out of a confusion of hand-shaking and greetings, she heard Maclise, like one in a dream, saying,

"Lady Bathley, pray let me present—Miss Crofts."

And a deadly sickening silence seemed to follow, while Lady Bathley held out her hand to Isabel, and the eyes of the girl were lifted imploringly to Maclise.

Had it been possible that she had heard aright? But he had pronounced the name clearly, and with no trace of embarrassment in his tone. "Miss Crofts."

Lady Bathley and her daughter were repeating it now, carrying conviction to Isabel's confused mind, and then it seemed to her that Maclise had contrived to draw her one side and to murmur:

"Forgive me—I could not introduce you under the other name. I don't know why you did it, but let me tell you now that I have known it from the first day."

On the whole, I am inclined to think that we generally behave as circumstances or emergencies require that we should. Nor have we a chorus to proclaim aloud sentiments and feelings which from time to time rack our breasts while we confront the world with unflinching composure of eyes and lips. Isabel could not have said how or why, but she knew that during the next half-hour she conducted herself quietly and without any special embarrassment of speech or manner. It may have been a fortunate accident that she spoke almost at once to Miss Bathley of her brother. The dowager and Maclise were walking on just ahead of them, and Isabel said, very frankly:

"Of course I hope you all know I never intended to renew that foolish engagement. I hope Sir George is very well; and I am sure he is, or ought to be, as thankful as I am that things went no further."

Miss Bathley, it happened, was almost stunned, as she expressed it later, by the distinguished beauty of the girl, connection with whom she had so long dreaded, and for once her own independence of manner seemed at a loss. She looked at the superb young creature at her side, wondering what such a one could have found in poor silly George to even think of for an instant. "We had never seen you, you know, Miss Crofts," the English girl said, with delicate tact, and she smiled and held out her hand.

Isabel's head drooped; the tears which had gathered beneath her lashes were beginning to fall, and she slowly wiped them away. How mortifying and annoying the whole thing had been: and yet—yet by what a strange combination

of circumstances was it that at this very moment her strongest emotion was the result of her inevitable parting with Maclise! Her face was bent down as she and Miss Bathley stood on the brow of the little hill, and she could scarcely see the two figures just beyond them, Maclise and his aunt talking together, and yet she knew that he was there; she knew how it might feel to have him away forever.

Whether it was in the hunting-field, in a ballroom, or in purely domestic matters, Mary Bathley's friends said of her that she was always equal to an emergency. Somehow she divined that this was one requiring all her faculties. She looked in the direction of Maclise and her mother for an instant, and then back at Isabel.

"Will you let me take you to your hotel now?" she said, in her kindest though most insistent tones, "and after that I will return for mamma. I think I can understand how you feel, but please don't let the Bathleys make fools of themselves twice. If you don't understand me now," said Mary, with heightened color, "perhaps you will later."

Late in the afternoon of the 30th of June, that year, two ladies in a fine open carriage formed part of what may be called the social aspect of the scene which is renewed daily in Hyde Park, London. Lady Laura Fraser and her cousin Miss Bathley had driven out for the especial purpose of discussing the final result of Frank Maclise's journey.

"Of course, if you like her," Lady Laura was saying, complacently enough, "that ought to be sufficient, but I really can't tell how we fancied that Miss Crofts was such a hoydenish young woman."

"Oh, I think," said Mary Bathley, carelessly, "it was because in our heart of hearts we never believed any girl who

was not a fool could have accepted George. All I can tell you, my dear, is that she is simply the most beautiful creature that I have ever seen, and I am not taking Frank's word for it; she is cultivated and accomplished and well bred—and an orphan. It certainly was a queer kind of complication, and the reason I knew that Frank must be very desperately in love was because he could not feel for an instant that there was the slightest danger of its seeming even odd that he should be engaged to Miss Crofts himself. There was a beautiful kind of poetical justice in my being the arbiter of their destinies. I really made the *amende honorable* for all the family—didn't I? It was hard work to make her see that she had any right to accept him. Of course it helped matters along to know that Frank had discovered she was Miss Crofts when he received a letter from you the very day they went up to that mountain village. As you enclosed the photograph she had written to George for, he knew her, of course, at once. Julian is her middle name, you see."

There was a pause in the conversation while the Fraser carriage made part of the luxurious stream of people—a halt while the Princess of Wales drove by, dispensing bows amiably right and left.

"It is fortunate that it is not too late to present her," said Lady Laura, with a sudden excess of energy. "And this is to be the end, is it, of Bathley's affair? Mary, do you remember the fright we were in last winter?"

"When you see her to-night," said Mary Bathley, "just tell me, if you please, on whose side you consider the apologies ought to be made. Frank rather amuses me, I must say, he is in such a condition of virtuous indignation against the family, and declares he will not have her 'bothered' with any of them she doesn't care to receive."

WESTWARD.

BY JOHN B. TABB

AND dost thou lead him hence with thee,
 O setting sun,
 And leave the shadows all to me
 When he is gone?
 Ah, if my grief his guerdon be,
 My dark his light,
 I count each loss felicity,
 And bless the night.

CUSTER'S LAST BATTLE.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U.S.A.

IT is hard to say how many years ago the Dakotas of the upper Mississippi, after a century of warring with the Chippewa nation, began to swarm across the Missouri in search of the buffalo, and there became embroiled with other tribes claiming the country farther west. Dakota was the proper tribal name, but as they crossed this Northwestern Rubicon into the territory of unknown foemen they bore with them a title given them as far east as the banks and bluffs of the Father of Waters. The Chippewas had called them for years "the Sioux" (Soo), and by that strange un-Indian-sounding title is known to this day the most numerous and powerful nation of red people—warriors, women, and children—to be found on our continent.

They were in strong force when they launched out on their career of conquest west of the Missouri. The Yellowstone and its beautiful and romantic tributaries all belonged to the Absarakás, or Crows; the rolling prairies of Nebraska were the homes of the Pawnees; the pine-crested heights of the Black Hills were claimed as the head-quarters of the Cheyennes and Arrapahoes; the western slopes of the Big Horn range and the broad valleys between them and the Rockies were owned by the Shoshones, or Snakes; while roving bands of Crees swarmed down along the north shore of the Missouri itself.

With each and all of these, with the Chippewas behind them, and eventually with the white invaders, the Dakotas waged relentless war. They drove the Pawnees across the Platte far into Kansas; they whipped the Cheyennes and Arrapahoes out of the Black Hills, and down to the head waters of the Kaw and the Arkansas; they fought the Shoshones back into the Wind River Valley, with orders never again to cross the "dead line" of the Big Horn River; and they sent the Crows "whirling" up the valley of the Yellowstone (which they proceeded to call the Elk); and when our great war broke out in 1861 they lent valuable aid and comfort to the rebellion by swooping down on our settlements in Minnesota without the faintest warning, and slaughtering hundreds of defenceless women

and children, from whom they were begging or stealing but the day before. General Sully, with a strong command, was sent to give them a severe lesson in payment for their outrages, and he marched far into their territory, and fought them wherever they would assemble in sufficient force to block his way, but it did no lasting good. When '66 came, and our emigrants began settling up the West, they found the Sioux more hostile and determined than ever. The army was called on to protect the settlers, and to escort the surveyors of the transcontinental railways. Not a stake was driven, not an acre cleared, except under cover of the rifles of the regulars, and while the nation seemed rejoicing in unbroken peace and increasing prosperity, its little army was having anything but a placid time of it on the frontier. In the ten years that immediately preceded the centennial celebration at Philadelphia, the cavalry regiments had no rest at all: they were on the war-path winter and summer; and during those ten years of "peace" more officers of the regular army were killed or died of wounds received in action with the Indians than the British army lost in the entire Crimean war, with its bloody battles of the Alma, Balaklava, Inkerman, and the assaults on Sebastopol. The Indians were always scientific fighters, but when, in '74 and '75, they succeeded in arming themselves with breech-loaders and magazine rifles, the Sioux of the Northern plains became foemen far more to be dreaded than any European cavalry.

Treaties had been made and broken. A road had been built through the heart of the country they loved the best—the northeastern slope and foot-hills from the Big Horn to the Yellowstone: and far up in this unsettled region, surrounded by savages, little wooden stockaded forts had been placed and garrisoned by pitifully small detachments of cavalry and infantry. From Fort Laramie down on the Platte far up to the rich and populous Gallatin Valley of Montana only those little forts, Reno, Phil Kearny, and C. F. Smith, guarded the way. One day vast hordes of Sioux gathered in the ravines and cañons around Phil Kearny. Mach-

godote (Red Cloud) was their leader. They sent a small party to attack the wood-choppers from the fort, who were working with their little escort. Two companies of infantry and one of cavalry went out to the rescue. These were quickly surrounded and hemmed in, then slowly massacred. After that for ten long years the Sioux held undisputed sway in their chosen country. Our forts were burned and abandoned. The Indian allies of the Dakotas joined hands with them, and a powerful nation or confederacy of nearly 60,000 souls ruled the country from the Big Horn River on the northwest down to the Union Pacific Railway. No longer dared they go south of that. Taking with them the Cheyennes and Arrapahoes, who had intermarried with them, the Sioux fell back to the North Platte and the territory beyond. From there they sent raiding parties in every direction. One Secretary of the Interior after another had tried the experiment of feeding, clothing, *bribing* them to be good. Agencies and reservations were established at convenient points. Here the old chiefs, the broken-down men, and the non-combatant women and children made their permanent homes, and here the bold and vigorous young chiefs and warriors, laughing at the credulity of the Great Father, filled up their pouches and *parfleches* with rations and ammunition, then went whooping off on the war-path against the whites wherever found, and came back scalp-laden to the reservation when they needed more cartridges or protection from the pursuing soldiery, who could fire on them only when caught outside the lines.

Two great reservations were established southeast of the Black Hills in the valley of the White River. One of these was the bailiwick of the hero of the Phil Kearny massacre, old Red Cloud, and here were gathered most of his own tribe (the Ogalallas) and many of his chiefs: some "good," like Old-Man-Afraid-of-his-Horses and his worthy son, but most of them crafty, cunning, treacherous, and savage, like Red Dog, Little-Big-Man, American Horse, and a swarm of various kinds of Bulls and Bears and Wolves. Further down the stream, twenty miles away, were the head-quarters of the Brulés, Spotted Tail's people, and "Old Spot" was loyal to the backbone, though powerless to control the

movements of the young men. Other reservations there were along the Missouri, and into these reservations the Department of the Interior strove to gather all the Sioux nation, in the vague hope of keeping them out of mischief.

But the young Indian takes to mischief of that description as the young duck to the water. The traditions of his people tell of no case where respect was accorded to him who had not killed his man. Only in deeds of blood or battle could he hope to win distinction, and the vacillating policy of the government enabled him to sally forth at any time and return at will to the reservations, exhibiting to the admiring eyes of friends and relations the dripping scalps of his white victims. The fact that the victims were shot from ambush, or that the scalps were solely those of helpless women and children, detracted in no wise from the value of the trophies. The perpetrator had won his spurs according to the aboriginal code, and was a "brave" henceforth.

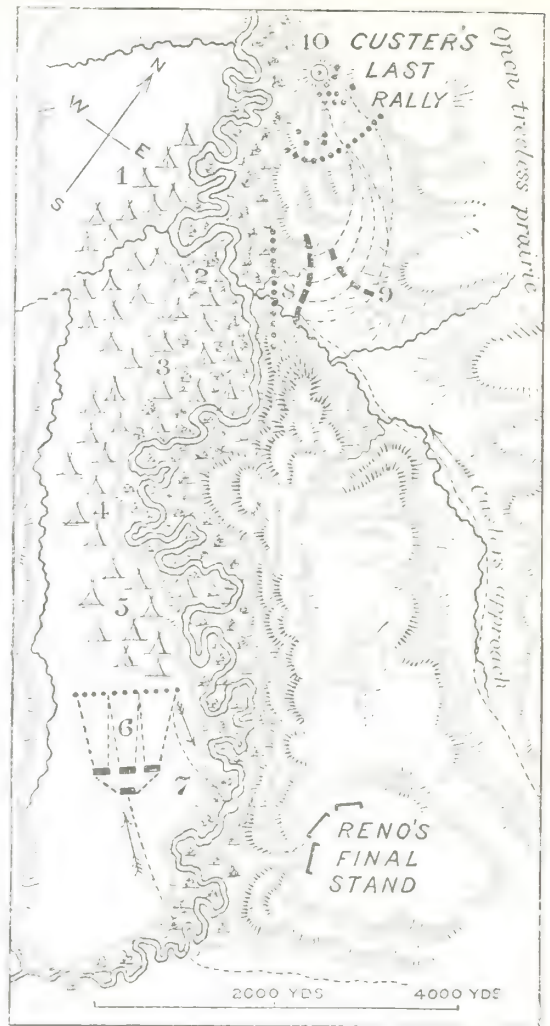
But there were those who never would come in, and never signed a treaty. Herein they are entitled to far more respect than those who came, saw, and conquered—by fraud; and one of those who persistently refused, and whose standard was a rallying-point for the disaffected and treacherous of every tribe, was a shrewd "medicine chief" of the Uncapapas, a seer, prophet, statesman, but in no sense a war chief, the now celebrated Tatonka-e-Yotanka—Sitting Bull.

Far out in the lovely fertile valleys of the Rosebud, the Tongue, the Little Big Horn, and the Powder rivers, Sitting Bull and his devoted followers spent their days. Sheltered from storm and tempest by the high bluffs through long, hard winters, living in the midst of untold thousands of buffalo, elk, mountain sheep, antelope, and deer, rejoicing in the grandest scenery on the continent, and in a climate that despite its rigor during the midwinter months is unparalleled for life-giving qualities, it is no wonder they loved and clung to it—their "Indian story land"—as they did to no other. But here flocked all the renegades from other tribes. Here came the wild and untamable Ogalalla, Brulé, Minneconjou, Sans Arc, Uncapapa, Blackfoot; here were all warriors welcomed; and from here time and again set forth the expeditions that spread terror to settler and em-

igrant, and checked the survey of the Northern Pacific Railroad.

Eighteen hundred and seventy-five found trouble everywhere. White settlers swarmed in the Black Hills in search of gold. Ogalallas and Brulés stole their stock and killed their herders, claiming that the land was theirs and the whites were invaders. Sitting Bull's ranks swarmed with recruits from far to the southeast. The Interior Department found it useless to temporize. Orders were given to the army to bring him in or "snuff him out." Early in March, '76, General George Crook, famous for his successes with the Indians in Oregon and Arizona, was started up into the Sioux country with a strong force of cavalry and infantry. On "Patrick's Day in the morning," long before he was anywhere near Sitting Bull himself, his advance struck a big Indian village deep in the snows of the Powder River. It was 30° below zero; the troops were faultily led by the officer to whom he had intrusted the duty, and the Sioux developed splendid fighting qualities under a new and daring leader, "Choonka-Witko"—Crazy Horse. Crook's advance recoiled upon the main body, practically defeated by the renegades from the Red Cloud and Spotted Tail agencies. Early in May, warned by this lesson, three great expeditions pushed forward into the "Indian story land," where by this time full six thousand warriors had rallied around Sitting Bull. From the south came General Crook, with nearly twenty-five hundred men. From the east marched General Terry, with almost as many infantry and cavalry as had Crook, and a few light pieces of artillery. Down the Yellowstone from the west General Gibbon led a little band of long-trained frontier soldiers, scouting by the way, and definitely "locating" the Indians over on the Rosebud before forming his junction with General Terry near the mouth of the Tongue. If Sitting Bull had been alive to the situation, Gibbon's small force could never have finished that perilous advance, though they might have stood and defended themselves; but Bull was not a general; his talents lay elsewhere.

Early in June Crook's command was on the northeast slope of the Big Horn, and General Sheridan, planning the whole campaign, saw with anxiety that vast numbers of Indians were daily leaving the reservations south of the Black Hills



CUSTER'S BATTLE-ROUND, LITTLE BIG HORN RIVER, MONTANA.

1. Minneconjou Village. 2. Brulé Village.
3. Ogalalla Village. 4. Spotted Tail Village.
5. Blackfoot Village. 6. Reno's Attack. 7. Reno's Retreat.
8. Custer's Attack. 9. Custer's Rally and Mount. 10. The Monument.

and hurrying northwestward around Crook to join Sitting Bull. The Fifth Regiment of Cavalry was then sent up by rail from Kansas to Cheyenne, and marched rapidly to the Black Hills to cut off these re-enforcements. The great mass of the Indians lay uneasily between Crook at the head waters of Tongue River and Terry and Gibbon near its mouth, watching every move, and utterly cutting off every attempt of the commanders to communicate with each other. They worried Crook's pickets and trains, and by mid-June he determined to pitch in and see what force they had. On June 17th the General grappled with the Sioux on

the bluffs of the Rosebud. He had several hundred Crow allies. The stirring combat lasted much of the day; but long before it was half over Crook was fighting on the defensive and coolly withdrawing his men. He had found a hornets' nest, and knew it was no place for so small a command as his. Pulling out as best he could, he fell back to the Tongue, sent for the entire Fifth Cavalry and all his available infantry, and lay on his arms until they could reach him. He had not got within sight of the great Indian village—city it should be called—of Sitting Bull.

Meantime Terry and Gibbon sent their scouts up stream. Major Reno, with a strong battalion of the Seventh Cavalry, left camp on the Yellowstone to take a look up toward the Cheetish or Wolf Mountains. Sitting Bull and his people—men, women, and children—after their successful defence of the approaches to their home on the Rosebud on June 17th, seem to have bethought themselves of roomier and better quarters over in the broader valley of the Little Big Horn, the next stream to the west. Their "village" had stretched for six miles down the narrow cañon of the Rosebud; their thousands of ponies had eaten off all the grass; they were victorious, but it was time to go.

Coming up the Rosebud, Major Reno was confronted by the sight of an immense trail turning suddenly west and crossing the great divide over toward the setting sun. Experienced Indian fighters in his command told him that many thousand Indians had passed there within the last few days. Like a sensible man, he turned about and trotted back to report his discovery to his commander. Then it was that the tragedy of the campaign began.

At the head of Terry's horsemen was the lieutenant-colonel commanding the Seventh Regiment of Cavalry, Brevet Major-General George A. Custer, United States Army, a daring, dashing, impetuous trooper, who had won high honors as a division commander under Sheridan during the great war of the rebellion, who had led his gallant regiment against the Kiowas and the Cheyennes on the Southern plains, and had twice penetrated the Sioux country in recent campaigns. Experience he certainly had, but there were those, superiors and subordinates both, who feared that in dealing with so wily and skilful a foe Custer lacked judgment.

All had not been harmonious in his relations with his commanders in the Department of Dakota, nor was there entire unanimity of feeling toward him in the regiment itself, but all men honored his unquestioned bravery, and when General Terry decided to send his cavalry at once to "scout the trail" reported by Reno, the command of the expedition fell naturally to Custer.

Terry had promptly arrived at the conclusion that the Indians had simply moved their villages over into the valley of the Little Big Horn, and his plan was to send Custer along the trail to hold and hem them from the east, while he, with all his own and Gibbon's command, pushed up the Yellowstone and Big Horn in boats; then, disembarking at the junction of the Big and Little Big Horn, to march southward until he struck the Indians on that flank. His orders to Custer displayed an unusual mingling of anxiety and forbearance. He seems to have feared that Custer would be rash, yet shrank from issuing a word that might reflect upon the discretion or wound the high spirit of his gallant leader of horse. He warned him to "feel" well out toward his left as he rode westward from the Rosebud, in order to prevent the Indians slipping off southeastward between the column and the Big Horn Mountains. He would not hamper him with positive orders as to what he must or must not do when he came in presence of the enemy, but he named the 26th of June as the day on which he and Gibbon would reach the valley of the Little Big Horn, and it was his hope and expectation that Custer would come up from the east about the same time, and between them they would be able to soundly thrash the assembled Sioux.

But Custer disappointed him in an unusual way. He got there a day ahead of time, and had ridden night and day to do it. Men and horses were wellnigh used up when the Seventh Cavalry trotted into sight of the city on the Little Big Horn that cloudless Sunday morning of the 25th. When Terry came up the valley on the 26th, it was all over with Custer and his pet troops (companies) of the regiment.

He started on the trail with the Seventh Cavalry, and nothing but the Seventh. A battalion of the Second was with Gibbon's column; but, luckily for the Second, Custer would none of them. Two field guns, under Lieutenant Low, were

with Terry, and Low begged that he and his guns might be sent, but Custer wanted only his own people. He rode sixty miles in twenty-four hours. He pushed ahead on the trail with feverish impatience, and he created an impression that it was his determination to get to the spot and have one battle royal with the Indians, in which he and the Seventh should be the sole participants on our side, and by consequence the sole heroes. The idea of defeat seems never to have occurred to him, despite his experience with old "Black Kettle's" bands down on the Washita.

Only thirty miles away on his left, as he spurred ahead with his weary men that Sunday morning, over two thousand soldiers under Crook were in bivouac on Goose Creek. Had he "felt" any great distance out there the scouts would have met, and Crook would eagerly have reinforced him, but he wanted nothing of the kind. At daybreak his advance, under Lieutenant Varnum, had come upon the scaffold sepulchres of two or three warriors slain in the fight of the 17th, and soon thereafter sent back word that the valley of the Little Horn was in sight ahead, and there were "signs" of the village.

Then it was that Custer made the division of his column. Keeping with himself the five companies whose commanders were his chosen friends and adherents, and leaving Captain Macdougall with his troops to guard the mule pack train in rear, he divided the six remaining companies between Major Reno and Captain Benteen, sending the latter some two miles off to the extreme left, while Reno moved midway between. In this order of three little parallel columns the Seventh Cavalry swept rapidly westward over the "divide."

Unlike the Second, Third, or Fifth Regiment when on Indian campaign, Custer's men rode into action with something of the pomp and panoply of war that distinguished them around their camps. Bright guidons fluttered in the breeze; many of the officers and men wore the natty undress uniform of the cavalry. Custer himself; his brother, Captain Tom Custer; his adjutant, Lieutenant Cook; and his old Army of the Potomac comrade, Captain Myles Keogh—were all dressed nearly alike in coats of Indian-tanned, beaver-trimmed buckskin, with broad-brimmed

scouting hats of light color, and long riding-boots. Captain Yates seemed to prefer his undress uniform, as did most of the lieutenants in Custer's column. The two Custers and Captain Keogh rode their beautiful Kentucky sorrel horses, and the adjutant was mounted on his long-legged gray. The trumpeters were at the heads of columns with their chiefs, but the band of the Seventh, for once, was left behind, Custer's last charge was sounded without the accompaniment of the rollicking Irish fighting tune he loved. There was no "Garry Owen" to swell the chorus of the last cheer.

Following Custer's trail from the Rosebud, one comes in sight of the Little Big Horn, winding away northward to its junction with the broader stream. South are the bold cliffs and dark cañons of the mountains, their foot-hills not twenty miles away. North, tumbling and rolling toward the Yellowstone in alternate "swale" and ridge, the treeless, upland prairie stretches to the horizon. Westward, the eye roams over what seems to be a broad flat valley beyond the stream; but the stream itself—the fatal "Greasy Grass," as the Sioux called it—is hidden from sight under the steep bluffs that hem it in. Coming from the mountains, it swings into sight far to the left front, comes rippling toward us in its fringe of cottonwoods and willows, and suddenly disappears under or behind the huge rolling wave of bluff that stretches right and left across the path. For nearly six miles of its tortuous course it cannot be seen from the point where Custer drew rein to get his first view of the village. Neither can its fringing willows be seen, and—fatal and momentous fact—neither could hundreds of the populous "lodges" that clustered along its western bank. Eagerly scanning the distant "tepees" that lay beyond the northern point where the bluff dipped to the stream, and swinging his broad-brimmed hat about his head in an ecstasy of soldierly anticipation, he shouted: "Custer's luck! The biggest Indian village on the continent!" And he could not have seen one-third of it.

But what he saw was enough to fire the blood of any soldier. Far to the northwest and west huge clouds of dust rose billowing from the broad valley. Far across the hidden stream could be seen the swarming herds of ponies in excited movement. Here, there, and everywhere

tiny dots of horsemen scurrying away could be readily distinguished, and down to the right front, down along what could be seen of the village around that shoulder of bluff, all was lively turmoil and confusion; lodges were being hurriedly taken down, and their occupants were fleeing from the wrath to come. We know now that the warriors whom he saw dashing westward were mainly the young men hurrying out to "round up" the pony herds; we know now that behind those sheltering bluffs were still thousands of fierce warriors eager and ready to meet "Long Hair"; we know that the signs of panic and retreat were due mainly to the rush to get the women and little children out of the way; ponies and dogs, hastily hitched to the dust-raising *travois*, dragged the wondering papposes and frightened squaws far out over the westward slopes; but seeing the scurry and panic, Custer seems to have attached only one meaning to it. They were all in full retreat. The whole community would be on the run before he could strike them. Quickly he determined on his course. Reno should push straight ahead, get down into the valley, ford the stream, and attack the southern end of the village, while he with his pet companies should turn into the long winding ravine that ran northwestward to the stream, and pitch in with wild charge from the east. To Reno these orders were promptly given. A courier was sent to Benteen, far off to the left, notifying him of the "find"; and another galloped to Macdougall with orders to hurry up with the pack trains where the extra ammunition was carried. Custer knew it would be needed.

Then the daring commander placed himself at the head of his own column, plunged down the slope, and, followed by his eager men, was soon out of sight, perhaps out of hearing of what might be taking place over in the valley behind the bluffs that rose on his left higher with every furlong trotted. The last that Reno and his people ever saw of them alive was the tail of the column disappearing in a cloud of dust; then the cloud alone was to be seen, hanging over their trail like a pall.

Pushing forward, Reno came quickly to a shallow "cooley" (frontierism for gully) that led down through the bluff to the stream. A brisk trot brought him to the ford; his troopers plunged blithely

through, and began to clamber the low bank on the western shore. He expected from the tenor of his orders to find an open, unobstructed valley, down which, five miles away at least, he could see the lodges of the Indian village. It was with surprise, not unmixed with grave concern, therefore, that, as he urged his horse through the willows and up to the level of the low "bench" beyond, he suddenly rode into full view of an immense township, whose southern outskirts were not two miles away. Far as he could see, the dust cloud rose above the excited villages; herds of war ponies were being driven in from the west on a mad run; old men, squaws, children, draught ponies, and *travois* were scurrying off toward the Big Horn, and Reno realized that he was in front of the assembled warriors of the whole Sioux nation.

What Custer expected of Reno was, is generally believed, a bold, dashing charge into the heart of the village—just such a charge as he, Custer, had successfully led at the Washita, though it cost the life of Captain Hamilton, and eventually of many others. But Reno had no dash to speak of, and the sight that burst upon his eyes eliminated any that might be latent. He attacked, but the attack was nevertheless spiritless and abortive. Dismounting his men, he advanced them as skirmishers across the mile or more of prairie, firing as soon as he got within range of the village. No resistance of any consequence was made as he pushed northward, for the sudden appearance of his command was a total surprise to the Uncapapas and Blackfeet, whose villages were farthest south. Their scouts had signalled Custer's column trotting down the ravine, and those who had not rushed for safety to the rear were apparently rushing toward the Brulé village in the centre as the point which Custer would be apt first to strike. Reno could have darted into the south end of the village, it is believed, before his approach could have been fairly realized. As it was, slowly and on foot, he traversed the prairie without losing a man, and was upon the lodges when a few shots were fired from the willows along the stream, and some mounted Indians could be seen swooping around his left flank. He had had no experience in Indian fighting. He simply seemed to feel that with his little command of two hundred men he could

not drive the whole valley full of warriors, and in much perturbation and worry he sounded the halt, rally, and mount. Then for a few moments, that to his officers and men must have seemed hours, he paused irresolute, not knowing what to do.

The Indians settled it for him. They well interpreted his hesitation. "The White Chief was scared"; and now was their chance. Man and boy they came tearing to the spot. A few well-aimed shots knocked a luckless trooper or two out of the saddle. Reno hurriedly ordered a movement by the flank toward the high bluffs across the stream to his right rear. He never thought to dismount a few cool hands to face about and keep off the enemy. He placed himself at the new head of column, and led the backward move. Out came the Indians, with shots and triumphant yells, in pursuit. The rear of the column began to crowd on the head; Reno struck a trot; the rear struck the gallop. The Indians came dashing up on both flanks and close to the rear; and then—then the helpless, horribly led troopers had no alternative. Discipline and order were all forgotten. In one mad rush they tore away for the stream, plunged in, spluttered through, and clambered breathlessly up the steep bluff on the eastern shore—an ignominious, inexcusable panic, due mainly to the nerveless conduct of the major commanding.

In vain had Donald McIntosh and "Benny" Hodgson, two of the bravest and best-loved officers in the regiment, striven to rally, face about, and fight with the rear of column. The Indians were not in overpowering numbers at the moment, and a bold front would have "stood off" double their force; but with the major on the run, and foremost in the run, the lieutenants could do nothing—but lose their own gallant lives. McIntosh was surrounded, dragged from his horse and butchered close to the brink. Hodgson, shot out of saddle, was rescued by a faithful comrade, who plunged into the stream with him; but close to the farther shore the Indians picked him off, a bullet tore through his body, and the gallant little fellow, the pet and pride of the whole regiment, rolled dead into the muddy waters.

Once well up the bluffs, Reno's breathless followers faced about and took in the situation. The Indians pursued no fur-

ther, and even now were rapidly withdrawing from range. The major fired his pistol at the distant foe in paroxysmal defiance of the fellows who had stampeded him. He was now up some two hundred feet above them, and it was safe—as it was harmless. Two of his best officers lay dead down there on the banks below; so, too, lay a dozen of his men. The Indians, men and even boys, had swarmed all around his people, and slaughtered them as they ran. Many more were wounded, but, for the present at least, all seemed safe. The Indians, except a few, had mysteriously withdrawn from their front. What could that mean? And then, what could have become of Custer? Where, too, were Benteen and Macdougall with their commands?

Over toward the villages, which they could now see stretching for five miles down the stream, all was shrill uproar and confusion; but northward the bluffs rose still higher to a point nearly opposite the middle of the villages—a point some two miles from them—and beyond that they could see nothing. Thither, however, had Custer gone, and suddenly, crashing through the sultry morning air, came the sound of fierce and rapid musketry—whole volleys—then one continuous rattle and roar. Louder, fiercer, it grew for full ten minutes. Some thought they could hear the ringing cheers of their comrades, and were ready to cheer in reply; some thought they heard the thrilling charge of the trumpets; many were eager to mount and rush to join their colonel, and with him to avenge Hodgson and McIntosh, and retrieve the dark fortunes of their own battalion. But, almost as suddenly as it began, the heavy volleying died away; the continuous rattle broke into scattering skirmish fire, then into spluttering shots, then only once in a while some distant rifle would crack feebly on the breeze, and Reno's men looked wonderingly in each other's faces. There stood the villages plain enough, and the firing had begun close under the bluffs, close to the stream, and had died away far to the north. What could it mean?

Soon, with eager delight, the little commands of Benteen and Macdougall were hailed coming up the slopes from the east.

"Have you seen anything of Custer?" was the first anxious inquiry.

Benteen and Weir had galloped to a point of bluff a mile or more to the north,

had seen swarms of Indians in the valley below, but not a sign of Custer's people. They could expect no aid from Custer, then, and there was only one thing left—intrinch themselves, and hold out as best they could till Terry and Gibbon should arrive. Reno had now seven "troops" and the pack train, abundant ammunition and supplies. The chances were in his favor.

Now what had become of Custer? For him and his there was none left to tell the story except the Crow scout "Curley," who managed to slip away in a Sioux blanket during the thick of the fight, and our sources of information are solely Indian. The very next year a battalion of the Fifth Cavalry passed the battle-ground with a number of Sioux scouts who but a twelvemonth previous were fighting there the Seventh Cavalry. Half a dozen of them told their stories at different times and in different places, and as to the general features of the battle, they tallied with singular exactness. These fellows were mainly Brulés and Ogalallas. Afterward we got the stories of the Uncapapas—most interesting of all—and from all these sources it was not hard to trace Custer's every move. One could almost portray his every emotion.

Never realizing, as I believe, the fearful odds against him, believing that he would find the village "on the run," and that between himself and Reno he could "double them up" in short order, Custer had jauntily trotted down to his death. It was a long five-mile ride from where he sighted the northern end of the village to where he struck its centre around that bold point of bluff, and from the start to the moment his guidons whirled into view, and his troopers came galloping "front into line" down near the ford, he never fairly saw the great village—never dreamed of its depth and extent. Rounding the bluff, he suddenly found himself face to face with thousands of the boldest and most skilful warriors of the prairies. He had hoped to charge at once into the heart of the village, to hear the cheers of Reno's men from the south. Instead he was greeted with a perfect fury of flame and hissing lead from the dense thicket of willow and cottonwood, a fire that *had* to be answered at once. Quickly he dismounted his men and threw them forward on the run, each fourth man holding, cavalry fashion, the horses of the other three. The line

seems to have swept in parallel very nearly with the general course of the stream, but to no purpose. The foe was ten to one in their front. Boys and squaws were shooting from the willows ("Oh, we had plenty guns!" said our story-tellers); and worse than that, hundreds of young warriors had mounted their ponies and swarmed across the stream below him, hundreds more were following and circling all about him. And then it was that Custer, the hero of a hundred daring charges, seems to have realized that he must cut his way out. "Mount!" rang the trumpets, and leaving many a poor fellow on the ground, the troopers ran for their horses. Instantly from lodge and willow Ogalallas and Brulés sprang to horse and rushed to the ford in mad pursuit. "Make for the heights!" must have been the order, for the first rush was eastward; then more to the left, as they found their progress barred. Then, as they reached higher ground, all they could see, far as they could see, circling, swooping, yelling like demons, and all the time keeping up their furious fire, were thousands of the mounted Sioux. Hemmed in, cut off, dropping fast from their saddles, Custer's men saw that retreat was impossible. They sprang to the ground, "turned their horses loose," said the Indians, and by that time half their number had fallen. A skirmish line was thrown out down the slope, and there they dropped at five yards' interval; there their comrades found them two days after. Every instant the foe rode closer and gained in numbers; every instant some poor fellow bit the dust. At last, on a mound that stands at the northern end of a little ridge, Custer, with Cook, Yates, and gallant "Brother Tom," and some dozen soldiers, all that were left by this time, gathered in the last rally. They sold their lives dearly, brave fellows that they were; but they were as a dozen to the leaves of the forest at the end of twenty minutes, and in less than twenty-five—all was over.

Keogh, Calhoun, Crittenden, had died along the skirmish lines; Smith, Porter, and Reily were found with their men; so were the surgeons, Lord and De Wolf; so, too, were "Boston" Custer and the *Herald* correspondent; but two bodies were never recognized among the slain—those of Lieutenants Harrington and "Jack" Sturgis. Down a little "cooley"

some thirty men had made a rush for their lives. The Sioux had simply thronged the banks shooting them as they ran. One trooper—an officer, said the Sioux—managed to break through their circle, the only white man who did, and galloped madly eastward. Five warriors started in pursuit—two Ogalallas, two Uncapapas, and a Brulé, all well mounted. Fear lent him wings, and his splendid horse gained on all but an Uncapapa, who hung to the chase. At last, when even this one was ready to draw rein and let him go, the hunted cavalryman glanced over his shoulder, fancied himself nearly overtaken, and placing the muzzle of his revolver at his ear, pulled the trigger, and sent his own bullet through his brain. His skeleton was pointed out to the officers of the Fifth Cavalry the following year by one of the pursuers, and so it was discovered for the first time. Was it Harrington? Was it Sturgis? Poor "Jack's" watch was restored to his father some two years after the battle, having been traded off by Sioux who escaped to the British possessions; but no mention was made by these Indians of a watch thus taken. Three years ago there came a story of a new skeleton found still further from the scene. Shreds of uniform and the heavy gilding of the cavalry buttons lying near, as well as the expensive filling of several teeth, seem to indicate that this too may have been an officer. If so, all the missing are now accounted for. Of the twelve troops of the Seventh Cavalry, conscripted five and hurled Sunday into the battle of the Little Big Horn, and of his portion of the regiment only one living thing escaped the vengeance of the Sioux. Bleeding from many wounds, weak and exhausted, with piteous appeal in his eyes, there came straggling into the lines some days after the fight Myles Keogh's splendid sorrel horse Comanche. Who can ever picture his welcome as the soldiers thronged around the gallant charger? To this day they guard and cherish him in the Seventh. No more duty does Comanche perform; no rider ever mounts him. His last great service was rendered that Sunday in '76, and now, sole living relic of Custer's last rally, he spends his days with the old regiment.

But I have said that Sitting Bull was not the inspiration of the great victory won by the Sioux. With Custer's peo-

ple slaughtered, the Indians left their bodies to the plundering hands of the squaws, and once more crowded upon Reno's front. There were two nights of wild triumph and rejoicing in the villages, though not one instant was the watch on Reno relaxed. All day of the 26th they kept him penned in the rifle pits, but early on the 27th, with great commotion, the lodges were suddenly taken down, and tribe after tribe, village after village, six thousand Indians passed before his eyes, making off toward the mountains. Terry and Gibbon had come; Reno's relic of the Seventh was saved. Together they explored the field, and hastily buried the mutilated dead; then hurried back to the Yellowstone while the Sioux were hiding in the fastnesses of the Big Horn. Of the rest of the summer's campaign no extended mention is needed here. The Indians were shrewd enough to know that now at least the commands of Crook and Terry would be heavily reinforced, and then the hunt would be relentless. Soon as their scouts reported the assembly of new and strong bodies of troops upon the Yellowstone and Platte, the great confederation quietly dissolved. Sitting Bull, with many chosen followers, made for the Yellowstone, and was driven northward by General Miles. Others took refuge across the Little Missouri, whither Crook pursued, and by dint of hard marching and fighting that fall and winter many bands and many famous chiefs were whipped into surrender. Among these, bravest, most brilliant, most victorious of all, was the hero of the Powder River fight on Patrick's Day, the warrior Crazy Horse.

The fame of his exploit had reached the Indian camps along the Rosebud before this young chief, with his followers, Ogalalla and Brulé, came to swell the ranks of Sitting Bull. Again, on the 17th of June, he had been foremost in the stirring fight with Crook, and when the entire band moved over into the valley of the Little Big Horn, and the Brulés, Ogalallas, and Sans Arcs pitched their tepees in the chosen ground, the very centre of the camp, it is safe to say that among the best and experienced fighters, the tribes from the White River and their neighbors the Cheyennes, no chief was so honored and believed in as Crazy Horse.

In pitching the new camp, the Blackfeet were farthest south—up stream; next

name the Uncapapas. It only remained for the medicine-man, Sitting Bull; then the Ogalallas, Brulés, and Cheyennes, covering the whole "bottom" opposite the shoulder of bluff around which Custer hove in sight; farthest north were the Minneconjoux; and the great village contained at least six thousand aboriginal souls.

Now up to this time Sitting Bull had no real claims as a war chief. Eleven days before the fight there was a "sun dance." His own people have since told us these particulars, and the best storyteller among them was that bright-faced squaw of Tatonka-he-gle-ska—Spotted Horn Bull—who accompanied the party on their Eastern trip. She is own cousin to Sitting Bull, and knows whereof she speaks. The chief had a trance and a vision. Solemnly he assured his people that within a few days they would be attacked by a vast force of white soldiers, but that the Sioux should triumph over them; and when the Crows and Crook's command appeared on the 17th, it was a partial redemption of his promise.

Wary scouts saw Reno's column turning back down the Rosebud after discovering the trail, and nothing, they judged, would come from that quarter. All around Crook's camp on Goose Creek the indications were that the "Gray Fox" was simply waiting for more soldiers before he would again venture forth. Sitting Bull had no thought of new attack for days to come, when, early on the morning of the 25th, two Cheyenne Indians who had started eastward at dawn came dashing back to the bluffs, and waving their blankets, signalled. "White soldiers—deaps—coming!" The result was all was uproar and confusion.

Of course women and children had to be hurried away, the great herds of ponies gathered in, and the warriors assembled to meet the coming foe. Even as the chiefs were hastening to the council lodge there came the crash of rapid volleys from the south. It was Reno's attack—an attack from a new and utterly unexpected quarter—and this, with the news that Long Hair was thundering down the ravine across the stream, was too much for Sitting Bull. Hurriedly gathering his household about him, he lashed his pony to the top of his speed, and fled westward for safety. Miles he galloped before he dare stop for breath. Behind him he could hear the roar of bat-

tle, and on he would have sped but for the sudden discovery that one of his twin children was missing. Turning, he was

soon ceasing altogether. In half an hour more he managed to get back to camp, where the missing child was found, but the battle had been won without him. Without him the Blackfeet and Uncapapas had repelled Reno and penned him on the bluffs. Without him the Ogalallas,

Custer's daring assault, then rushed forth and completed the death-gripping circle in which he was held. Again had Crazy Horse been foremost in the fray, riding at and leading the charge, but he was not there.

For a long time it was claimed for him by certain sycophantic followers that from the council lodge he directed the battle; but it would not do. When the old sinner was finally starved out of her Majesty's territory, and came in to accept the terms accorded him, even his own people could not keep straight faces when questioned as to the cause of the odd names given those twins—"The-One-that-was-taken" and "The-One-that-was-left." Finally it all leaked out, and now "none so poor to do him reverence."

Of course it was his rôle to assume all the airs of a conqueror, to be insolent and defiant to the "High Joint Commission," sent the following winter to beg him to come home and be good; but the claims of Tatonka-e-Yotanka to the leadership in the greatest victory his people ever won are mere vaporings, to be classed with the boastings of dozens of chiefs who were scattered over the Northern reservations during the next few years. Rain-in-the-Face used to brag by the hour that he had killed Custer with his own hand, but the other Indians laughed at him. Gall, of the Uncapapas, Spotted Eagle, Kill Eagle, Lame Deer, Lone Wolf, and all the varieties of Bears and Bulls were probably leading spirits in the battle, but the man who more than all others seems to have won the admiration of his fellows for skill and daring throughout that stirring campaign, and especially on that bloody day, is he who so soon after met his death in desperate effort to escape from Crook's guards, the warrior Crazy Horse.

A WALK UP THE AVENUE.

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

HE came down the steps slowly, and pulling mechanically at his gloves.

He remembered afterward that some woman's face had nodded brightly to him from a passing brougham and that he had lifted his hat through force of habit, and without knowing who she was.

He stopped at the bottom of the steps, and stood for a moment uncertainly, and then turned toward the north, not because he had any definite goal in his mind, but because the other way led toward his rooms, and he did not want to go there yet.

He was conscious of a strange feeling of elation, which he attributed to his being free, and to the fact that he was his own master again in everything. And with this he confessed to a distinct feeling of littleness, of having acted meanly or unworthily of himself or of her.

And yet he had behaved well, even quixotically. He had tried to leave the impression with her that it was her wish, and that she had broken with him, not he with her.

He held a man who threw a girl over, as the phrase is, as something contemptible, and he certainly did not want to appear to himself in that light; or, for her sake, that people should think he had tired of her, or found her wanting in any one particular. He knew only too well how people would talk. How they would say he had never really cared for her; that he didn't know his own mind when he had proposed to her; and that it was a great deal better for her as it is than if he had grown out of humor with her later. As to their saying she had jilted him, he didn't mind that. He much preferred they should take that view of it, and he was chivalrous enough to hope she would think so too.

He was walking slowly, and had reached Thirtieth Street. A great many young girls and women had bowed to him or nodded from the passing carriages, but it did not tend to disturb the measure of his thoughts. He was used to having people put themselves out to speak to him; everybody made a point of knowing him, not because he was so very handsome and well-looking, and an over-popular

youth but because he was as yet unspoiled by it.

But, in any event, he concluded, it was a miserable business. Still, he had only done what was right. He had seen it coming on for a month now, and how much better it was that they should separate now than later, or that they should have had to live separated in all but location for the rest of their lives! Yes, he had done the right thing—decidedly the only thing to do.

He was still walking up the Avenue, and had reached Thirty-fifth Street, at which point his thoughts received a sudden turn. A half-dozen men in a club window nodded to him, and brought to him sharply what he was going back to. He had dropped out of their lives as entirely of late as though he had been living in a distant city. When he had met them he had found their company uninteresting and unprofitable. He had wondered how he had ever cared for that sort of thing, and where had been the pleasure of it. Was he going back now to the gossip of that window, to the heavy discussions of traps and horses, to late breakfasts and early suppers? Must he listen to their congratulations on his being one of them again, and must he guess at their whispered conjectures as to how soon it would be before he again took up the chains and harness of their fashion? He struck the pavement sharply with his stick. No, he was not going back.

She had taught him to find amusement and occupation in many things that were better and higher than any pleasures or pursuits he had known before, and he could not give them up. He had her to thank for that at least. And he would give her credit for it too, and gratefully. He would always remember it, and he would show in his way of living the influence and the good effects of these three months in which they had been continually together.

He had reached Forty-second Street now.

Well, it was over with, and he would get to work at something or other. This experience had shown him that he was not meant for marriage: that he was intended to live alone. Because, if he found that

as lovely as she suddenly was palled on him after three months, it was evident that he would never live through life with any other one. Yes, he would always be a bachelor. He had lived his life, had told his story at the age of twenty-five, and would wait patiently for the end, a marked and gloomy man. He would travel now and see the world. He would go to that hotel in Cairo she was always talking about, where they were to have gone on their honeymoon; or he might strike further into Africa, and come back bronzed and worn with long marches and jungle fever, and with his hair prematurely white. He even considered himself, with great self-pity, returning and finding her married and happy, of course. And he enjoyed, in anticipation, the secret doubts she would have of her later choice when she heard on all sides praise of this distinguished traveller.

And he pictured himself meeting her reproachful glances with fatherly friendliness, and presenting her husband with tiger-skins, and buying her children extravagant presents.

This was at Forty-fifth Street.

Yes, that was decidedly the best thing to do. To go away and improve himself, and study up all those painters and cathedrals with which she was so hopelessly conversant.

He remembered how out of it she had once made him feel, and how secretly he had admired her when she had referred to a modern painting as looking like those in the long gallery of the Louvre. He thought he knew all about the Louvre, but he would go over again and locate that long gallery, and become able to talk understandingly about it.

And then it came over him like a blast of icy air that he could never talk over things with her again. He had reached Fifty-fifth Street now, and the shock brought him to a stand-still on the corner, where he stood gazing blankly before him. He felt rather weak physically, and decided to go back to his rooms, and then he pictured how cheerless they would look, and how little of comfort they contained. He had used them only to dress and sleep in of late, and the distaste with which he regarded the idea that he must go back to them to read and sit and live in them, showed him how utterly his life had become bound

up with the house on Twenty-seventh Street.

"Where was he to go in the evening?" he asked himself, with pathetic hopelessness, "or in the morning or afternoon for that matter?" Were there to be no more of those long, quiet evenings, when they used to hover over the new book counter and pull the books about, and make each

bound volumes, until the clerks grew to know them so well that they never went through the form of asking where the books were to be sent? And those tête-à-tête luncheons at her house when her mother was upstairs with a headache or a dress-maker, and the long rides and walks in the Park in the afternoon, and the rush down town to dress, only to return to dine with them, ten minutes late always, and always with some new excuse, which was allowed if it was clever, and frowned at if it were commonplace—was all this really over?

Why, the town had only run on because she was in it, and as he walked the streets the very shop windows had suggested her to him—florists only existed that he might send her flowers, and book-stores and music-shops only existed that he might send her books and records, and the shop windows were only pretty as they would become her; and as for the theatres and the newspapers, they were only permissible as they gave her pleasure. And he had given all this up, and for what, he asked himself, and why?

He could not answer that now. It was simply because he had been surfeited with too much content, he replied, passionately. He had not appreciated how happy he had been. She had been too kind, too gracious. He had never known until he had quarrelled with her and lost her how precious and dear she had been to him.

He was at the entrance to the Park now, and he strode on along the walk bitterly upbraiding himself for being worse than a criminal—a fool, a common blind mortal to whom a goddess had stooped.

He remembered with bitter regret a turn off the drive into which they had wandered one day, a secluded, pretty spot with a circle of box around it, and into the turf of which he had driven his stick, and claimed it for them both by the right of discovery. And he recalled how they had used to go there, just out of sight of their friends in the ride, and sit and chat

ter on a green bench beneath a bush of box, like any nursery maid and her young man, while her groom held the horses' heads in the bridle-path beyond. He had broken off a sprig of the box one day and given it to her, and she had kissed it foolishly, and laughed, and hidden it in the folds of her riding-skirt, in burlesque fear lest the guards should arrest them for breaking the much-advertised ordinance.

And he remembered with a miserable smile how she had delighted him with her account of her adventure to her mother, and described them as fleeing down the Avenue with their treasure, pursued by a squadron of mounted policemen.

This and a hundred other of the foolish, happy fancies they had shared in common came back to him, and he remembered how she had stopped one cold afternoon just outside of this favorite spot, beside an open iron grating sunk in the path, into which the rain had washed the autumn leaves, and pretended it was a steam radiator, and held her slim gloved hands out over it as if to warm them.

How absurdly happy she used to make him, and how light-hearted she had been! He determined suddenly and sentimentally to go to that secret place now, and bury the engagement ring she had handed back to him under that bush as he had buried his hopes of happiness, and he pictured how some day when he was dead she would read of this in his will, and go and dig up the ring, and remember and forgive him. He struck off from the walk across the turf straight toward this dell, taking the ring from his waistcoat pocket and clinching it in his hand. He was walking quickly with wrapt interest in this idea of abnegation when he noticed,

unconsciously at first and then with a start, the familiar outlines and colors of her brougham drawn up in the drive not twenty yards from their old meeting-place. He could not be mistaken; he knew the horses well enough, and there was old Wallis on the box and young Wallis at the horses' heads.

He stopped breathlessly, and then tipped on cautiously, keeping the encircling line of bushes between him and the carriage. And then he saw through the leaves that there was some one in the place, and that it was she. He stopped, confused and amazed. He could not comprehend it. She must have driven to the place immediately on his departure. But why? And why to that place of all others?

He parted the bushes with his hands, and saw her, lovely and sweet-looking as she had always been, standing under the box bush beside the bench, and breaking off one of the green branches. The branch parted and the stem flew back to its place again, leaving a green sprig in her hand. She turned at that moment directly toward him, and he could see from his hiding-place how she lifted the leaves to her lips, and that a tear was creeping down her cheek.

Then he dashed the bushes aside with both arms, and with a low cry that no one but she heard sprang toward her.

Young Van Bibber stopped his mail phaeton in front of the club, and went inside to recuperate, and told how he had seen them driving home through the Park in her brougham and unchaperoned.

"Which I call very bad form," said the punctilious Van Bibber, "even though they are engaged."

PLANTIN-MORETUS.

BY OCTAVIA HENSEL.

THREE hundred and forty years ago in Antwerp there stood upon the Cammerstrate, at the corner of Rue des Faucons, an old book-shop. It was the house of Christopher Plantin, the founder of a family who for nearly three centuries and a half have transmitted from father to son the scientific and artistic treasures of the great printing and engrav-

ing schools of the Netherlands. In the year 1578 the struggle against Spain had reached its height, and although Antwerp had suffered more than other cities of the Low Countries, it still remained the great artistic centre of the North. Science and art were cultivated, and printing houses were numerous, and rivalled in the beauty of their produc-



CHRISTOPHER PLANTIN

tions similar establishments at Paris, Venice, and Basle.

Christopher Plantin was born at Montlouis, near Tours, in 1514. He came to Antwerp with his wife, Jeanne Rivière, of Caen, about the year 1550, and began his trade, that of a bookbinder, while his wife sold linen in a neighboring shop. He made money enough presently to buy printing materials, with which he printed little books and almanacs, which his wife sold. He soon acquired sufficient fortune and standing to be made a burgher. His

printing establishment rapidly became the first in the Netherlands. About 1568 he completed the Polyglot Bible, one of the most important artistic works the press has ever produced, and a year later he obtained from the King of Spain the privilege of furnishing missals, breviaries, and other liturgic works in all the Spanish possessions. At last his little home and shop on the old Cammerstrate became too small to contain his work-rooms and stores. On the 22d of June, in 1579, Plantin bought the half of a great

building from Martin Lopez. It was situated in the Rue Haute, and opened by an arched doorway upon the Marché du Vendredi. The garden also soon became his property—a garden bounded on one side by the city sewer, and on the other by the Rue du St.-Esprit. He immediately constructed three houses upon this street, and gave them the names of the Compass of Copper, Compass of Iron, and Compass of Wood. To his principal establishment on the Rue Haute he gave the name Compass of Gold, the sign which his shop on the Cammerstrate had borne, and which had become the trade-mark of the Plantin press. In 1586 Plantin again purchased from Lopez two houses adjoining his garden, with entrance on the Rue Haute. These completed his purchases; and although altered and partially rebuilt by his successors, they form the principal apartments of the unique Plantin-Moretus Museum as we see it to-day.

Christopher Plantin and his wife, Jeanne Rivière, had but one son, who died at the age of twelve, but their five daughters, who married their father's clerks and proof-readers, retained the name "Plantin," joined with that of their husbands. Margaret, the eldest, married her father's proof-reader François Raphelengien (or Ravelingen), in 1565. He was particularly versed in Greek and the Oriental languages. He had edited many Greek works, and the first Hebrew Bible printed by Plantin. Before his father-in-law bought the Lopez property he went to live beside the cathedral, and ten years later was sent by Plantin to superintend his printing-house established in Leyden. He was soon appointed professor at the university, and his descendants are still to be found there.

The second daughter, Martine Plantin, married her father's shop-boy Jean Moretus (Moerstorck), who in 1565 had come from Venice to wait upon customers in the little book shop at the corner of the Rue des Faucons. After his marriage he became the travelling agent of his father-in-law, and later the keeper of his books and journals. He was a man of distinguished literary acquirements, and trans-

lated into French the Latin *Constantia* of Justin Lipsius. When his father-in-law removed to the new house on the Marché du Vendredi, Moretus and his wife remained at the little shop on the Rue des Faucons until the death of Plantin, in 1589.

The third, and most beautiful of Plantin's daughters, Madeleine, married Gilles Beys, another of her father's clerks, who had come with Jean Moretus from Venice. He also was a man of sound education, and wrote in Italian and French. In 1567 he was sent to Paris to superintend the shop which Plantin had opened there.

The emblem and trade-mark of Plantin had been a compass, with the device, *Labor et Constantia*, but Jean Moretus, wishing to have one in allusion to his name, took for his emblem the star of the Moorish king (*Rex Morus*), a star bearing the name of Jesus in Hebrew characters, with the device *Recta ratione*. The emblem of his son Balthasar was a star, with the device *Stella duce*, and this was also used by his grandson, Balthasar II.

Jean Moretus I., as he is called in the family records, had four sons. To the elder three he gave the names of the Magi. Gaspar died in childhood, Melchior entered the priesthood, while Balthasar and the youngest, Jean, inherited the printing establishment and book-store. This property was left to them upon condition that it should be transmitted by the survivor to the child who should be the most capable of continuing the work. In default of children, it should be left to the most worthy member of the family, and the one best fitted to carry on the business. This clause in the will of Jean Moretus I., and repeated in the testaments of all his successors, has been the keystone of the endurance of the Plantin foundation, which passed down from generation to generation in the family of Moretus.

The third generation, that of Balthasar and Jean Moretus II., had amassed a considerable fortune, and in the fourth generation, represented by Balthasar III. (1646-1696), they were ennobled, and their book trade confined to the "privileges" accorded by Philip II., which were the monopoly for furnishing missals and breviaries in all the countries owned by Spain. When, at the commencement of this cen-

* The history of the house of Plantin as here given is based on the statements of Max Rooses, the conservator of the museum in his *Le Musée Plantin-Moretus*, published by Mees & Co., Antwerp.



MEDALLION OF BALTHASAR MORETUS

tury, the King of Spain forbade the introduction of foreign books into his dominions, the only reason for continuing the Plantin press disappeared; so this establishment ceased its works in July, 1800.

After the death of Plantin few persons of distinguished reputation were attached to the publishing house, for under Moretus it took another direction. Plantin

caused books to be written, and instigated the composition of works he desired to publish. His successors adopted a more modern course, and contented themselves with waiting until authors came to find them; thus the mental requirements of their editors were reduced to criticism, and the duties of their proof-readers confined to "correcting copy."



COVERED GALLERY AND STAIRCASE.

After the death of Balthasar III., Jean Jacques Moretus and his wife, Thérèse Mathilde Schilders, and Balthasar IV. and his wife, Isabel du Mont (or Brialmont), were the most prominent representatives of the family.

In the time of Plantin, fifteen presses had been in operation; but after the King of Spain forbade the sale of foreign books in his dominions, the Plantin-Moretus press ceased, for with their old materials they could not compete with their younger and more active rivals. From 1840 to 1865 but a single workman was employed. In April, 1865, Edouard Moretus, by the death of his brother Albert, became proprietor of the house, and in July of that year began to work again, with the help of three or four printers. This continued until 1867, and then the Plantin press, after an existence of 312 years, ceased its labors forever.

The house was too vast for a private individual, and too historically valuable for a mere business firm, and so Edouard Moretus determined upon the patriotic idea of placing it at the disposal of his native city. Through the Count of Flanders, negotiations were entered into with the magistrates of Antwerp, and by desire of the Burgomaster and others in authority, the Council decided to purchase the Hôtel Plantin - Moretus, with all its artistic collections and old furniture, for the sum of 1,200,000 francs. In April, 1876, the deed of sale was signed, and the house, after necessary repairs and alterations, which occupied a year, became a public museum. It was

opened on the third centennial of the festival commemorative of Rubens, and thus we are admitted to wander over and admire this house, which for centuries has hidden with jealous care its wondrous treasures of literature and art.

Our first visit to this museum was made upon a sunny September afternoon. It was almost impossible to examine its white stone façade, built by the architect Engelbert Baets in 1761, for the reflected light almost blinded us. Above the entrance portal is placed the marble medallion sculptured by Arthur Quellin in 1639, and used over the door of the old house bought from Lopez by Plantin. It bears the trademark which the founder of the house has immortalized.

We passed under this portal and through the vestibule directly into the court, once the garden of the Lopez house.



THE COURT-YARD.

Before us was the western façade, all covered with an old vine of ivy, which extended to the buildings containing the printing-offices on the left. Behind this vine is the part of the building in which the room of Justin Lipsius, the old office, or "Bureau," and the proof-readers' hall are found, and also a part of the covered gallery built by Balthasar I., connecting it with the northern portion to the right.

The court is ornamented with marble busts of Plantin, Justin Lipsius, and seven of the Moretus family. The best are those of Balthasar I. and his brother Jean, by Quellin. The printing-offices, the room of Lipsius, and the Bureau remain as they were left at the death of Jeanne Rivière in 1596. Opposite the press-rooms are the three houses built by Plantin, and renovated by Balthasar III., whose portrait by Jean Claude de Cock surmounts the entrance into the court.

Balthasar I. bought a fourth house, called *Het Vosken*, which he rebuilt, and added a second story to the houses built by Plantin upon the *Rue Haute*. Nothing can exceed the richness of the tra-

ceries and delicate carving of the wood-work upon the doorway and staircase which lead to the second story from the arcaded veranda. Here, too, is a curious old well, which has been used since 1555. The beams of the oaken ceilings of this part of the house, once the family living-rooms, are most gracefully carved, and the fire-place and mantel-shelf of the principal room, now called the *New Tapestry Chamber*, are a marvel of the sculptor's art.

Returning to the vestibule of the house which we had entered from the *Marché du Vendredi*, we pause long enough to glance at the *Apollo* of Godecharle of Brussels, employed by the Moretus in 1809, and a fresco of Théodore de Bruyn, painted in 1763, then, turning to the right, enter the first of the three salons of the ground-floor. The walls are covered with old Flemish tapestry. The windows are exact restorations of those which existed in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. In the centre of this room is an exquisitely inlaid table of tortoise-shell.

The second room into which we pass is tapestried with green silk, upon which are

hung portraits, in large gold frames, of members of the family, and four *habitués* of the house at the epoch of its greatest splendor. Above the mantel is Plantin, painted in 1578 by Francis Pourbus the elder, but the other portraits are by Rubens. Among them we find Arias Montanus, Ortelius the geographer, Lipsius the celebrated professor, and the linguist Pierre Pantin.

Among the drawings for engravers exposed in the long glass show-case which extends through the centre of the apartment are found the drawings of artists bearing the signature or monogram of those who followed Quentin Massys, the founder of the Antwerp school, Galle, Martin de Vos, and the Van Noorts. Here also are sketches by Rubens, their pupil, etchings by Erasmus Quellin, Pierre Huys, De Maes, and De Cock, with illustrations of plants by the botanists De Lobel, De l'Escluse, and Dodoens, and many other pen pictures by savants, geographers, and historians.

Above the door leading into the third hall is a tablet bearing the inscription: "22 JUIN 1579, ACQUIS PAR PLANTIN: 19 AOÛT 1877, OUVERT COMME MUSÉE." In this room are many of Rubens's best portraits.

Some fine specimens of blue and white Delft porcelain stand upon the old Flemish sideboards, and the show-case in the centre of the room contains many valuable vellum manuscripts. Among them are three volumes of a manuscript of Froissart made in the fifteenth century for the Montmorency family.

A Polyglot Bible printed upon vellum, and comprising the Bible of Xantes Pagnini, with the Plantin trade-mark, and dated 1572, occupies a most prominent place. The King is said to have desired Plantin to prepare one for presentation to the Pope, one to the Duke of Alva, and a third to the Duke of Savoy. These Pagnini Bibles appeared in 1555, the year that Plantin became a printer.

The first book he published was an Italian work by Jehan Michiel Bruto, *Institutione di una fanciulla nata nobilmente*. This was succeeded by selections from Seneca, translated into Spanish; *Roland the Furious*, in Flemish, translated from the Italian; and soon after the publication of these books Philip gave him permission to print the Polyglot Bible, and sent him Arias Montanus to direct

the work. But Plantin did not confine himself to Bibles and breviaries. In 1559 he published a superbly illustrated work, the *Funeral of Charles V. at Brussels*, and in 1565 portions of his Flemish dictionary, *Dictionarium Tetraglotton*, appeared; two years later, with the aid of his son-in-law Raphelengien, he published the Hebrew Pentateuch.

From bills and receipts in this case we find that the sketches and wood-cuts for illustrated works on anatomy were done by Pierre Huys. Pierre van der Borch, of Mechlin, sketched illustrations for Lobel and Dodoens, but they were engraved on wood by Arnold Nicolaij and Van der Leest, while those of Guichardin were drawn by Ortelius and engraved by Hogenberg, of Cologne. Some extremely fine impressions are wonderful from the brilliancy of the ink and the durability of the paper, which after three centuries has perfectly preserved its consistency and color. Everything tends to show that Plantin spared no pains to render his publications perfect, not only the excellency of the material, but the annotations and corrections of distinguished men and scholars, and the exquisite sketches of world-renowned masters rendered all that came from his press worthy of the great privileges accorded to it by the King of Spain.

The proof-readers' room has remained in the same apartment appropriated to it by Plantin; in 1637, more than two centuries ago, Balthasar I. refurnished it, but it has always served as the work-room of the proof-readers and commentators connected with the house.

The "Bureau," or office, constructed in 1596, adjoins the proof-readers' room. It is a small apartment, hung with gilded leather, and its large windows are protected with iron bars, over which the ivy vines have twined in dense masses of shade. This is the room where the owners of the establishment worked to extend and enrich their house, and how well they planned and calculated is proved by the fact that in less than a century their firm was known as one of the richest in Antwerp. Above the great chests where their books and moneys were kept is the only ornament the office boasts—a fine copy of Rubens's "Incrédulité de St. Thomas."

The next room still bears the name of him for whom it was prepared by Plantin—Justin Lipsius, the learned critic, the

wise adviser and devoted friend of the publisher, and later the honored teacher of his grandson. No one could have been better calculated for the office he held. Born at a small village near Brussels in 1547, Lipsius became secretary to Cardinal

years, from 1594 to 1623, the Plantin press gladly published, paying him well for them. The room remains as he used it in the days of friendly visits to Plantin. It is hung with black Cordova leather, richly covered with golden arabesques. Over



PORTRAIT GALLERY.

de Granvella, and became acquainted with Plantin through the letters of the cardinal, authorizing the publication of the Bible ordered by Philip II. Later, Lipsius went to Rome, where he spent much time and labor in collecting the manuscripts of ancient authors. He lived thirteen years at Leyden, and there composed his best works, which for thirty

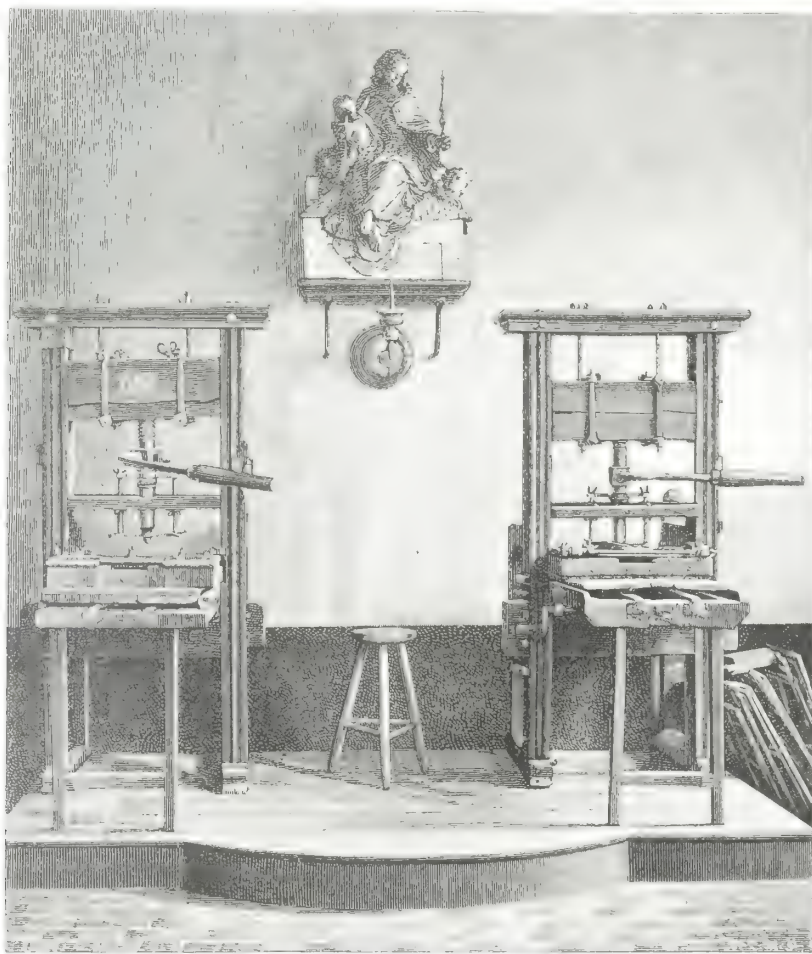
years, from 1594 to 1623, the Plantin press gladly published, paying him well for them. The room remains as he used it in the days of friendly visits to Plantin. It is hung with black Cordova leather, richly covered with golden arabesques. Over

the mantel is a plan of the city of Rome, and above one of the doors a picture representing Lipsius at thirty-eight years of age. Two old cabinets, an oak table, and the leather arm-chair used by him complete the furniture of the room, and over the door leading into the press-room is his bust in marble.

Before entering the printing-office the corridor forms a room where all the various types and moulds, with Hebrew, Greek, and Latin letters, used in the time of Plantin are carefully preserved. At first this publisher employed a celebrated foundry at Lyons to furnish his type; later he depended upon the De Gruytters, of Antwerp, and De Vechter, of Ghent, to furnish him. In the seventeenth century the Moretus had their own foundry,

them; tired and broken, they look as if resting from all the hard work they had done. Upon the walls are several sheets printed by the sovereigns who have visited the Plantin establishment. Leopold I. of Austria, Marie Louise, Empress of France, and imperial princesses of Germany have left here these souvenirs of their visit.

It is the oldest room in the house. The ceiling, the wood-work of the beams, and



OLD PRESSES

afterward the family Wolschaeten worked for them, and again in the eighteenth century they made their own type.

In the press-room, opening from the corridor of types, are seven presses. Two of these, used by Plantin, occupy a small platform at one end of the room—old rusty iron and rough wood, and yet there seemed something almost human about

the iron-work about the windows clearly indicate a period anterior to the building of the portions hitherto entered.

From the printing-office we may enter the front rooms of the second story. They contain specimens of the most celebrated printing. Among them is a Latin Bible printed at Bamberg by Alb. Pfister in 1558; Cicero, *De Officiis*, printed on vel-



THE LIBRARY.

him at Mayence in 1466 by Fust and De Gernshem; and the *Breviarium Ecclesie Sacrum* (the only known copy), a breviary printed at Louvain in 1499 by Thierry Martens. Among the illustrated works are found *Æsopus*, printed at Antwerp by Gérard Leen in 1486, with most curious wood-engravings, and *Olivier de la Marche, le Chevalier libéré*, printed at Schiedam in 1500, with amusing illustrations in wood-cuts. Here, too, we find the Bible of Cardinal Ximenez, printed at Alcalá by Brocario in 1517, a work which, having become extremely rare, suggested to Plantin the idea of publishing a more complete edition.

Editions of the Estiennes, Elzevirs, and Aldines, celebrated impressions from the German and Swiss presses of Feyerabend, Wechelus, Frobenius, and Ulrich Zell, French impressions of Froissart by De Tournes in 1564, a *Livre d'Heures*, and other works from the presses of Vascon, Gryphius, and Pigouchet, fill the oaken cases and tables on every side. In these rooms are also found superb collections of the family china since the sixteenth century.

A stairway of six steps leads us down

to the "Small Library," commenced by Plantin in 1555. The larger library, on the ground-floor, contains 9500 volumes, but this small library contains the odd copies of works bought by Plantin as models, and books annotated by Kiel, Pulmann, and Montanus, used in preparing their works.

Apart from the business letters written by Plantin and his successors, their account-books, bank-books, catalogues, and inventories, are the letters from artists, authors, and other celebrated men.

From these books and autograph letters we pass into the rooms devoted to wood and copperplate engraving. Ten thousand blocks bear the illustrations used by Plantin and his successors in their publications.

Engravings from the wood-carvings of Christopher Jegher, portraits of emperors sold by Rubens to his patron and friend Balthasar Moretus, illustrations for misals drawn by Pierre van der Borcht and engraved by Van Leest, stand most prominent in the long array of blocks placed on tables and walls. Some exquisite ink drawings on wood by Erasmus Quellin, prepared for the engravers Jegher and Van

Leest, are grouped beside the frontispieces and book borders designed by Ballain of Paris.

The principal artists employed by the Plantin-Moretus to furnish illustrations for their publications were Van der Borcht and Erasmus Quellin; the engravers Jegher, Arnold Nicolay, Antoine Van Leest, Cornelius Muller, and the Kampens.

The second room of wood-engraving is hung in gilded leather, and contains two antique oak cabinets filled with rare old porcelain and faience of value. The wood-work is remarkably fine, having been sculptured in 1622 by Paul Dirickx.

The gallery containing the engraved copperplate is filled on one side with broad desks upon which are placed some of the finest of the 2737 specimens which the Plantin establishment owned. The walls are covered with folio plates in frames.

Some very beautiful frontispieces designed by Rubens and engraved by the Galles are among the folio illustrations. The most valued plates are those prepared with *aqua-fortis*—"Birds," by Pierre Bol. Proofs from these are extremely rare.

After passing through the gallery of plates we enter the Director's Hall, a small square room, the walls hung in gilded leather, upon which are many family portraits by French and Flemish artists. A mantel-piece, sculptured by Paul Dirickx, over which is placed a charming landscape by Verdussen, a cabinet with vases of Japanese porcelain, and a crystal chandelier are the best ornaments of the apartment.

The gallery of engravings beyond this *Salle de la Direction* contains, as may well be imagined, most exquisite art treasures. It was commenced by the Moretus at the beginning of this century, at a time when appreciation and taste for the engraver's art were widely cultivated. Those on exhibition are by Antwerp engravers of the pictures of Rubens, Vandyck, and Jordaens. A proof before letter of Rubens's portrait by himself, now in Windsor Castle, from an engraving of Paul Pontius, Luc Vosterman's engraving of the "Descent from the Cross," in Antwerp cathedral, are the finest from the pictures of this master. Jordaens is best represented by Pierre Jode's engraving of the picture in the Musée de Bruxelles, "St. Martin." Vandyck's "Christ au

Roseau" is from the burin of Schelte a Bolswert, the best engraver of the Flemish school. There are several superb proofs of portraits painted by Vandyck and engraved by Martin van den Enden, one of them, the lovely face of Louise de Tassis, in the Lichtenstein Gallery in Vienna, is engraved by Vermeulen.

Instead of entering the *Chambre des Privilèges*, or going down the old fifteenth century staircase of oak into the court around which we have been passing in the story above the *rez-de-chaussée*, it is better to go up a few steps and enter the hall of Antwerp engravers, situated just over the book-shop to which the staircase would have led us. In this hall are collected the works of artists before and after the time of Rubens. From the old Antwerp school are found many small engravings of Cornelius Massijs and Cornelius Bos, from pictures of Titian's, sketches of Pierre and François Huys, and Pierre Perret. Massijs and Huys belong to the most ancient engravers of this school. Their work is extremely delicate, the details gracefully given, but no grand striving for effects. Bos and Perret show in their work the influence of Italian painting. They give grand effects of light, but the shadows are hard, and the picture seems uneven. Huys is vigorous but monotonous; he seems to delight in portraying coarse scenes of popular life.

The Sadelers, like all engravers of their time (sixteenth century), cultivated delicacy of outline with brilliant effects of light in their plates. The Wierickx also give that peculiar breadth of light and shadow in delicate traceries which immediately preceded the school of Rubens. The Galles, the oldest engravers of the great master, through whose superficial work the good traditions of the coming school appeared, are represented by portraits and copies of Rubens. Here too are some exquisite designs of the famous architect Vredeman de Vries, who, with Corneille Floris, was the most eminent of the Flemish renaissance.

The engravers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, represented by Jac. de Gheyn and Nicolas de Bruyn (both taking De Leyde for model), have given us fineness and realism in composition. A mezzotint by Rubens of his St. Catherine, supposed to be the only authentic one of this master, lies beside the works

of his followers. Soutman, Louys, Van Sempel, and De Leeuw form a group whose imitation of Rubens brought into the Antwerp school of engraving large and powerful figures, with grand effects of *chiar-oscuro*, but they failed to obtain the softness and harmony of the greater interpreters of the Antwerp masters.

Among the painter-engravers of the seventeenth century represented here, the Teniers find large space. They, with Cornelius Schut, Van Nieulant, and De Wael, contrast forcibly with the wondrously clear school of Vandyck and his followers. There are many mezzotint engravings displayed in the desks under the windows of this room, among them the imitators of Vosterman and Pontius, the best after Rubens. Edelineck, Van Schuppen, and Vermeulen emigrated to Paris, and established the school whose traditions are transmitted to our days, and constitute the modern style of engraving with burin. It would take too much space to enumerate the numerous artists whose finest works are preserved here. The aerial traceries of the Quellins, the black shades of Tassaert (not used by the Antwerp engravers), the works of Schelte a Bolswert and his brother Boëce, with Paul Pontius and Luc Vosterman — these with their large, energetic style, their powerful and harmonious coloring, showed them to have been educated in the studio of the great painter. They raised the school of engraving in Antwerp to its greatest height.

From this hall of engravers we enter two small rooms. One is hung in gilded leather, and contains a portrait of the last proprietor of this establishment, Edouard Moretus-Plantin. The bedroom adjoining is furnished in the style of the sixteenth century. It has been occupied by the proprietors of the house to the present time.

A staircase from one of the small rooms leads to the foundry in the second story. It is full of old utensils, furnaces, melting-pots, moulds, cruets, and spoons, while bellows, tongs, pincers, and lamps lie in perfect order on every side. Above the chimney are hung the "rules" of the printing-house, and the desks along the room are full of specimens printed from the various types in all stages of perfection.

Returning down the stairway, we again pass through the gallery of Antwerp en-

gravers, and descend to the court by the old carved oaken stairway, upon which Balthasar Moretus III. fixed his effigies — his own and that of his wife when he was ennobled.

Standing again in the court at the foot of this staircase, the book-shop is on our right. We again enter the ground-floor, and find ourselves in a little room opening on the Rue Haute, three steps below the pavement, with which it was originally even. It is lighted from this street by windows formed of shutters made from little squares of glass framed in lead. A glass partition separates it from the back shop. On the desks are the books once exposed for sale, mostly liturgic works, published during the last two centuries of the Plantin press. A desk stands in the corner for the *garçon boutiquier*; it was once used by Jean Moretus. Upon it is a calendar of 1595 and money scales. This, indeed, takes thought back to the time when ducats and Spanish doubloons, rose-nobles and the golden florins of Cologne, rixdalers and crowns, filled the "till," and every Saturday night the book-keeper must *weigh* his accounts! Too often the gold pieces had been robbed of a large part of their weight under the file of the money-changers. The back shop is scant of furniture: a Flemish side-board of 1635, with table and desk of that period, and portraits of Jean Moretus and Martine Plantin, are all it now contains.

The New Tapestry Parlor opens from this room. It is full of Flemish tapestries set in panels of the walls. They represent shepherds, hunters, and the market scenes for which Flemish artists are so famous. An old piano, with a copy of Rubens's St. Cecilia upon the inside of the cover, stands near the windows looking upon the street. Its tones are weird and wiry, but it once soothed and charmed under the touch of the child Mozart.* The door opening on the court from this room is most remarkable. It is of oak exquisitely carved. It is formed of two columns supporting a pediment, covered with rich ornaments in the grotesque style of Italian renaissance, imitated by the Flemish renaissance of the sixteenth century. Figures of satyrs combined with fantastic animals, real fruits in imaginary foliage carved with wondrous delicacy, carefully free from the soil of dust, astonish us by the artist's subtle knowledge of propor-

* Doubtful. It may have been used by Haydn.

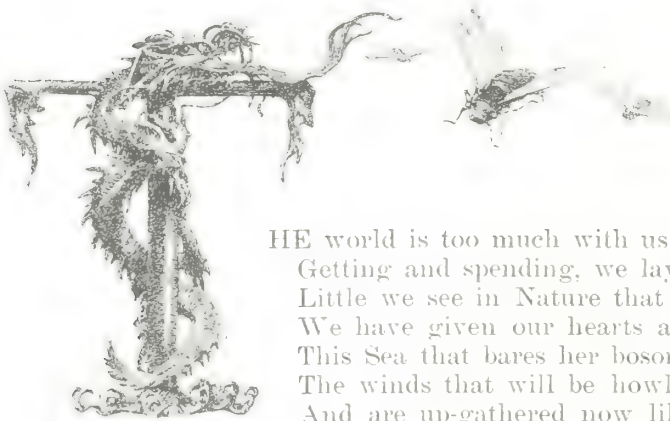
tion, and their wonderful preservation. The door being against the light, it is extremely difficult to appreciate the workmanship.

The *Chambre des Privilèges*, the small room next the *Salle de la Direction*, has no ornament but a portrait of Balthasar I. over the antique mantel, but upon the desks which surround the room and in the frames upon the walls are the "Privileges" granted to Plantin and his successors by Spanish, Belgian, and other kings. There was one granted by Maximilian II., Emperor of Germany, in 1576, allowing Plantin to trade in all the states of the empire. The seal of the Emperor is in a wooden box attached to the document. The letter of Philip II. announcing his intention to take the Polyglot Bible under his protection bears the signature of the King and that of Gabriel Cayas, his secretary.

Gathered together in bewildering quantities are letters with the signatures and seals of the emperors of Austria, the kings of France and Spain, rulers of French republics, popes, cardinals, and bishops. There they lie, where Plantin-Moretus hands have placed them, but where that family will never disturb them again. It was well that the last proprietor of the establishment, the last one of the name, rendered up to his native city the wealth of science and art which his ancestors had so jealously treasured. Of one thing we may be sure, the clause which has held first and foremost rank in the testaments of the Moretus will never more find expression, the Plantin foundation will never be left "to the most capable," it has rightfully been given over to the most worthy, "most wise and worshipful" city of Antwerp, whose citizens will guard it with jealous care.

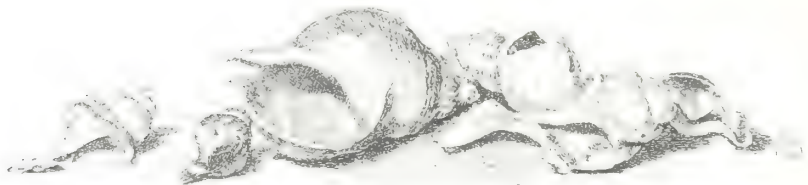
THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US.

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH



HE world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers:
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;

It moves us not. —Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.





"THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US"

AN IMPRESSION.

BY RENNELL RODD

A CYPRESS dark against the blue,
That deepens up to such a hue
As never painter dared and drew;
A marble shaft that stands alone
Above a wreck of sculptured stone
With gray-green aloes overgrown;
A hill-side scored with hollow veins
Through age-long wash of autumn rains,
As purple as with vintage stains;
And rocks that while the hours run
Show all the jewels, one by one,
For pastime of the summer sun;
A crescent sail upon the sea
So calm and fair and ripple-free
You wonder storms can ever be;
A shore with deep indented bays,
And o'er the gleaming waterways
A glimpse of islands in the haze;
A face bronzed dark to red and gold,
With mountain eyes that seem to hold
The freshness of the world of old;
A shepherd's crook, a coat of fleece,
A grazing flock;—the sense of peace,
The long sweet silence,—this is Greece!

THE UNCLE OF AN ANGEL.

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER.

I.

When



Mr. Hutchinson Port, a single gentleman who admitted that he was forty-seven years old and who actually was rising sixty, of strongly fixed personal habits, and with the most positive opinions upon every conceivable subject, came to know that by the death of his widowed sister he had been placed in the position of guardian of that sister's only daughter, Dorothy, his promptly formed and tersely expressed conception of the situation was that the agency by which it had been brought about was distinctively diabolical. The fact

may be added that during the subsequent brief term of his guardianship Mr. Port found no more reason for reversing this hastily formed opinion than did the late



"AND FOR SO STOUT A GENTLEMAN MR. PORT WAS AN EXCELLENT HORSEMAN."

King David for reversing his hastily expressed views in regard to the general tendency of mankind toward untruthfulness.

The two redeeming features of Mr. Port's trying situation were that his duties as a guardian did not begin at all until his very unnecessary ward was nearly nineteen years old; and did not begin actively—his ward having elected to remain in France for a season, under the mild direction of the elderly cousin who had been her mother's travelling companion—until she was almost twenty. When she was one-and-twenty, as Mr. Port reflected with much satisfaction, he would be rid of her.

Neither by nature nor by education had Mr. Hutchinson Port been fitted to discharge the duties which thus were thrust upon him. His disposition was introspective—but less in a philosophical

sense than a physiological, for the central point of his introspection was his liver. That he made something of a fetich of this organ will not appear surprising when the fact is stated that Mr. Port was a Philadelphian. In that city of eminent good cheer livers are developed to a degree that only Strasburg can emulate.

Naturally, Mr. Port's views of life were bounded, more or less, by what he could eat with impunity; yet beyond this somewhat contracted region his thoughts strayed pleasantly afield into the far wider region of the things which he could not eat with impunity: but which, with a truly Spartan epicureanism, he did eat—and bravely accepted the bilious consequences! The slightly anxious, yet determined, expression that would appear upon Mr. Port's clean-shaven, ruddy countenance as he settled himself to the discussion of an especially good and espe-



"NOW SUPPOSE I KISS YOU RIGHT ON YOUR DEAR LITTLE BALD SPOT."

cially dangerous dinner betrayed heroic possibilities in his nature which, being otherwise directed, would have won for him glory upon the martial field.

In minor matters—that is to say, in all relations of life not pertaining to eating—Mr. Port was very much what was to be expected of him from his birth and from his environment. Every Sunday, with an exemplary piety, he sat solitary in the great square pew in St. Peter's that had been occupied by successive generations of Ports ever since the year 1761, when the existing church was completed. Ev-

ery other day of the week, from his late breakfast time for some hours onward, he sat at his own particular window of the Philadelphia Club and contemplated disparagingly the outside world over the top of his magazine or newspaper. At four, precisely, for his liver's sake, he rode in the Park; and for so stout a gentleman Mr. Port was an excellent horseman. On rare occasions he dined at his club. Usually, he dined out; for while generally regarded as a very disagreeable person at dinners—because of his habit of finding fault with his food on the dual ground of

hygiene and quality—he was in social demand because his presence at a dinner was a sure indication that the giver of it had a good culinary reputation; and in Philadelphia such a reputation is most highly prized. An irrelevant New York person, after meeting Mr. Port at several of the serious dinner parties peculiar to Philadelphia, had described him as the animated skeleton; and had supplemented this discourteous remark with the still more discourteous observation that as a feature of a feast the Egyptian article was to be preferred—because it did not overeat itself, and did keep its mouth shut. However, Mr. Port's obvious roundity destroyed what little point was to be found in this meagre witticism; and, if it had not, the fact is well known in Philadelphia that New-Yorkers, being descended not from an honorable Quaker ancestry but from successful operators in Wall Street, are not to be held accountable for their unfortunate but unavoidable manifestations of a frivolity at once inelegant and indecorous.

In regard to his summers, Mr. Port—after a month spent for the good of his liver in taking the waters at the White Sulphur—of course went to Narragansett Pier. It may be accepted as an incontrovertible truth that a Philadelphian of a certain class who missed coming to the Pier for August would refuse to believe, for that year at least, in the alternation of the four seasons; while an enforced absence from that damply delightful watering-place for two successive summers very probably would lead to a rejection of the entire Copernican system.

II.

Being well advanced in years, well settled in habits of a very rigid sort, and well provided with a highly choleric temperament, Mr. Hutchinson Port obviously was not the sort of person whom any intelligent ward would have selected for a guardian. And equally true is it that Miss Dorothy Lee, thus thrust by Fate into his by no means outstretched arms, was far from being the sort of young woman whom even an uncle with strongly developed guardianly instincts would have selected to practise upon as a ward. There was a certain squareness about Dorothy's admirably dimpled chin that suggested forcibly (at least to a person cool enough not to be affected by the dimples)

a temperament strongly inclining toward the positive; and it was a matter of record that when an argument arose as to the propriety of gratifying some desire lying close to Dorothy's heart, her singularly fine gray eyes, especially if the argument seemed to be going against her, would be lighted up by a resolute glitter quite startling to contemplate. In point of fact, arguments of this nature had not arisen often; for the late Mrs. Lee had been a peace-at-any-price sort of person, and for several years preceding her departure for another and a better world had suffered her maternal prerogatives to remain entirely in abeyance.

"Poor dear mamma and I did not have a harsh word for years, Uncle Hutchinson," Miss Lee explained, in the course of the somewhat animated discussion that arose in consequence of Mr. Port's declaration that a part of their summer would be passed, in accordance with his usual custom, at the White Sulphur, and of Dorothy's declaration that she did not want to go there. This, her first summer in America, was the third summer after Mrs. Lee's translation; and since Dorothy had come into colors again she naturally wanted to make the most of them. "No, not a single harsh word did we ever have. We always agreed perfectly, you know; or if mamma thought differently at first she always ended by seeing that my view of the matter was the right one. The only serious difference that I remember since I was quite a little girl was that last autumn in Paris; when I had everything so perfectly arranged for a delightful winter in St. Petersburg, and when mamma was completely set in her own mind that we must go to the south of France. Her cough was getting very bad then, you know, and she said that a winter in Russia certainly would kill her. I don't think it would have killed her, at least not especially; but the doctor backed mamma up—and said some horrid things to me in his polite French way—and declared that St. Petersburg was not even to be thought of.

"And so, when I found that they were both against me that way, of course I sacrificed my own feelings and told mamma that I would do just what she wanted. And mamma cried and kissed me, and said that I was an angel: wasn't it sweet of her? To be sure, though, she was hav-

ing her own way, and I wasn't; and I think that I was an angel myself, for I did want to go to Russia dreadfully. After all, as things turned out, we might almost as well have gone; for poor dear mamma, you know, died that winter anyway. But I'm glad I did what I could to please her, and that she called me an angel for doing it. Don't you think that I was one? And don't you feel, sir, that it is something of an honor to be an angel's uncle?

"Now suppose I kiss you right on your dear little bald spot, and that we make up our minds not to go to that horrid sulphur place at all. Everybody says that it is old-fashioned and stupid; and that is not the kind of an American watering-place that I want to see, you know. It would have been all very well if we'd gone there while I was in mourning, and had to be proper and quiet and retired, and all that; but I'm not in mourning any longer, Uncle Hutchinson—and you haven't said yet how you like this break-fast gown. Do you have to be told that white lace over pale blue silk is very becoming to your angel niece, Uncle Hutchinson? And now you shall have your kiss, and then the matter will be settled." With which words Miss Lee—a somewhat bewildering, but unquestionably delightful effect in blond and blue—fluttered up to her elderly relative, embraced him with a graceful energy, and bestowed upon his bald spot the promised kiss.

"But—but indeed, my dear," responded Mr. Port, when he had emerged from Miss Lee's enfolding arms, "you know that going to the White Sulphur is not a mere matter of pleasure with me; it is one of hygienic necessity. You forget, Dorothy"—Mr. Port spoke with a most earnest seriousness—"you forget my liver."

"Now, Uncle Hutchinson, what is the use of talking about your liver that way? Haven't you told me a great many times already that it is a hereditary liver, and that nothing you can do to it ever will make it go right? And if it is bound to go wrong anyway, why can't you just try to forget all about it and have as pleasant a time as possible? That's the doctrine that I always preached to poor dear mamma—she had a hereditary liver too, you know—and it's a very good one.

"Anyhow, I've heard mamma say countless times that Saratoga was a wonderfully good place for livers: now why

can't we go there? Mamma always said that Saratoga was simply delightful—horse-racing going on all the time, and lovely drives, and rowing on the lake, and dancing all night long, and all sorts of lovely things. Let's go to Saratoga, Uncle Hutchinson! Mamma said that the food there was delicious—and you know you always are grumbling about the food those sulphur people give you.

"But what really would be best of all for you, Uncle Hutchinson," Miss Lee continued, with increasing animation, "is Carlsbad. Yes, that's what you really want—and while you are drinking the horrid waters I can be having a nice time, you know. Then, when you have finished your course, we can take a run into Switzerland; and after that, in the autumn, we might go over to Vienna—you will be delighted with the Vienna restaurants, and they do have such good white wines there. And then, from Vienna, we really can go on and have a winter in Russia. Just think how perfectly delightful it will be to drive about in sledges, all wrapped up in furs"—Mr. Port shuddered: he detested cold weather—"and to go to the court balls, and even, perhaps, to be present the next time they assassinate the Czar! Oh, what a good time we are going to have! Do write at once, this very day, Uncle Hutchinson, to Carlsbad and engage our rooms."

To a person of Mr. Port's staid, deliberate temperament this rapid outlining of a year of foreign travel, and this prompt assumption that the outline was to be immediately filled in and made a reality, was upsetting. His mental processes were of the Philadelphia sort, and when Miss Lee had completed the sketch of her European project he still was engaged in consideration of her argument in favor of throwing over the White Sulphur for Saratoga. However, he had comprehended enough of her larger plan to perceive that by accepting Saratoga promptly he might be spared the necessity of combating a far more serious assault upon his peace of mind and digestion. Travel of any sort was loathsome to Mr. Port, for it involved much hasty and inconsiderate eating.

"Very well," he said, but not cheerfully, for this was the first time in a great many years that he had not made and acted upon plans shaped wholly in his own interest, "we will try Saratoga, since

you so especially desire it; but if the waters affect my liver unfavorably we shall go to the White Sulphur at once."

"What! We are not to go to Carlsbad, then? Oh, Uncle Hutchinson, I had set my heart upon it! Don't, now don't be in a hurry to say positively that we won't go. Think how much good the waters will do you, and think of what a lovely time you can have when your course is over, and you can eat just as much as you want of anything!"

But even by this blissful prospect Mr. Port was not to be lured; and Dorothy, who combined a good deal of the wisdom of the serpent with her presumable innocence of the dove, perceived that it was the part of prudence not further to press for larger victory.

"And from Saratoga, of course, we shall go to the Pier," said Mr. Port, but with a certain aggressiveness of tone that gave to his assertion the air of a proposition in support of which argument might be required.

"To Narragansett, you mean? Oh, certainly. From what several people have told me about Narragansett I think that it must be quite entertaining, and I want to see it. And of course, Uncle Hutchinson, even if I didn't care about it at all, I should go all the same; for I want to fall in exactly with your plans and put you to as little trouble as possible, you know. For if your angel wasn't willing to be self-sacrificing, she really wouldn't be an angel at all."

Pleasing though this statement of Early Christian sentiment was, it struck Mr. Port—as he subsequently revolved it slowly in his slowly moving mind—as lacking a little on the side of practicality; for Miss Lee, so far, unquestionably had contrived to upset with a fine equanimity every one of his plans that was not absolutely identical with her own.

III.

On the whole, the Saratoga expedition was not a success. Even on the journey, coming up by the limited train, Miss Lee was not favorably impressed by the appearance of her fellow-passengers. Nearly all of the men in the car (most of whom immediately betook themselves to the bar-room, euphoniously styled a *buffet*, at the head of the train) were of a type that would have suggested to one accustomed to American life that variety of it

which is found seated in the high places of the government of the city of New York; and the aggressively dressed and too abundantly jewelled female companions of these men, heavily built, heavy-browed, with faces marked in hard lines, and with aggressive eyes schooled to look out upon the world with a necessarily emphatic self-assertion, were of a type that, without special knowledge of American ways, was entirely recognizable. Albeit Miss Lee, having spent much time in the mixed society of various European watering-places, was not by any means an unsophisticated young person, and was not at all a squeamish one, she was sensibly relieved by finding that the chair next to hers was occupied by a silvery-haired old lady of the most unquestionable respectability; and her composure was further restored, presently, by the return to his chair, on the other side of her, of Mr. Port; who had betaken himself to what the conductor had told him was the smoking-room, and who, finding himself in a bar-room, surrounded by a throng of hard-drinking, foul-mouthed men, had sacrificed his much-loved cigar in order to free himself from such distinctly offensive surroundings.

At their hotel, and elsewhere, Miss Lee and her uncle encountered many of their fellow-passengers by the limited train, together with others of a like sort that previous trains had brought thither; and while, on the whole, these were about balanced by a more desirable class of visitors, they were in such force as to give to the life of the place a very positive tone.

At the end of a week Dorothy avowed herself disappointed. "I never did think much of poor dear mamma's taste, you know, Uncle Hutchinson," she said with her customary frankness, "and what she found to like in this place I'm sure I can't imagine. It's tawdry and it's vulgar; and as for its morals, I think that it's worse than Monte Carlo. I suppose that there is a nice side to it, for I do see a few nice people; but, somehow, they all seem to stand off from each other as though they were afraid here to take any chances at all with strangers. And I don't blame them, Uncle Hutchinson, for I feel just that way myself. What you ought to have done was to have hired a cottage, and then people would have taken the trouble to find out about us; and when they'd found that we were not all sorts of

horrid things we should have got into the right set, and no doubt, at least if we'd staid here through August, we should have had a very nice time.

"But we're not having a nice time, here at this noisy hotel, Uncle Hutchinson, where the band can't keep quiet for half an hour at a time, and where the only notion that people seem to have of amusement is to overdress themselves and wear diamonds to dinner and sit in crowds on the verandas and dance at night with any stranger who can get another stranger to introduce him and to drive over on fine afternoons to that place by the lake and drink mixed drinks until some of them actually get tipsy. I really think that it all is positively horrid. And so I'm quite willing now to go to the White Sulphur. It is stupid, I know, but I've always heard that it is intensely respectable. I will get my packing all done this afternoon, and we will start tomorrow morning; and I think that you'd better go and telegraph for rooms right away."

But to Dorothy's surprise, and also to her chagrin, Mr. Port refused to entertain her proposition. He fully agreed with her in her derogatory estimate of Saratoga life as found at Saratoga hotels; and he cherished also a private grief incident to his (mistaken) belief that the cooking was not so good as he remembered it, bright in the glamour of his sound digestion in his youthful past. On the other hand, however, the waters certainly were having a most salutary effect upon his liver; and the move to Virginia would involve spending two days of hot weather in toilsome travel, sustained only by such food as railway restaurants afford. Therefore Mr. Port declared decidedly that until the end of July they would remain where they were—and so gave his niece the doubtful pleasure of an entirely new experience by compelling her to do something that she did not want to do at all. It was a comfort to Mr. Port, in later years, to remember that he had got ahead of Dorothy once, anyhow.

Being a very charming young person, Miss Lee could not, of course, be grumpy; yet grumpiness certainly would have been the proper word with which to describe her mood during her last fortnight at Saratoga had she not possessed such extraordinarily fine gray eyes and such an admirably dumpled chin. The fact must

be admitted that she contrived to make her uncle's life so much of a burden to him that his staying powers were strained to the utmost. Indeed, he admitted to himself that he could not have held out against such tactics for another week; and he perceived that he had done injustice to his departed sister in thinking—as he certainly had thought, and even had expressed on more than one occasion in writing—that in permitting her European movements to be shaped in accordance with her daughter's fancies she had exhibited an inexcusable weakness.

It was a relief to Mr. Port's mind, and also to his digestion—for Dorothy's grumpiness produced an effect distinctly bilious—when the end of July arrived and his own and his charming ward's views once more were brought into harmony by the move to Narragansett Pier. Fortunately, while somewhat disposed to stand upon her own rights, Miss Lee was not a person who bore malice; a pleasing fact that became manifest on the moment that she began to pack her trunks.

"I am afraid, Uncle Hutchinson," she observed, on the morning that this important step toward departure was taken—"I am afraid that during the past week or so your angel may not have been quite as much of an angel as usual."

"No," replied Mr. Port, with a colloquial disregard of grammatical construction, and with perhaps unnecessary emphasis, "I don't think she has."

"But from this moment onward," Dorothy continued, courteously ignoring her uncle's not too courteous interpolation, and airily relegating into oblivion the recent past, "she expects to manifest her angelic qualities to an extent that will make her appear quite unfit for earth. Very possibly she may even grow a pair of wings and fly quite away from you, sir—right up among the clouds, where the other angels are! And how would you like that, Uncle Hutchinson?"

In the sincere seclusion of his inner consciousness Mr. Port admitted the thought that if Dorothy had resolved herself into an angelic *vol-au-vent* (a simile that came naturally to his mind) at any time during the preceding fortnight he probably would have accepted the situation with a commendable equanimity. But what he actually said was that her departure in this aerated fashion would make him profoundly miserable. Mr. Port was a little aston-

ished at himself when he was delivered of this gallant speech: for gallant speeches, as he very well knew, were not at all in his line.

On the amicable basis thus established, Miss Lee and her guardian resumed their travels; and, excepting only Mr. Port's personal misery incident to the alimentary exigencies of railway transportation, their journey from the central region of New York to the seaboard of Rhode Island was accomplished without misadventure.

IV.

In regard to Narragansett Pier, Miss Lee's opinions, the which she was neither slow in forming nor unduly cautious in expressing, at first were unfavorable.

"And so this is 'the Pier,' is it?" she observed in a tone by no means expressive of approval as she stood on the hotel veranda on the day of her arrival, and contemplated the rather limited prospect that was bounded at one end by the Casino and at the other by the coal elevator. "If those smelly little stones out there are 'the Rocks' that people talk about at such a rate I must confess that I am disappointed in them"—Mr. Port hastened to assure her that the Rocks were in quite a different direction; "and if that is the Casino, while it seems a nice sort of a place, I really think that they might have managed the arch so as not to have that horrid green house showing under it. And what little poor affairs the hotels are! Really, Uncle Hutchinson, I don't see what there is in this little place to make a fuss about."

"Dorothy," replied Mr. Port, with much solemnity, "you evidently forget—though I certainly have mentioned the fact to you repeatedly—that the climate of this portion of Rhode Island is the most distinctively antibilious climate to be found upon the whole coast of North America. For persons possessing delicate livers—"

"Oh, bother delicate livers—at least, I beg your pardon, Uncle Hutchinson," for an expression of such positive pain had come into Mr. Port's face at this irreverent reference to an organ that he regarded as sacred that even Dorothy was forced to make some sort of an apology. "Of course I don't want to bother your poor liver more than it is bothered anyway; but, you know, I haven't got a liver, and I don't care for climates a bit. What I mean is: what do people do here to have a good time?"

"In the morning," replied Mr. Port, "they bathe, and in the afternoon they drive to the Point. This morning we shall bathe, Dorothy—bathing is an admirable liver tonic—and this afternoon we shall drive to the Point."

"Good heavens! Is that all?" exclaimed Miss Lee. "Why, it's worse than Saratoga. Do you mean to say, Uncle Hutchinson, that people don't dance here, and don't go yachting, and don't have lunch parties, and don't play tennis and don't even have afternoon teas?"

"I believe that some of these things are done here," replied Mr. Port, in a tone that implied that such frivolities were quite beyond the lines of his own personal interests. "Yes," he continued, "I am sure that all of them are done here now—for the Pier is not what it used to be, Dorothy. The quiet air of intense respectability that characterized Narragansett when it was the resort only of a few of the best families of Philadelphia has departed from it—I fear forever! But, thank Heaven, its climatic characteristics remain intact. When you are older, Dorothy, and your liver asserts itself, you will appreciate this incomparable climate at its proper value."

"Well, it hasn't asserted itself yet, you know; and I must say I'm devoutly thankful that something has happened to wake up the quiet and intensely respectable Philadelphians before I had to come here. But I'm very glad, dear Uncle Hutchinson," Miss Lee continued, winningly, "that this climate is so good for you, and I'm sure I hope that you won't have a single bilious attack all the time that you are here. And you'll take your angel to the dances, and to see the tennis, and you'll give her lunch parties, and you'll take her yachting, won't you, you dear? But I know you will; and if this were not such a very conspicuous place, and might make a scandal, I'd give you a very sweet kiss to pay you in advance for all the trouble that you are going to take to make your angel enjoy herself. You needn't bother about the teas, Uncle Hutchinson—for the most part they're only women, and stupid."

Being still somewhat cast down by painful memories of that trying final fortnight in Saratoga, during which he and his niece had pulled so strongly in opposite directions, Mr. Port heard with a lively alarm this declaration of a plan of cam-

paign which, if carried out, would wreck hopelessly his own comfort of body and peace of mind. Obviously, this was no time for faltering. If the catastrophe was to be averted, he must speak out at once and with a decisive energy.

"I need not tell you, Dorothy," he began, speaking in a most grave and earnest tone, "that it is my desire to discharge in the amplest and kindest manner my duties toward you as a guardian."

"I'm sure of it, and of course you needn't tell me, you dearest dear—and we might begin with just a little lunch to-day. The breakfast was horrid, and I didn't get half enough even of what there was."

"But I must say now," Mr. Port went on—keenly regretting the unfortunate beginning that he had given to his declaration of independence, but judiciously ignoring Dorothy's shrewd perversion of it—"that your several suggestions literally are impossibilities. I admit that dancing for a short period, at about an hour after each meal, is an admirable exercise that produces a most salutary effect upon the digestive apparatus; but persistent dancing until an unduly late period of the night is a practice as unhygienic as, in the mixed company of a watering-place, it is socially objectionable.

"Tennis is an absurdity worthy of the vacuous minds of those who engage in it. To suggest that I shall sit in a cramped position in a draughty gallery for several hours at a stretch in order to watch empty-headed young men playing a perverted form of battledoor and shuttlecock across a net, is to imply that they and I are upon the same intellectual level; and this, I trust, is not the case.

"As you certainly should remember, Dorothy, all persons of a bilious habit suffer severely from sea-sickness; a fact that, of course, disposes effectually of your yachting plans. For you are not desirous, I am sure, of purchasing your own selfish enjoyment—if you possibly can have enjoyment on board a yacht—at the cost of my intense personal misery.

"But in regard to the lunches, my dear," Mr. Port's tone softened perceptibly, "there certainly is something to be said. The food here at the hotel I admit is atrocious, and at the Casino it is possible occasionally to procure something eatable. Yes, I shall have much plea-

sure in giving a lunch this very morning to my angel" (Mr. Port, warming in advance under the genial influence of the croquette and salad that he intended to order, became playful), "for what you said in regard to the breakfast, Dorothy, was quite true—it was abominable. If you will excuse me, I will just step down to the Casino now and give my order; then things will be all ready for us when we get back from the bath."

And such was Miss Lee's generalship that she rested content with her success in one direction, and deferred until a more convenient season her further demands. She was a reasonable young woman, and was quite satisfied with accomplishing one thing at a time.

V.

Two or three days later Dorothy advanced her second parallel. In the interval they had bathed every morning and had driven to the Point every afternoon, and they had held converse upon the veranda of the hotel every evening until ten o'clock with certain eminently respectable people from Philadelphia, by whom Dorothy was bored, as she did not hesitate to confess, almost to desperation. Further, Mr. Port had given a lunch party to which these same Philadelphians were invited: and his niece had informed him, when the festivity was at an end, that if he did anything like that again she certainly would either run away or drown herself. Any trials in this world or any dangers in the next, she declared, were preferable to sitting opposite to such a person as Mrs. Logan Rittenhouse, who talked nothing but uninteresting scandal and crochet, and next to Mr. Pennington Brown, who talked only about peoples' great-grandfathers and great-aunts.

It was with a lively alarm that Mr. Port noted these signs of discontent, together with returning symptoms of the grumpiness which had disturbed his comfort and digestion at Saratoga; and it was most selfishly in his own self-interest that he tried to think of something that would afford his niece amusement. Miss Lee, when she perceived that her intelligently laid plans were working successfully, graciously was pleased to assist him.

"It is a great pity, Uncle Hutchinson," she vouchsafed to remark on the fourth day of suppressed domestic sunshine, "that you don't like tennis. Don't you

think, for your angel's sake, that you could go for just a little while this afternoon? There's going to be a capital match this afternoon, and your angel does so want to see it. You haven't been very—very agreeable the past two or three days, you dear, and I fear that your liver must be a little out of order. Really, you haven't given your angel a single chance to be affectionate—and unless she can be affectionate and sweet and clinging, and things like that, you know, your poor angel is not happy at all. Suppose we try the tennis for just half an hour or so? It won't be much of a sacrifice for you, and it will make your angel so happy that she will make herself dearer to you than ever, you precious thing."

This form of address was disconcerting to Mr. Port, for during the period to which Miss Lee referred he certainly had been trying—not very cleverly, perhaps, for such efforts were not at all in his line, but still to the best of his ability—to make himself as agreeable as possible; and the effort on the part of his niece to be angelic, of which she spoke so confidently, he could not but think had fallen rather more than a little short of absolute success. The one ray of comfort that he extracted from Dorothy's utterance was her reference to herself as his angel; he had come to understand that the use of this term was a sign of fair weather, and he valued it accordingly. But even for the sake of fair weather Mr. Port was not yet prepared to expose his elderly joints to the draughty discomforts of the galleries overhanging the tennis-court; and he said so, pretty decidedly. Almost anything else he was willing to do, he added, but that particular thing he would not do at all.

"As you please, Uncle Hutchinson," Dorothy answered, in a tone of gloomy resignation. "I am used to hearing that. It is just what poor dear mamma used to say. She always was willing, you know, to do everything but the thing that I wanted her to do. I remember, just to mention a single instance, how mamma broke up a delightful water party on Windermere that Sir Gordon Graham had arranged expressly for us. The weather was rather misty, as it is apt to be up there, you know, but nothing worth minding when you are well wrapped up. But mamma said that if she went out in

such a drizzle she knew her cough would be ever so much worse—and of course she couldn't really know that it would be worse, for nobody truly knows what the weather is going to do to them—and so she wouldn't go. And Sir Gordon was very much hurt about it, and never came near us again. And unless I'm very much mistaken, Uncle Hutchinson mamma's selfishness that day lost me the chance of being Lady Graham. So I'm used to being treated in this way, and you needn't at all mind refusing me everything that I ask." And, being delivered of this discourse, Miss Lee lapsed into a condition of funereal gloom.

At the end of another twenty-four hours Mr. Port knuckled under. "I have been thinking, Dorothy," he said, "about what you were saying about tennis. It's a beastly game, but since you insist upon seeing it I'll take you for a little while this afternoon." This was not the most gracious form of words in which an invitation could be couched; but Dorothy, who was not a stickler for forms provided she was successful in results, accepted it with alacrity. Later in the day, as they returned from the Casino, she declared:

"Your angel has had a lovely afternoon, Uncle Hutchinson, and she is sure that you have had a lovely afternoon too. And now that you've found what fun there is in looking at tennis, we'll go every day, won't we, dear? Sometimes, you know, you are just a little, just a very little prejudiced about things; but you are so good and sweet-tempered that your prejudices never last long, and so your angel cannot help loving you a great deal."

Mr. Port, who was not at all sweet-tempered at that moment, was prepared to reply to the first half of this speech in terms of some emphasis; for he was limping a little, and a shocking twinge took him in his left shoulder when he attempted to raise his arm. But Dorothy's sudden shifting to polite personalities was of a nature to choke off his projected indignant utterance. Yet not feeling by any means prepared to meet in kind her pleasing manifestation of affection, Mr. Port was a little put to it to find any suitable form of response. After a moment's reflection he abandoned the attempt to reply coherently, and contented himself with grunting.

VI.

Encouraged by the success that was attending her unselfish efforts to harmonize her own and her uncle's conceptions of the temporal fitness of things, Miss Lee began to find life at the Pier quite supportable. "There's not much to do here," she declared with her customary candor, "and the hotels—all ugly and all in a row—make it look like an overgrown charitable institution; and most of the people, I must say, are such a dismal lot that they might very well be the patients out for an airing. But, on the whole, I've been in several worse places, Uncle Hutchinson; and if only you'd take me to a hop now and then, instead of sitting every evening on the pokey hotel veranda talking Philadelphia twaddle with that stuffy old Mr. Pennington Brown, I might have rather a good time here."

"You will oblige me, Dorothy," replied Mr. Port, "by refraining from using such a word as 'stuffy' in connection with a gentleman who belongs to one of the oldest and best families in Philadelphia, and who, moreover, is one of my most esteemed friends."

"But he *is* stuffy, Uncle Hutchinson. He never talks about anything but who peoples' grandfathers and grandmothers were; and *Watson's Annals* seems to be the only book that he ever has heard of. Indeed, I do truly think that he is the very stuffiest and stupidest old gentleman that I ever have known."

Mr. Port made no reply to this sally, for his feelings were such that he deemed it best not to give expression to them in words; but he was not unnaturally surprised, after such a declaration of sentiments on the part of his niece, when she begged to be excused on the ensuing afternoon from her regular drive to the Point, on the ground that she had promised to make an expedition to the Rocks in Mr. Brown's company. Had an opportunity been given him Mr. Port would have asked for an explanation of this phenomenon; but the carriage was in waiting that was to convey his ward and her extraordinary companion to the end of the road at Indian Rock—a slight rheumatic tendency, that he declared was hereditary, rendering it advisable for Mr. Brown to reduce the use of his legs to a minimum—and before Mr. Port could rally his forces they had entered it and had driven away.

In the evening Mr. Port found another surprise awaiting him. Miss Lee presently retired from the veranda for the avowed purpose of searching for a missing fan, thus leaving the two gentlemen alone together.

"What a charming girl your niece is, Port!" said Mr. Brown, as the fluttering train of Dorothy's dress disappeared through the doorway.

Mr. Port evidently considered that this possibly debatable statement was sufficiently answered by a grunt, for that was all the answer he gave it.

Not permitting his enthusiasm to be checked by this chillingly dubious response, Mr. Brown continued:

"She certainly is one of the most charming girls I have met in a long time, Port. She is not a bit like the average of young girls nowadays. I rarely have known a young person of either sex to be so genuinely interested in genealogy, especially in Philadelphia genealogy; and I must say that her liking for antiquarian matters generally is very remarkable. I envy you, I really envy you, old boy, the blessing of that sweet young creature's constant companionship."

"Umph, do you?" was Mr. Port's concise and rather discouraging reply.

"Indeed I do"—Mr. Brown was too warm to notice the cynical tone of his friend's rejoinder—"and I have been thinking, Port, that we are a pair of selfish old wretches to monopolize every evening in the way that we have been doing this bright young flower. It is a shame for us to keep her in our stupid company—though she tells me that she finds our talk about old people and old times exceedingly interesting—instead of letting her have a little of the young society and a little of the excitement and pleasure of watering-place life. Now, how would it do for us to take her down to the Casino to-night? There is to be a hop to-night, she says—at least, that is to say," Mr. Brown became somewhat confused, "I heard somewhere that there is to be a hop to-night, and while that sort of thing is pretty stupid for you and me, it isn't a bit stupid for a young and pretty girl like her. So suppose we take her, old man?"

As this amazing proposition was advanced by his elderly friend, Mr. Port's anger and astonishment were aroused to-



"AND BEFORE MR. PORT COULD RALLY HIS FORCES THEY HAD ENTERED THE CARRIAGE AND
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gether; and his rude rejoinder to it was: "Have you gone crazy, Brown, or has Dorothy been making a fool of you? Has she asked you to ask me to take her to the Casino hop? She knows there is no use in talking to me about it any longer."

"No, certainly not—at least—that is to say—well, no, not exactly," replied Mr. Brown, beginning his sentence with an asperity and positiveness that somehow did not hold out to its end. "She did say to me, I confess, how fond she was of dancing, and how she had refrained from saying much about it to you"—Mr. Port here interpolated a sceptical snort—"because she knew that taking her to the Casino would only bore you. And I do think, Port, that keeping her here with us all the time is grossly selfish; and if you don't want to take her to the hop I hope you'll let her go with me. But what we'd better do, old man, is to take her together—then we can talk to each other just as well, at least nearly as well, as we can here, and we can have the comfort of knowing that she is enjoying herself too. Come, Hutch; we're getting old and rusty, you and I, but let us try at least to keep from degenerating into a pair of selfish old brutes with no care for anybody's comfort but our own."

Mr. Hutchinson Port might have replied with a fair amount of truth that so far as he himself was concerned the degeneration that his friend referred to as desirable to avoid already had taken place. But all of us like most to be credited with the virtues of which we have least, and he therefore accepted as his due Mr. Brown's tribute of implied praise. And the upshot of the matter was that Dorothy, when she returned to the veranda again, was unaffectedly surprised (and considering how carefully she had planned her small campaign she did it very creditably) by discovering that her uncle's edict against the Casino hops had been withdrawn.

VII

Even Dorothy was disposed to believe that unless some peculiarly favorable combination of circumstances presented itself as a basis for her intelligent manipulation her strong desire for a yacht voyage must remain ungratified; for, now that his liver was decidedly the larger part of him, Mr. Port had a fairly cat-like dread of the sea. To be sure, Dorothy's character was a resolute one, and her

staying powers were quite remarkable; but in the matter of venturing his bilious body upon the ocean she discovered that her uncle—although now reduced to a fairly satisfactory state of submission in other respects—had a large and powerful will of his own.

Fortune, however, favors the resolute even more decidedly than she favors the brave. This fact Dorothy comprehended thoroughly, and uniformly acted upon. Each time that even a remote possibility of a yacht cruise presented itself she instantly brought her batteries to bear; and, with a nice understanding of her uncle's intellectual peculiarities, she each time treated the matter as though it never before had been discussed.

Therefore it was that when Miss Lee's eyes were gladdened one day—just as she and her uncle were about to begin their lunch on the shady veranda of the Casino—by the sight of a trim schooner yacht sliding down the wind from the direction of Newport, the subject of the cruise was revived with a suddenness and point that Mr. Port found highly disconcerting. The yacht rounded to off the Casino, and the sound of a plunge and a clanking chain floated across the water as her anchor went overboard.

"Oh, isn't she a beauty!" exclaimed Dorothy, with enthusiasm. "Now, Uncle Hutchinson, her owner is coming ashore—they have just brought the gig round to the gangway—and if you don't know him you must get somebody to introduce you to him; and then you must introduce him to me; and then he will ask us to go on a cruise; and of course we will go, and have just the loveliest time in the world. I haven't been on board a yacht for nearly five years (just look at the gig: don't the men pull splendidly?)—not since that nice little Lord Alderhone took mamma and me up to Norway. We did have such a good time! Poor dear mamma, of course, was desperately sick—she always was horribly sea-sick, you know; but I'm never sea-sick the least bit, and it was perfectly delightful. Look, Uncle Hutchinson, they've made the dock, and now he's coming right up here. What a handsome man he is, and how well he looks in his club uniform! It seems to me I've seen him somewhere. Do you know him, Uncle Hutchinson?"

A serious difficulty that Mr. Port labored under in his dealings with his



"WHAT A CHARMING GIRL YOUR NIECE IS, PORT!" SAID MR. BROWN."—[See Page 414.]

niece was his inability—due to his Philadelphia habit of mind—to keep up with the exceptionally rapid flow of her ideas. On the present occasion, while he still was engaged in consideration of the irrational proposition that he should court the desperate misery that attends a bilious man at sea by as good as asking to be taken on a yacht voyage, he suddenly found his ideas twisted off into another direction by the reference to his sister's sufferings on a similar occasion in the past; and before he could frame in words the reproof that he was disposed to administer to Dorothy for what he probably would have styled her heartlessness, he found his thoughts shunted to yet another track by a direct question. It is within the bounds of possibility that Miss Lee had arrived at a near estimate of her relative's intellectual peculiarities, and that she sometimes framed her discourses with a view to taking advantage of them.

The direct question being the simplest section of Dorothy's complex utterance, Mr. Port abandoned his intended remonstrance and reproof and proceeded to answer it. "Yes," he said, "I know him. It's Van Rensselaer Livingstone. His cousin, Van Ruyter Livingstone, married your cousin Grace—Grace Winthrop, you know. He's a great scamp, this one, I mean; gambles, and that sort of thing, I'm told, and drinks, and—and various things. I shall have to speak to him if he sees me, I suppose; but of course I shall not introduce him to you."

"Mr. Van Rensselaer Livingstone! Why so it is! How perfectly delightful! I know him very well, Uncle Hutchinson. He was in Nice the last winter we were there; and he broke the bank at Monaco; and he played that perfectly absurd trick on little Prince Sporette—cut off his little black mustache when Prince Sporette was—was not exactly sober, you know, and

gummed on a great red mustache instead of it; and then, before the Prince was quite himself again, took him to Lady Ormsby's ball. All Nice was in a perfect roar over it. And they had a duel afterward, and Mr. Livingstone—he is a wonderful shot—instead of hurting the little Prince, just shot away the tip of his left ear as nicely as possible. Oh, he is a delightful man—and here he comes.” And Dorothy, half rising from her chair, and paying no more attention to Mr. Port's kicks under the table than she did to his smothered remonstrances, extended her well-shaped white hand in the most cordial manner, and in the most cordial tone exclaimed:

“Won't you speak to me in English, Mr. Livingstone? We talked French, I think it was, the last time we met. And how is your friend Prince Sporetto? Has his ear grown out again? You know my uncle, I think? Mr. Hutchinson Port.”

Livingstone took the proffered hand with even more cordiality than it was given, and then extended his own to Mr. Port—who seemed much less inclined to shake it than to bite it.

“I think that we are justified in regarding ourselves as relations now, Miss Lee, since our cousins have married each other, you know. Quite a romance, wasn't it? And how very jolly it is to meet you here—when I thought that you certainly were in Switzerland or Norway, or even over in that new place that people are going to in Roumania! I flatter myself that I always have rather a knack of falling on my feet, but, by Jove, I'm doing it more than usual this morning!”

Miss Lee seemed to be entirely unaware of the fact that her uncle was looking like an animated thunder-cloud. “It is just like a bit out of a delightful novel,” was her encouraging response. “A long low black schooner suddenly coming in from the seaward and anchoring close off shore, and the hero landing in a little boat just in time to slay the villain and rescue the beautiful bride. Of course I'm the beautiful bride, but my uncle is not a villain, but the very best of guardians—by-the-way, I don't think that you know that poor dear mamma is dead, Mr. Livingstone? Yes, she died only a week or two after you left us. So you see you must be very nice to the villain—and you can begin your kind treatment of him by

having lunch with him and with me too. Uncle Hutchinson was so pleased when he saw you come ashore. He said that we certainly must capture you, and he sent a man to bring some hot soup for you at once—here it is now.” And so it was, for Dorothy herself very thoughtfully had given the order that she now modestly attributed to her uncle.

And so in less than ten minutes from the moment when Mr. Port had informed Dorothy that Van Rensselaer Livingstone was a very objectionable person whom he desired to avoid, and whose introduction to her was not even to be thought of, they all three were lunching together in what to the casual observer seemed to be the most amicable manner possible.

VIII.

“I've run over to look up Mrs. Rattleton,” said Livingstone, as he discussed with evident relish the *filet* that Mr. Port charitably hoped would choke him. “Very likely you haven't met her, for she's only just got here. But you'll like her, I know, for she's ever so jolly. She's promised to play propriety for me in a party that we want to make up aboard the yacht. The squadron won't get down from New York for a week yet, and I've come up ahead of it so that we can have a cruise to the Shoals and back before the races. Of course, Miss Lee, you won't fly in the face of fate, after this providential meeting, by refusing to join our party; at least if you do you will make me wretched to the end of my days. And we will try to make you comfortable on board, sir,” he added, politely turning to Mr. Port. “I have a tolerably fair cook, and ice isn't the only thing in the ice chest, I assure you.”

“How very kind you are, Mr. Livingstone,” Dorothy hastened to say, in order to head off her uncle's inevitable refusal. “Of course we will go, with the greatest possible pleasure. It is very odd how things fall out sometimes. Now only this morning I was begging Uncle Hutchinson to take me off yachting, and he was saying how much he enjoyed being at sea, and how he really thought that if it wasn't for his age—wasn't it absurd of him to talk about his age? He is not old at all, the dear!—he would have a yacht of his own. And almost before the words are fairly out of our mouths here you drop from the clouds, or are cast



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up by the sea, it's all the same thing, and give us both just what we have been longing for. At least, Uncle Hutchinson pretended to be longing for it only in case he could be young enough to enjoy it; but if he doesn't think he's young now, I'd like to know what he'll call himself when he's fifty!" And then, facing around sharply upon her uncle, Dorothy concluded: "The idea of pretending that *you* are too old to go yachting! Really, Uncle Hutchinson, I am ashamed of you!"

As has been intimated, if there was any one subject upon which Mr. Port was especially sensitive, it was the subject of his age. As the parish register of St. Peter's all too plainly proved, he never would see sixty again; but this awkward record was in an out-of-the-way place, and the agreeable fiction that he advanced in various indirect ways to the effect that he was a trifle turned of forty-seven was not likely to be officially contradicted. And it is not impossible, so tenacious was he upon this point, that had the official proof been produced, he would have denied its authenticity. For it was Mr. Port's firm determination still to figure before the world as a youngish middle-aged man.

To say that Miss Lee deliberately set herself to playing upon this weakness of her guardian's, possibly, remotely possibly, would be doing her injustice. But the fact is obvious that she succeeded by her cleverly turned discourse in landing her esteemed relative fairly between the horns of an exceedingly awkward dilemma: either Mr. Port must accept the invitation and be horridly ill, or he must reject it, and so throw over his pretensions to elderly youth.

For a moment the unhappy gentleman hung in the wind, and Dorothy regretted that she had not made her statement of the case still stronger. Indeed, she was about to supplement it by a remark to the effect that people never thought of giving up yachting until they were turned of sixty, when, to her relief, her uncle slowly filled away on the right tack. His acceptance was expressed in highly ungracious terms; but, as has been said, Dorothy never troubled herself about forms, provided she compassed results. The moment that he had uttered the fatal words, Mr. Port fell to cursing himself in his own mind for being such a fool; but the same reason that had impelled him to give his consent withheld him from re-

tracting it. He knew that he was going to be desperately miserable; but, at least, nobody could say that he was old.

"I'm ever so much obliged to you, Miss Lee, and to you too, Mr. Port," said Livingstone. "And now, if you'll excuse me, I'll go and hunt up Mrs. Rattleton, and tell her what a splendid raise I've made, and help her organize the rest of the party. We shall have only two more. It's a bore to have more than six people on board a yacht. I don't know why it is, I'm sure, but if you have more than six they always get to fighting. Queer, isn't it?"

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Port. "Mrs. Rattleton? May I ask if this is the Mrs. Rattleton from New York who was here last season, the one whose bathing costume was so—so very eccentric, and about whom there was so much very disagreeable talk?"

"Mrs. Rattleton *is* from New York, and she *was* here last season," Livingstone answered. "But I can't say that I remember anything eccentric in her bathing costume, except that it was exceedingly becoming; and I certainly never heard any disagreeable talk about her. There may have been such talk about her, but perhaps it was thought just as well not to have it in my presence. Mrs. Rattleton is my cousin, Mr. Port—she was a Van Twiller, you know. Do you happen to remember any of the things that were said about her, and who said them?" Livingstone spoke with extreme courtesy; but there was something in his tone that caused Mr. Port suddenly to think of the tip of Prince Sporetto's left ear, and that led him to reply hurriedly, and by no means lucidly:

"Certainly—no—yes—that is to say, I can't exactly remember anything in particular. I'm sure I was led to believe from what was said that she was a very charming woman. No, I don't remember at all."

"Ah, perhaps it is just as well," Livingstone replied, gravely. "But how lucky!" he added; "there she is now. Everybody is at the Casino about this time of day, I fancy. May I bring her over and present her to you, Miss Lee?"

"Of course you may, Mr. Livingstone. I shall be delighted to meet her. And if she is to matronize me, the sooner that I begin to get accustomed to her severities the better."

And then Mr. Hutchinson Port suffer-

ed a fresh pang of misery when the presentation was accomplished and he was forced to say approximately pleasant things to a lady whose decidedly ballet-like attire in the surf—or, to be precise, on the beach above high-water mark, where, for some occult reason, she usually saw fit to do the most of her bathing—joined to the exceeding celerity of her conduct generally, had marked her during the preceding season as the conspicuous centre of one phase of life at the Pier. Nor was Mr. Port's lot made happier as he listened to the brisk discussion that ensued in regard to the organization of the yachting party, and found that its two remaining members were to be drawn, as was only natural, from the eminently meteoric set to which Mrs. Rattleton belonged.

Had time been given Mr. Port for consideration it is probable that he would have collected his mental forces sufficiently to enable him to lodge a remonstrance; he might even—though this is doubtful, for Dorothy's voting power was vigorous—have accomplished a veto. But projects in which Mrs. Rattleton was concerned never went slowly; and in the present case the necessity for getting back in time for the races really compelled haste. And so it came to pass that not until the *Fleetwings* was off the Brenton's Reef light-ship, with her nose pointed well up into the northeast, was there framed in Mr. Port's slow-moving mind a suitable line of argument upon which to base a peremptory refusal to go upon the expedition—and by that time he was so excruciatingly ill in his own cabin that coherent utterance and converse with his kind were alike impossible.

So far as Mr. Port was concerned the ensuing six days made up an epoch in his life that can only be described as an agonized blank. And when—as it seemed to him many ages later—the *Fleetwings* once more cast anchor off Narragansett Pier, and he stepped shakily from the schooner's gig to the Casino dock, the usual plumpness and ruddiness of his face had given place to a yellow leanness, and his weight had been reduced by very nearly twenty pounds. The cruise had been a flying one, or he never would have finished it. After the first six hours he would have landed on a desert island cheerfully—and it is not impossible that a hint from Dorothy as to her uncle's

probable movements should a harbor be made had induced Livingstone to give the land a wide berth.

Dorothy came ashore blooming. "You don't know, Uncle Hutchinson," she said, "what a perfectly lovely time I've had" and this cheerful assertion was the literal truth, for Mr. Port had entered his cabin before the yacht had crossed the line between Beaver Tail and Point Judith, and had not emerged from it until the anchor went overboard. "And you don't know," Miss Lee went on with effusion, "how grateful your angel is to you for helping her to have such a delightful cruise. I'm sorry that you haven't been very well, Uncle Hutchinson; but I know that you will be all the better for it. Poor dear mamma, you know, was bilious too, and going to sea always made her wretched; but she used to be wonderfully well always when she got on shore again. And you'll be wonderfully well too, you dear; and that will be your reward for helping your angel to have such a perfectly delightful time."

Mr. Port made no reply to this address, for his condition of collapse was too complete to enable him to give form in words to the thoughts of rage and resentment which were burning in the depths of his injured soul. Without a word to one single member of the party, he climbed heavily into a carriage and was driven directly to his hotel—while Dorothy, still under the chaperonage of Mrs. Rattleton, gayly joined the pleasant little lunch party at the Casino with which the yacht voyage came to an end.

IX.

During the ensuing week, a considerable portion of which Mr. Port passed in the privacy of his own room, the relations between Miss Lee and her guardian were characterized by a chill formality that was ominous of a coming storm. In point of fact, Mr. Port was waiting only until he should fully regain his strength in order to try conclusions with Dorothy once and for all—and he was most highly resolved that in the impending battle royal he should not suffer defeat. So far, he had gone down in each encounter with his spirited antagonist because the tactics employed against him were of an unfamiliar sort. But he was beginning to get the hang of these tactics now; and he also had got what in fighting parlance would

have been styled his second wind. As he thought of the wrongs which had been heaped upon him, rage filled his breast; and the strong determination slowly

ward sign of his belligerent intentions, she felt an inward conviction that a decisive trial of strength between them was at hand. Five or six years earlier she had



W. J. SMERKEY
1889

THE SEVERE MRS. LOGAN RITTENHOUSE.

shaped itself within him that to the finesse of the enemy he would oppose a solid front of brute force.

Astuteness was not the least marked of Miss Lee's many charming characteristics, and although her guardian gave no out-

engaged in a trial of this nature with her mother, and had emerged from it victorious. In that case, feminine weakness had yielded to feminine strength. But now the gloomy thought assailed her that her uncle, while closely resembling her

mother in the matter of his liver, had in the depths of his torpid nature a substratum of brutal masculine resolution against which, should it fairly be set in array, she might battle in vain. And the upshot of her meditations was the conviction that her only chance of success lay in avoiding a battle by a radical change of base.

An easy way, as she perceived, to effect such a change of base was to marry Van Rensselaer Livingstone. Indeed, his proposal, a couple of days after the yacht voyage ended, came so opportunely that she almost was surprised into accepting it out of hand. But Dorothy was too well balanced a young person to do anything hastily, even to get herself out of a tight place; and while she held Livingstone's proposal under advisement—as a line of retreat kept open for use in case of urgent necessity—she welcomed it less for the possibilities of a safer position than it offered than for those which it suggested to her fertile mind.

Marriage, she decided, was the only way by which she could score a final victory over her uncle and at the same time spike his guns; but it did not necessarily follow that her marriage must be with Livingstone. Indeed, as her coolly intelligent mind perceived, marrying an unmanageable young man in order to be free of an unmanageable old one would be simply walking out of the frying-pan into the fire—and that was not at all the resolution of her difficulties that Dorothy sought. The plan that now began to shape itself in her mind was one by which both fire and frying-pan would be successfully avoided; and as the more that she examined into it the more desirable it appeared to her, she lost no time in carrying it into effect—whereby, in less than three days' time, she sent Mr. Van Rensselaer Livingstone away in such a rage that he put to sea in the very face of a threatening northeaster, and in a much shorter period she caused her uncle seriously to doubt the evidence of his own senses.

By this time Mr. Port found himself in the hale condition of a bilious giant refreshed with blue-pills. He looked a little thinner than when he had started upon his ill-starred cruise, and his usual ruddiness was not as yet fully restored; but he was in capital condition, and a good deal more than ready for Miss Lee to come on. He could not very well, in the nature of the case, start an offensive cam-

paign; but at the very first suggestion on Dorothy's part of the slightest desire to engage again in any of the various forms of frivolous amusement by which she had made his life a burden to him, he was all loaded and primed to go off with a bang that he believed would settle her.

And, such is the perversity of human nature, Mr. Port presently became not a little annoyed by Dorothy's failure to supply the spark that was to touch him off. In fact, her conduct was bewilderingly strange. She drew away from the lively circle of which Mrs. Rattleton was the animated centre and voluntarily associated herself with the elderly and very respectable Philadelphians whose acquaintance she previously had so emphatically declined. Still further to Mr. Port's astonishment, the lady and gentleman especially singled out by Miss Lee as most in accord with her newly acquired tastes were the severe Mrs. Logan Rittenhouse and that lady's staid brother, Mr. Pennington Brown. At the feet of the former, quite literally, she sat as a disciple in crochet; and listened the while with every outward sign of interest to the dull record of South Fourth Street scandals of the past and West Walnut Street scandals of the present which this estimable matron poured into her ears by the hour at a time. And in a quiet corner of the veranda (Mr. Brown's eyesight having failed a little, so that he found reading rather difficult) she read aloud to the latter from *Watson's Annals*, and listened with a pleased satisfaction to his comments upon her selections from this the Philadelphia Bible, and to the numerous anecdotes of a genealogical and antiquarian cast which thus were recalled to his mind. Possibly the readings from *Watson* were continued in the afternoons—when Miss Lee and Mr. Brown regularly went down to the Rocks. So extraordinary was all this that Mr. Port admitted frankly to himself that he could make neither head nor tail of it; but he had an inborn conviction that such an unnatural state of affairs was not likely to last. There was good Scriptural authority, he called to mind grimly, for the assertion that the leopard did not change his spots nor the Ethiopian his skin.

X.

In accordance with the substantial customs of his fellow-citizens, Mr. Port al-

ways returned to Philadelphia sharp on the 1st of September—calmly ignoring the heat and the mosquitoes, which are the dominant characteristics of Philadelphia during that month, and resting secure in the knowledge that the course which he pursued was that which his father and his grandfather had pursued before him. It was on the eve of his departure from Narragansett that his doubts and perplexities occasioned by Dorothy's surprising conduct were resolved.

Being seated in a snug corner of the veranda in company with Mr. Pennington Brown, Mr. Port was smoking a comforting cigar. Mr. Brown, who also was smoking, did not seem to find his cigar comforting. He smoked it in so fitful a fashion that it repeatedly went out; and his nervousness seemed to be increased each time that he lighted it. Further, his comments upon Mr. Port's discourse—which was a more than ordinarily thoughtful and accurate weighing of the relative merits of thin and thick soups—obviously were delivered quite at random. At first Mr. Port was disposed to resent this inattention to his soulful utterances; but as the subject was one in which, as he well knew, his friend was profoundly interested, he presently became uneasy.

"What's the matter, Brown?" he asked, in a tone of kindly concern. "Is your rheumatism bothering you? I've been afraid that your absurd sitting around on rocks with my niece would bring it on again. You're not as young as you once were, Pen, and you've got to take care of yourself."

"I am not aware, Port," Mr. Brown answered rather stiffly, "that I am as yet conspicuously superannuated. Indeed, I never felt younger in my life than I have felt during the past fortnight. I *have* a little touch of rheumatism to-night," he added frankly, and at the same time gave unintentional emphasis to his admission by catching his breath and almost groaning as he slightly moved his legs, "but it has nothing to do with sitting on the rocks with Dor—with your charming niece. You forget that my rheumatism is hereditary, Port. Why, I had an attack of it when I was only five-and-twenty."

"All the same, you wouldn't have it now if you had spent your afternoons sensibly with me here on a dry veranda, or properly wrapped up in a dry carriage, instead of on damp rocks, with that bag-

gage. What on earth has got into you I can't imagine. If you were twenty years younger, Brown, I should think, yes, positively, I should think that you were in love with her."

"Port," said Mr. Brown, with a tone of resentment in his voice, "I shall be very much obliged if you will not use such language when you are speaking of Miss Lee. She is the best and kindest and noblest woman I ever have met. You have most cruelly misunderstood her. Had you given her half a chance she would have been to you only a source of constant joy."

Mr. Port replied to this emphatic assertion by whistling incredulously.

"You have not the slightest conception, as such a comment shows," Mr. Brown continued, with increasing asperity, "of the depths of sweetness and tenderness which are in her nature; of her perfect unselfishness; of the gentleness and trustfulness of her heart. She is all that a woman can be, and more. She is—she is an angel!" Mr. Brown's elderly voice trembled as he made this avowal.

As for Mr. Port, his astonishment was almost too deep for words. But he managed to say: "Yes, I suppose she is—at least she has said so often enough herself."

For some seconds there was silence; and then, with a deprecating manner and in a voice from which all trace of resentment had disappeared, Mr. Brown resumed: "Hutch, old man, you and I have been friends these many years together, and you won't fail me in your friendship now, will you? You are right, I *am* in love with this sweet young creature, and she ~~think of it, then: she has admitted~~ that she is in love with me; not romantically in love, for that would be, not absurd, of course, but a little unreasonable—for while I'm not at all old, yet I know, of course, that I am not exactly what can be called young—but in love sensibly and rationally. She wants to take care of me, she says, the dear child!" (Mr. Port grunted.) "And she has such clever notions in regard to my health. When we are married—how strange and how delightful it sounds, Hutch!—she says that we will go immediately to Carlsbad, where the waters will do my rheumatism a world of good; and from there, when I am better, we will go on to Vienna, where the dry climate and the white wines, she thinks, still further will benefit me; and from

Vienna, in order to set me on my feet completely, we are to go on to the North and spend a winter in Russia—for there is nothing that cures rheumatism so quickly and so thoroughly, she says (though I never should have imagined it) as steady and long-continued cold. Just think of her planning it all out for me so well!

"Yes, Hutch, I love her with all my heart; and what has made me so nervous to-night is the great happiness that has come to me—it only came positively this afternoon—and the dread that perhaps, as her guardian, you know, you might not approve of what we have decided to do. But you do approve, don't you, Hutch? Of course, in a few months she will be her own mistress, and your consent to our marriage, as she very truly says, then will be unnecessary. But even a month seems a desperately long while to wait; and this is the very shortest time, she thinks, in which she could get ready—though the dear child has consented to wait for most of the little things which she wants until we get on the other side." Mr. Port smiled cynically at the announcement of this concession. It struck him that when Dorothy was turned loose among the Paris shops, backed by the capacious purse of a doting elderly husband, she would mow a rather startlingly broad swath. "So you won't oppose our marriage, will you, old man? You will consent to my having this dear young creature for my wife?"

Various emotions found place in Mr. Port's breast as he listened to this extraordinary declaration and appeal. At first he felt a lively anger at Dorothy for having, as he coarsely phrased it in his own mind, so successfully gammoned Mr. Pennington Brown; to this succeeded an involuntary admiration of the clever way in which she had managed it; and then a feeling of profound satisfaction possessed him as there came into his slow-moving mind a realizing sense of his own deliverance. But Mr. Port was not so utterly selfish but that, in the midst of the sunrise of happiness which dawned upon him with the opening of a way by which he decently could get rid of Dorothy, he was assailed by certain qualms of conscience as to the unfairness of thus casting upon his old friend the burden that he had found so hard to bear. For the heaviness of Mr. Port's mental processes prevented him from perceiving, as a shrewd-

er person would have perceived, that Dorothy was not the sort of young woman to engage in an enterprise of this nature without first fully counting the cost. Had he been keener of penetration he would have known that she could be trusted, when safely landed in the high estate of matrimony, to play on skilfully the game that she had so skilfully begun; that in her own interest she would manage matters in such a way as never to arouse in the mind of her elderly husband the awkward suspicion that the scheme of life arranged by his angel apparently with a view solely to his own comfort really was arranged only for the comfort of her angelic self.

It was while Mr. Port wavered among his qualms of conscience, hesitating between his great longing to chuck Dorothy overboard, and so have done with her, and his sense of duty to Mr. Pennington Brown, that the subject of his perplexities herself appeared upon the scene; and her arrival at so critical a juncture seemed to suggest as a remote possibility that she had been all the while snuffing this particular battle from not very far off.

"Dear Uncle Hutchinson," said Miss Lee, with affectionate fervor, "do you think that your angel is most cruel and horrid because she is willing to go off in this way after her own selfish happiness and leave you all alone? But she won't do it, dear, if you would rather have her stay. Her only wish, you know, has been to make you comfortable and happy; and you have been so good and so kind to her that she is ready to sacrifice even her love for your sake. Yes, if you would rather keep her to yourself she will stay. Only if she does stay," and there was a warning tone of deep meaning in Miss Lee's well-modulated voice, "her heart, of course, will be broken, and she will have to ask you to travel with her for two or three years into out-of-the-way parts of the world" (Mr. Port shuddered) "until her poor broken heart gets well. Not that it ever will get quite well again, you know; but she will be brave, and try to pretend for your sake that it has. So it shall be just as you say, dear; only for Pennington's sake, who loves me so much, Uncle Hutchinson, I hope that perhaps you may be willing to let me go."

And having concluded this moving address, Miss Lee extended one of her well-

shaped hands to Mr. Pennington Brown—who grasped it warmly, for he was deeply moved by so edifying an exhibition of affectionate and dutiful unselfishness—and with the other applied her handkerchief delicately to her eyes.

Mr. Port was not in the least moved by Dorothy's professions of self-sacrifice; but he was most seriously alarmed by her threat—that opened before him a dismal vista of bilious misery—to cart him for several years about the world on the pretext of a broken heart that required travel for its mending. He believed, to be sure, that in a stand-up fight he could conquer Dorothy; but he had his doubts as to how long she would stay conquered—and between constant fighting and constant travel there is not much choice; for Mr. Port knew from experience how acute is that form of biliousness which results from rage. After all, self-preservation is

the first law of nature; and under the stress thus put upon him, therefore, it is not surprising that Mr. Port's qualms of conscience incident to his failure to do his duty to his neighbor vanished to the winds.

Mr. Pennington Brown still held Dorothy's hand in his own. "Will you make this great sacrifice, Hutch, for your old friend?" he asked.

Mr. Port hesitated a little, for he felt a good deal like a criminal who is shifting his crime upon an innocent man; and then he answered, rather weakly both in tones and terms: "Why, of course."

"Dear Uncle Hutchinson, how good you are!" exclaimed Miss Lee. "And you really think that you can spare your angel, then?"

And both promptly and firmly Mr. Port answered: "Yes, I really think that I can."



SOME GEOLOGY OF CHICAGO AND VICINITY.

BY ELLEN B. BASTIN.

IT is not the intention of this paper to confine itself to a bald statement of the geological facts of this vicinity; such a statement could be better found in the excellent reports of our government surveys. Rather it is proposed to apply these facts to a setting forth of some of the principles and methods of geological research, and also to try to make this little area of the earth's surface illustrate the close relation between geology and human destiny; for, after all, geology is interesting in proportion as it connects itself with man, while man becomes increasingly interesting in proportion as we associate him with the long geological preparation for his successful existence.

When we inquire into the remoter causes whereby a race, a nation, or even a city has reached a position of superiority, we are certain to come at last upon some peculiar physical advantages, some happy combination of climate and soil with river plain or many-harbored peninsula, or perhaps inland sea, by means of which nature has met man's needs halfway, as it were, thenceforward enabling him to surpass those less favored in kind. In short, history is what it is because physical geography is what it is.

Applying this principle directly to our subject, let us inquire why Chicago has become a great city. Many attribute her growth and prosperity to her harbor and her proximity to the southern end of Lake Michigan as the head of navigation. True; but there are other and better harbors along our coast than our river affords; while for sightliness any point between Evanston and Milwaukee would have been preferable. It is also claimed that this particular location was due to the erection of a fort in 1803, thus forming a nucleus around which population naturally collected. But what determined the location of the fort? It was needed, the historian says, to protect white and Indian traders, who had long met on this far frontier to exchange their commodities, and also because it was a point convenient for the distribution of government supplies to the Indians.

But how came this to be a convenient point for Indian supplies and commercial interchange? Because this strip of ground

and this only on which we live forms so low a divide between the eastward and westward flowing waters of the great central plain of our continent that easy communication could at all times be maintained between the two.

For more than a century previous to the erection of Fort Dearborn, indeed ever since the days of La Salle and Marquette, white men came by lake from Mackinac to meet at this point the Indians of the great Northwest Territory; while these in turn could come all the way in canoes if they chose from the great river to the great lake with scarcely a portage to obstruct their transit.

It was then the brave and adventurous Jesuit fathers who located Chicago, because of its unique natural advantages for inland communication. So carefully did they explore this region, and so accurately did they describe its topography, that but for the dates one might imagine himself reading a recent argument in favor of the great ship-canal.

This now takes us back to 1673, so far have we ascended the stream of time in our search for causes. We have reached the physiographical explanation usually deemed most distant by the historian. Chicago has become a great city because it rests upon a low water-shed.

We have now to inquire what caused the low water-shed.

Our native rock lies deeply buried under a mass of miscellaneous materials. Occasionally it rises to the surface, as at the quarries of Stony Island, Bridgeport, and a few other places. Here it can be studied. It is of limestone throughout, with occasional patches saturated by petroleum products. While these are not present in quantity sufficient to warrant the cost of extraction, they impart to the stone a mottled antique appearance, which enhances its value for building purposes. This is especially agreeable to the residents of a city whose chief characteristic, whether a fault or a merit, lies in its youth or brand-newness. Much of this rock is arranged in horizontal layers, evidently deposited under water—sedimentary; but this layer structure frequently disappears or merges into a crystalline formation that refuses to split or cleave

with any certainty of result. If used at all, it is simply crushed into irregular fragments for road-beds.

Again, this hard crystalline formation is everywhere penetrated by a porous, honey-combed structure, consisting of very symmetrical five-sided cells. Yet these three varieties—the sedimentary, the crystalline, and the pentagonal—are one in composition; they glide so insensibly into each other as to suggest a common origin.

We can explain how sedimentary rocks are deposited by what we see going on at the outlet of any running stream. We can also explain the crystalline formation by fusing processes that could be approximated in the laboratory. But we will not be able to explain the honey-combed cellular structure by any process, artificial or natural, in this part of the world. Florida or the Bahama Islands will furnish for this purpose the nearest point of observation. There among the coral reefs that form both foundation and border to these semi-tropical lands will we recognize the analogue of our five-sided cell-like limestone formations. There, among the living reefs, men have studied the habits of coral animals, have measured their rate of growth, and discovered the conditions necessary to their existence. Years of patient study not only there, but among the islands of the Caribbean Sea and those of the South Pacific, have furnished sufficient data whereby we can apply the conditions of coral life to the interpretation of our conditions when our rocks were being formed.

The coral demands, first of all, warm water: none exist in temperatures lower than 68° Fahr. These waters must also be salt and shallow: no corals can live below a hundred feet from the surface. As reefs often extend downward thousands of feet, their depth is explained by a slow sinkage of the sea-bottom, a subsidence that must bear a close relation in time to the upward growth of the reef-builders, else they would be destroyed. Another condition is great purity of water, hence they cannot live near the mouths of rivers, nor in the track of sediment-bearing ocean currents, nor in the vicinity of volcanic discharges. Let us make of these conditions the outlines of a picture to be filled in later.

We have now found through observation of similar building in tropical oceans that our rocks are composed of great coral

reefs, built partly *in situ* and partly by the broken and comminuted pieces of coral lodged among them by the action of the waves.

We have next to find when, at what stage of the world's history, this reef-building was done.

The keys that unlock the doors of time to the geologist are fossils, and the combination or guide to their successful use is this: the simplest life forms came first—a great geological principle, involving the idea of a progressive development from lower to higher, from simpler to more complex. Without fossils and without this principle for their interpretation rock systems would fail to account for the earth's history. It becomes, then, of vital importance to acquaint ourselves with the nature of the fossils associated with our corals and embedded with them in our rocks.

Our rocks fairly swarm with the petrified remains of animals and plants. They are all marine. They have no living duplicates, yet all can be classified under some of the existing orders of life. They have modern representatives, but as varieties, as species, as genera, with perhaps one exception, they are extinct.

For us at present the most significant fact respecting them is this: among all their abundance and variety, not one fossil form belongs to the class of vertebrates. No animals with backbones are represented here. This fact alone places our rocks in the Silurian age of the world's natural history—that period of earliest life forms of which the rocks yield any certain record. It is also called the age of mollusks, because this type of animals then attained a superiority in size, numbers, and variety which made them the rulers of the ancient seas. One class, known as orthoceratites, whose remains are very abundant in our limestones, were ten and even twenty feet in length. They lived in straight shells, separated into compartments, only the front one of which the creature occupied, withdrawing himself from each chamber in turn as he secreted a new one in front. From this chamber protruded enormous arms or tentacles for feeling and grasping; he possessed a sharp beak for tearing, and lidless eyes, with which to sweep the surrounding waters for prey. A modern representative of this terrible mollusk is the chambered or pearly nautilus.

While a molluscan type of animal gave name to the age, there existed a higher type of organization, known as the trilobite. This animal, abundant in some Silurian formations, is not so here. The collector always counts the trilobite to be a rare find. It was a highly specialized form; its nervous system was complex and delicate, its movements active. Although breathing by gills, it was an insect in structure—a water breather. It is a characteristic animal of the Cambrian and Silurian ages, passing away with the carboniferous. Among living animals its nearest relative is the king-crab.

Another form, whose remains, next to those of the corals, make up the mass of our limestones, is the crinoid, a creature often spoken of as a sea-lily. These crinoids attach themselves, as though rooted, to shallow sea-bottoms; thence they send up long stems ending in cup-shaped bud-like bodies, whose slowly moving arms are highly suggestive in their arrangement and coloring of the petals of a flower. This deceptive appearance is increased by the transparent gelatinous structure of the animal enclosing the stony skeleton. Both the softer and harder parts of the animal resemble so closely some forms of vegetable life that the older zoologists were greatly puzzled over their classification. The question was not in what family to place them, but in what kingdom. This issue was not confined to crinoids alone, but included other marine forms, especially the corals. In despair of agreement, they finally compromised by calling them zoophytes—animal plants. The skeletons of crinoids are composed of successive rings of limy material. One hundred and forty thousand rings have been counted on the stem of a single animal. These characteristic rings form of themselves a large constituent part of the substance of our rocks.

It would be tedious to spend further time in describing these fossilized life forms. Details are for the laboratory and class-room. Suffice it to say that the entire mass of limestone rocks in our vicinity is composed almost exclusively of the shells and skeletons of animals. They are technically known as the Niagara section of the Silurian formations. These rocks descend to a vertical depth of three hundred feet and more, the materials of every cubic inch of which were collected from the sea-water and manufactured by

living processes. Limestone of similar origin forms not only the principal rock of the entire Mississippi Valley, but it is the most abundant surface rock in the world.

Limestone has been compared to coal. As coal represents so much carbon withdrawn by plants from the air, so limestone represents so much carbon withdrawn by animals from the water.

We are now ready, through data furnished by our rocks, to picture to ourselves Chicago in the Silurian age. In Silurian times Chicago lay at the bottom of a salt, warm, and shallow sea. To the north lay a land area of unknown extent, the oldest of our continent, if not in the world. We will call it Laurentia. To the east, bordering what is now our Atlantic coast, lay another land of great extent we will call Appalachia; to the west, bordering the Pacific, lay still another we will name California. These lands furnish thus early by their position and arrangement the first rough sketch of North America. It is more than probable that along their shores stretched the primordial beaches, whereon the lowest, simplest, earliest forms of life appeared. But the lands themselves were without life. Rain and streams cut down their bald rocky surfaces, ocean waves ate into their coast lines, the air above conveyed clouds and transmitted sunlight; yet aside from these there was no sign of movement. But these lands were distant; they do not concern us most. Let us fix our thoughts on this particular spot.

The point is indicated by long white lines of surf, thrown into spray as it encounters the submerged reefs. There were teeming populations then as now, but they moved in water and not in air. There was consciousness, there was great activity, there must have been enjoyment, since without it life cannot be keenly active. There must have been also pain, for life was over-abundant. There was a struggle to elude, a struggle to capture. There were eyes for seeing, teeth for tearing, claws for grasping, tentacles for feeling, stinging, or paralyzing.

There was color, from the iridescent pearly lining of sea-shells to the gorgeous banks of coral flower beds. There were waving meadows of sea-plants, fairy groves of sponges, amid which each lived according to his kind. But in this exuberant existence there was no voice; all

animate nature was mute. There was no sound save from the dashing surf; ears, such as they were, gave heed to vibrations only. Yet these were the possessors of the earth. For them at that time "all things were made that were made." Nor is this all. They possessed a form of life as unique as were their physical conditions. The world and its inhabitants were suited to each other.

Can we form any estimate, however rough, of the length of time these latter-day Silurians owned and ruled this part of the world? Our coralline limestone rocks are here about 300 feet in depth. We must remember they have been compacted through heat and pressure into less than half their former depths. There is evidence also of their being worn down more than a hundred feet at least by succeeding denuding forces. As they were built by corals mainly, it is proper to ask how fast coral reefs grow upward nowadays. Careful investigations in different parts of the world yield varied results. Professor Agassiz from his studies in Florida clearly established the fact that the living species of corals have been at work on that coast for more than 70,000 years. Captain E. B. Hunt, of the United States Corps of Engineers, stationed many years at Key West, expressed the opinion that the existing species of corals have been at work on the Florida coast not less than 5,400,000 years. This estimate, enormous as it may seem, is predicated upon well-demonstrated facts, derived from observations and measurements made upon the spot. (Worthen.) Professor Dana, a most cautious geologist, says, "Coral reef limestones are of slow formation, the rate of increase in thickness, where all is most favorable, not exceeding perhaps one-sixteenth of an inch a year, or five feet in a thousand years." Mr. Huxley is disposed to endorse Dana. According to this estimate our Niagara limestone was at least 200,000 years in building. When we remember that the Niagara period is only one of many divisions of the Silurian age, that elsewhere Silurian rocks are known to be many thousand feet in depth, we must conclude that for the entire period all our time estimates are relative only, the absolute time being inconceivable.

So ends our picture of Chicago in the molluscan age, as we have been able to restore it from the hieroglyphics engraven

in our rocks. Of the long geologic periods following, few traces are here recorded.

The conclusion, then, is that before the close of this age Chicago and vicinity were elevated above sea-level, and remained there until a comparatively recent period. During this infinitely long interval our land, washed by rain and rivers, became the source of sediments accumulating to the south of us. As *Laurentia* had furnished the materials in which to entomb our fossils, so *Siluria* furnished in turn the sediments in which to record a later and in some respects a higher fauna and flora. Progressively southward the continent grew. Progressively from cooling the earth shrank, folding and wrinkling her level surfaces. Slowly *Appalachia* lifted into the upper air her masses of stratified rocks thousands of feet in depth. Then the western *Cordilleras*, youngest of our mountain systems, followed. With these physical changes came corresponding changes in the life forms. Mollusks gave place as leaders to fishes. They, in turn, to reptiles. Then interest in the dramatic procession is diverted for a time by the abundance of plant life. An enormous vegetation, luxuriating in marshy soils and a warm, moist atmosphere, stretches from polar to equatorial regions, a band of tropical growth. This life also was entombed in the rocks, furnishing now in our coal fields the basis of existing civilization. At last mammals emerged from their lowly and obscure beginnings. They moved as now along many diverging roads. While we recognize no familiar forms, they abound in prophecies of the present. But of all these rock and life systems elsewhere so abundantly recorded, Chicago seems to be oblivious.

We have not, however, exhausted all the sources of investigation touching our past history. So far nothing has been said of the soil overlying the native rock of our vicinity. It is of great depth, varying from ten to eighty, to two hundred, feet. It is composed of a miscellaneous mass of clay, sand, and gravel, with boulders of all sizes scattered indiscriminately through the whole. Now since most soils are made by the disintegration of the surface rock, we should expect ours to be chiefly composed of limestone, more or less pulverized. We should expect the boulders and larger masses to differ in hardness only from the rest, thus resist-

ing for longer time the crumbling effects of our moist atmosphere. But our soil is unmistakably foreign. Its pebbles are made of agates, flints, jasper, quartz. They have no relation to limestone. These clays were never limestone before the pulverizing. These boulders, large and small, are hard and crystalline, refusing to be shaped by tools—unutilizable—whereas our native rock is easily cut, cleaves readily into uniform layers, and so becomes a useful and inexpensive building material. Evidently our soil has been transported. But from where? By what agencies could such vast amounts have been removed?

It needs no expert to tell us that rivers are the great soil carriers, and deltas their great dumping-grounds. We know that "Egypt is the gift of the Nile"; Holland and Belgium, of the Rhine; Louisiana, of the Mississippi. Is the soil of Cook County also the gift of some river? The answer is not far to seek, for water has a wondrous sorting power that reveals at once its agency. Drop a handful of sand and gravel into still water, what results? The coarsest, being heaviest, reaches bottom first; the next lighter following; while only the finest silt covers the whole. Drop another, and now the coarsest falls upon the finest of the previous deposit; the rest arranges itself as before. These alternations of coarse and fine form true stratification. Had our soil been deposited on the margin of a lake by the action of a river, it would present more or less of this assorted appearance. As it shows no such regularity, we must look further for its explanation.

We know that rivers, long before reaching their outlets, deposit vast amounts of eroded materials upon their own margins and channels. We know that such alluvial accumulations have made rich the river bottoms of all continents, and for this reason they became the sites of man's earliest civilizations. Let us drop our handful of mixed material into swiftly running water, what results? Again the coarsest, because the heaviest, will be carried the shortest distance; the next lighter, further on; while the finest silt will be carried farthest away. So a river rising in highlands will, through its superior velocity, do there its most devastating work. There, too, for the same reason, will it transport in its mad progress the largest fragments of its own wreck-

age. Arriving at lower levels, each check to its flow will cause corresponding deposit of material, the heaviest fragments being the first burdens to be dropped, while down the stream, in the order of their respective weights, will gravity distribute with an unerring precision the freight of sediments, until in the lower course no gravel, or even sand, may be found. Little save the finest silt builds a delta. In other words, running water distributes horizontally that which quiet water distributes vertically. In both cases the order of distribution is the same.

But our mixed soil, save on the lake margins past and present, yields no evidence of an orderly deposit either in time or space. Pushing investigation further, it is noticed that many of these foreign stones of our soil possess smoothly polished surfaces, with innumerable small striations and scratches engraved upon them. These markings are usually parallel and firm, as though there were no variation in the pressure of the hand that made this etching. Moreover, our bed-rock, when laid bare, is observed to possess similar markings upon a surface sometimes as smoothly polished as though sandpaper and pumice had completed the process. The surface besides is not level, but undulating, rolling, giving the effect of stony billows with furrows of irregular depth and width between. These, like the finer markings, trend in one general direction. In our locality they run from northeast to southwest. Nor are these phenomena confined to our particular region, but they range over New England and the Middle States, running as far south as the fortieth parallel, where they end in an irregular terminal line, extending from the Atlantic west of the Mississippi. Everywhere north of this line the native country rock lies deeply buried under this burden of foreign materials, some of which is crystalline, some granite-like in structure and composition, all metamorphic and unstratified. Travelling north, we shall not find the counterpart of these boulders as native rock until we reach the old Laurentian Canadian formation, many hundred miles away. Lake Superior is contained in them. The city of Duluth is perched high upon their bare and rugged cliffs, while from the southern shore of that lake long spurs trend southward and westward into Minnesota and Wisconsin. We shall

meet them at the Dalles of the St. Croix, and again, for the last time, as I remember them, forming the picturesque shores of Devil's Lake.

One more link in the chain of evidence revealing their origin must be furnished. These transported foreign stones are mainly without fossils. So is it also with the Canadian formations of which they seem to be a part. They may antedate the time when life existed on the earth, as they certainly indicate by their location the oldest portion of our continent.

I need not dwell longer on the mysterious origin of the drift, for that is the name given this unsorted mixture of sand, gravel, and boulder clay. Almost every intelligent man or woman now knows it was brought here by the action of glaciers and icebergs during the great North American ice age. And while no fact in geological history is now more firmly established and more generally understood, yet it is worth while to note how short the time since it was regarded as "but a brilliant hypothesis, or the vagaries of a wild but harmless theorist" at the worst. In 1846 Louis Agassiz, then a young and unknown man, advanced, as an explanation of the drift, the theory of an ice sheet covering the entire northern part of Europe and America to the depth of many thousands of feet. This conclusion was based upon studies of glaciers in Switzerland.

Observing the unsorted mixed deposits of these torpid icy rivers; observing also the characteristic parallel striations, scorings, and polishing of the rocky surfaces both below and throughout the enormous masses of enveloping ice; observing the furrows made by these giant ploughshares in the country rock; above all, noting the great erratic boulders stranded high upon hill and mountain sides, like great beasts come out to sun themselves—Agassiz and Forbes observing these things (in the living phenomena), declared the track of a glacier as constant and unmistakable as the track of a wolf or a horse. And since these tracks are found abundantly over large areas, reasonable minds at least are forced to admit the fact, however unexplainable the cause. This "sweeping generalization," so sceptically received at first, has through scores of subsequent investigators been verified. Agassiz's conclusion has "passed from the realm of hypothesis to the realm of fact." The ice

age has added another period to the myriads of centuries behind us.

But the glacial period brought great changes to our local physiography. To realize them more fully, let us picture to ourselves successively some of the more prominent events. Previous to the change of climate, this particular intersection of latitude and longitude was probably situated near a pre-glacial river of unknown length and width. This river drained the long valley now occupied by Lake Michigan, and was probably tributary to an inland system of drainage, although this fact is not perfectly established.

To us the surprising fact is the comparatively recent origin of our Great Lakes. There is reason to believe that their present basins up to the ice period were simply broad and shallow valleys of erosion, whose gentle slopes would if uncovered resemble ordinary prairie-land, with a meandering river occupying their lowest depressions. (Claypole.) Whether a vegetation covered these ancient slopes we cannot say, since glaciation has removed all its traces. From the abundant coal beds south of us, we may infer that here also plants were storing the sun's energy for future ages to liberate. We do know that the on-coming ice sheet enveloped not only every surface object in its path to a depth of hundreds of feet, but it carried them forward in its slow, resistless grasp toward the terminal moraines near the southern part of our State. Hills and mountains were no obstruction to its course, either it rode over them granite shod, rounding their ridges into domes, or it picked them up piecemeal and carried them along. Valleys were choked with its débris, and the pre-glacial system of drainage rearranged or obliterated. Yet all this advancement was probably so slowly made, as men count time, that a yearly observer of this region would have noted few changes; scarcely would the centuries have brought consecutively prominent or conspicuous contrasts in ice scenery.

Greenland is now covered with an ice sheet from eight to ten thousand feet in depth. As that inaccessible region is today, so was this part of the earth then. To the arctic man the Greenland ice seems fixed and unchangeable, yet we know it is constantly moving forward, thrusting vast icebergs into the surrounding ocean. Could we see the surface

rock beneath this ever moving mass, we would find it furrowed, scarred, and polished by this mightiest of levelling agencies. It would look as our own surface rock does to-day wherever any considerable area is exposed. If one questions the adequacy of glaciers alone to transport vast quantities of material, he has but to become acquainted with their action at present in polar and mountainous regions to allay his doubts. He will find it no "geologist's dream" that an ice sheet whose depth from the evidence on mountain and hill sides must have been not less than from six hundred to one thousand feet was capable of transporting the foreign deposits we know as drift. The mountains of New England show glaciation to their summits, except perhaps Mount Washington, whose top alone held itself above the crystalline pall. In our own locality, while there are no existing mountains to register the height of glaciation, we have evidence equally reliable in the sites of ancient hills or mountains now completely levelled by erosion and covered by accumulations of drift. The rocks of our quarries reveal by their tilted and distorted condition an ancient upheaval, probably hundreds of feet in height. They are believed to be the remnant of a mountain range extending from Lake Superior southward to this point, thence eastward through northern Indiana. This ancient range is known as the Wabash Arch. As its elevation occurred about the close of the Silurian age, it was possibly the means of raising our region above old sea-levels. (S. S. Gorby, *Fifteenth Geological Report of Indiana*.) Can we get any idea of how long a time Chicago was buried under this burden of congelation? On this subject Professor Claypole says: "Allowing what would be a rapid rate of advance, we cannot assign to the ice sheet a movement of more than a quarter of a mile in a year. At this rate the Canadian bowlders which exist in great numbers along the terminal moraine must have required at least sixteen hundred years to travel from their northern home in the Laurentine mountains to the south of Ohio." As the terminal moraine in Illinois extends still further south, this estimate of time cannot be exaggerated, at least for us.

How long a time "elapsed between the cessation of the advance and the commencement of the retreat" of the glacier

can be estimated only from the "huge mounds or hills of drift which mark its southern line," quoting again the same author. "From combined testimony we are almost compelled to believe that the meridian of the glacial day existed for centuries, perhaps thousands of years." But these time estimates, extraordinary as they seem, shrink to small dimensions compared with the exceeding slowness of recession of the ice sheet. Some hint of this may be obtained from the location of ancient terraces far above present levels, when the melting resulted in lakes of great size, on whose margins rivers dropped their assorted deposits. These deposits formed successive terraces of great extent, indicating long periods of time at which the lakes remained at these levels.

It is with this lake and flood period that we as Chicagoans have a very personal interest, this time of "combat between sun and frost," due to the slow amelioration of climate. From the front of a glacier there runs always a milky white river, noisy and tumultuous in summer, frozen and silent in winter. So from the great ice front stretching from the Atlantic to the Rockies there leaped and flowed countless streams. So long as the ice margin lay on the southern side of slopes the water found easy access to the sea. But after it crossed the divides between northern and southern bound waters, these turbid milky streams collected in numerous lakes between the ice front and the water-sheds. These lakes, separated at first, filled the valleys, then overflowing their brims, or bursting their self-made ice dams, they coalesced with more or less of violence as their altitude or volume of waters varied. The basins now occupied by lakes Huron, Erie, and Ontario were thus united in a single lake, extending from the State of Michigan to the Highlands of New York. This enormous sheet of inland water, blocked by the ice to the north and east, found an outlet for an unknown length of time at Fort Wayne, Indiana, whence, through the Ohio, it reached the Mississippi. In a similar manner the valley now occupied by Lake Michigan was flooded. Mackinac, its present outlet in latitude 46°, must have been ice-locked long after this end of the basin was uncovered. Glaciers must have filled the entire depression of our lake and

greatly deepened and extended its area. As these retreated, the waters therefrom must have collected in this end of the basin, blocked by the elevation south of us, not yet entirely removed. Slowly the waters deepened and spread, reaching at last a height of forty feet above the present level. Chicago is again submerged, while miniature icebergs detached from the northern glacier cliffs float on the surface above, dropping their enclosed rocky materials as they slowly melt in the chilly waters. At last these pent-up waters find an outlet into the valley of a free glacial stream, now known as the Des Plaines River. This outlet is well defined at a point called the Summit, about ten miles southwest of Chicago. Another outlet at a later stage of lower level is also defined at the meeting of the Calumet and Des Plaines rivers, at a point called the Sag, about four miles from Lemont and Athens (well-known quarries), and about seven miles southwest of the Summit. These two outlets form the point of a triangle whose base, thirty-seven miles in length, gives the width of the bay out of which the glacial waters escaped, a line extending from Winetka to the southern end of the lake. This bay covered twelve townships of Cook County, including many suburban towns, in particular those east of a line prolonged south from Winetka, through Grosse Point, Niles Centre, Norwood Park, Oak Park, Riverside, Willow Springs, to Lemont.

Out of these openings at the Summit and the Sag the waters poured, we can believe, with great velocity. Their erosive power, correspondingly great, was intensified by ice and the frozen rocky materials derived from the glacier. At Athens the "evidences of a powerful stream are numerous in the shape of water-worn surfaces, pot holes," etc. (Bannister, *Geology of Illinois*.) Thus the water-shed between Lake Michigan and the valleys of the Des Plaines and Illinois rivers was cut deeper and deeper, wearing finally a passage two hundred feet lower than found elsewhere on the rim of the lake. *And so, in that far-off time, was made the most important physical preparation that determined the location of Chicago of the nineteenth century.*

But we are not quite through the records as revealed by our soil. Judging from the terrace deposits before mentioned, the

lake must have made long stands at various levels above the present. During all which time its waters drained into the Mississippi River. As the glacier slowly deserted these lands an arctic vegetation covered their baldness. This vegetation, driven southward by the advancing ice, had gradually replaced the destroyed or exiled tropical forms of the preceding period. The ground, rich with the varied deposits of the drift, supported a flora which soon acquired a hardy luxuriance. Pines, firs, cedars, and arbor-vitæ bordered the lake shores with a dark forest. Beneath this shelter northern plants and animals found a congenial home.

As in Alaska to-day we see the glacier and an Alpine flora side by side, so then the retreating land ice and flowering mosses overlapped each other. Occasionally we find a little remnant of this arctic flora lingering under a combination of favorable conditions even to the present.

Such a little survival may be found at Miller's Station, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, where clusters of hardy Northern pines overshadow a cool marshy ground, on which grows the rare little trailing vine *Linnæa borealis*—the one flower of all the flora he knew so well that Linnæus wished named after himself, not only for its delicate beauty and fragrance, but because it was a plant of the cold and the North, his native land. The trailing arbutus is another and a more conspicuous relic of this frigid interval.

But of greater interest to us is the fact that man, as a fisher and hunter, was present in this vicinity before the close of the glacial epoch. So persistently do his remains accompany the deposits of terminal moraines that he is known as the man of the drift, otherwise the man of the stone age. Human skulls have been unearthed on the banks of the Des Plaines River of types lower than any existing races, not excepting the lowest Australian. Foster, in his *Prehistoric Races of the United States*, says of one of these: "It is undoubtedly the most remarkable skull hitherto observed, affording the nearest approximation to the skulls of the anthropoid apes. It is difficult to bring it within the reasonable bounds of conjecture as to our ideas of what a human cranium in its widest deviation from a supposed type ought to be." Unfortunately these remains were destroyed in the fire of 1871.

These palæolithic men must have existed in large numbers, as their stone implements show. Their distribution seems to have been determined by the length of the ice front, close to which they lived. They must have been terrified witnesses of the sweeping floods that characterized this era. Floods on a smaller scale, but for similar reasons, have occurred in modern times in Switzerland, where, through breakage of ice dams, upper lakes have burst their torrents of destruction upon the valleys below. Remembering that the ice cap covered northern Europe as well as America, that drift men dwelt along its borders there as here, we realize that floods must have been equally destructive in both continents. Being probably helpless to forecast their coming, whole populations may have been swept away. A writer suggests that "in these catastrophes it is easy to see the far-off basis of a traditional universal deluge, a belief in which is said to be held in some form by most savage nations, especially those of the north temperate zones."

One more important episode in our past history is yet to be described.

At length the ice front retired beyond the Strait of Mackinac. Previous to this the compound lake to the eastward, covering an area of forty thousand miles, had maintained for ages a level two hundred feet above Lake Michigan, and seven hundred feet above the Atlantic. As the supply of water lessened, this body diminished in size. Lakes Huron, Erie, and Ontario became differentiated. Niagara began to cut its famous gorge between the last two named. Whether the whole system of inland waters will flow to the Atlantic or the Gulf will depend upon the relative length of time between the excavation of Niagara channel and the melting of Mackinac glaciers. It was a neck-and-neck race between erosion and evaporation. The water-shed west of us at its lowest point is but ten feet above Lake Michigan. The Niagara outlet near Buffalo is but twelve feet lower than this. Had the country near Buffalo been a few feet higher, or the water-shed at the summit west of us a few feet lower, the entire lake drainage would have gone over this region to the Mississippi. Niagara would never have been, neither would the modern St. Lawrence with its Thousand Isles. Buffalo and Chicago would have exchanged places in commercial functions.

The whole development of this continent would have been changed. Upon such small geological differences do sometimes such great results depend. But the Mackinac glaciers lingered obstinately, Niagara took permanent advantage of the delay, and when the lakes became confluent, their waters sought the Atlantic.

With the establishment of an eastern drainage, Chicago again emerged from the receding waters as a low flat, maintaining a precarious amphibious existence between the land and water.

A new factor now enters into its evolution. An oblique shore line to the northeast became the cause of sand deposits at the foot of the lake, whose pocket shape favored its lodgement. The sand collected in bars running parallel to our shore lines. Rising above the surface, another agent took part in the land construction. The winds picked up the finer materials, and lodged them, as water does, in the order of their respective weights. Thus the sand dunes were formed that figure so prominently in our Calumet region. Sand hills of great extent, hundreds of feet in height, covered with forest trees of centuries in growth, testify to the amount of work and length of time required to build our present lake frontage.

Between the low sand bars, which in turn became sand dunes, there lay long narrow strips of water more or less separated from the restless lake. In these sheltered, quiet lagoons another agent took up the work. A water vegetation, consisting of mosses, sedges, and rushes, came into luxurious growth, converting by their own accumulations the strips of water into swamps. These, through further filling in, became slowly drained and covered by coarse prairie grasses, as we now know them.

We have advanced with ridiculous speed in our description of Chicago since the glacial epoch. It remains to correct our time estimates since then by a few reflections. We left our county emerging from the lake and covered by an arctic vegetation. The moose, the reindeer, and the mammoth were disputing for supremacy with ancient man. Their bones were laid away together amid the drift. With the retreat of the glaciers went not only these Alpine plants and animals, but palæolithic man as well. Habits too deeply organized for eradication held them alike

in bonds far stronger than the ice itself. To this day his descendants, the Esquimaux, still prefer to hunt and fish along the borders of that zero line above which the moisture never melts.

To the ice age we owe the countless beautiful lakes stretching from Maine to Minnesota. To the drift we owe that remarkable variety and fertility of soil which is the real source of the marvellous prosperity and rapid development of our Northern and Middle States.

Estimates of time since its close vary widely. Allowing for all possible mistakes, we are safe in considering it proven that no less a period than forty or fifty thousand years has elapsed since the retreat of the ice sheet from temperate latitudes. The ice age forms the nearest fixed date from which all modern geology reckons. To us it answers for "In the beginning."

My task is ended, though far from completed. In the desire to make prominent

the more striking features of our past much has been omitted, much more awaits further investigation.

Matthew Arnold in one of his latest essays lamented the absence in the United States of ancient monuments of man's industry and devotion. He noted the vulgarity of our names at railway stations as he crossed the continent, that even of these such was our poverty we were obliged to use duplicates. He probably had in mind the long line of Celtic names trailing across Europe as memorials of stations in the progress of our Aryan ancestors. In short, he complained we had no historic past to inspire us to reverence and kindle the imagination, nothing to throw a mysterious haze over the crude strong realism of the present. That for lack of this we are not "interesting."

There may be truth in this, but Mr. Arnold offered us no remedy. There is one, however, close at hand. Our land has had a history, if our civil polity has not.

THE UNDER LIFE.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

CLEAR were the waters of the Gulf
 As some great jewel's lucent play,
 Clear as the tides of lustrous air
 That wash about the breaking day.

And leaning o'er the boat she saw,
 Where the dull green sea-apron grows,
 Paved work of sunbeams, netted flames
 Of liquid blue, of tender rose.

The purple mussel there she saw,
 And saw the coral tree uplift
 Stems of white blossom-stars across
 The shells of many a rainbow'd drift.

She saw the sea-anemones
 Parting their petals in each cleft,
 And on the spangled floor the wreck
 The pearly nautilus had left.

And fairy fountains in the sea,
 She saw the live sponge playing there,
 And passing, sighed for very joy
 Of life and beauty everywhere.

Long since into those pleasant depths
 Swam lightly forth the new-born sponge,
 Glad of his life far underneath
 The long wave's melancholy plunge.

The suckling of the generous flood,
 Freely he went, till when the ledge
 Splintered and shelved he made him fast
 Where many currents swept the edge.

Their heavy folds his kindred swayed
 Dreamily round his dwelling-place,
 Lifted their golden cups, and wove
 Their fragile fans of rosy lace.

And drawing in and out the streams
Of the life-laden sea, he fed,
His silken fibres spun, and all
His tissues filled and overspread

Doubtless he felt fate's perfect flower
Bloomed there in his dim growth and dense;
No phantom came to give him dream
Of more through any unborn sense

Yet, in the gloom of chasing clouds,
Through all his labyrinthine ways,
He yearned toward light, unsummed by gleam
Of larger life, of wider ways.

What wider ways for him, indeed,
Till aeons swept his type along?
Blind, blind to larger life, and deaf
To whisper of an ordered song.

His powers, the shadow of his needs,
Answered no touch of outer storms,
No sound of slipping keels above,
No light of over leaning forms.

And nothing sketched on his dark wont
Hint of the rhythmic rower's grace,
Hint of the child that o'er him shed
The lovely shining of her face —

She, fairer than the dawn in bloom,
The blue of heaven within her eye,
Her hair like sunshine, and delight
Of conscious being in her sigh.

The ripple swelled, light fell the oar,
Her hand trailed where the bubbles swim;
She passed—the dull sponge never knew
That such a being smiled on him

LIZZIE BRUBAKER.

BY LINA REDWOOD FAIRFAX

I FIRST heard of her at the mothers' meeting. After my duties were over for that day, while we were waiting for the closing exercises to begin, I took occasion to say to my class that I would be very glad if they would speak to such of their acquaintance as needed help or instruction, and invite them in my name to come. One of the women then mentioned a young woman whom she knew slightly. A seamstress when she could get work, and very poor, my informant thought. She was very sure, however, that this person would like to come, for she had heard her say she wished she was a "good scholar." She wanted to learn how to read good "mor'n anythink else."

"Very well, you tell her about the rules here, and if you bring her next Wednesday I'll be glad to have her in my class."

"Yes, ma'am, I will. Oh, I forgot,"

she added, as a sudden thought seemed to occur to her. "*She* can't come neither; her childern is too young to leave by their selves."

"Give me the address, and, by-the-way, the name too. I'll go and see about it to-morrow."

"Brubaker's the name."

"Mrs. Brubaker?"

"I s'pose so. I guess she's a widder though, fur I 'ain't seen no man about."

The next day I started on my errand. The "street" was a narrow alley in a squalid, thickly settled part of the city. I found the number for which I was looking roughly painted in red-brown on a high wooden gate, which was bolted on the inside. I tapped repeatedly, and was finally admitted by a broad-faced German woman, who nodded and grinned several times in response to my greeting,

"Does Mrs. Brubaker live here?"

"Yes. Coom in. In dare you vill fi-ene Meesses Brubaker."

She stretched the gate wide open, disclosing a low frame house—too low to be visible from the street, for it was thirty or forty feet distant—a dreary sloping paved yard with a plat in the centre intervening between it and the gate. I suppose this centre-piece was originally intended for a grass-plat. Just now it was innocent of a blade of green; its uneven surface was hard as stone, and perfectly empty, save for a pile of rough wooden blocks built into some design, and evidently a child's abandoned playthings. I walked to the door and knocked, but by this time I was overtaken by the portress, who laughed heartily at this to her unnecessary piece of etiquette, opened the door, and invited me in. There was no one within but ourselves, the inner door was ajar, and I could hear some one singing beyond.

"She's vashun," said my conductress. "Vait awhile, she'll soon get done. I von't tell her you've coom, for she's usun my tubs, and I vant um myself presently. She'll soon get done," she repeated, as she vanished up the staircase and left me alone.

There was not much to see—a bare room with an old table in the middle of the floor, and half a dozen hard wooden chairs ranged around the wall—so I began to listen. The sound reached my ear faintly and at intervals at first, but by-and-by the disjointed bits of tune seemed to fit themselves together, and I gathered from this that the singer had approached nearer my vicinity. I rose and looked in the adjoining room; it was empty. The sound came from somewhere just beyond. It was a woman's voice, very rich and sweet, clear, yet with a mellow mezzo sound veiling it, even when the notes rose highest. I rose and moved across the second room in the direction of these sounds, when the *swash* of an emptied tub was heard, and I reached the back of the house to see a lovely girl—she looked nothing more—standing under a dark shed, her cheeks flushed with exercise, her hair crisping in moist curls on her forehead. One bare arm was warding off the approach of two children, while the other balanced the tub on a rough wooden bench, on the other end of which lay her pile of newly wrung clothes. The babies were peering over the round rosy

barrier, watching with grave interest the blue stream as it rushed down the brick drain. None of the party was aware of my approach until I was within a few feet of them. Then the mother looked up, saw me, and started.

"Good-morning," I said. "I've been sitting in the other room listening to you for some time. I called to see you, and the woman told me to wait until you had finished washing."

She jerked nervously at her pinned-up frock, disengaged it, and then began to draw down her sleeves over her bare arms.

"You are Mrs. Brubaker?" I continued.

"Yes, 'm," she replied, rather wonderingly.

"Mrs. Fisher—you know her, I believe—spoke to me about you yesterday. She is one of my class at the 'mothers' meeting.' She said you were a stranger in Baltimore, so I thought I'd come and see you."

"Yes, 'm," she replied again; "thanky, ma'am; yes, 'm. We come from Staffud, Staffud County, Fehginia."

"I'd like to make you a little visit, if you are not too busy."

"No, 'm, I ain't busy 'tall, now the cloze is washed. If you'll jess step in the front room tell I hang out these heah cloze—'twon't take me a minnit."

I retraced my steps, and seated myself, as much surprised as if I had encountered a bed of wood-violets growing in the middle of the alley outside. In a few moments she appeared, walking slowly, her movements considerably impeded by the two children who toddled on either side of her, clinging to her skirts. The light from the open door fell full upon her, and I now saw her face perfectly well. She was a slender creature, with pure white complexion, cheeks softly tinted, and pretty light brown hair waving back from her temples, and the sweetest eyes, soft light gray, large and beautiful, which only glanced at you shyly an instant from under the long lashes, and then looked away. She could not have been older than twenty-one or two, but she looked about eighteen. She colored a little as she met my gaze, then seated herself, and again thanked me for coming.

"Stafford County is a good distance from here," I remarked, by way of opening the conversation. "Did you leave all your friends there?"



"ONE BARE ARM WAS WARDING OFF THE APPROACH OF TWO CHILDREN."

"Yes, 'm; I 'ain't got no kin in Baltemo', not's I knows on. I did have a cousin livin' heah two av three yeals 'go; but he didn't like it, an' he's livin' at home now. 'Peahs like it's a right lonesome kin' of a place," she added, stroking one of the curly heads which rested against her lap. Her voice was very soft and sweet, and she ignored the "r" persistently—two

eminent characteristics of the tide-water Virginians.

"What pretty children!" I exclaimed.

And indeed they were beauties—the girl slender and fair, like the mother, with the same sweet shy glance; the boy sturdier, more compactly made, darker, too, with almost black eyes, and dark brown hair. We talked a little about them then, and I

found they were twins, nearly three years old. The boy was plainly her favorite:

"He's been sick; he's jess gittin' well, an' he looks right bad now; but he'll soon ketch up to Bertie. Won't you, Tom?"

"Dare d' ladle," spoke out Tom, rather irrelevantly, designating me with his fat forefinger, and evidently airing one of his pet sentences. His mother caught him in her arms and kissed him with fervor.

"Thaih's a lady, he means to say," she interpreted for my benefit, while the little girl sidled to my side and announced, in a soft *staccato*:

"I tin talk betta 'n Tom tin. Mammy sez I tin."

"You kin talk mo'n Tom," laughed the young mother, girlishly enjoying the children's prattle, "but thaih's a heap a sense in what Tom sez."

She gave that young gentleman a loving squeeze, then placed him on his feet, with his plumage ruffled like a Friesland chicken's.

"Thaih, run away, kitties; run an' play"—adjusting his frock. "The yahd's nice an' wawm to-day."

She led them into the yard, carefully secured the gate, which was ajar, and returned to me. I made some remark about its being difficult to attend to children and her household duties without any assistance.

"Oh, I don't min' it, not on good days like this; I kin let um play in the yahd, an' I ain't got no sewin' in the house now. Las' winta, now, w'en I had right smart a sewin' to do, 'twas right hawd to do it good an' 'ten' to um. The country's a nice place fu' childun," she continued. "Up in Staffud I had a great big yahd with a fence roun' it. Nuthin' couldn't happen to um thaih."

"Did you have to leave it? Was it sold?" I asked, perceiving the shadow which crept across her face as she spoke of her old home.

"No, ma'am," quickly. "We don't owe a cent on it. It belongs to us, an' a good big piece a lan' too. We had a nice lawge gyalhin thaih."

"What made you leave it? Did you have any inducement offered you?—any work promised you?" I said, altering my sentence as I saw the word "inducement" rather puzzled her.

"No, 'm; I come heah to look fu' wuek," she replied, simply.

I gave a little exclamation of dismay,

and drawing my chair nearer, I told her how overcrowded the city was, and how many poor women worked for almost nothing. I then contrasted her description of their country home with the discomfort of their present abode. She listened patiently. As I spoke at some length, her face wore a troubled look, but she made no reply. "Have you just come?" I asked, in conclusion.

"It's nigh 'bout two yeahs now: the chincapins was gittin' ripe w'en we come away."

"Then you know something about life here. And you support these children all by yourself?"

"Thaih ain't nobody but me to do it," her color rising.

"Oh, I remember now. Mrs. Fisher said you were alone. And that reminds me that I came to ask you to join my class. Can't you come?" And I told her something of the aim and regulations of the society.

"I want to come. I want to learn how to read good. I'd rutha read"—she began, eagerly, when the sound of the children's voices came from the yard, and her countenance fell. "'Tain't no use. I can't come," she said, mournfully. "I can't leave um so long."

I thought a moment over my engagements, and then told her, if she liked, I would come and teach her two or three times a week. I was rather glad to find an excuse for seeing more of her. At the same time it seemed a pity she should have to be confined so much in those close rooms, and I told her so. She smiled faintly.

"Oh, I'm right smaht sence I got ovva the chills. I've had a bad cole, an' 'peahs like I don't git my b'eath good down heah."

"Bad air—bad air. You should have staid in the country; at any rate, for the children's sake."

"I couldn't stay thaih. I wuz bound to come."

The words came out in a wrung sort of way, which made me feel, somehow, like a member of the Inquisition.

"Don't—don't talk about it if it pains you," I said. "Some of these days we may know each other better. And I don't intend to meddle with your private affairs. I only thought you didn't look strong enough to be bending over sewing all the time."

"I don't min' sewin'. I'd be glad to git some wuek to do. You don't know nobody's got wuek to put out?" she continued, with manifest hesitation.

"Yes, I do. I'll send you some to-morrow. And I want you to feel as if you had one friend in this great city. I'll see you twice a week, but in the mean time, if you should like to see me, call or send for me. The children might be sick, and you are so far from your friends." I took out one of my cards and handed it to her. "That is where I live," I said, pointing to the address. "You can easily find it. I am Miss Eliza Porter. Every one calls me Miss Eliza."

"I can't read very good," she replied, blushing; "but I reck'n I kin fin' it."

"Oh yes, there's no trouble. Any one in the street will direct you."

We passed out near the busy children. I stopped to pat their curly heads, when a sudden thought made me glance from them to the left hand of their mother. She wore no ring. I felt a real pang of the heart as I looked at that bare hand, and then at the girlish creature who stood close beside me, her sweet shady eyes resting lovingly on her little ones. She looked so young and innocent, and there was such a sense of bloom and aroma about her. A great wave of pity surged up within me, and obeying a sudden impulse, I stooped down and kissed her on the forehead.

She looked a little surprised, and her soft eyes filled.

"Good-by, my dear," I said. "Take good care of yourself."

"Good-by," she replied; then added, as simply as a child, "I'm ve'y much obliged to you, Miss 'Liza."

I sent her the work next day, and the last of the week I began teaching her to read. I don't think there could have been a more diligent pupil. She knew her letters and could spell a little when I began with her, but she was so eager to learn, and so persevering, that in two weeks she was reading easy lessons in her primer. After the lesson was over, I used to read to her, first from the Bible, and then from some interesting novel, or some other book suited to her comprehension. One day I had been reading of the trial of our Lord. I finished the chapter, and was taking up the other book, when she said,

"It must 'a' ben hawd to be judged fu' all them things and nuvva anssa back."

"Almost impossible for any one but the Son of God," I replied. "Although we ought all of us to try to imitate Him as much as we are able. After all," I continued, "I don't think 'answering back' in our own behalf does much good. If we do what is right, people will be very apt to find it out in the end."

"Yes, 'm," she said, thoughtfully; "but it's a hawd thing to do." There was a moment's silence, when she added, "They say He sends trouble to them He keech fu'. I heared a preacha in Stafford say that long time ago. Ah I wuz thinkin' of that's so, mayby He keech someum fu' me."

I was greatly touched with the perfect simplicity with which she said this. "You may be sure He does, my dear," I said, after a little while, and the conversation dropped. She did not give me any hint as to the nature of her "trouble," and I asked no questions.

One thing I observed. She always appointed the forenoon for her lesson. Once or twice I found this inconvenient, and postponed my visit until late in the afternoon. She was invariably absent, and the German woman, whom I found in charge of the children, told me Mrs. Brubaker went out every day that it did not rain very hard. I thought she had gotten some office rooms to attend to after business hours, and was very glad to conjecture she had other work besides the sewing.

The autumn passed on. One cool afternoon in November I was driving in the park with my niece. We had just passed a small restaurant near the park entrance when she exclaimed: "Oh, auntie! what a pretty girl! Look there! Doesn't she look queer, standing there all alone?" she continued. "She looks like a country girl. I wonder if she hasn't got separated from her party and got lost."

I turned my head in the direction indicated, and recognized, to my utter astonishment, Lizzie Brubaker. She was simply dressed in a dark calico frock, with a plaid shawl around her shoulders and a small plain black hat. She was standing near the door of the restaurant, and was evidently the subject of remark to a party of young men who were taking some refreshments within. These she did not notice, but every vehicle as it passed was scanned in turn: the occupants, the coach,

and footmen were regarded with an eager scrutiny which was enough in itself to have attracted attention to her, apart from her youth and beauty and her unprotected appearance. I made my man stop the carriage, when I leaned forward and called her.

"Why, auntie," exclaimed Ada, in surprise.

"Never mind, Ada," I said. "Don't take any notice, my dear. I want to say a word to this woman alone; she is one of my class."

Lizzie looked here and there on hearing her name. Finally, as I repeated it, her eyes encountered mine, and she came forward quickly. I had expected her to show some confusion on meeting me so unexpectedly, but I was utterly confounded to find her very much surprised, it is true, but evidently and unfeignedly delighted too. She spoke first:

"Oh, Miss 'Liza! I'm so glad to see you! I come out putty nigh evvy eve'un, an' 'peahs like I don't nuvva see nobody I knows."

"Lizzie," I said, very gravely, "what are you doing in the park? Standing alone, too, in such a conspicuous place. I thought probably you had work to do in the afternoon, but I didn't think you left the children every day to come to a place like this."

She saw I was displeased, and her color began to rise. "I come heah to look fo' some un," she replied. "To-day's the fus' time I come heah, but they telled me a heap a people comes out heah evvy day, so I thought I'd see ef I couldn't fin' him heah."

"Find him here!" I echoed, in bewilderment—"find *him* here! Lizzie," I said, speaking rapidly, as I saw people beginning to stare, "you must never come here alone again—never. Here, take this car ticket. If you go out of the gate there, and get into the first car you find going away from the park, it will take you nearly home. But go at once; it's getting late."

"Yes, 'm, I'll go." But she lingered a moment, then said, "Ah you mad with me, Miss Liza!"

"You're getting very—strange, Lizzie. I'll come and see you to-morrow morning. Go home now."

She started at once for the car line, and we drove on, I parrying Ada's astonished questions as I best could.

I was very unhappy all that evening. I felt that I could not bear to be deceived in my estimate of her. I did my best to banish the subject from my mind, and next morning, soon after breakfast, I set out to see her.

She had been crying, and the corners of her mouth drooped sorrowfully. It made me very uncomfortable. I felt as if I was about to hurt a dumb, defenceless animal.

"Lizzie," I began, abruptly. "I want you to promise me that you will never go out alone to the park again. Won't you?"

She blushed vividly, but made no reply. On my repeating the question, she hesitated, and at last murmured something about not liking to "make such a promise."

"But," I urged, "can't you see why it's not proper for you to go when you are so young and so very pretty?" Still no answer. "Well, then, if you *don't* know, I will have to tell you." And in a few plain words, which I made as reticent as I could, I told her the risk she was running. She looked startled once, when I used the word "insult"; but there was no sign of yielding in her face, and she still remained speechless.

"I don't know your history, Lizzie," I said, after there had been a moment's silence, and speaking very gravely and impressively. "You know I have never asked you to tell me, but I do believe you love your children, that you would wish to save them from reproach. Even if you were married, if you had the protection which a good husband would give you, there would still be a great many dangers to any one as pretty—"

But I stopped short, for she rose and walked across to where I was seated. She stood before me an instant, catching her breath quickly; then she spoke, slowly and incisively: "I 'ain't done nuthin' I'm 'shamed to own, no mo'n *you* have yo'self, Miss 'Liza. I'm a married woman; I wuz married mo'n fo' yeahs ago. I went out thaih yes'd'y eve'un to look fu' my husband."

"Oh!" was all I could exclaim, and we remained looking at each other in silence. She then went into the back room, and returned in a moment, bringing with her a small tin box, which she handed me, and resumed her position in front of me. I opened the box. On top was a paper,

which on being unfolded proved to be a marriage certificate, duly attested and signed by one Silas Lambkin, the contracting parties being Thomas Brubaker, of Rockingham County, Virginia, and Elizabeth Walker, of Stafford County, Virginia. The date was April 23, 1873. There was a scrap of writing pinned to this document, which stated that Elizabeth Walker was eighteen the month of her marriage, and Thomas Brubaker was forty the February before.

"The ring is in the box too," she added, quietly. "'Tis a nice ring, py'o gol'. I 'ain't nuvva wo' it much."

"What made you put it away? Of all things, you ought to wear your wedding ring."

"I dun'no', 'm. I usta weah it uv a Sundays w'en I dressed up. I didn't like to spile it weahin' it evvy day. Nobody weahed theh'n evvy day at home—nobody but rich folks."

I was amused at her *naïveté*, and again referred to the certificate, as much to conceal an irrepressible smile as anything else. "Your husband was a great deal older than you."

"He wuz mo'n twicet as ole as I wuz."

"Was it a happy marriage? What made him leave you?"

"He wuz jealous, Miss 'Liza. He wuz always a ve'y jealous disposed man, but I knowed that w'en I married him, an' I taken keeh, an' thaih want no trouble 'tall tell Mr. Gawge Syl-vesta come to Mrs. Gawdin's an' taken my piccha. You see, I went down to Mrs. Gawdin's one eve'un to take home some sewin', an' this yeah gentlemun, Mr. Gawge, he seen me, an' he ast me ef I wouldn't set still a few minnits an' let him d'aw my piccha. Miss Kate an' all the young ladies wuz thaih, settin' in the po'ch, an' I wanted him to wait tell to-morra, an' let me fix up some; but he said no, an' all the ladies said no; I looked ve'y nice. An' I set down, an' he taken me jess like I wuz. W'en he got done, Miss Kate said she'd bring him up to ou'h house to finish it. I didn't think she wuz comin', sho' 'nuff; but next day they both uv um come, an' Miss Kate would make me set down an' git tuk agin. I felt sawta 'shamed fus', but I soon foun' out the gentlemun wa'n't studyin' 'bout me no mo'n a chaih, aw table, aw someum nutha like that. He didn't talk much while he wuz takin' picchas. Sometimes he would stop still,

an' th'ow back his head an' look at me hawd, sawta squinchin' his eyes like, but I seen him do that w'en he stopped takin' me, an' stawted on the things out-doze, an' I knowed 'twuz jess his way. Miss Kate she 'lowed I wuz helpin' Mr. Gawge. He wuz her cousin, an' she said he made his liv'n in New Yawk takin' picchas. An' I wuz mighty glad to do any-thing fu' them ladies, they'd ben so kin' to me. Miss Kate she come oncet or twicet att'a that, an' two aw three times Mr. Gawge come by hisself, and d'awed me settin' down an' standin' up. An' one day he giv' me one of the picchas, an' I put it 'way to shew Tom w'en he come home. Tom's a cyahpenta, you know, an' he wuz at wuek 'way down the country—Wessum County, waddin' to a good-mun. Mr. Gawge, he knowed Mr. Lewis, the gentlemun Tom wuz wuekin' fer, an' att'a while he went down the country to see him. Miss 'Liza," she said, suddenly changing her tone, "'ain't you nuvva taken notice w'en you feel so easy an' happy, an' things 'peahs like they's goin' on so smooth an' e-a-sy, that's the ve'y time 'peahs like troubles is makin' haste to come. Sat'd'y mawnin' I went to wuek an' cleaned up the whole house good, an' I 'membra I wuz thinkin' how glad I wuz 'twuz Sat'd'y; an' in the eve'un I got a good suppa cooked 'gainst dahk, an' I set down an' waited fu' Tom. Bimeby I heahed him comin', an' run down the road to meet him. He 'peahed mighty glad to see me"—blushing—"but w'en he got in, 'peahed like he didn't look well. I thought he wuz tide an' hongry, an' I hurried up suppa fu' him. He didn't eat much, jess taken a mouthful or two, an' got up an' set down in the front do'. I didn't take no notice, but att'a suppa wuz done, I went an' got the piccha Mr. Gawge give me an' shewed it to him. He taken it, an' looked at it a long time, but he nuvva said a single wued. Bimeby I said, 'Don't you like it, Tom? Don't you think it favus me?' He looked up at me, so cur'us like, an' he looked back at the piccha, but he nuvva said nuthin' 'tall; an' bimeby he laid it down an' went out-doze. Presen'ly he come back an' set down. 'What's the matta, ole man?' I said; 'tide?' 'N-o,' he said, 'I ain't tide much.' 'What's the matta, then? What you studyin' 'bout?' I said. An' he nuvva anssud me, but kep' on lookin' out-doze. I didn't say no mo' to him. I set still.

an' bimeby he kinda d'awed his b'leath quick, an' said, 'Oh me' so pitiful it skeehed me; an' I said, 'Tom, *don't* do so; please tell me what's the matta.' He tuhned roun' an' looked at me, an' then he come up to me an' caught hol' my face in both his han's. jess so, an' he said, 'Liz, look heah.' 'Fu' God's sake, Tom,' I said, 'tell me. Is anybody dead?' 'No, nobody ain't dead,' he said. 'I wuz jess studyin' 'bout someum nutha.' He kinda stopped a minnit, then he said: 'I ain't as young as I wuz fifteen years ago, an' I wa'n't nuvva much to look at. Wouldn't it 'a' ben betta,' an' he stopped agin—'wouldn't it 'a' ben betta ef you'd 'a' waited awhile? Mayby you'd 'a' done betta fu' you'self.'

"I felt jess like somebody had hit me. 'Oh, Tom,' I said, 'wa'n't the suppa good? I know I ain't much uv a cook, but 'peahed like the chick'nstasted right good to-night. Things 'll be betta atta a while,' I said. 'I'm goin' to try hawd. You know I 'ain't ben keepin' house not so ve'y long.' An' he sawta smiled an' patted my face. 'I 'membra it 'cause 'twas the las' time he done it. 'Po' little gal,' he said. 'No, no, honey, 'twa'n't the suppa that bothas me. I heahed someum nutha to-day put me out, an' I ben study'n' 'bout it comin' up the road.'

"I begged him not to talk so, an' I said I didn't have no call to be no betta off, an' I'd rutha have him than evvybody else put togetha. He didn't 'peah to lis'n much. He set down by the do' a little while, an' then he got up an' went to bed. That wuz the beginnin' uv it. Atta that things begun to git bad, an' they nuvva got good no mo'.

"One eve'n I tuk a basket an' went out to git chincapins. Thaih wuz plenty o' chincapin bushes in the woods, an' 'twa'n't long 'fo' my basket wuz full. 'Twas early, an' I didn't wanta go home, so I set down on a big rock by the fohest road to ress. I wuz weak, an' soon got tide. I hadn't ben thaih long 'fo' I heahed some un comin', and time I got up Mr. Gawge Syl-vesta come 'long the road. He'd ben out huntin'. He had a gun an' dog with him. He jess spoke to me, an' stawted to go on, when he come back an' said, 'Mrs. Brubaka, thaihs someum I think I ought to tell you.' An' he telled me he seen Tom down the country at Mr. Lewis's; an' he didn't know who Tom wuz, an' one day Tom come up to him an'

ast him what he meant by goin' to see his wife. An' Mr. Gawge ast Tom his name, an' Tom tole him. An' Mr. Gawge foun' out somebody had ben tellin' Tom a long string o' tales on me. But Tom wouldn't say who done it, but he tole Mr. Gawge he seen all the picchas he done; they wuz layin' in the book in the po'ch, an' a whole heap mo'. An' Mr. Gawge sed Tom wuz mad, an' talked ve'y ugly to him. 'I have the greatest respec' fu' you, Mrs. Brubaka,' he sed, very solum, 'an' I on'y tell you all this to put you on yo' gyahd. You mus' have an enemy somewha who has p'isen'd yo' husban's min'; but you know ve'y well he has no cause to be angry with me.' I couldn't say a wued. I jess stood still. I wuz too 'shamed to look at Mr. Gawge. He waited a minnit, an' then he said, 'Good-eve'un,' an' walked off down the road, an' I leaned up 'gin a tree an' cried till I thought my head would split. I nuvva wuz so 'shamed; to have a gentleman talkin' to me like that. Bimeby I wiped my eyes an' tuhned roun', an' thaih wuz Tom comin' down the yutha side the road. He come up to me an' ketched hol' my awm hawd, an' his eyes shined like coals of fiah.

"'I seen you an' *him*, *him*, jess now,' he said. 'I tried to git heah in time to—But nuvva min'. 'S time 'nulf now. I'll ketch up to him.'

"'Tom, jess lis'n to me one minnit,' I said.

"'Git away, 'oman,' he said. 'I seen you wid him.'

"'I run atta him an' ketched hol' his shoullda like. An' he tuhned roun', an' said, kinda easy.

"'Go home an' stay thaih, aw I'll kill you too.'

"An' he run down the road, an' I 'ain't nuvva sawn him sence. I set up 'mos' all night. I couldn't fu'git Mr. Gawge's gun, an' Tom hadn't nuthin', nuthin' but his bah han's. An' bimeby mawnin' come. I staid home all day waitin' fu' what I was feaked to heah; but 'twuz mos' dahk 'fo' mammy come runnin' in an' tole me they'd foun' *Mr. Gawge* layin' down in the road soon in the mawnin', an' he'd ben shot, an' had ben thaih all night. Fus' they thought somebody hed shot him fu' money; but his puhse wa'n't touched. An' they didn't know what to think tell Mr. Gawge come to, an' he said his foot had slipped, an' he fell down, an' his gun went off an' shot him. An' mam-

my said the docta said he didn't know whetha Mr. Gawge would die aw not, he los' so much blood, an' he taken cole out thaih all night. 'Peahed like I wuz turnin' to stone. I couldn't say a wued. I knowed twa'n't all accidunt, fu' I seen Tom's face, an' I couldn't fu'git how he looked. Mammy talked a long time, an' all the time she wuz talkin' I wuz thinkin' of that awful thing what happened, an' wonderin' ef Mr. Gawge would die. Mammy sed Mr. Jim Gawdin ast Mr. Gawge ovva an' ovva ef nobody hadn't troubled him, an' at last Mr. Gawge raised himself up an' sed: 'No. An' look heah, Jim,' he says, 'I want you to undastan' ef I *do* knock unda 's not wuth while to sen' the she'iff *atta nobody*. I falled down, and my own gun shot me.' I dun'no' to this day, Miss 'Liza, the rights of it; but I seen Tom's face that day, an' 'tain't easy fu' me to b'lieve in accidunts. All the same, ef I knowed fu' ce't'n Mr. Gawge tellin' a story 'bout it, I'd like to git down on my knees an' thank him fu' tellin' it. Many a time I've studied 'bout it, an' wondehed ef Mr. Gawge hada died with that story on his min', ef the Lawd would judge him hawd fu' tellin' it. But he didn't die. 'Bout Chrissmus he begun to go down staihs, an' the doctor said he could go home putty soon. W'en he fus' got huh't, nobody didn't know Tom had ben home f'om Wessmun that las' time. So mammy an' all uv um thought he wuz busy down the country, tell Jim Suillion come home an' tole evvybody Tom wa'n't down the country, an' then the people begun to talk 'bout it, an' the men hunted all ovva the county fu' him. They nuvva suspicioned *him*, though; he had a good name, an' nobody knowed nuthin' 'bout his jealousy. They nuvva heahed nuthin' 'tall 'bout him, an' bimeby people 'lowed he wuz dead. I nuvva let on nuthin', not even to mammy. That theah p'isen snake Jim Suillion did talk roun'. He come to ouh house an' tried to git me to say someum, but I knowed him too well, an' nuthin' didn't come uv his talk.

"I wa'n't well, an' I kep' putty close in the house, an' people felt sorry fu' me, an' they didn't botha me much. I don't b'lieve all this heah would 'a' happened ef Tom had a-knowed 'bout me; but he hadn't no notion 'bout it. Many a time I laid off to tell him, but 'peahed like I couldn't git the wueds out while he helt

off f'om me so, an' thaih it wuz. Thaih wa'n't nuthin' to be did but wait patient as I could tell spring. I nuvva thought he wuz dead, though, an' I don't think so now. Evvy night them times I got suppa ready an' fixed things nice 'gainst he'd come walkin' in. I wanted him to see I'd ben lookin' fu' him an' studyin' 'bout him. That wuz a bitter cole winter, an' many a night I've laid 'wake an' wondehed ef my po'ole man wa'n't out in the snow an' rain; an' the win', 'twould blow sometimes fit ten to bring the house down. Sometimes 'peahed like it talked to me an' tole me 't had come f'om 'way off whaih Tom wuz. One night 'peahed like it said, plain, 'Tom ain't dead!' Don't laugh at me, Miss 'Liza; they say all wimmen has e'ur'us notions come in thaih heads them times. Atta long time the spring-time come, an' the babies wuz bawn. All the ladies wuz mighty kin' to me. Mrs. Gawdin she come to see me right away, an' she come up to the bed an' kissed um both, an' she says: 'Lizzie, you mus' raise these heah childun good. I'll he'p you; an' keep up you haht, an' hope fu' the bes', my gal.' An' she said I mus' give one of the babies her own name. The ve'y day I fixed thaih names, ole Sandy Gibbs come to see me. 'Twuz summa-time, an' I wuz settin' down, with little Tom in my lap, an' he come in an' set down too. Bimeby he sed, 'Liz, my gal, didn't you nuvva give Tom no call to go 'way f'om you?' 'Not as I knows on, Sandy,' I sed. 'What makes you ast me?' 'I dun'no', he sez; 'but I couldn't nuvva make out someum Tom sed to me las' fall w'en we wuz wuekin' down 'n Wessmun togutha. Him an' Jim Suillion had ben hangin' togutha fu' two th'ee days, an' this heah mawnin' they eat dinna togutha. Jim 'peahed to be talkin' plenty. I heahed him jawin', jawin' like all-a-mighty—talkin' to Tom. Bimeby Tom come to my bench an' wueked awhile; an' presen'y he say, "Sandy, what 'd *you* do ef you foun' out your wife liked anutha man?" "I dun'no', Tom," I sez; "that's a hawd question. A woman 'ain't got no businiss to like anutha man betta'n her own." "That's so," he sez; "but s'posin' she *did*, don't you think a man might 's well pull up stakes at once an' elah out? Liken's a mighty ticklish thing to manage," he sez. "You can't beat it out ef you wanted to; an' you can't talk it out." An' he stopped shoht, an' didn't say no mo'.

'Peahed like Tom wuz talkin' mighty qua'; but he *wuz* cur'us sometimes, you know you'self. Liz, I nuvva studied much 'bout it,' Sandy sed, 'tell I heah talk uv Tom wuz gone. An', Liz, one day—min' you, chile, I don't know as he had no notion

mighty hawd to henda me; but w'en they seen I wuz bound to come, they lemme 'lone, an' done evvything to he'p me. 'Twuz 'mos' fall 'fo' I got off; but the ladies bought my ticket, an' gimme some money; an' Mrs. Gawdin spoke to the



"MY PORE, PUTTY 'CREETUR!"

a goin' thaih—but one day he ast me how fuh Baltemo' wuz.'

'Long 'fo' Sandy got through talkin'—he kep' on a-talkin'—I made up my mind to come beah an' hunt fu' Tom. I nuvva los' no time. I went to Mrs. Gawdin an' telled her I wuz goin'. She tried to henda me; an' mammy an' all uv um tried

gentlemun on the cyahs 'bout me. An' I got on all right, an' got some wuek to do. An' I ben huntin' fu' him evva sence, an' that wuz w'y I went out to that thaih place yest'd'y. Tom usta be a mighty good han' with hawses, an' I thought, mayby, he'd got a driva's place. I git so tide a-lookin' sometimes, an' I want to see him

so bad, 'peahs like 'tain't no use livin' when he ain't heal. He ain't dead—I *know* he ain't dead. Sometimes I go to sleep an' dream he's come back, an' I wake up, an' thaih ain't nobody." She broke off, sobbing.

"Lizzie, suppose you did find him, aren't you afraid the same thing would happen again about somebody else? I mean I think he treated you dreadfully," I pursued, indignantly. "He left you without one kind word."

"But Tim Sullivan had ben tellin' his tales, Miss 'Liza; an' po' Tom seen Mr. Gawge talkin' to me, you know. Ef I jess could see him, I *know* he'd be glad to see me. He usta say 'twa'n't but one 'oman in the wueld fu' him. An' we didn't have no childun them times; an' Tom's so fond a childun."

We sat awhile in silence after that. It was singular, I thought, that the least suspicion should have fallen upon this woman, the most perfectly loyal wife I have ever known. It was evident to me that the artist had told an untruth to shield the honor of a poor Virginia peasant; and the white unselfishness of this falsehood stood out in such sharp relief against the dark mass of Brubaker's unworthy suspicions, I could only think of it and wonder more and more at Lizzie's absolute fealty to her husband. I don't believe the idea of contrasting the two men ever occurred to her. "Tom" belonged to *her*, and she to him; she loved him with the whole strength of her faithful heart, and will continue to love him as long as she lives.

Presently I told her she had better go home to her mother. I would get her ticket, and write to her friends to meet her in Fredericksburg, but I thought undoubtedly she had better be amongst her own people, where there was no danger of her being misjudged. She cried a little, but finally admitted it was best.

"But wait tell Crissmus, Miss 'Liza. Ef I don't heah nuthin' by Crissmus, I'll go; I promise you I will. 'Peahs like some-um *tells me* to stay tell Crissmus."

I agreed, and shortly after took my leave. The strangest part of this story is to come.

It was nearly Christmas now. December was more than half gone, when one evening the German woman with whom Lizzie lodged came to me with a very distressing message from her. Little Tom had been ill all day, and she had been so

occupied with him that she had neglected to look after Bertie, and now the child was lost. She had not been seen about the neighborhood since the morning. Would I please come? I sent the woman off to tell Lizzie to expect me, and in half an hour I started. It was nearly dark when I reached the house. The gate was wide open, and I hurried to the front door, which stood ajar. I pushed it open and entered. The first object my eyes encountered was the figure of little Bertie standing in the middle of the floor, gazing with alarmed curiosity at her mother, and—yes

a man, who was sitting with Lizzie clasped as absolutely in his arms as if she had been a baby. Her arms were round his neck, her face resting against his dark grizzled beard.

For a while there wasn't a sound. Then she began, in a quick, breathless way: "Oh, Tom! oh, Tom! You ain't dead! You did come at las! Oh, Tom!"

He strained her to him again, and the great hot tears dropped slowly one by one on her upturned face.

"The baby, Tom—'twuz twins, you know. I didn't tell you 'fo' you went away, but I wuz lookin' fu' it then. Oh, Tom! I b'lieve I'd 'a' *died* ef they hadn't 'a' come. An' the yutha one's a boy, Tom. He favus *you*; *evvybody* sez he favus you. He's layin' thaih in the bed. He's been sick, but he's gettin' betta now. Come look at him, Tom."

"I ain't fitten ter look at none av um," he began, hoarsely, drawing the sweet face down against his shoulder. "My pore, putty creetur!" he whispered, stroking her cheek.

"Oh, you mustn't take on so, Tom," she said. "I ain't po' a bit now. An' I reck'n it did 'peah like 'twuz funny fu' me to be talkin' to Mr. Gawge; but he wuz jess tellin' me—"

"I know what he tole yer; he tole me too."

"Oh, Tom, did you shoot him? He 'lowed nobody didn't teeh him."

"No, honey, I didn't shoot him. I ketched up ter him that day 'fore he got out th' woods. An' me an' him we had hard words. He tole me what he'd ben sayin' ter yer, an' I called him a liar. He ketched hole me then an' giv' me one lick. He hit hard; he wuz mad as fire. 'Yer jeal'us fool,' he sed. 'I b'lieve yer wife's ez good 'oman ez any in the lan'. An' *you* lie,' he sed, 'an' yer know yer do,

w'en yer make out yer think she ain't. I dored off ter giv' it ter him, an' 'fore I knowed it he dored back, an' his foot slipped on th' pine tags, an' I heered the gun go off. . . . W'en the smoke cl'ared up I seen him layin' thar dead, I thought. His eyes wuz shet tight, an' th' blood wuz spoutin' like water. I dun'no' how long I staid thar lookin'. I 'member I heered wheels arter while, an' I started off an' run clean up ter town. 'Peared like I felt th' rope roun' my neck all th' way. I got on board th' boat that night an' come yere, an' th' day I got yere er man on th' wharf ast me ter ship fur two years, an' I taken him up an' shipped, an' I ben on th' warter ever sence—that is, putty nigh."

"Tom," said Lizzie, softly, "you didn't nuyva rightly b'lieve them things?"

He clasped her jealously closer to him. "No, honey, not like that; but w'en Jim Sullivan tole me them tales, an' I heered *him* a-talkin' so 'bout yer ter Mr. Lewis—an' I knowed *I* wa'n't no scholar nor nuthin'—I felt bad. I felt powerful bad. An' w'en I seen yer with him thar in th' woods, I didn't know what ter think. I wuz 'mos' crazy, I b'lieve. *He* made me b'lieve they wa'n't so, that time he called me a fool an' a liar."

"He nuyva let on *one* wued 'bout you, Tom. Wa'n't it good in him? Did you evva heah tell on sich a gentlemun?"

Her husband did not reply. Apparently "Mr. George's" praises must not be sounded by his wife. Her quick perception told her as much, for she added immediately, "You know he's goin' to be

married to Miss Kate." And then she changed the subject, giving an account of her life during their separation, and finally launching out into such a description of my various excellences that I was fain to come forward and make my presence known.

Lizzie presented her husband. He had found the little girl wandering about on the wharf, had been struck with her likeness to his wife, and asked her name. He then undertook to guide her home, but they were two or three hours getting there, as he had just arrived from a long voyage, and neither of them had very accurate knowledge of the streets. Finally they found the house, and walked in upon Lizzie just before I arrived.

"I'll be so glad to git back to the country agin!" said she, after we had all talked together awhile, and their plans had been discussed and decided upon. "I'm a-goin' to fu'git all these heah las' th'ee yeahs—all 'ceptin' the childun." And, with her native tact, she added: "An' Miss 'Liza. Weh goin' to start agin, an' get on so good! Won't we, Tom?"

"I hope so, honey," he said, humbly. "I won't be yo' fault ef things don't go smooth; an' I'm gwine ter try."

"I suppose I must hope for the best," I said to myself as I trudged home through the now lighted streets. "But, for all that, I would not like to be answerable for the peace in the Brubaker family should any man venture to admire Lizzie as much as I do."

A CONVENT AT ROME.

BY DR FRANCIS PARKMAN.

(ON an evening in February, 1844, being then at Naples, a wandering student from Harvard, I was seated in the dining-hall of a hotel, when a man at another table attracted my notice. He was about thirty-five years old, with a bald forehead, spectacles, a thick short nose, slightly suggestive of the busts of Socrates, and a large bucolic mouth. Opposite to him sat a young and pretty woman, with a fresh complexion and a look of extreme shyness.

"Where have I seen that Scotchman before?" I asked myself.

The supposed Scotchman presently

looked at me, then whispered to his companion, who glanced timidly across the room and shook her head. The man soon after rose, walked in an awkward way to where I sat, and said, bluntly,

"You are an American."

"Yes."

"You are from Boston."

"Yes."

"I think I ought to know you. My name is Theodore Parker."

"I have seen you," said I, with a gleam of recollection, "at my father's house with the other ministers of the Unitarian Association."

"Ah yes; that's it. I remember you now. I never forget anything or anybody. But what are you doing at Naples? I thought you were in college at your books."

I explained the matter to his satisfaction, and he introduced me to his wife. On the next day we went up Vesuvius together.

It was the opening day of the Carnival, and entering the Via Toledo on our return, we found that great thoroughfare filled from end to end with an obstreperous mass of humanity. A long file of dragoons, seated motionless on horseback, stretched down the middle of the street, and at the sides were two lines of carriages slowly moving in opposite directions, while incessant volleys of plaster confectionery were exchanged between the crowded balconies and the throngs below. Our barouche fell into line with the rest. Suddenly the driver, pointing down the street with his whip, cried out, "The King! the King!" And there, in fact, was King Ferdinand, discharging that part of his royal functions which consisted in encouraging his people to amuse themselves. He was a tall, large man, robed from head to foot in a loose black gown, and looking more like a minister of religion than a masquerader as he stood bolt-upright on a sort of triumphal car. In his hand he held a hollow, cone-shaped implement of brass that might hold something more than half a pint. This was constantly filled by an attendant with large sugar almonds, hard as pebbles, which his Majesty thus flung to right and left among his subjects. A few years after, flinging bomb-shells instead of sweetmeats, he earned from a grateful people the name of Bomba. In the same line with us, and a little in front, was a gayly decorated car filled with nobles of the court in masks. They stopped when they came opposite the King; the royal car stopped also, and a hot battle ensued, each side lustily pelting the other for a minute or two, amid a universal roar from the delighted crowd. Then the illustrious combatants saluted each other, and the two processions of carriages began to move again.

When the King was within easy range of our barouche, he discharged a volley of his sugar almonds at Mr. and Mrs. Parker, who sat on the back seat. One of them hit Mrs. Parker in the face, and the rest fell rattling into the carriage. Parker

and I gathered them up. I tossed one of mine at a girl in the balcony above, and she replied with a handful of plaster confectionery, extremely well aimed. Parker reserved his shot for other objects.

A priest in a broad-brimmed hat, looped up at both sides, was pacing among the crowd, with the complacent gravity of one who felt that his person was sacred from assault. To the consternation of his wife, Parker threw an almond at him and missed him.

"Never mind," he said; "there'll be another soon; there's plenty of 'em."

In a moment he saw one more solemn than the first, and at once prepared for action, in spite of his wife's anxious remonstrances. It was a well-fed father, with a double chin.

"Don't fire till you see the whites of his eyes," said I, plagiarizing the order of Israel Putnam at Bunker Hill.

He took the hint, let the enemy approach till within a few yards, then let fly, hit him hard in the nose, and at once drawing himself up, gazed solemnly into vacancy through his spectacles, with an air of superiority to the follies around him, while the priest glared about in fury to find the author of the outrage.

From Naples we went to Rome, where Parker took lodgings in the Via Babuino. Going one afternoon to see him, I found that he had a visitor. The stranger sat with his back toward the door, and his appearance, when thus seen from behind, inspired strong antipathy. He had a tall, elongated head covered with close-clipped hair, from which the ears protruded in the ungraceful fashion that earned for the English Puritans the title of "cropeared knaves." Parker introduced me, adding, with a peculiar expression, "This is a friend of your cousin S——." The visitor, whose name was J——, rose, offered me a lank, thin hand, and regarding me with evident interest, said, "Ah! I hope you will follow in your good cousin's path." He had a high forehead, a pale face, thin lips, and bright black eyes that gleamed with a keen but sinister light. His whole look inspired distrust.

The cousin of whom Parker had spoken was a young man of a fine and generous nature, who was five years older than myself, and whom, when a school-boy, I had regarded with admiring fondness. Being in Rome not long before my visit, he had become a convert to Catholicism,

chiefly through the agency of J——. J—— was an American, born in one of the Southern States, and, as he often boasted to me, had once led a recklessly dissolute life, till, becoming converted, he had shorn off his errors like his hair. At least he professed to have done so, not, as he assured me, by any merit of his own, but solely by the power of the true faith. I often tried to discover what had drawn him into the Church. He hated democracy, and was fiercely arbitrary and domineering when he could be so unchecked, but was humble toward those in high places. He had a keen intellect and a remarkably vivid imagination, to which he gave full rein. His vanity was great, and till he saw my incredulity, he entertained me with frequent stories of his adventures and exploits in his days of sin, always calling on me to observe the transformation wrought in him by his conversion. He was one of those to whom the imposing spectacle of organized power in the Roman Church appeals with resistless fascination. Parker and I often speculated as to his position in regard to the Jesuits and other ecclesiastics with whom he was intimate, but we could come to no more definite conclusion than that, without trusting him, they made use of him to bring sheep into their fold.

He presently undertook my conversion. I had some slight suspicion that the exclusive claims of Rome might not be without foundation after all, and, though I disliked my preceptor, he appeared to me a new and interesting type of humanity. So I willingly listened to him, thus gaining what I particularly wanted, an acquaintance with certain English Jesuits to whom he made me known. I read their books and listened to their logic, but the conversion made no progress, and I remained where I was before, till, a year after, my cousin S—— advised me to read a book which he pronounced sovereign against heresy. It was called, if I rightly remember, *Mill's End of Controversy*. I studied it from title-page to finis, thought to myself, "Is that all you have got to say?" and have remained ever since in solid unbelief as to the doctrines of Rome.

J—— had at first conceived hopes of me from a certain inclination for a monastic life which he thought I betrayed. I had, in fact, a vocation that way, though not of the sort he imagined. The phenomena of religious enthusiasm, whether

in its active or fossilized state, had an attraction for me. I had, moreover, a fancy for mediævalism, and wished to get for a while out of the nineteenth century. I should much have preferred a feudal castle to a convent, but the castles had become the heritage of owls, while some convents were still living remnants of the thirteenth century. But by far the strongest and, indeed, the controlling motive lay in the fact that I had formed plans of a literary undertaking, since in some degree accomplished, which required clear impressions of monastic life, and of Roman Catholic ecclesiasticism in general. On a late mule-back tour through Sicily I had visited all the monasteries on the way; but a more intimate acquaintance with them and their inmates was needful for my purpose. I was led into a convent by the same motives that two years later led me to become domesticated in the lodges of the Sioux Indians at the Rocky Mountains, with the difference that I much preferred the company of the savages to that of the monks.

My artist friend, William Morris Hunt, then nineteen or twenty years of age, came to Rome while my theological studies were in progress, and I gladly suspended them to join this most charming of companions on a tour among the Apennines. We climbed one morning to the monastery of St. Benedict on the mountain above Subiaco. Here, hard by the cavern in which the saint made his abode, grows an ancient and scraggy brier bush, the identical plant, we were told, in which he rolled himself after breaking from the arms of the devil, who came to tempt him in the guise of a beautiful woman.

St. Benedict clearly had an eye for romantic scenery; and as, with the old sacristan for a guide, we explored the ancient pile, where every hall and corridor told its story of the past, a strong desire seized me to beg a lodging there. But Hunt had no vocation for the cloister, and we went our way. There was another convent by the Lake of Albano which also had special attractions, but here again difficulties interposed. On returning to Rome I asked for quarters with the Capuchins, but the dealings of that ghastly brotherhood were with the dead and not the living.

J—— had come by this time to the conclusion that my monastic inclinations were not an effect of grace, but only a

boyish whim. Still, having found me inconvertible, he was ready enough to send me to a convent, on the principle, I suppose, by which a doctor, when his medicines failed, used to send his patients to a water-cure.

"Why don't you go to the Passionists?" he said one day. "They'll take you, and I wish they may teach you to see the truth."

"Who are the Passionists?" asked I.

He explained that they were a very strict order, comparatively recent in origin, but severely mediæval in discipline and character, whose principal convent was in Rome, just beyond the Coliseum; that now, toward the end of Lent, there was a number of laymen there in "retreat"; that I could join them if I chose, and that he would speak in my behalf to his friend Padre Luca, the directing priest.

"All right," said I; "I'll go to-morrow." I gave him no hint of my motives, and I believe he thought me demented; but I was not demented: I was only young.

On the next morning he said that the way was clear, but having no confidence in him, I walked down the Forum on a tour of reconnaissance. Inquiring at the convent, I was told by a stupid lay-brother who came to the door that a cell would be ready for me in the afternoon. I next went to see Parker, and told him what I meant to do. He shook his head, and reminded me that the Inquisition still had its prison in Rome. This gave a spice to the adventure which before it had dismally lacked. I requested that if he did not see me again on Palm-Sunday he would explain the case to Mr. George Washington Greene, then our national representative at Rome, and cause him to invoke the Bird of Freedom for my benefit.

Early in the afternoon I drove to the convent, and looking on the dreary walls, there sank on my soul the foreshadowing of an intolerable bore. But reflecting that I might never again have such a chance to make the acquaintance of a monastic interior, I suppressed the rising repugnance and pulled the bell handle. A loud clangor resounded from within, and a lay-brother opened the door.

"È in casa il Padre Luca?"

"Sì, signore."

The padre did not appear, but sent a monk in his place, who, uttering scarcely

a word, conducted me along what seemed an endless complication of dingy passages and stone stairways, all hung with ancient portraits of saints, and furnished on the landing-places with painted effigies of Christ on the cross, till we came to a narrow whitewashed chamber, which he told me was my lodging. He then said that when the bell rang I was to leave my hat, come out, and join those whom I would find in the corridor, after which, pointing to two books that lay on a table, he left me without ceremony. I proceeded to examine my new quarters. There was a crucifix on the wall, with a number of cheap religious prints, and a small vessel of holy-water, half evaporated, and containing a drowned fly. The floor was of oak; the furniture consisted of a chair, a small table, and a narrow bedstead of unpainted wood, with sheets clean though coarse. The books on the table proved to be a *Life of Blessed Paul of the Cross*, founder of the order of Passionists, and a little manual of devotion called *Sante Industrie*. With prudent forethought, however, I had brought Cooper's *Pioneers* in my valise as a reminder of fresh air. Hung near the small window were two printed tablets. On one of them was a series of questions intended to aid self-examination, with a view to the general confession. The first of these questions was, "Have you ever dared to inquire into the Mysteries of the Faith?" The other tablet bore the title, "Notice to Persons withdrawn from the World for Spiritual Exercises, to the end that they may derive all possible Profit from their holy Seclusion." It prohibited leaving the cell without sufficient reason, speaking without permission, making noise of any kind, writing anything whatever, reading anything but the prescribed books, and looking out of the windows. It farther required the saying of at least three *Ave Marias* at night, and the making up of one's own bed in the morning. "I am in for it," thought I; and after writing down the above particulars in my notebook, I drew my chair to the window, and sat looking out on the Coliseum, the Forum, and the more distant towers of the city.

The clang of a bell along the corridor interrupted my meditations, and I went out according to orders to join my comrades in durance. I found about thirty Italians, young and old, who had just

come down from the upper floor, where they lodged, while I by good luck was quartered below among the monks. They were now forming in procession under the direction of Padre Luca, and when all was ready we began our march, filing along the dim, interminable passages, climbing several dark stairs and descending others, bowing to the great images of Christ on the landing-places, till we reached a small chapel in the basement. The shutters were immediately closed, and the curtains drawn. Then came a service with responses, and then a monk preached a sermon an hour and a half long, in which he several times congratulated himself and his hearers that they were all faithful children of the Church. After the sermon we filed off again to our chambers. In five minutes the bell rang for supper, and mustering once more in the corridor, we marched to a room in another part of the building, where the injunction of silence was taken off. Here we were served with tea, bread, and butter, and here I had my first interview with Padre Luca, a benevolent-looking father, with a plump, rosy countenance and a cheerful eye. He seemed surprised and startled at hearing that I was a Protestant, but presently, with a benignant smile, expressed a hope that I should be reclaimed from my errors, saying that another American had been there before me, and happily found grace to see the truth. This was my acquaintance J—. Then, while sipping his tea, he opened his argument with great fluency till something called him away, and kindly shaking my hand, he left me. I could not discover that J— had ever spoken to him at all concerning me, and suspected that, bearing me no love, he had not been sorry to get me into a scrape.

On returning to my cell I found that the sun had just set, and from my window Rome lay before me, with its fountains and gardens, ruined arches, walls, and columns, and the distant dome of St. Peter's, still tinged with ruddy sunlight. The bells were ringing vespers from innumerable churches far and near. Suddenly the door opened without a knock, a lay-brother thrust in his ugly head, stared hard at seeing me in the forbidden indulgence of gazing into the outer world, but only said that he should come to waken me before sunrise.

Having nothing else to do I went to bed, and lay oblivious till midnight, when strange voices mixed with my dreams. I awoke, and the illusion was dispelled. The voices resolved themselves into a loud lugubrious chant, and a light shone through the hole over the door. I put out a hand, cautiously turned the lock, and looking into the corridor, saw it full of cowed monks, like so many black spectres, carrying flickering candles, and stalking in solemn procession to a midnight service in the chapel.

The lay-brother appeared at daybreak, and told me that in fifteen minutes I was to join the Italians in retreat, and go with them to mass. The mass was followed by another sermon, after which we were all summoned to coffee in the room where we had taken tea the evening before. The report of my heresy had got abroad, and I found myself an object of curious attention. Several young Italians expressed sympathy for my unhappy condition, and one of them said that he should pray the Virgin to convert me. He spoke in genuine kindness, and I thanked him.

After coffee we were dismissed to our chambers for an hour, and then listened to another sermon in the chapel. This consumed the morning till eleven o'clock, when a bell rang for dinner, and monks and laymen together moved in solemn procession to the refectory. The monks went first, the Superior at their head, then followed the laymen, and while the procession was forming in the corridor they all kept up a dismal, unintermitted chanting. The refectory was a long, high, dimly lighted hall. A table of bare wood was stretched across the farther end for the dignitaries of the convent, and was continued down both sides. Here, on right and left, sat the rest of the monks, forty or fifty in number, and the laymen sat below them, nearer the door. The seats were wooden benches, placed on the inner side of the tables only. On the wall over the heads of the dignitaries was a fresco of the Last Supper, as usual in refectories, while on the side walls hung grim pictures of saints with upturned eyes and palms pressed together. High up, near the ceiling, was a small pulpit. The entire hall was whitewashed above and panelled with oak below.

At the head of the tables stood the Superior, who was General of the whole order, a tall, portly man with a stern and

austere countenance. The monks motionless and in dead silence stood ranged on right and left, robed in black from head to foot, and wearing on the breast the badge of their order—a heart surmounted by a cross. Their harsh, cadaverous faces bespoke the rigor of their discipline, which is extremely severe. When all were in their places, the Superior raised his finger, and the whole assemblage broke out into another chant. When at last it was ended, the finger was raised again, and all took their seats. Not a word was spoken; but a monk entered the pulpit from a narrow door in the wall, and in drawling, monotonous tones read a Latin sermon, which lasted throughout the meal.

He had hardly begun when a file of lay-brothers entered, each carrying a receptacle formed of three trays, one above the other, connected by an upright wooden rod, and holding a great number of bowls and small dishes. The monks were served first. Before them were set bowls of a dismal-looking vegetable soup, along with dishes of dried pease boiled whole, and swelled to a wonderful size by the process. Each then drew a cup, a fork, and a wooden spoon from a drawer in the table, and with a rueful countenance proceeded to eat, first filling the cup from an earthen bottle of cheap wine which stood on the board before him.

We of the laity fared better, being served with rice, eggs, fish, and dried fruit. The Italians seemed little edified by the Latin sermon, which few of them could have understood. The meal was followed by a prayer, with low responses from the monks, after which they all filed off through the dim galleries to their dens, looking like living originals of the dreary portraits ranged along the walls.

When I had got to my chamber, and was refreshing myself with the *Pioneers*, one of them came in to convert me. "My father," said I, "I am afraid your kindness will be thrown away."

But he clapped me on the knee, and exclaimed, cheerfully: "Ah, figlio, you will be a good Catholic soon. No doubt of it."

There was an amusing vivacity in him, quite different from his extreme solemnity when at dinner. In the course of his talk, which was rambling, though pious, he kept offering me his snuff-box, freely using it himself meanwhile; and when he thought he had made a good hit in his argument, he would wink at me with a

comical look of triumph, on which we both fell to laughing. At length the bell rang for more prayers and sermons in the chapel, and this sprightly old apostle went back to his cell.

After the sermon the laymen were turned out to walk for a while in the convent garden, attended by Padre Luca. He was not, I think, one of the Passionist brotherhood, but a secular priest, and his pleasant, plump, good-humored countenance contrasted strangely with the dry, leathery visages of the monks. As we walked up and down the paths, shaded with olives and oleanders, he took me by the arm and talked of matters of faith, stopping from time to time at the little groups of Italians, who, after reverently kissing his hand, began to chat and laugh with him in an easy familiarity, gracefully tempered with respect. He seemed to inspire their full affection and confidence, at which, judging by what I saw of him, I did not wonder. "No cant, twaddle, or camp-meeting long faces here," I find recorded in my diary. Next came vespers, monks, laymen, and all crowding the little chapel, which shook with the din of a hundred voices joining in the service.

This may serve as a sample of the three or four days that I passed in the monastery. One morning the exercise of the Via Crucis took place in the chapel. I sat still, declining to take part in it, which drew upon me a mild rebuke from Padre Luca. On the way back a small, shrivelled, hollow-eyed monk came out of his cell and invited me in. It was a dingy little chamber, containing a narrow bed, not of the cleanest, a stool, and an old table. The monks performed their ablutions in common. On the table lay a rosary and a crucifix, and against the wall was a shelf with a few old parchment-bound books. In the corner hung a vessel for holy-water, and also a discipline, or scourge, like those which, so far as I could discover, were to be found in the cells of all the monks. Sometimes they were of whip-cord, and sometimes they were a long tassel of fine steel chains, which, if honestly laid on, must have stung like hornets. One night, I judged by the noise he made, the monk my next-door neighbor was in the act of applying one to his own shoulders.

My host the hollow-eyed monk and his den needed nothing but a skull on the table to be artistically perfect. He was

in grim and ghastly earnest, with no sign of the jocoseness shown by my lively visitor of the day before. The depth of my heresy seemed to fill him with horror, and when I told him that in the city of my birth there were many who did not even believe in the Holy Trinity, he rolled up his eyes in their discolored sockets, and stretched his long skinny neck out of his cowl, "like a turtle," says my diary, "basking on a stone in July." "Such a city as that," he observed, "must give the greatest pleasure to the devil." He had no skill in making proselytes, and his incoherent talk was very different from the heavy batteries of learning and logic which the English Jesuit Father Glover had before turned upon me. My imperfect knowledge of Italian greatly tried him, till at length a happy thought came to his relief. He rose, opened a drawer in his table, and after fumbling among the contents for some time, produced a small brass medal, equal in intrinsic value to about half a cent. On farther search in the same receptacle he found a red string, which he passed through a hole in the medal, and after knotting it securely, gave it to me. The medal was stamped with an image of the Virgin. He begged me to wear it round the neck day and night, and now and then to repeat three *Ave Marias*. This, he said, was the way in which a Jew named Ratisbon had lately been converted, and though he had worn the medal and repeated the *Aves* only to get rid of the importunity of a Catholic friend, yet he was favored in consequence with a vision of the Holy Virgin, which caused him to fall on his knees in humble submission to the truth. I told him I would wear the medal if he chose, but must decline the *Aves*, at which he expressed great regret, presently telling me, however, that he and his brethren would say them for me, and that he hoped the same effect would follow. I put on the medal, but no vision appeared.

In the evening I was seated at my table studying one of the books left there for my instruction. It was the *Life of Blessed Paul of the Cross*, whose tomb was somewhere in the building. After turning page after page of monotonous austerities and miracles, I came upon a chapter which recounted at great length the abhorrence borne by the venerable founder of the Passionists against all the daughters of Eve, as being the most kill-

ing bait with which Satan angles for the souls of men. I read how Blessed Paul was often heard to say, "I would rather my eyes were torn from their sockets than fixed upon a woman"; how, when discoursing with one of the dangerous sex on matters pertaining to her soul, he would always, even were she old and ugly, insist that the door should stand wide open; and how, when meeting in the street a siren of enticing eye, he bent his looks on the ground, said a paternoster, crossed himself, and passed over to the other side. As I perused these inspiring histories I felt a hand laid lightly on my shoulder, and heard in my ear the words, "*Bravo, mio figlio, bravissimo!*" It was Padre Luca, who, the door being ajar, had stepped silently in to see what I was about, and seemed much pleased at the edifying nature of my employment.

Palm-Sunday came at last, to my great relief. I had told the padre that it was my wish to leave the convent on that day, and he now made no objection to my doing so, though expressing great concern that I had profited so little by my stay. He told me, not in anger, but in sorrow, that I was hard and intractable, and that he feared my condition was even worse than before, since I had seen the truth and turned away from it. "Mio padre," I replied (conscious of linguistic imperfection, I had prepared the words beforehand), "if I am in error, it is my fault only. It is not in my power to make any return to you or your brethren for the kindness you have shown me, but I hope I may be permitted to offer a trifling acknowledgment to the patron saint of this house." And I placed in his extended palm a few silver *scudi*, equal to as many dollars. The gift was most graciously received. Then he presented me with a little book of devotion, gave me his blessing, and bade me farewell.

I sent a boy for a carriage, and drove to the Via Babuino, to report myself to Parker, who showed no curiosity as to the convent or its inmates, and only remarked, "Lucky you are an American heretic and not an Italian one, or you might not have come off so easily."

Holy-Week was begun, and in its motley crowds and gorgeous ceremonial I forgot for a time Padre Luca and the monks.



STREET LIFE IN INDIA.

BY EDWIN LORD WELLS.

I

I WAS agreeably disappointed in finding Bombay to be not the Oriental Liverpool I had imagined, but the proper and fitting threshold of India, an index, or rather an illustrated catalogue, of all Eastern races. Perhaps the most interesting spots in which to study the mixed and cosmopolitan character of the population are the stables for the sale of Arab horses. As it is still early in the day, the regulation time for "chota hazri" being somewhere about sunrise, we shall have time to take them in on the way down to the bazars, in which we shall probably lose ourselves, as the geography of Bombay is uncommonly bewildering at first. The "shigram" is waiting at the door, and the advantages of an early start in this climate are unquestionable. The "shigram," or "palkee gharry," is a vehicle found throughout the length and breadth of India; it is an oblong black box on four wheels. Inside there are two seats facing each other; a door on each side, sometimes sliding in grooves, sometimes made to swing outward in the usual manner. The windows are fitted with sliding blinds, and when all are closed but one, it makes a capital travelling studio. Our route lies along a broad suburban sort of avenue, to a square adorned with a bronze statue of Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy, the great Parsee banker, and turning sharply to the

left, we halt at the entrance of the largest of these Arab stables. Within the gate are lofty thatched sheds, and in the deep shadow are groups of the slender, swarthy natives of southern Arabia in striped mantles, with silk "kafeeyas," or tasseled handkerchiefs, twisted about their heads, looking much as they do in the cafés of Cairo, and drinking thick Mocha from the same kind of little cups. Their horses struck me as being much shorter-bodied than the horses of Africa or Syria, and had a larger average of chestnuts or bays among them. They are brought by sea from the ports of Arabia and the Persian Gulf. Another stable was chiefly tenanted by Persians, stalwart fellows with ruddy, sunburnt faces, stiff black mustaches, and shaven foreheads, showing a bluish patch below the rim of their round black or drab felt caps. They wear pale blue or green cotton kufians, belted in at the waist, and hanging down over loose wide trousers of dark blue drill. Those who are not exercising or rubbing down their horses, many of which are still suffering from the effects of the sea-voyage and in poor condition, are asleep, stretched out in the shade, on their chests or on benches, or lounging amid a picturesque litter of camp baggage, pans, kettles, coffee-pots, and boxes, with well-worn prayer rugs spread over them. Others are busy over their water-pipes, or "kalianis"; others, again, pounding coffee in a mortar, or winnowing grain with graceful movements. They are, however, none too busy to gather behind me and to make confidential remarks in Persian to each other, as I jot down a few impressions of color on small panels. To get a better point of view, and keep out of the way of a large and belligerent ram, I am obliged to place my camp-stool against a post to which several fluffy white Persian kittens are tethered by strings; they soon get wound up around the legs of the camp-stool, and make themselves so generally uncomfortable that another change of base becomes necessary, and this time I get within range of a large and inquisitive monkey, whose chain is just long enough to enable him to play havoc with palette and brushes, while my attention is distracted by the ram, which is kicking up a cloud of dust in the rear. One morning, a few days later, when making the round of these stables with a distinguished officer who had been in command of the com-

missary department in the Afghan war, my companion was recognized by an old Beloochee chief, robed in white, with a vast spotless turban, hair and beard dyed blue-black, and his long locks hanging down each side of his face and mingling with his beard. This gentleman had furnished all the horses for the campaign, and together they had sat under a tree—the English chief and the Beloochee—and counted out into little piles whole lakhs of rupees as the horses were trotted up for inspection.

India is never silent; whether in city or jungle one is always surrounded by vigorous and sometimes obtrusive animal life, and in writing of the every-day life of the country one should never lose sight of the relation which exists between it and that of the people. It is really one of the great attractions of India, provided always that one does not object to living for a while on terms of daily intimacy with the animal kingdom. With us in the West animal life is banished from our cities, or exists only in a state of bondage, and it is daily becoming more difficult to get within rifle-shot of any wild creature. But on entering one of the crowded and primitive old cities of India one cannot help wondering to whom all these animals belong, and why this bullock is blocking up the narrow street, or ruminating in the front doorway of a fine house. But we are not long in finding out that these animals have quite as much right to their share of the street as we have. For the most part, all these beasts, save the monkeys, are gentle and well-behaved, rarely presuming on their privileges; and their placid confidence in human nature shows that their trust has never been betrayed. Many incidents in the *Arabian Nights*, which even after a long familiarity with the Moslem East may have seemed to belong to the domain of pure fantasy, become to the observer in India simple illustrations of every-day life, such as the story of Cogia Hassam, whose turban was snatched from his head by a kite, and even the history of King Beder, who was transformed into a bird. But to understand why these things are, let us look at them for a moment with the eyes of a Brahmin, and all will be made clear. Modern science has not superseded the Brahmin's creed; he absorbs it, and it agrees with what he already knows. He does not care to inquire further, for his

convictions are deeply rooted. He believes in the transmigration of souls, as did the Indian or Aryan contemporaries of Plato. All these creatures were people once like ourselves, but they inhabit for a time these animal shapes. So, too, may we. "The Brahmin who has stolen gold shall pass a thousand times through the bodies of spiders, of serpents, of aquatic animals, of evil vampires." "The murderer of a Brahmin passes into the body of a dog, a hog, or an ass, a camel or bull, a wild beast, or a Tchandalala (a mixed caste, the lowest of all), according to the gravity of his crime." But all of them are not necessarily criminals: the uncouth and bald-headed adjutant standing on one leg on yonder roof, apparently asleep, but keenly watching the square below out of one half-closed eye, was doubtless a usurious "Bunia"; and as for the crows and birds of prey, one has not far to look for their human prototypes in any country.

From the Arab stables it is but a short step to the Copper Bazar, a most animated centre of life and movement. We have not yet been long enough ashore to have become accustomed to the vivid colors of the costumes, the splendid sunlight and depths of shadow in the streets, and that mingling of the beautiful with the quaint and grotesque which emphasizes the contrast with what we have left. Against the dimly remembered and sombre background of Europe, with the hopeless melancholy of its autumn landscape, its sad-colored garments in harmony with the leaden skies, is displayed the splendor of the tropics—a new nature, young and lusty, where there is no suggestion of decay. We enter at once into another atmosphere and a more joyous life, which finds its outward expression in the huge and quaintly fashioned turbans of crimson and scarlet with flashes of gold, in vests of gold brocade and shawls of daintily tinted silks, in the swinging skirts and floating draperies of the women, the flashing of the sunlight on the piled-up copper jars deftly posed on their heads, and the musical jingle of bracelets and massive silver trinkets. For here the streets have not the sadness of all Mohammedan cities, which is due to the absence of women's faces. Above all, this sentiment of the far South is felt in the rich, mellow greens of the foliage, to which the humid air of the coast lends a velvety softness not seen

further inland. It is all color. Even the odd little native carriages, or "hackeries," which take the place of "Hansom cabs" with the Hindoos, are curtained with Indian red, orange, and dull blue; a long, narrow awning, to protect the driver from the vertical sunbeams, stretches from the roof, and, supported by an upright stick planted in the yoke, reaches almost to the horns of the fast-trotting little bullocks, and even they are blanketed with Joseph's coat of many hues.

We are now in the Copper Bazar, and the "gharry wallah" reins up in "the thick of the throng," and close to the shop which is unconsciously most picturesque. It is a long range of old wooden houses, whitewashed, and with dark beams, wide eaves shading the upper stories, which, except for the many windows, are very like the old Moorish buildings in the "Bibrambla" at Granada. The gleaming copper-ware is displayed in the cavernous shops of the lower story, which are separated from each other by stout posts with carved wooden brackets supporting the horizontal beam above, and protected from the sun by old and tattered awnings. Piles of huge brazen and copper vessels are ranged in front; some with the iridescent glitter of new metal, the rough surfaces showing each stroke of the hammer; others with the dull and oxidized tones of old bronze. But the sun beats down on the flat roof of the carriage, and the stuffy interior, with but one window left open, soon becomes like the hottest cell of a Turkish bath; and, as the sun is getting well up, we seek the shade of a narrow street close by, where there is a fascinating row of fruit stalls, with huge bunches of plantains gleaming yellow under the canvas awnings, and piles of mangoes, guavas, and custard-apples. On the shady side of the street the houses are high and imposing; the upper portions project well over the lower floors, and are supported on stout teak-wood pillars which have elaborately carved brackets projecting diagonally outward from their capitals to the sculptured horizontal beams above. Here the crowd is so dense that although I have stationed a servant close to the window to keep the people from forming a compact ring about the gharry, he is obliged to call in the aid of a native policeman; and yet, if we are on foot, we may wend our way through the press without coming in contact with a single

person. Long practice combined with hereditary instinct, has taught them to avoid with unerring precision the touch of another's garments. Those who belong to the higher castes would have penances and numberless purifications to undergo should they by chance be contaminated by those of lower grades, while the latter are equally careful to avoid touching their superiors. Even the hump-backed cows which wander about at their will seem to have inherited the same instinct.

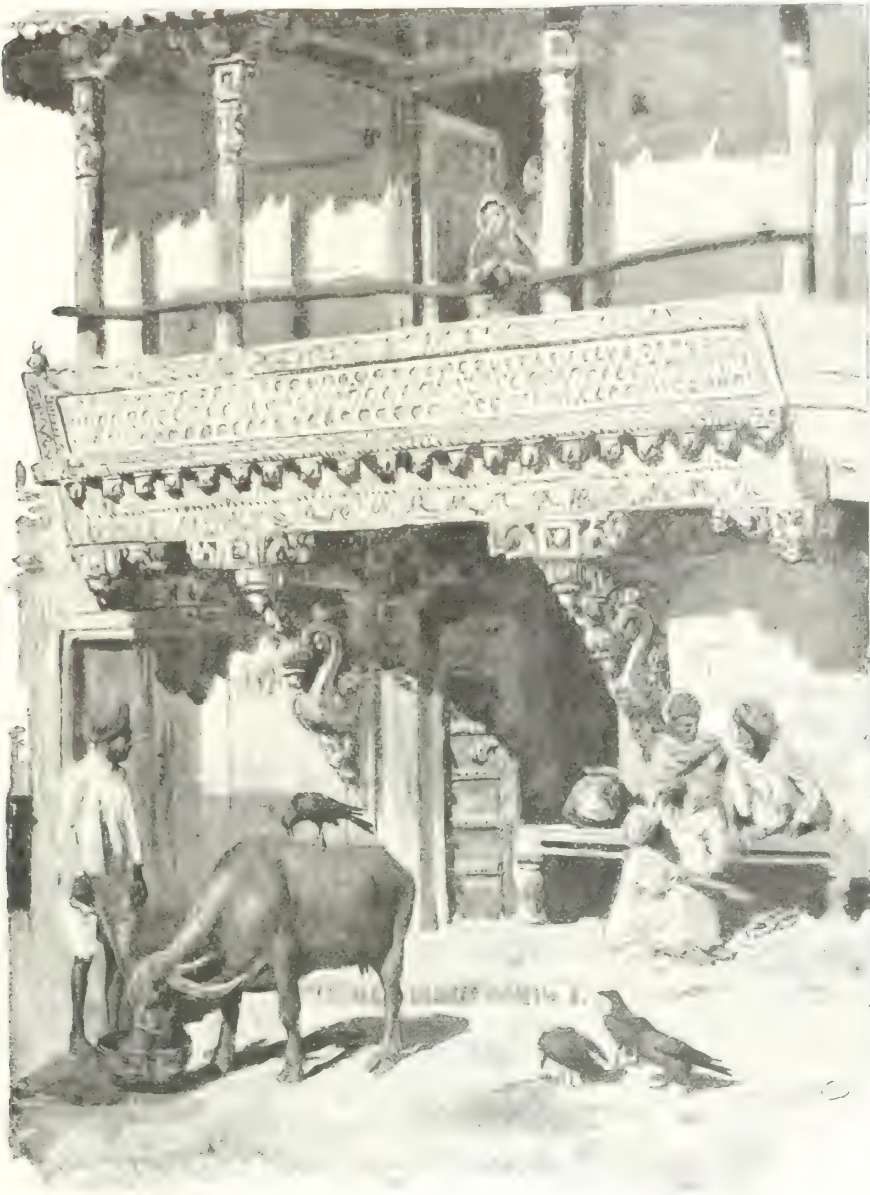
White prevails in the costumes. They wear tightly fitting gowns or "kuftans," or sometimes short jackets of white cotton or transparent muslin, which are fastened over the left breast, and instead of trousers a long strip of white cloth, edged with red, and so fastened at the waist as to fall in graceful folds below the knee. There is also a great deal of primitive nudity, particularly among the coolies and water-carriers, the polished bronze of whose backs shines as if it had been rubbed with oil. But the most striking feature of all is the bewildering and endless variety of the turbans, both in form and in color. I have never passed a day in Bombay without noting several new shapes, for here one may encounter people from every province of India, Persia, and central Asia. Many peculiar forms are worn by the Indian Mussulman as well as by the various Hindoo castes. As we had cast covetous eyes upon these turbans, and determined to carry away as many as possible, visits to the various shops where they are made formed amusing incidents in our afternoon drives. Each caste or order has its own hatter, who generally keeps no stock in trade, but expects his clients to bring their own cloth; and, first wetting the material, he winds it into shape, and fashions it with consummate skill over a form like a barber's block. Yards upon yards of crimson silk or cloth go to the making of one of these imposing structures, such as are worn by certain Mah-ratta castes, with pleated folds crossing and overlying each other, and sometimes forming, as it were, little points or horns, tipped with cloth of gold.

Having passed the morning among the bazars, we usually devoted ourselves during the heat of the day to the study of such models as could be found, and to the pleasing contemplation of snake charmers; of ferocious combats between the mongoose

and the whipsnake, to the utter annihilation of the latter; the feats of jugglers; and the unwilling performances of highly educated but reluctant monkeys. In the late afternoon, when the sun gets low, the victoria provided by our Parsee landlord draws up under the portico, and we spend the remaining hours before dinner in driving about among the "old clothes" shops, looking for costumes and bric-à-brac, and then along the shady roads away from the city. A favorite route led us by painted and many-windowed villas of wealthy Parsees; past "high-walled gardens, green and old"; under the slender and slanting stems of tall cocoa-palms, which lean over the street at every angle; along dusty roads, where we used to meet droves of blue-gray buffaloes, and groups of laughing Hindoo girls carrying their brazen jars; and so toward the charming suburb of Malabar Hill, where are all the handsome "bungalows" of wealthy foreign residents, buried in luxurious and well-kept shrubbery. The road winds along the base of the promontory which juts out into the sea at right angles to the longer peninsula, and under the temple walls of Mahaluxmee, where it skirts the shore. It is a purple sea, breaking lazily on black volcanic rocks. A few cocoa-palms on a distant cliff are bending before the strong sea-breeze, which is yet so soft that it is like a caress. The road widens, and there are seats placed near the water. We pass the residence of the Rao of Cutch, gay with glazed galleries and colored awnings. Many servants and attendants are standing about the gates, and also a crowd of grotesque fakirs, who expect to be fed and sent on their way rejoicing. Here we wind slowly upward past the "Towers of Silence," where the Parsees lay their dead. A few vultures are sailing above. Then a point is reached where we may look off over the wide expanse of the bay, far to seaward, and down over dark cliffs half hidden by thickets of wild date-trees—rich green tangles, with the gray limbs of some forest giant protruding in places over a green, billowy sea of cocoa-nut groves—along the curving silver line of the beach below, to the long peninsula of Bombay, beyond which can be seen, distant and faint, the ridges of the Western Ghauts. And if the roseate haze which veils the horizon lifts a little we may discern the outline of the fairy isle of Elephantia, far out in the bay.

After leaving this point the road winds past many bungalows, which stand well back behind high hedges, among flowering trees and bright pastures. Everything suggests indolence and luxury.

nine members of the household, and see that they get their necessary exercise, for the Christian dog, like his master, is prone to fall into lazy habits in this climate. A little further on, if we leave the road



BULLOCK FEEDING IN THE STREET.

Further on we pass the grounds of the Gymkana, where young men and girls are strolling about in tennis costume. Here we meet the "dog boy," a Hindoo urchin, leading dogs of various sizes in leash. His office is to look after the ca-

and turn down a narrow lane which winds past old carved houses, and down long flights of stone steps, we are again in primitive India. This is the sacred tank which reflects the temples of Walke-swar. Dark banyans and tangles of

brighter green hang over the worn steps of the margin, and, together with white walls and weather-stained pyramidal spires, are mirrored in the water below. In the shrines above you may see the stone bull decked with yellow flowers and daubed with red-ochre. Crowds of pilgrims and fakirs jostle each other on the wet pavement. Some of these fakirs are painted and decorated with such elaborate grotesqueness that the audience of a Paris circus would greet them with wild delight. On reaching the carriage again there is still time to drive to the "Fort" and hear the band play. A rather steep descent under high cliffs winds down to the shore of the "Back Bay," where are moored a number of quaintly carved, high-sterned, and lateen-sailed galleys in the shallow water. This is the beginning of the fashionable promenade, the "Allée des Acacias" of Bombay. But what drive in Europe has such a decorative background? Where, except at an opera ball, could one see such mingling of varied costumes and



BIRD HOUSE IN A PUBLIC SQUARE

rares, and where else could one find more show of luxury and pomp among the equipages which crowd the roadway? It is all doubly interesting because of the meeting of East and West, of England and "Young India," and the old conservatism which is slowly putting off its stiffness and taking unto itself new ways. For these contrasts are more marked here than elsewhere. Here is the correct, properly appointed victoria, which might be in Hyde Park but for the liveried Indian footmen behind; here the dog cart and trimly varnished trap, with a cockney "tiger" born in Houndsditch. Now comes a ponderous family chariot containing an entire Parsee household, a portly and pompous old gentleman—perhaps a banker, whose rotund person is clad in white, and his spectacled face surmounted by a tall, mitre-like cap of black oil-cloth. His large-eyed ladies are decked with loose silken shawls, very self-asserting in color, pale blue and lilac and salmon-color being favorite tints. The Parsee face has something of the Persian and a little of the Jewish character—large eyes, prominent nose and chin, clipped mustache, and mutton-chop whiskers. Indeed, if you should meet this gentleman in Regent Street, clothed by a West End tailor, you would swear that he was an Englishman with a slight strain of foreign blood; but his visiting card, if not his accent, will betray him every time, for he is always Jamsetjee or Ruttonjee. Now we meet a huge and lumbering barouche drawn by four splendid horses. Syces run in front, and the statuesque servants are in gorgeous liveries of scarlet and gold. Inside sits a Rajput prince, with his ministers or some of his numerous brothers—a "sixteen-gun man," to use a Bombay term, referring to the number of guns with which a Rajah is saluted, according to his rank; and galloping behind, in a cloud of dust, is a group of black-bearded Indian lancers, erect and soldierly, in neat uniforms of Karkee drill, gold-fringed turbans, with clanking "tulwars" and scarlet pennons fluttering from the tips of their lances. Next is a dog-cart behind a fast trotter; two young Persians, "gommeux" from the city of Ispahan, with tall black caps and well-cut coats from the best Bombay tailor, are perched up in the front. Just behind them is an Arab "sheik," riding a long-tailed white horse, wearing the

camel's-hair mantle and striped yellow "kafecya" of his race.

A rather handsome man, with a Rajput turban and English-cut garments, who is intent on driving two horses tandem from the top of a lofty two-wheeled trap, is pointed out as the Rajah of Nagpore. Other carriages of more modest pretensions contain Mussulman or Hindoo merchants, wearing their curiously shaped caste turbans. A golden glow from the setting sun is thrown on the wall of towering and swaying cocoa-nut palms which borders the drive on the landward side. Here the road takes a turn inward and crosses the railway, which does not seem to be a disfigurement. Green fields fenced in by low white rails lie between the tracks and the sea. The several stations between this point and Colaba, where the Bombay, Baroda, and Central India has its terminus, are graceful low stone buildings, with open and pillared loggias wreathed in trailing vines which harmonize with the landscape. We may get down here and continue our promenade along the sea on foot. Passing between posts, we enter upon a gravelled path, with seats at intervals, which runs close to the rocky shore. Groups of well-dressed people of many races are sauntering along. Here and there a Parsee in white, with tall black mitre, is perched on a rock, book in hand, idly turning over the leaves, his lips moving as if repeating a prayer, while he gazes steadily at the setting sun, which now sinks, a dim red ball, behind the purple rim of the Arabian Gulf. For the Parsees are the last survivors of the worshippers of fire and of the sun. Just beyond, a Mussulman, with grave dignity of demeanor, spreads a shawl upon the grass, and begins the usual genuflections and prostrations; but here he faces the setting sun, for Mecca lies far to the westward.

The short, golden twilight is over, and darkness is coming on, but the drive home through the Hindoo city is always amusing at night, and as the tall houses have a lower floor or deep veranda, quite open to the street, and the upper stories have their many and complicated shutters thrown wide open, we get the benefit of all the illumination. The street is *en fête*. We can see all the people inside, and feel as if they had taken us into their confidence. Brown-skinned Brahmin gentlemen, innocent of shirts, but wearing

wide spreading and elaborately wound crimson turbans, are lolling out of the windows; others are going to bed under their porches; and the low-posted native bedstead, covered with a criss-cross arrangement of hempen cords, which all day has stood up against the front of the house, is now brought into play. Some are already asleep, and, stretched out on their low "charpies," as they are called, have the uncanny look of corpses in winding-sheets. At many of the upper windows are "Nautch girls" — moon-faced beauties, brown and buxom, with gazelle eyes, and glittering with trinkets. Some of the shops below are still open, and lit by the flickering flames of tall brass lamps of quaint design. Down a narrow side street, as we drive past, we get a glimpse of a wedding procession, accompanied by a din of tomtoms, glaring torches, fireworks, and an all-pervading smell of gunpowder.

II.

We have chosen Ahmedabad as the first resting-place in our progress north, and are soon *en route*, being fortunate enough to secure a roomy compartment in the evening mail-train. As the night wind blows in at the open windows with the spicy fragrance of the wooded country through which we are passing, we feel a sense of relief at escaping from the melting nights of Bombay. The morning light reveals a park-like country with broad-spreading trees, here and there a dusty road with lumbering bullock carts waiting for the train to pass; everything in the carriage is coated with a layer of the same fine dust. A slender tree overhanging the track nearly breaks down with the weight of a dozen large monkeys, which are chasing each other up and down, quite regardless of the passing train. These monkeys, or rather apes, are greenish gray in color, with long tails, and their black faces are framed with a fringe of snow-white beard in startling contrast. Their collective expression is grotesquely mournful. All along this line of railway they seem to outnumber the human inhabitants.

To an amateur of new impressions there is no amusement more fascinating than to wander aimlessly about and lose himself in the mazes of a new Oriental city. One knows beforehand what to expect of Venice, of Cairo, of Damascus, and one

may be sure of sitting down to just such a table d'hôte and with the same menu as in Paris. But Ahmedabad is like the city of a dream, as it has never been made familiar to us by painters or described in guide-books. It does not matter where one goes, every street shows us something strange, and as one seldom meets a European, the Anglo-Indian considering it "infra dig" to be seen on foot in the streets of a native city, one might fancy himself in Bagdad in the golden prime of good Haroun-al-Raschid. This narrow street, which leads us to the "Manik Chouk," or principal avenue, is lined on each side with ancient houses of carved teak-wood. Bombay has prepared us in a measure for the street architecture of Guzerat; but here the type exists in its purity. These houses are often carved all over, up to the broad eaves. There are brackets with female figures like caryatides; the sculptured heads of horses and elephants, rich with detail, ornament the ends of projecting beams. Wherever there is a surface of stuccoed wall, it is decorated with painted processions in fresco, wherein elephants and horses, princes, soldiers, and fakirs, are depicted with vivid colors, but rude in drawing and often laughably grotesque. Many of these houses are painted in arabesque, but the colors on most of them have faded or have been washed away, so that only a few patches of blue and orange remain in the interstices of the awnings, which, with the gray tones of the old wood, make an agreeable harmony of color. As the sun is just up, the people are opening their doors and windows, and standing up their beds against the walls; some are performing their toilet operations in full view of the street, and gossiping with their neighbors as they squat in their doorways. A whole row of them are brushing their teeth with wooden sticks in unison over the gutter. Brown babies of all sizes are playing in the doorways among the chickens and kids. Here is a house carved like a jewel-box, the heavy door is sumptuously wrought with cross-beams, ornamented with projecting metallic bosses. While we are lost in admiration it suddenly opens, and a couple of cows rush madly out and clatter down the steps of the portico: cows in this country do not object to going up and down stairs. We are not to suppose, however, that this is a barn; it only happens that



THE BRIDAL PROCESSION.

the cows, in coming from their quarters behind, are obliged to traverse the lower floor of the family mansion.

There are occasional bird-houses raised on tall posts. One was a curiously carved octagonal structure which stood in a crowded square; the pillar supporting it was raised on a gayly painted pedestal, surrounded on the top by a fence of wire netting. It had a ladder raised up when not in use, and little baskets or trays hung from the house above, containing food for passing birds. These aerial restaurants are usually monopolized by the ubiquitous crow. The principal avenue, or rather boulevard, called the "Manik Chouk," is crowded at this early hour with country people, as it is market-day. They are already spreading their awnings, which are like square sails with a post at the intersection of two diagonals, so that they can be planted at any angle. They shelter groups of women and baskets of tropical fruits—plantains and bananas, custard-apples, guavas, and many strange varieties. There are stands for the sale of cheap jewelry, clothing, and European wares, piles of pottery, and water jars of every shape. Everywhere one notices the pungent aromatic odor of guavas. It is the prevailing odor of Ahmedabad just now. Across the avenue towers an imposing triumphal arch, or rather a series of three arches, forming a superb background for the variegated crowd. This is the "Tin Darvaja," or "three gateways." It is of cream-colored stone, built in the usual style of Ahmedabad mosques. Between each arch projects a buttress, reaching nearly to the top, and sculptured after the manner of the minarets. Out of a narrow lane a procession emerges from the shadow of a great gateway, with prolonged and shrill tooting of horns and beating of drums. They are bringing home the bride in a carriage the like of which was never seen out of India. Two great white oxen yoked together advance with stately tread drawing the carriage. Their branching horns are nearly hidden by silver rings, the massive headstalls are of the same glittering metal, and they are covered by scarlet robes reaching nearly to the ground. The bulky pole of the carriage is covered with cloth of the same color, and the yoke is of copper, with a row of silver bells tinkling below it. But the carriage itself is gorgeous, and with a dome of heavy gold embroidery

glittering like Benares brass, and bordering its base, as well as around the red awning which shelters the driver, hang double rows of crimson silk tassels. The wheels have an elaborate system of copper brakes, as complicated as the rigging of a "three-decker." Even the leather bellows-like arrangement under the carriage is bestarred with painted flowers. The multitude of small bells tinkle as it moves along, and through the scarlet curtains we see the bride, with round young face, half hidden by heavy jewelry. We recognized at once the inspiration of Edwin Arnold's picture in "The Light of Asia":

"...while the prince

Came forth in painted car, which two steers drew,
Snow-white, with swinging dewlaps, and huge humps
Wrinkled against the carved and lacquered yoke."

Having sent to find out the owner of this wedding carriage, we were told that it was the property of two young Hindoos who had just inherited a large estate from their father. They kindly sent it to the bungalow, driver and all, excepting the bride, to be used as a model. We called afterward to thank them, and were shown into a teak-wood mansion, and up stairs to a drawing-room quite English in character, with engravings of the Queen and Prince Consort, European furniture, and crystal chandelier swathed in muslin. They were young men of twenty or thereabouts, and spoke very fair English. We were then shown the stables, across the street, where several vehicles of the same description, more or less elaborate, were ranged in order. They were probably an important source of revenue to the owners, as they are in great demand for fashionable weddings.

The bungalow is not placed at an impossible distance from the city, as in most places, but within easy walking distance of many interesting spots. Close to it is the "Queen's Mosque," one of the most attractive monuments of the city; and a little further on is another mosque, to which we were attracted in passing by the play of sunlight and shadow in the court, seen through the half-open gate. There was a sheet of water reflecting the shadowed marble façade with dark arches, and the dazzling white of a sunlit wall, above which rose the time-worn domes of an ancient tomb in the adjoining garden: large earthen pots with flowering shrubs stood about the tank. Being hospitably received by the venerable mollah, or priest,



AT THE FOOT OF THE TOWER

in charge, I chose a shady corner near where he sat, in the checkered shadow of a fig-tree, while he smoked a primitive hubble-bubble, or drowsed and nodded over his Koran. A few loungers were asleep or bathing in the tank, and breaking the broad white reflection with long azure ripples. It was a drowsy place, enlivened only by the monotonous murmur of the hubble-bubble and occasional piercing cries from the flocks of sleek green parrots which flitted about among the trees. After the last bather had lain down in the shade, some young monkeys appeared in the tree-tops, and swinging themselves down into the court, advanced toward the water, looking furtively behind them; but catching sight of an old one, they scampered away out of sight, while he walked to the steps with dignified deliberation, and first taking a drink, performed his ablutions much as the people had done just before; then he seated himself on the broken cornice of a wall to meditate and hunt for fleas. The little ones then came out from their hiding-places, and each in turn, according to size,

went through the same performance. These monkeys are the street buffoons of Ahmedabad.

On another occasion, having decided to paint the entrance of the "Jumma Masjid," or Great Mosque, the shigram was brought to anchor in the middle of the street, and in front of the chosen spot. I am deep in the study of relative values, when a large monkey, springing from a roof on the other side, comes down with a tremendous thump on the roof of the carriage, and, using it like the spring-board of a gymnasium, bounces off again, to land on a low tiled roof under the mosque wall. Seeing a good opportunity to try a new "extra rapid" plate, I get out with my camera, and cautiously approaching, succeed in getting a shot. Now the "gharry wallah," who is deeply interested, also gets down, and taking a banana, holds it up to the eaves, and the monkey, after many precautions, reaches down and takes it from his hand. This enables me to get a second plate. While the fruit sellers are intent on my proceedings, another monkey makes a sudden and victo-

rious raid on a basket of guavas, to the huge delight of the by-standers, who join in a loud laugh at the expense of the victim.

III.

But the head centre of all monkeydom is the holy city of Muttra, or Mathura, a sort of supplementary Benares, on the river Jumna. Here we find another species, the same, I think, from which the organ-grinder generally selects his partner. The principal care in life of the citizens is to protect themselves and their property from the depredations of this privileged class, for, as they are sacred—and what animal is not in Hindoo land?—they cannot be killed or molested in any manner. On the day of our arrival, having engaged a shigram, we took the usual long drive from the dāk bungalow to the city. We stopped at the steps leading up to the gateway of the principal mosque, which was faced with beautiful glazed tiles, the colors of which were still fresh and brilliant, although the whole pile showed many signs of neglect and decay. There were two tall “minars,” crowned with graceful domed pavilions, quite covered with the same artistic tile-work. As it was necessary to get some idea of the geography of the town, we lost no time in ascending one of these towers, up a narrow winding stair, over dust and débris, disturbing hundreds of pigeons. When we looked down from the topmost gallery over the expanse of flat-roofed houses and sculptured pyramids of temples, the central figure in the foreground below was a woman in skirt and bodice, but without the usual long shawl or “chuddah,” standing alone upon a house-top, and, to judge from her gestures, in great distress. On the next roof, perhaps ten feet away, across the narrow street, a group of monkeys were chattering in great excitement over her silken shawl, which had been captured by the chief. After examining it with rapt attention, he threw it suddenly over his head, and raising one corner, peered out at the others, mimicking the motions of some photographer whom he had seen at Agra. Then, to the visible despair of the woman, he started off in a series of flying leaps, dragging the shawl after him, closely pursued by the rest of the gang, who were wild to get hold of it and do likewise. Soon it was torn to shreds, and as the captor tripped and got entangled in the fluttering folds, he was quickly overhauled

by his pursuers, and every one of them got a strip of the plunder.

Every window in the town is barred with lattices, as not even the highest is out of their reach, for they could give points to the best gymnast that ever swung on a trapeze. Along the underside of the highest balconies they follow one another in single file, leaping past intervening brackets, or with one bound they clear the street, and swinging from the pendent branches of a banyan-tree, in they go at some small opening left for a moment unguarded, lured by the sight of a bowl of milk on the sill; and when they are chased out again at the point of the broomstick, they go and console themselves among the stalls of the fruit sellers in the bazar. But their chief field of action is along the “ghâts,” where stone steps descend to the fast-flowing Jumna. Here at intervals are octagonal stone towers separating the different bathing-places, often surmounted by domes resting on slender columns. A tall sculptured tower of red sandstone rises straight from the brink among a group of time-worn temples. This tower seems to be tenanted only by monkeys. There still remain a few stone gargoyles, but the animated gargoyles are even more interesting. At a small square window sits a mother monkey with her infant, which at once suggests a caricature of the Madonna della Seggiola; near the base of the tower squat small urchins provided with large shallow baskets of what seem to be dried pease. At a sign from the passer, they scatter handfuls over the pavement, which is at once covered and nearly hidden by a struggling mass of monkeys.

In the early morning hours these steps are crowded with bathers and women filling their sparkling copper jars with water; the varied colors of the costumes, the fantastic architecture, the dense foliage and drooping branches of the great banyans which overhang the water, are all mirrored in the swiftly moving current. One of the ghâts is set apart for the women who come to bathe, and here is an ever-shifting kaleidoscope of vivid color. The eye is caught by the shimmer of silk and gold, as they throw off their shining draperies and reveal their lovely outlines and the satin lustre of their amber-brown skins. Sometimes a sudden shriek goes up from among the fair bathers, as some enterprising monkey is seen scaling up to



ALONG THE GHATS

the wide eaves of a temple, dragging after him an embroidered "chuddah." Then there is a great hubbub and babel of tongues, and the monkey police appear on the scene. The chief business of these men is to keep a watchful eye on the little demons; they are armed with long white wands, which are only used to intimidate the transgressor, but it would seem without much success. Their usual plan, since the shawl is always high out of reach, is to place a bit of fruit or some other tempting bait on a lower terrace, and then to steal around to the rear, while the monkey is expected to forget the shawl in his eagerness to seize the new plunder; but I have seen him cautiously descend, dragging the shawl after him, secure the fruit, and then make good his escape, without losing any of his booty, to some eminence whence he could safely deride with hideous grimaces his baffled pursuers. A frequent object of cupidity is the small, glittering brass pot which every Hindoo carries for drinking purposes, and which is sometimes filled with sour milk, or some other succulent dainty. The successful robber retires to the roof of some shrine just above the heads of the crowd, nonchalantly devours the contents of the pot, and then, forgetting all about it, down it falls from his careless hand on the head of some unlucky wight below. One morning an unusual commotion arose among the monkey population as an elephant passed along the narrow street just above the steps. The excitement was intense, particularly among the smaller fry, who followed along from roof to roof, peeping out from behind the openings at the colossus with the eager curiosity of small boys. A most moving incident was a fight nearly to the death between two rival patriarchs, and I am sure that we could not have felt more breathless interest at our first bull-fight in Granada. One would have expected much preliminary chattering and mutual vituperation; but no; the combatants went at it with the quiet determination of two veteran pugilists. At first there was considerable excitement among the others as they all rushed down to take part in the fray; but the monkey police used their sticks to good advantage in keeping them back, and then tried to separate the principals; touch them they dared not. All the crowd came down and formed a ring on the steps; some threw water on the combatants, but it was of no use. They

clinched, tugged, and wrestled; the fur flew; they both fell into the water, and crawled out nearly drowned, and so weakened by loss of blood that they could hardly stand; and at last they dragged themselves wearily up the steps, and limped down the main street, followed by all the by-standers.

Notwithstanding the prominent part played by the monkeys in the little dramas of street life, they do not seem to be often cultivated as pets, for the reason that the popular mind, with the patient resignation of fatalism, has long since learned to endure them as necessary evils, and in places like Muttra, where they are held in exceptional veneration, they enjoy all the privileges of town paupers, including immunity from labor. But throughout India people will make pets of any animals which can be induced to contribute to their entertainment. We noticed in Delhi that the average small boy, as well as children of a larger growth, exhibited a particular fondness for a certain little bird of ashen plumage and black crest. This was the famous bulbul of which Hafiz has much to say, and some Western poets also who have sentimentalized about the Vale of Cashmere without even having seen it. He is usually tethered by a string attached to his leg, and sits upon his owner's finger, or hops about on his arm; sometimes too he adorns a tall perch in front of the doorway. A lady at the hotel remarked that "it was touching to see how fond these poor people were of their little birds." The mystery was soon solved. Returning from a drive one afternoon, we passed the colossal gateway of the great mosque, and saw that the broad and towering flight of steps before the principal entrance was covered with scattered groups of people, all intent on some occupation of absorbing interest. So vast and imposing was the architectural background that the crowd of little figures suggested one of Martin's weird pictures of the Judgment Day. Some great religious ceremony was evidently going on. So we got out, deeply impressed, to obtain a nearer view, when, behold, in the centre of each little group was a pair of these birds in mortal combat; and they fought as pluckily as the bravest of game fowl, and breathless was the interest shown by every spectator, whether street urchin or shawled and turbaned merchant.

In front of almost every shop in the

bazars of Lahore and Amritsar hang dome-shaped cages of bamboo. Often two or three hang in a row from the daintily carved balconies or highest terraces of the houses, and they are covered with scarlet or party-colored curtains to keep out the

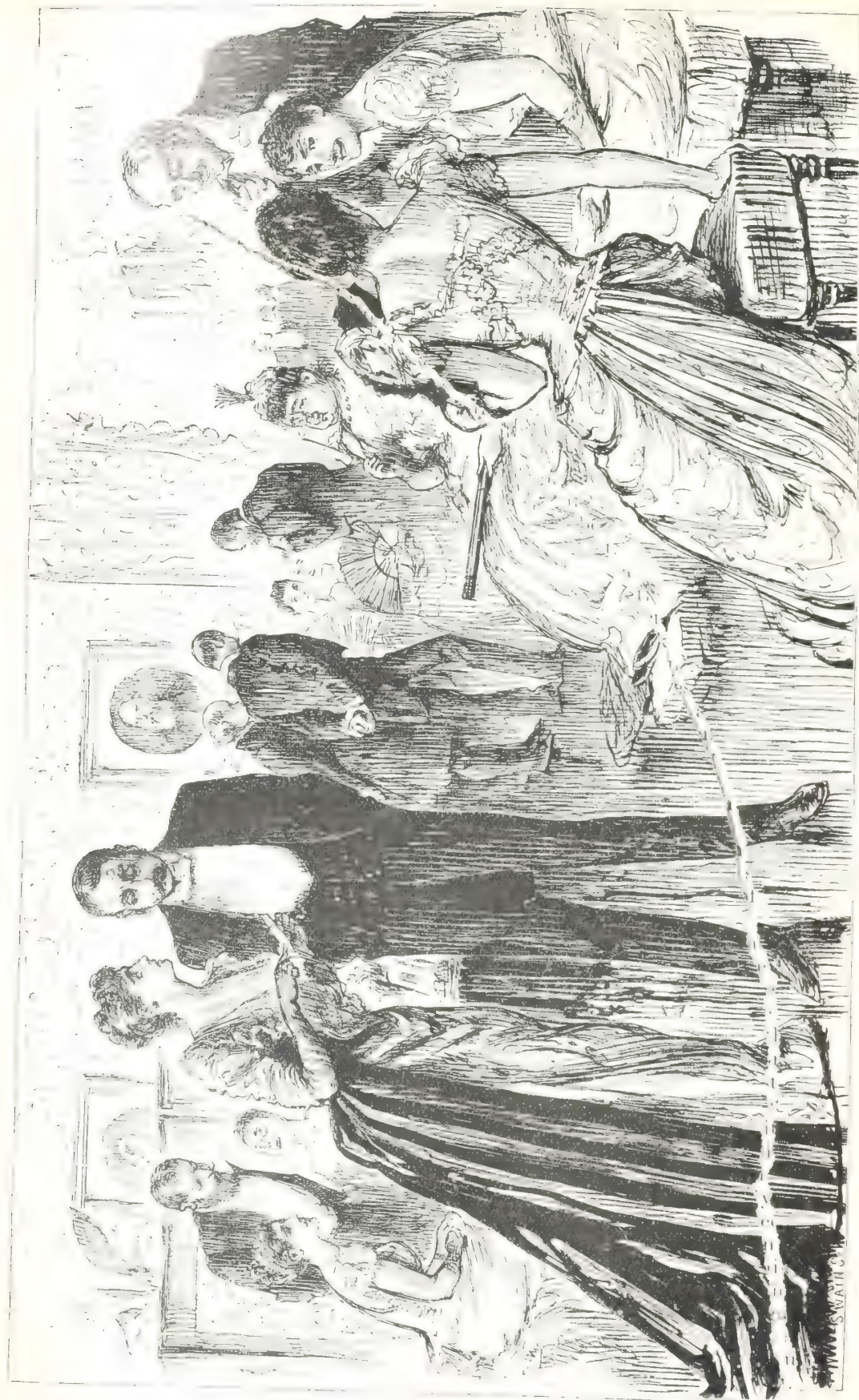
of well-dressed natives at the review on Jubilee Day at Lahore I observed many who had brought their partridges with them in cages, carefully curtained to exclude the sun and dust, perhaps with the thought that if the interest of the specta-



THE SUCCESSFUL ROBBER.

sun. In each of these cages is a sturdy red-legged partridge, loved and prized for his pugnacious qualities. When the merchant takes his morning stroll, and sits down on the bench which runs along the front of each shop to gossip with his neighbor, he produces his tame partridge from the folds of his shawl, and lets him run about, or plays with him in the pauses of conversation. Among the dense crowd

cle flagged, they might get up a little private circus of their own. There was also the man who always goes about accompanied by his pet ram. On this occasion the animal had been carefully washed and combed in honor of the day, his horns gilded, and he was arrayed in his gala blanket of scarlet cloth, thickly wadded, which, as the sun was rather hot, seemed quite superfluous.



A CLAIM TO SOCIAL PRECEDENCE—Drawn by GEORGE DU MAURIER.

Hostess: "You must give your arm to Mrs. Malatcho, William—and put her at your right, and make yourself as agreeable as you possibly can!"

Host: "Why, she's a person of no consequence whatever!"

Hostess: "Oh yes, she is! She's very ill-natured, and tells the most horrid lies about people, if they don't pay her the very greatest attention!"

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE closing of a public hall is the disappearance of the scene of a multitude of interesting associations, and the closing of some halls would be a public misfortune. A superstitious man might feel troubled, as if the palladium of the city in which they stood had been removed. The two halls in this country which would be felt by most Americans to be of that kind are Faneuil Hall in Boston and Carpenter's Hall in Philadelphia. If they were destroyed or closed the loss would be a national event and sorrow. If one be the cradle of liberty, the other is the altar of independence. There are other such halls, as there are many sentences in the Bible, but one or two are enough for a text.

Faneuil Hall and Independence Hall have one vital bond of connection. It is not merely their Revolutionary association, but the fact that some of the great historical figures of the Boston hall belong also to that in Philadelphia. The President of the Continental Congress, whose signature at the head of the signers is famous, was one of the "solid men" of Faneuil Hall; and "the colossus of independence," as Webster says Jefferson called John Adams, was one of the Boston orators whose voice still lingers in the cradle of liberty. But it sang no lullabies. The songs of that cradle were Tyrtæan.

It is, however, the closing of a hall of very different associations and of a modern date which prompts the present sermon. Steinway Hall, in New York, is withdrawn from public uses by business reasons, and so the scene of memorable and interesting events vanishes. It has served many occasions, but they were chiefly musical, although the event which upon the whole is the most interesting in its annals was not musical. It was the series of readings by Dickens. After much doubt and negotiation, he came to this country in the late autumn of 1867, and began his readings in Boston.

The doubt and hesitation arose largely from the "strained relations" which were supposed to exist between the brilliant young author whom we had welcomed as Boz a quarter of a century before and the countrymen of Elijah Pogram. Dickens was disappointed when he first came to

this country by the failure of his international copyright propaganda, and in the *American Notes* and *Martin Chuzzlewit* he made great and satirical fun of us. During the civil war also he was not known to be very friendly, and in private conversation he had generalized about America in a strain which was not the more agreeable to us because of its proportion of truth. But at last he came again, and read and conquered, and he was deeply touched by his American welcome.

In New York he "opened," as the players say, at Steinway Hall; and in Steinway Hall he gave his last reading in America, and took leave of us forever. The opening evening was one of very great interest, and of some surprises. The two chief surprises were the appearance of the reader and his interpretation of Sam Weller. Those in the expectant audience who regarded Dickens as the successor of Sir Walter Scott, and who knew Sir Walter in picture and narrative as careless in dress and of easy manner, were struck by the elaborate attire and man-of-society aspect of his successor. Their feeling had, perhaps, something of that of the enthusiastic admirer of Longfellow in other years who repelled with scorn the remark that the poet wore the best-fitting coat in Boston.

The first impression produced by Dickens's reading of Sam Weller's fun was a feeling that we had misconceived the character. Perhaps our idea of him was indefinite, because upon reflection it was clear that Dickens's rendering of the character was accurate. But the criticism of the evening was one not exactly of disappointment, but of surprise that he was less rollicking than we had supposed, and more dry and sly. But Dickens in reading skilfully contrasted this type with the unctuous humor of the elder Weller, which was delightful. The trial scene with Mr. Justice Stareleigh was exquisitely humorous. It was in this scene that Dickens's extraordinary gift as an actor came into full play. The evening was one of the greatest interest and enjoyment, and the whole series was most popular and profitable.

After his little winter tour Dickens came to New York to take leave of the

American public. On the Saturday evening before the final reading the newspaper fraternity gave him a dinner at Delmonico's, which was then at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fourteenth Street, formerly the hospitable house of Moses H. Grinnell. At this dinner Mr. Greeley presided, and that the bland and eccentric teetotaler, who was not supposed to be versed in what Carlyle called the "teatable proprieties," should take the chair at a dinner to so roistering a blade—within discreet limits—and so deft an artist of all kinds of beverages as Dickens, was a stroke of extravaganza in his own way. The dinner was in every way memorable and delightful, but the enjoyment was sobered by the illness of the guest from one of the attacks which, as was soon afterward indicated, foretold the speedy end. It was, indeed, doubtful if he could appear, but after an hour he came limping slowly into the room on the arm of Mr. Greeley.

In his speech, with great delicacy and feeling, Dickens alluded to some possible misunderstanding between him and his hosts, now forever vanished, and declared his purpose of publicly recognizing that fact in future editions of his works. His words were greeted with great enthusiasm, and on the following Monday evening he read for the last time in the country, at Steinway Hall, and sailed on Wednesday. He was still very lame, but he read with unusual vigor, and with deep feeling. As he ended, and slowly limped away, the applause was prodigious, and the whole audience rose and stood waiting. As he reached the steps of the platform he paused, and turned toward the hall; then, after a moment, he came slowly and painfully back again, and with a pale face and evidently deeply moved, he gazed at the vast audience. The hall was hushed, and in a voice firm, but full of pathos, he spoke a few words of farewell. "I shall never recall you," he said, "as a mere public audience, but rather as a host of personal friends, and ever with the greatest gratitude, tenderness, and consideration. God bless you, and God bless the land in which I leave you!" The great audience waited respectfully, wistfully watching him as he slowly withdrew. The faithful Dolby, his friend and manager, helped him down the steps. The door closed behind him, and the most memorable incident in the story of Steinway Hall ended.

There were other incidents of great interest, and among them the series of Rubinstein's morning recitals of the music of all the great masters. Is it only because it was fifteen years ago that his playing seems the best that has been heard in this country? Was ever the weird fascination of Chopin so complete? Was Beethoven ever rendered upon the piano by a genius more akin to his own? Did we ever come nearer to heaven's gate than when he made the piano soar and sing with Schubert's "Hark! hark! the lark"?

How the huge Mongolian mopped his brows behind the raised cover of the instrument! How the impression of his playing endures, the deepest written upon the palimpsest of such musical memories!

Other figures—orators, artists, conductors, orchestras—rise in recollection as Steinway Hall is closed. The charming madrigal concerts, which are long since silent, introduced us to a music which consorts with the songs of Herrick, and still earlier with "the spacious times of great Elizabeth," the days of silken doublets and farthingales and virginals. May the soft-voiced Euterpe grant that the resounding powers of Baireuth shall not wholly silence the strains which even in memory were so sweet in Steinway Hall! And what hall now remains to us in which to the memory that recalls Dickens and Rubinstein and a ghostly multitude of other happy enchanters so much was said and sung upon every later occasion before the actual audible performance began?

THERE have been social reformers who have alleged that it would be well for the State to regulate lawful marriages. Indeed, there is no knowing where our friends who are looking backward with Mr. Belamy will stop, or which of our actions they will consent not to direct. Yet they are unquestionably right in one of their postulates, that we still need a great deal of wise direction. The Jeffersonian axiom that the best government is that which governs least is not accordant with the impulse of the time that would enormously multiply the functions of government.

But these are wildernesses and abysses which we will not now explore. The observation of life which emphasizes the remark that we still need a great deal of direction may be made any pleasant day

in the Park, or in the street, or in the country, or, indeed, anywhere, for it is the observation of the thoughtlessness and cruelty of men toward animals. The other day a local newspaper mentioned an incident which the editor had seen, and upon which he commented with refreshing wrath: a young man, who was described as of good social connections, was teasing a cat with his dogs, and when the cat took to a tree, and by the lowest of barbarous standards had thus by her superior agility won her life, the unmanly savage shook her off to be torn in pieces by his dogs.

An act so dastardly should send a man to Coventry, like cheating at cards. It was an act of cruelty and cowardice, which excites at once the contempt and indignation of gentlemen. Browning describes the woman testing her lover's oaths by flinging her glove into the arena, where wild beasts were fighting, that he might prove the sincerity of his vows by leaping into those jaws of death to return to her the glove. The lover leaps, dares sudden and awful death, snatches the prize, leaps back, and flings the glove in her face.

"Your heart's queen, you dethrone her.

'So should I,' cried the King; 'twas mere vanity,
Not love, set that task to humanity.'"

The lady says quietly that she wished to know, while yet she had power to ascertain, what death for her sake really meant.

But if the lady's act was not sheer cruelty, this of the youth of "good social connections" was cruelty without pretence or excuse—cruelty for the sheer love of it. The power of the newspaper may be seen in the fact that it might have published the name of the miscreant, and held him up personally to public contempt; the self-restraint of the editor is illustrated by the fact that he did not. This is one of the cases which Burns does not mention, in which we do know what's resisted. The temptation to impale the malefactor upon public scorn must have been very strong. The offence was especially treacherous, for if there be one animal to which another ought to be able to look for protection against human outrage, it is man. If man fails, he becomes the worst because the most powerful of tyrants and assassins.

The publication of this incident was followed the next week by a letter from

some Greatheart, who justly applauded the editor's course in publishing the incident, and who ended his letter by a most pertinent and unanswerable question. The deliberate murder of the cat, he said, was certainly detestable. But how is it worse than to loose a fox from a bag in a strange country to be torn in pieces by a pack of hounds warned to the chase? And why should such pointless, useless, and intentional cruelty be called sport? How is it sport for an intelligent man to cause the death of an innocent animal which he procures for the sole purpose of killing?

If a fox or any other animal destroys your poultry, you will justly destroy him if you can. Or if you catch a thief prowling about your house, you will deal with him in the most summary manner. But if you carefully import a thief, and turn him loose in your silver closet for the purpose of shooting him, you ought immediately to be made to choose between the lunatic asylum and the gallows. Ex-President White, of Cornell University, says that Mr. Cornell did not talk much about his religion, but he was very fond of repeating Pope's lines,

"That mercy show to me."

The prayer applies to the treatment of dogs and cats as well as men. Some savages are said to enjoy human suffering. The Canadian Jesuit stories of tortures inflicted by such savages are appalling. So the Jews were baited and tormented in the Middle Ages. But brought to bay by "Christians," Shakespeare makes Shylock burst out in his tremendous arraignment of Christian cruelty: "I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions?" His retort is instinctive. It is the historic reply of the wronged to the wrong-doer. "The villany you teach me I will execute, and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction." The French Revolution is the fearful commentary upon Shylock's fiery words. Rarey, the famous horse-tamer, says: "Almost every wrong act the horse commits is from mismanagement, fear, or excitement. One harsh word will so excite a nervous horse as to increase his pulse ten beats in a minute."

If cruelty be necessarily associated with sport, sport is unworthy of men and gentlemen. It is undoubtedly the order of

nature that stronger animals prey upon the lower. Indeed Swift says that a flea has smaller fleas that on him prey. Is that a reason for bringing a fox from one part of the country to loose him to be chased and terrified and killed in another part? It is true also that man is a carnivorous animal, and feeds on flesh. But butchers and fishermen are provided to supply the market. Is the carnivorous formation of man a reason that boys should stone birds or men shoot deer, that we should bait dogs and shoot scared pigeons, not for food, but for fun? Great-heart was entirely right. If it be fair and decent and honorable for sport or pleasure to hunt a frightened fox brought for the purpose of being hunted with dogs and killed, it is equally decent and becoming for a man to shake a frightened cat from a tree to be torn and devoured by dogs.

The romance of the hunt is undeniable. It is breezy and fresh and exciting, and its horn winds far and sweet in story and song, until it becomes the horn of elfland faintly blowing. Foxes may be a pest that should be exterminated, like bears in a frontier country. But when a country is so advanced in settlement and civilization that prosperous gentlemen dress themselves gayly in scarlet coats and buckskin breeches, and ride blooded horses, and follow costly packs of hounds across country hunting a frightened fox, the fox is no longer a pest, and the riders are not frontiersmen and honest settlers; they are butchers, not for a lawful purpose, but for pleasure. The law solemnly takes life, but the judge who should take life for sport—!

Among the men of this century who will be noted as public benefactors, whose memory is already canonized or will be for their humanity and the relief of suffering, is Henry Bergh. The suffering inflicted upon the most faithful brute servants of man, who are at once dumb and helpless, is enormous and universal and constant. Yet it seemed practically to be unobserved, and when Bergh began his mission for relief he found himself ridiculed, discredited, and often stubbornly opposed. But his earnest and quiet fidelity has awakened public attention, so that within the range of Bergh's work the man who publicly abuses his horse is now aware that at any moment he may be authoritatively restrained, and that

consciousness alone has saved immense suffering.

But the human relation to domestic animals and the animals that serve us is still barbarous. No man can see what treatment a noble horse, straining and struggling to do his best, often receives from his owner, without wincing at the fate that abandons so fine a creature to so ignoble and cruel a tormentor. The animals will never know their benefactor. But the American list of worthies is incomplete in which the name of Henry Bergh is not "writ large."

It is a changed college world since Nat. Willis's Philip Slingsby was the hero of many a maiden's dream, and the stories of Willis reflected the modest gayety of the society of his time. Nahant was then a summer resort of importance, and had not become, as one of its denizens said in later years, only "cold Boston." Willis's heroes, like Byron's, were largely himself, and it was but a thin veil that covered in them persons familiar in the society that he knew, and incidents drawn from his own experience.

He was the college hero of his time. But his Scripture poems, which had great vogue and were printed in all the "class-books" and "readers," and his "Burial of Arnold," a young and brilliant Senior at Yale, and his bright and blithe "Saturday Afternoon," are quite passed out of current knowledge. They are not the kind of verse which is produced in college now. Their Byronic sentimentality is not to the taste of the college club and Greek Letter Society man of to-day, and Charles Coldstream, who looks on listlessly at the college athletic games, leaves enthusiasm to "the Fresh," and has "really never read those things of Willis's."

Yet the dominant emotions of Commencement this year were very much what they were when Philip Slingsby dared the waltz, and even the more emancipated belles shuddered a little as they slid into the charmed circle. Youth and hope and the passion which "is not all a dream" are forever renewed, and if the fashion changes, the substance remains. In the crowded church at Commencement this year, with the gay dresses, and the flowers, and the music, and the soft summer air breathing in at the open doors and windows, there are still palpitating bosoms, and a color that comes and goes,

and glances that meet and mingle—"read the language of those wandering eye-beams—the heart knoweth."

It was "Nat. Willis" yesterday, in a high-collared coat and an ample cravat such as Brummel wore, and even D'Orsay. It is a quaint and a droll costume, as you see it in those old *Fraser* pictures of English authors "'tis sixty years since." But in that guise it is you, sir, of to-day, and if your oration is spoken to one auditor in all that lovely throng in the gallery, whose heart answers "pity Zekle" to your pitapat, do you think that the divine Una's grandmother was never young, and that the droll high-collared coats did not cover hearts as sensitive and hopes as high as the faultless summer attire of Nameless, Jun., class of '90? The actors change, but the spectacle is the same. Even the members of the reverend and venerable the corporation, those bald and white-haired worthies who seem vaguely always to have been sitting unchanged in the front pews, like those austere Senators of Rome of whom the tradition tells us that they sat motionless although the invader came—even they are living monuments, and on their hearts, as on tablets, the story of the wandering eye-beams is engraved.

There is not one of the young heroes of the Commencement hour whom those elders do not scan with knowledge. These wise young judges carry no secrets which the elders do not share. Is it a strange world that of Willis and his Philip Slingsby? It is the world of the moment and of this Commencement.

But there is something else in Commencement besides this romance of feeling and tradition. It is the celebration of the intellectual life. The eloquence, indeed, is sometimes rather copious. An oration in the morning before one literary society; in the afternoon before another; and a sermon in the evening before the Missionary Association, is good measure heaped up and running over. There is some jealousy also even in academic groves. In the older day, if the Melpomene had its oration in the morning and the Euterpe in the afternoon, and you read on the following Sunday, scrawled on the blank page of the hymn-book in the pew, "Words, words, words, oration of Cicero," and "Genius, eloquence, common-sense, oration of Demosthenes," you knew that you read the comment upon the riv-

val orator of a Melpomenean or a Euterpean, as the case might be. But if the orator was not always wise or eloquent, there were also discourses which have profoundly influenced the lives of those who heard or read them, giving a direction and inspiring a fidelity which, like Wordsworth's thoughts of his past years, breed perpetual benediction.

It is a recollection blended of many feelings, that which the recurring Commencement brings to the alumnus. But the deep and permanent charm is the consciousness of the infinite worth and consolation of letters. Theoretically the college course was a series of years devoted to making acquaintance with the treasures of human genius. Possibly there was in fact some divergence from the theory. But that was the opportunity. The gates were set ajar, and if the neophyte did not choose to enter, he lost—as the teacher said to his pupil who went fishing rather than to hear Webster's eulogy on Adams and Jefferson—he lost what he can never regain.

Is there some fatality which makes the pen that treats of Commencement hortatory and didactic? Is there some secret charm which still allies the college to the pulpit, so that to talk about it is presently to begin to preach? The Easy Chair asks because it feels that it is about to take the sacerdotal tone, and remind the youth who is leaving or entering college that, like every other epoch in life, college is an opportunity. It is what you make it. Fate, as the older times would have said—life, as we prefer to say—gives us a chance. But the improvement of it we give ourselves. The tragedy of the refrain, "Too late, too late; ye cannot enter now," is that of the man who, in our simple phrase, wasted his college years. The tender spell of Whittier's "Maud Muller" lies in its saddest words of tongue or pen. But the memory of what might have been is so profoundly pathetic because it might not have been, and we were the arbiters of fate and did not choose to turn upward.

Kind sir of the college, who lend to the preacher of the moment your listening ear, the preacher himself may be a wearisome chaplain, but you are the young judge of the summer afternoon, smelling the meadows sweet with hay, and stopping at the cool spring where Maud Muller hands you the refreshing

draught. Do you follow the allegory, and see in that maid what really she is? To you she is a maiden who rakes the hay; to Numa she was Egeria by the other fountain. It is a sweet illusion, for the maid is not Egeria nor Maud Muller, but under those gentle forms she is the nymph of opportunity. Woo her and win her, and all the happiness that might have been will be yours.

There is nothing more touching than the inability of the chooser to comprehend the choice. Why did not the judge yield to the soft persuasion of that simple loveliness? Why did he not embrace the opportunity, and fold his happiness to his heart? Well, sir, that is always the question. But if he did not know that in that fair figure opportunity stood before him, you do know it. Don't be satisfied to him "in court an old love tune." You remember the legend of the Sibyl's books. Was it interpreted to you in the classroom? Do you interpret it to yourself?

The most inspiring tradition in every

college is not that of the boat or the ball, of copious gold and flowing wine, of Milo or Sardanapalus or Midas; it is not that of the "dig" or the "prig" of Dryasdust or Casaubon; but it is that of the youth, by whatever name he was called in your college, who did not, like the judge, "closing his heart," ride on—who knew that four such years as yours in college would never return, and that they offered him the golden keys which, polished by his labor, would open the heaped treasures of genius in all ages and lands. It is he who in taking the keys did not grudge the labor, and to whose life those treasures have been wide open.

No, the inspiring personal tradition of college was not the pleasant Philip Slingsby, it was rather Philip Sidney, who rode with the best, and was a man in every manly enterprise, but who had so used his opportunities in study and affairs that Hubert Languet, most accomplished of scholars, called him friend, and William of Orange called him master.

Editor's Study.

I.

CANON FARRAR'S article on literary criticism in a recent number of the *Forum* is something very much to the liking of this Study. We should not say that it was the last word about the matter; we shall try to have a later word or two about it ourselves; but upon the whole it is almost the best word we have seen, up to the present time. It can be of great value to the readers if not to the writers of literary criticism. These, in fact, are so often delivered over to the evils of their own hearts that it may be hard for any saving message to reach them; but if they could take home some of the things that Canon Farrar says to them and of them, we might all live in a sweeter and clearer atmosphere. He tells them, as the Study has often told them before, in almost the same terms, that "they are in no sense the legislators of literature, barely even its judges and police"; and he reminds them of Mr. Ruskin's saying that "a bad critic is probably the most mischievous person in the world," though a sense of their relative proportion to the whole of life, would perhaps acquit the worst of them from this extreme of culpability. A bad crit-

ic is as bad a thing as can be, but, after all, his mischief does not carry very far. Otherwise it would be mainly the conventional books and not the original books which would survive; for the censor who imagines himself a law-giver can give law only to the imitative, and never to the creative mind. Criticism has condemned whatever was, from time to time, fresh and vital in literature; it has always fought the new good thing in behalf of the old good thing; it has invariably fostered and encouraged the tame, the trite, the negative. Yet upon the whole it is the native, the novel, the positive that have survived in literature. Whereas, if bad criticism were the most mischievous thing in the world, in the full implication of the words, it must have been the tame, the trite, the negative, that survived.

II.

Bad criticism is mischievous enough, however; and we think that nearly all current criticism as practised among the English and Americans is bad, is falsely principled, and is conditioned in evil. It is falsely principled because it is unprin-

ciplined, or without principles; and it is conditioned in evil because it is almost wholly anonymous.

At the best its opinions are not conclusions from certain easily verifiable principles, but are effects from the worship of certain models. They are in so far quite worthless, for it is the very nature of things that the original mind cannot conform to models; it has its norm within itself; it can work only in its own way, and by its self-given laws. Criticism does not inquire whether a work is true to life, but tacitly or explicitly compares it with models, and tests it by them. If literary art travelled by any such road as criticism would have it go, it would travel in a vicious circle, and would arrive only at the point of departure. Yet this is the course that criticism must always prescribe, when it attempts to give laws. Being itself artificial it cannot conceive of the original except as the abnormal. It must altogether reconceive its office before it can be of use to literature. It must reduce this to the business of observing, recording, and comparing; to analyzing the material before it, and then synthesizing its impressions. Even then, it is not too much to say that literature as an art could get on perfectly well without it. Just as many good novels, poems, plays, essays, sketches, would be written if there were no such thing as criticism in the literary world, and no more bad ones.

III.

But it will be long before criticism ceases to imagine itself a controlling force, to give itself airs of sovereignty, and to issue decrees. As it exists it is mostly a mischief, though not the greatest mischief; but it may be greatly ameliorated in character and softened in manner by the total abolition of anonymity. We have no hesitation in saying that anonymous criticism is almost wholly an abuse, and we do not confine our meaning here to literary criticism. Now that nearly every aspect and nook and corner of life is searched by print, it is intolerably oppressive that any department of current literature, or of the phase of literature we call journalism, should be anonymous. Every editorial, every smallest piece of reporting, that involves a personal matter, should be signed by the writer, who should be personally responsible for his words. In a free coun-

try where no one can suffer for his opinions, no one has a right to make another suffer by them more condemnation than his individual name can carry. Thanks to the interviewer, the society reporter, and the special correspondent, the superstitious awe in which print has been held is fast vanishing; but print still bears too great authority. If each piece of it were signed by the author, its false advantage would be dissipated.

We believe that journalists generally have far more conscience in dealing with events than they are credited with; but we are afraid that they have also less. This was some time a paradox, but the situation it suggests would pass with the temptations and privileges hedging in the man who shoots from the dark at a man in the light. There ought not to be any such thing as journalistic authority which can continue in equal force through all the changes of *personnel* in the journalistic management, and can be handed on from a just and upright man to a mean and cruel and vindictive man, and still carry to the reader the weight of a great journal's name. If every interview were signed, so that the public might understand that it was relying upon the accuracy and honesty of this or that reporter, and not upon the good faith of the journal whose management can have no means of verifying the interview, the interviewer would cease to represent anything but himself, and if he were held directly and personally responsible, it would be much to the health of his own soul, and the advantage of the public. As it is, he is supposed to represent the journal which employs him, and the management is from time to time obliged to endorse him or disclaim him. He is called, in his own language, the *Times* representative, or the *Sun* representative, or the *World* representative; but as a matter of fact he represents nothing but himself. He can represent nothing else; and no writer of leading articles in any journal can represent anything more. Journalistic entity is a baleful fiction, a mask which ought to be torn from the features of the Browns, Joneses, and Robinsons who usually wear it. No danger would attend these champions of the common good in a free state, if their visors were lifted, beyond what attends each of us in our every-day affairs, which we conduct in person with a due regard to law and

the decencies of society. These forbid us to injure others, or to affront them by insolent or arrogant behavior, such as we witness every day in anonymous journalism.

IV.

We speak of journalism in this connection because journalism is criticism, the criticism of life, and therefore intimately associated with the criticism of letters. Literary criticism is only life criticism dealing with the finished product instead of the raw material; and generally its manners are as bad when it is employed in the one way as when it is employed in the other. Except for the constant spectacle of its ferocity, incompetency, and dishonesty, one could not credit the fact. We think it would be safe to say that in no other relation of life is so much brutality permitted by civilized society as in the criticism of literature and the arts. Canon Farrar is quite right in reproaching literary criticism with the uncandor of judging an author without reference to his aims; with pursuing certain writers from spite and prejudice, and mere habit; with misrepresenting a book by quoting a phrase or passage apart from the context; with magnifying misprints and careless expressions into important faults; with abusing an author for his opinions; with base and personal motives. Every writer of experience knows that certain critical journals will condemn his work without regard to its quality, even if it has never been his fortune to learn as one author did from a repentant reviewer that in a journal pretending to literary taste his books were given out for review with the caution, "Remember that the *Clarion* is *opposed* to Soandso's books." Any author is in good luck if he escapes without personal abuse; contempt and impertinence as an author no one will escape. If the *Study* were disposed to be autobiographical it might instance its own fate during the five years of its existence, in which it has practised the invariable courtesy toward persons which is possible with those who treat of methods and principles, and has every month been assailed with personal offense from the whole cry of anonymous criticism; so that in some moments of extreme dismay it has been almost disposed to regard itself as perhaps really an enemy of mankind. But its final conclusion appears to be that anonymous criti-

cism is this enemy, and that the man, or even the young lady, who is given a gun, and told to shoot at some passer from behind a hedge, is placed in circumstances of temptation almost too strong for human nature.

V.

As we have already intimated, we doubt the more lasting effects of unjust criticism. It is no part of our belief that Keats's fame was long delayed by it; or Wordsworth's, or Browning's. Something unwonted, unexpected, in the quality of each delayed his recognition; each was not only a poet, he was a revolution, a new order of things, to which the critical perceptions and habitudes had painfully to adjust themselves. But we have no question of the gross and stupid injustice with which these great men were used, and of the barbarization of the public mind by the sight of wrong inflicted with impunity. This savage condition still persists in the toleration of anonymous criticism, an abuse that ought to be as extinct as the torture of witnesses. It is hard enough to treat a fellow-author with respect even when one has to address him, name to name, upon the same level, in the open; swooping down upon him in the dark, panoplied in the authority of a great journal, it is impossible. One must then treat him as prey, and strike him into the mire preparatory to tearing him limb from limb.

Every now and then some idealist comes forward and declares that you should say nothing in criticism of a man's book which you would not say of it to his face. But we are afraid this is asking too much. We are afraid it would put an end to all criticism; and that if it were practised literature would be left to purify itself. We have no doubt literature would do this; but in such a state of things there would be no provision for the critics. We ought not to destroy critics, we ought to reform them, or rather transform them, or turn them from the arrogant assumption of authority to a realization of their true function in the civilized state. They are no worse at heart, probably, than many others, and there are probably good husbands and tender fathers, loving daughters and careful mothers among them. We venture to suppose this because we have read that Monsieur de Paris is an excellent person in all the relations of private life, and is

extremely anxious to conceal his dreadful occupation from those dear to him.

If we could credit the average critic with so high a motive we should not perhaps insist so strenuously upon the abolition of anonymity. But we greatly fear that the concealment of the name in the critic's case is from no such honorable desire of obscurity, and that he wears a mask chiefly that he may the more securely give pain and more of it. So we believe he had better leave it off, and learn to deal face to face with the author he censures. If anonymity is nothing worse than absurd, it is too absurd for endurance, and it ends in placing the journal which practises it in all sorts of ridiculous positions. We see the proof of this constantly in the glaring inconsistencies of which the party newspapers convict one another. With the changes of *personnel* which death, sickness, and other chances bring about in every newspaper come changes of opinion which a wary antagonist easily makes his prey. If Brown had signed his article, Jones who succeeds him could easily say to the rival accusing him of inconsistency that it was Brown who wrote that compromising article, and that he declines to be answerable for it. Whereas now the newspaper which Brown formerly represented and which Jones represents at present is put to open shame by the variance of these gentlemen's opinions. The same lamentable effect is predicable of a literary journal, and in fact there is a very signal instance of this apparent inconsistency in the London *Saturday Review*. This journal, which is now the great champion of Thackeray's posthumous renown, defending it against all comers as something too precious, too sacred for question, and maintaining his art to be not only insurpassable but inapproachable by any art of later date, was in its own pungent youth so afflicting to that great man that he habitually spoke of it as the *Superfine Review*. The epithet never seemed to us of a killing quality, but it is historical of the offense he suffered from the sniffs and sneers which represented the high disdain of the *Review* for the democratic feeling fostered in his novels. Now if Brown had signed those immortal sniffs and sneers with his name, Jones, who at present worships at the shrine of Thackeray in the same review, would not be bringing a contrite

publication to confusion with all who esteem consistency a jewel.

VI.

If we leave all such disaster out of the question, and consider the matter in the interest of common-sense and common decency, we shall have hardly less reason for urging the abolition of critical anonymity. It is evident to any student of human nature that the critic who is obliged to sign his review will be more careful of an author's feelings than he would if he could intangibly and invisibly deal with him as the representative of a great journal. He will not like personally to make a butcherly appearance even before the public which laughs at his amusing cruelties; and he will be loath to have his name connected with those perversions and misstatements of an author's meaning in which the critic now indulges without danger of being turned out of honest company. He will be in some degree forced to be fair and just with a book he dislikes; he will not wish to misrepresent it when his sin can be traced directly to him in person; he will not be willing to voice the prejudice of a journal which is "opposed to the books" of this or that author; and the journal itself, when it is no longer responsible for the behavior of its critic, may find it interesting and profitable to give to an author his innings when he feels wronged by a reviewer and desires to right himself; it may even be eager to offer him the opportunity. We shall then perhaps frequently witness the spectacle of authors turning upon their reviewers, and improving their manners and morals by confronting them in public with the errors they may now commit with impunity. Many an author smarts under injuries and indignities which he might resent to the advantage of literature and civilization if he were not afraid of being browbeaten by the journal whose nameless critic has outraged him.

In fact we look forward to the time when it will be regarded as monstrous and dishonorable for a review to keep an anonymous critic; and it will be no more permissible than for a gentleman to keep a masked bravo in his pay. The temptation for a critic to cut fantastic tricks before high heaven in the full light of day is great enough, and for his own sake he should be stripped of the shelter

of the dark. Even then it will be long before the evolution is complete, and we have the gentle, dispassionate, scientific student of current literature in place of the arrogant, bullying, blundering pedant, who has come down to our time from the heyday of the brutal English reviewers. In his present state he is much ameliorated, much softened; but he still has the wrong idea of his office, and imagines that he can direct literature, not realizing that literature cannot be instructed how to grow, or not knowing that it is a plant which springs from the nature of a people, and draws its forces from their life. If it has any root at all, its root is in their character, and it takes form from their will and taste. Persuaded of this, we have welcomed every excellence in literary art among us that seemed to promise a difference from the literary art of the English, as a token of authenticity, and an evidence of native vigor. Nothing, we have felt, could come from what was like that art in ours, but only from what was unlike it; but the sense of this has not penetrated the great mass of our critics, or indeed gone much beyond the precincts of the Study. For our own part we have found in the work of the poor funny man or the lowly paragrapher of the daily press more to give us hope of the future of American literature than in some very careful and studied efforts of culture; and now and then we read some reporter's sketch of a fire, or the eviction of a delinquent tenant, or the behavior of working-men on a strike, that seems to us more important than several current romances of the ideal. But, as we said before, these opinions are not shared by many. The poor funny man and the lowly paragrapher would, we fear, be among the foremost to reject them with scorn; for it is still the prevailing superstition that literature is something that is put into life, not something that comes out of it.

VII.

We have several times before now besought the literary critics of our country to disabuse themselves of the mischievous notion that they are essential to the progress of literature in the way they have vainly imagined. They cannot reform or purify or direct it; but they can render the reading public an acceptable service by observing the traits of our

growing literature, by recognizing and registering its facts, and by classifying and comparing books as they appear. Canon Farrar confesses that with the best will in the world to profit by the many criticisms of his books, he has never profited in the least by any of them; and this is almost the universal experience of authors. It is not always the fault of the critics. They sometimes deal honestly and fairly by a book, and not so often they deal adequately. But in making a book, if it is at all a good book, the author has learned all that is knowable about it, and every strong point and every weak point in it, far more accurately than any one else can possibly learn them. He has learned to do better than good for the future; but if his book is bad, he cannot be taught anything about it from the outside. It will perish; and if he has not the root of literature in him, he will perish as an author with it.

So it is not in the interest of authorship that we urge criticism to throw off its mask, but in the interest of the reading public which is corrupted by the almost inevitable savagery and dishonesty of the anonymous critic, and in the interest of his own soul constantly imperilled by the temptation of these sins of pride, of prejudice, of cruelty which he may safely indulge in the dark.

If we could once make our brother censors, and especially our sister censors, and more especially those of the sharp tongue and the ready wit, realize how sweet and fit it is to write no more and no other about a book than one can put one's name to, we should be rendering them a great service. We should not ask them to forbear everything they would not say of it in the author's presence. That may come yet, to the infinite gain of the critic's manners. But for the present we would ask them to stand fairly out in the light, and deliver their judgment for what it is worth, as that of this or that man or woman, and not advance upon the quaking author in the obscurity, bearing the doom decreed by a powerful review or influential journal. The editor cannot rightfully lend its authority to criticism he has not verified, and he has no right to lend it to an anonymous critic. Still less has he the right to deprive the reviewer of the praise that should come to him personally from a well-written, well-felt, and, above all, well-mannered criticism,

and claim the advantage of it wholly for his publication. The only advantage which the publication ought to enjoy, is the credit of employing an able, modest, and courteous critic; and all else should

belong to the critic, the honor and the cumulative repute, which would naturally remain with his name, and follow it to any other publication using him wiselier, and paying him better.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 16th of June.—President Harrison approved the Customs Administration Bill June 10th.

The McKinley Tariff Bill passed the House May 21st, by a strict party vote of 164 to 112.

The Naval Appropriation Bill passed the Senate May 20th.

The Republican Caucus Silver Bill passed the House June 7th.

The River and Harbor Bill passed the House May 28th.

Re-finding of naval court-martial, May 16th, Commander McCull, of U. S. S. *Enterprise*, was sentenced from rank and duty for three years for severity of conduct.

John W. Davis (Democrat) was elected Governor of Rhode Island by the Legislature May 27th.

John G. Carlisle was elected United States Senator from Kentucky May 16th.

Sylvester Penneyer (Democrat) was re-elected Governor of Oregon June 4th.

A bill for the construction of a tunnel between England and France was rejected, June 5th, in the English House of Commons.

The governments of Germany, France, Russia, and Switzerland signed a treaty, June 3d, for the repression of anarchy.

The Duke of Orleans was pardoned by President Carnot June 3d, and conducted to the frontier.

News received, May 27th, from Africa of the return of the *Chet-el-Bine* and the defeat of the Portuguese expedition in that region.

A despatch received from Senegal, May 29th, stating that the Dahomans were overcome by the French, and the towns of Segou and Onosebougou captured.

A new Japanese cabinet was formed May 16th, with Count Saigo Tsukumichi as Minister of Home Affairs; General Yoshikawa Akimasa, Education; Admiral Kubayama Sukenore, Marine; Count Mutsu, Husbandry; General Ogama, War; Count Matsukata Masayoshi, Finance; and Count Shojiro, Communications.

The Portuguese Cortes formally declared, June 14th, Louis Philippe, son of the reigning King, heir to the throne of Portugal.

News received, May 22d, that twenty-six persons were killed in an uprising at Puerto Alegre, Brazil.

Emin Pasha reached Kilkoa, Africa, April 27th.

Despatches from Zanzibar, May 27th, stating that Katema had reconquered Uganda and dethroned Mwanga.

A treaty of commerce, navigation, and friendship between Italy and Mexico was approved by the Mexican Senate May 30th.

The Naturalization Bill, which would restore the rights of citizenship to Louis Kossuth, was rejected in the Lower House of the Hungarian Diet May 30th.

DISASTERS.

May 10th.—Eighteen persons killed by an explosion of balistite at a factory in Avigliana, Italy.

May 15th.—An explosion in the Hartford Mine at Ashley, Pennsylvania, killing twenty-nine persons.

May 16th.—Ferry-boat capsized on the river Oder, near Ratibor, Silesia, drowning thirty-six passengers.—News received of the destruction by fire of the city of Tomsk, in western Siberia, with great loss of life.

May 17th.—Thirty-six lives lost by fire and explosion in Havana, Cuba.

May 20th.—Eight persons drowned by the overturning of a row-boat at Watuppa Lake, Fall River, Massachusetts.—News received of the wreck of ship *Oneida*, on Lanck Island, April 26th. Seventy-seven lives lost.

May 26th.—Floods and storms at Alvensleben and Suplinger, Germany, cause the deaths of seventeen persons.

May 30th.—Wreck of passenger train, Oakland, California. Thirteen lives lost.

June 3d.—Bradshaw, Nebraska, destroyed by a tornado. Fifteen persons killed.

June 6th.—Ten persons killed by death at Dokszyce, near Warsaw, Poland.

June 8th.—Seven persons drowned in Boston Harbor, Massachusetts, by the capsizing of a boat.

June 9th.—Collision on Wabash Railroad near Warrenton, Missouri, killing seven persons.

June 11th.—News received of the burning of Ufaelsk Newjansk, in the Ural Mountains. Forty lives lost.

June 16th.—Explosion at Hill Farm Mines. Thirty miners imprisoned and suffocated.

OBITUARY.

May 13th.—In Albany, New York, ex-Judge Amasa J. Parker, aged eighty-two years.

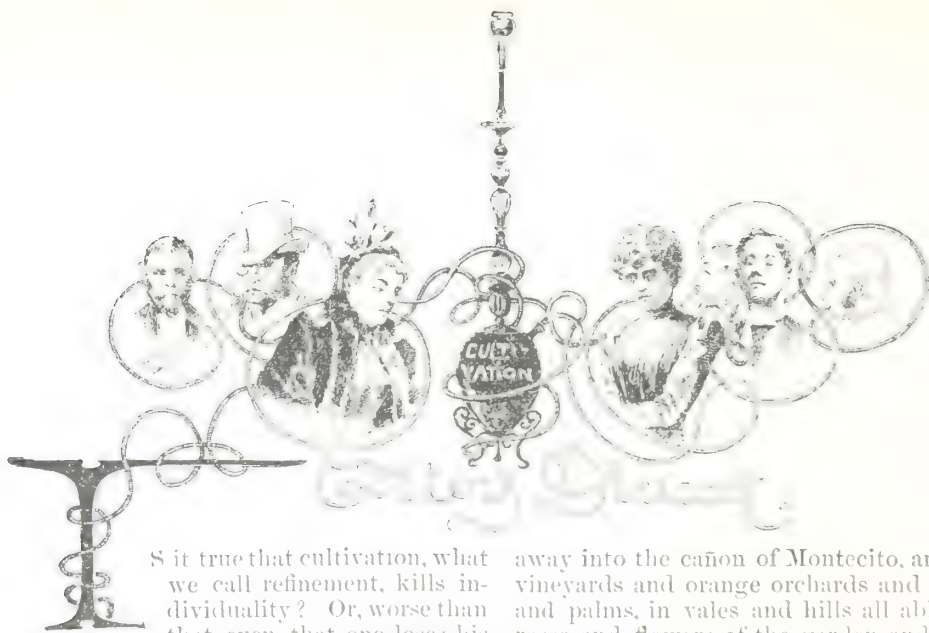
May 15th.—In Worcester, Illinois, ex-Judge Thomas Drummond, of the United States Circuit Court, aged eighty years.—In New York, Oliver Bell Bunce, author and editor, aged seventy-two years.—On Governor's Island, New York Harbor, Brigadier-General Nelson H. Davis (retired), aged sixty-eight years.—In Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands, the Rev. Edward Tapping Doane, missionary, aged sixty-nine years.

May 18th.—In Englewood, New Jersey, John Elliott Curran, author, aged forty-one years.—In Brooklyn, Ripley Ropes, aged sixty-nine years.—In Chicago, Wirt Dexter, lawyer, aged fifty-seven years.

May 19th.—In Baltimore, Maryland, General George S. Brown, banker, aged fifty-six years.

June 1st.—In New York, Matthew Somerville Morgan, artist, aged fifty-one years.

June 4th.—In New York, Hugh Farrar McDermott, poet and journalist, aged fifty-five years.—News of death of Vicomte Anne Armand Elie Gontant-Biron, French diplomat and Senator, aged seventy-two years.



IS it true that cultivation, what we call refinement, kills individuality? Or, worse than that even, that one loses his taste by over cultivation? Those persons are uninteresting, certainly, who have gone so far in culture that they accept conventional standards supposed to be correct, to which they refer everything, and by which they measure everybody. Taste usually implies a sort of selection; the cultivated taste of which we speak is merely a comparison, no longer an individual preference or appreciation, but only a reference to the conventional and accepted standard. When a man or woman has reached this stage of propriety we are never curious any more concerning their opinions on any subject. We know that the opinions expressed will not be theirs, evolved out of their own feeling, but that they will be the cut-and-dried results of conventionality.

It is doubtless a great comfort to a person to know exactly how to feel and what to say in every new contingency, but whether the zest of life is not dulled by this ability is a grave question, for it leaves no room for surprise and little for emotion. O ye belles of Newport and of Bar Harbor, in your correct and conventional agreement of what is proper and agreeable, are you wasting your sweet lives by rule? Is your compact, graceful, orderly society liable to be monotonous in its gay repetition of the same thing week after week? Is there nothing outside of that envied circle which you make so brilliant? Is the Atlantic shore the only coast where beauty may lounge and spread its net of enchantment? The Atlantic shore and Europe? Perhaps on the Pacific you might come back to your original selves, and find again that freedom and that charm of individuality that are so attractive. Some sparkling summer morning, if you chanced to drive four-in-hand along the broad beach at Santa Barbara, inhaling the spicy breeze from the Sandwich Islands, along the curved shore where the blue of the sea and the purple of the mountains remind you of the Sorrentine promontory, and then dashed

away into the cañon of Montecito, among the vineyards and orange orchards and live-oaks and palms, in vales and hills all ablaze with roses and flowers of the garden and the hothouse, which bloom the year round in the gracious sea-air, would you not, we wonder, come to yourselves in the sense of a new life where it is good form to be enthusiastic and not disgraceful to be surprised? It is a far cry from Newport to Santa Barbara, and a whole world of new sensations lies on the way, experiences for which you will have no formula of experience. To take the journey is perhaps too heroic treatment for the disease of conformity—the sort of malaria of our exclusive civilization.

The Drawer is not urging this journey, nor any break-up of the social order, for it knows how painful a return to individuality may be. It is easier to go on in the subordination of one's personality to the strictly conventional life. It expects rather to record a continually perfected machinery, a life in which not only speech but ideas are brought into rule. We have had something to say occasionally of the art of conversation, which is in danger of being lost in the confused babel of the reception and the chatter of the dinner party—the art of listening and the art of talking both being lost. Society is taking alarm at this, and the women as usual are leaders in a reform. Already, by reason of clubs—literary, scientific, economic—woman is the well-informed part of our society. In the "Conversation Lunch" this information is now brought into use. The lunch, and perhaps the dinner, will no longer be the occasion of satisfying the appetite or of gossip, but of improving talk. The giver of the lunch will furnish the topic of conversation. Two persons may not speak at once; two persons may not talk with each other; all talk is to be general and on the topic assigned, and while one is speaking, the others must listen. Perhaps each lady on taking her seat may find in her napkin a written slip of paper which shall be the guide to her remarks. Thus no time is to be wasted on frivolous topics. The or-

ordinary natural flow of conversation and repartee, the swirling of talk around one obstacle and another, its winding and rippling here and there as individual whim suggests, will not be allowed, but all will be improving, and tend to that general culture of which we have been speaking. The ladies' lunch is not to be exactly a debating society, but an open occasion for the delivery of matured thought and the acquisition of information. The object is not to talk each other down, but to improve the mind, which, unguided, is apt to get frivolous at the convivial board. It is notorious that men by themselves at lunch or dinner usually shun grave topics and indulge in persiflage, and even descend to talk about wine and the made dishes. The women's lunch of this summer takes higher ground. It will give Mr. Browning his final estimate; it will settle Mr. Ibsen; it will determine the suffrage question; it will adjudicate between the total abstainers and the half-way covenant of high license; it will not hesitate to cut down the tariff.

The Drawer anticipates a period of repose

in all our feverish social life. We shall live more by rule and less by impulse. When we meet we shall talk on set topics, determined beforehand. By this concentration we shall be able to open to each other to the full the human limit of cultivation, and get rid of all the aberrations of individual assertion and feeling. By studying together in clubs, by conversing in monotone and by rule, by thinking the same things and exchanging ideas until we have none left, we shall come into that social placidity which is one dream of the naturalists. One long step toward what may be called a prairie mental condition—the slope of Kansas, where those who are five thousand feet above the sea-level seem to be no higher than those who dwell in the Missouri Valley.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

"ENCOURAGING LITERATURE"

I WROTE a book. It took the town by storm.
'Twas of a lass, a villain, and a lover.
I must confess it made the subject warm.
To have it said "it sold upon its cover."

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS



THE CHEE TURNS

"I say, waiter, what a prettiness of dress!"
"You are eggs with shells with curls!" "It was hard on ze Count, but he had de salary!"

A KNOTTY POINT.

SOME years ago a lawyer in a Western city was called into a remote section of his county on some business which obliged him to visit a certain Irish farmer. After discussing the matters in relation thereto, the conversation drifted into a political channel, when the farmer took advantage of the presence of the attorney to ascertain what his chances were for procuring a pension.

His story was as follows: During the late war he one evening received private intimation that he had been drafted, and while pondering over his bad luck he chanced to remember that he had heard the previous day of a man in an adjoining town who was offering one thousand dollars for a substitute. "Now," said he, "I jist thought as I'd have to go to war anyway, I'd slip away and see him before I was s'posed to know I was drafted. I'd git the thousand dollars; I'd lave nine hundred of it with Sarah—that's my old woman—to kape her comfortable; I'd take one hundred with me for spinding-money; and 'twould be a dale better than going for nothing at all. So I jist started out afut that same night, and I was so afeared some one'd git ahid of me that I ran and ran till I was that tired that I jist had to stop; so I set down on a stump to rist me, and I got an awful cold, and I've had dyspepsy iver since. Now what I want to know is, will the law give me a pension?"

His listener hesitated a moment till he could control his voice, and then told him he had better see some member of the Pension Board.

"Yis," said he; "and that same is what I did do when Dr. Brown was one of thim. I wint down to see him, and I told him jist what I've told you; and the docther he jist sorter smiled, and says he, 'You wait here, Michael, and I'll bring in Captain Johnston; he's a good lawyer, and we'll see what he thinks about it.' So I waited, and he wint out and came back with Johnston; and sez he, 'Now, Michael, tell the captain jist the story as you told it to me.' So I wint on, and told the two of thim; and what did they do but laugh, and they laughed till I got that mad that I jist got up and came home; and divil a bit have I been near an examiner since. Now, jedge, what do *you* think? Will the law give me a pension?"

The judge could not say.

EQUIL TO THE OCCASION

THERE lived some years ago in western Pennsylvania an old circuit preacher, Father West by name, whose genial humor and general kindliness of heart had greatly endeared him to all the people of his district. He was a particular favorite with the young folks matrimonially inclined, and his opportunities to "tie the knot" were numerous. On one occasion he found upon his arrival at a certain

town several couples awaiting his blessing. The old man was tired, and wished to make short work of the job. "Stand up," he began, "and jine hands." Which being done, he rattled through a marriage service that, like himself, was original. "There," he said, when it was finished, "ye can go; ye're man and wife, ev'ry one o' ye."

Two of the couples hesitated, and finally made it apparent that in the sudden "jining" they had become confused, and had taken the hands of the wrong persons. The old preacher's eyes twinkled as he took in the situation; but he instantly straightened up, and with a wave of his hand dispersed them. "I married ye all," he said, in a deep voice. "Sort yourselves."

NO EVIDENCE TO THE CONTRARY.

A YOUNG Catholic priest, shortly after beginning his labors in his first parish, received a visit from one of the older fathers. Anxious to show the progress he had made, he called up a class in catechism for questioning.

"Biddy Maloney," he began, "stand up."

A slip of a girl, with blue eyes and brown freckles, arose in her place.

"What, Biddy," said the young father, "is meant by the howly state of matrimony?"

"Shure," began Biddy, glibly, "'tis a sayson of tormint upon which the soul inters to fit it fer the blissid state to come."

"Och!" cried the questioner, angry and mortified; "to the foot of the class wid ye, Biddy Maloney. It's the m'aning of purgatory ye're afther givin'."

But here the old priest interposed, with a quizzical smile. "Not too fast, me young brother," he said, restrainingly—"not too fast. Fer aught you and I know to the contrary, the gurrul may be perfectly right."

A SURPRISE IN STORE.

A DOZEN years ago a farm lying a few miles out from Pittsburgh was the home of a man whose thrift was of a sort that made his neighbors like to have things in black and white when dealing with him. He had a son who inherited his father's characteristics, who went West at an early age, and finally died there after rather a checkered career. It chanced that the old man was very ill—at the point of death, indeed—when the news of the son's demise reached the farm-house. The only other member of the family at home was a widowed daughter, whose ideas upon most subjects—religious ones in particular—were unique. A neighbor called at the homestead to proffer his condolences upon the death of the son, and inquire concerning the condition of the father.

"He must have been greatly affected to learn of his son's death," suggested the visitor.

"Oh!" sweetly replied the daughter; "I have not told him. I thought it would be such a pleasant surprise to him when he met John in the pearly streets of heaven."



THE GIANT'S ROBE.

DAUBSON. "The painter of that portrait has a strong individuality."
BRUSH (*who thinks it rather an obvious steal*). "Oh! do you think so?"
DAUBSON. "Yes. Whistler's."

VERY EXACT INDEED

IN one of the cleverest of modern French political burlesques the author describes a battle-field on which a young soldier is mourning over the corpse of his comrade, when a grim old sergeant says, sternly:

"Leave off blubbing, you fool. What are you making all this noise about?"

"Poor Pierre Lafleur is dead, sergeant."

"Dead, do you say? Young man, remember for the future that no soldier is to be considered dead until he has been entered as such upon the official list of killed and wounded."

A gentleman of such rigid accuracy might fairly have claimed kindred with the scrupulous Quaker who always spoke of a *yew*-tree as a *thou*-tree; but even this exactness has been rivalled elsewhere, as may be seen by the following story, which, if not literally true, certainly deserves to be so.

Shortly after the publication of Tennyson's famous poem "A Vision of Sin," the Laureate was somewhat startled to receive from Mr. Babbage, the renowned arithmetician, a letter which ran as follows:

"DEAR SIR,—I find in a recently published poem from your pen, entitled 'A Vision of Sin,' the following unwarrantable statement:

"Every moment dies a man,
Every moment one is born."

I need hardly point out to you that this calculation, if correct, would tend to keep the sum total of the world's population in a state of perpetual equipoise, whereas it is a well-known fact that the said sum total is constantly on the increase. I would therefore take the liberty of suggesting that in the next edition of your excellent poem the erroneous calculation to which I refer should be corrected as follows:

"Every moment dies a man,
And one and a sixteenth is born."

I may add that the *exact* figures are 1.167; but something must of course be conceded to the laws of metre. I have the honor to be, sir, yours sincerely, C. BABBAGE." DAVID KER

AN ENDORSEMENT.

A NUMBER of years ago, Harrisburg, the seat of government of Pennsylvania, was afflicted with malarial fever, which was attributed to the foulness of the waters of the river Susquehanna, which was the source of the city supply.

Among the many deaths attributed to the supposed impure water was that of the Hon. John Covode. The fear of the disease was wide-spread, and only absolute necessity took citizens there; and persons who were forced to remain in the city gave the water a wide berth, and slaked their thirst mainly with whiskey and mineral water.

Among the members of the Legislature for that year was the Hon. Mr. F——r, of one of the eastern counties, who, upon his return to

his constituents, was called upon to relate the facts concerning the plague.

Mr. F—— soon settled the question: "Upon my soul, gentlemen, the report of the foulness of the water was a slander on the city of Harrisburg. Covode contracted his sickness in Washington, and I absolutely *know* the water to be perfectly healthful. During the session I drank the water on two different occasions, and I never experienced any ill effect whatever."

A BACHELOR'S LAST SOLILOQUY.

The happy day is set at last,

Bohemia, adieu!

And O my careless, precious past,

I must not dream of you!

And yet before for aye we part

A loving draught I drain:

Just for to-night am I at heart

Bohemian again.

Here's to the cozy attic nook

That smelt of wort and mint;

Here's to my first poor paltry book

That never got in print;

Here's to the songs we used to sing,

The pipes we used to smoke,—

To Bob's guitar that lacked a string,

To dear Ed's threadbare joke.

Here's to the merry loves of yore,—

But soft!—*I quite forgot!*—

Here's to the house I'll haunt no more,

The tiny garden plot,

Where one slant sunbeam in the spring

A nook Arcadian made,

And two bold robins came to sing

Their bird-love unafraid.

Shall I regret? Ah! who can say

A shade does not sometimes,

Eclipsing, fall across the day

Within the happiest climes?

Yet please I with felicity

A tender cup and true:

Here's to my bride that is to be!—

Bohemia, adieu!

BISSELL CLINTON.

ALL THE DIFFERENCE IN THE WORLD.

ONE of the pleasantest, most original characters I have known was L. S——, a sugar planter on the upper coast. A creole, brave, generous, scrupulous; a bit vain, perhaps, but withal well worthy of the title he valued above everything else—a gentleman of honor.

He was sitting on his horse one day watching me at work, when the conversation drifted around to the war. He believed, with many others in the South, that the Northern people employed German mercenaries—Hessians—to fight their battles.

"Why, sir, there were regiments, whole brigades of you army who could not spik a word of English."

"That's nothing; you can ride for miles in the Cain River country without finding a man who speaks English."

"But"—and his tone of reproach nearly stunned me—"zä spik French."



JUNCTION OF THE RIVERS JENCAL AND BLANCO. CHILIAN SIDE.
See "Across the Andes," page 508.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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ACROSS THE ANDES.

BY THEODORE CHILD.

TO my mind nothing is more useless than to say in travelling than a fixed plan; it interferes with the play of the unforeseen, and impedes the evolution of those latent ideas and aspirations which, if left free to work out their course, will guide the patient wanderer, like a kind genius, to the realization of many a half-forgotten day-dream. When I landed at Buenos Ayres in the beginning of January, 1890, after a three weeks' voyage from Europe, I intended, first of all, to visit various places in the Argentine Republic. The first few days that one passes in a new country, strange both in aspect and language, are always a little bewildering; gradually, however, the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, the tongue becomes loosened, the key to the plan of the streets is revealed, together with the tram-way system, and with the help of obliging native acquaintance the new-comer finds out hospitable restaurants, bath-houses, cafés, promenades, and resources of material comfort, which enable him to recover his self-possession, and to reflect calmly over his own condition and that of his surroundings. After a busy week in the Argentine capital, I came to the conclusion that the moment was unfavorable for observation. It was midsummer. Everybody of any social pretensions was out of town, either in the country or at the new and fashionable sea-side resort, Mar del Plata. The city was momentarily bereft of animation; the famous drive, Palermo, about which I had heard so much, was deserted except by plebeian families whom I saw picnicking under the trees and maculating the grass with greasy papers and discarded bottles, just as people do in the countries of more ancient and advanced civilization. But the fact which chiefly contributed to drive me away from Buenos Ayres was the financial crisis that was paralyzing the business of the whole republic. "Per-

haps," I said to myself, "the situation will improve in two or three months; to describe impartially the present condition of affairs would be an ungrateful task. Let us listen to the inner voice, and see if there is not some other interesting trip to be made with advantage at this particular season." And the inner voice, the mouth-piece of latent ideas and unformulated aspirations, murmured the laconic programme, "From ocean to ocean, across the Andes."

This suggestion seemed to be at once romantic and practical, December and January being the finest months for crossing the Cordillera. Furthermore, from ocean to ocean is the programme of the railway now being constructed under the title of the "Ferro-Carril Trasandino de Buenos Ayres al Pacifico," which will eventually carry passengers directly from the Argentine capital to the Chilean port of Valparaiso, or, in other words, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. I therefore determined to follow the track of this great transcontinental line as closely as possible. There were, however, difficulties at the very outset. The first section of the Pacific Railway from Buenos Ayres to Villa Mercedes was interrupted, owing to floods having washed away parts of the line and necessitated the raising of the level. In consequence of this disaster I was obliged to take a circuitous route by way of Rosario and Villa Maria to Villa Mercedes, whence the Argentine Great Western line carried me to the charming town of Mendoza. This railway journey across the Argentine Republic calls for no special remarks here, the more so as I hope to have another occasion of noticing the peculiar features presented by men and manners in this vast expanse of country between the Atlantic and the Cordillera. As for the landscape, it is monotonous be-

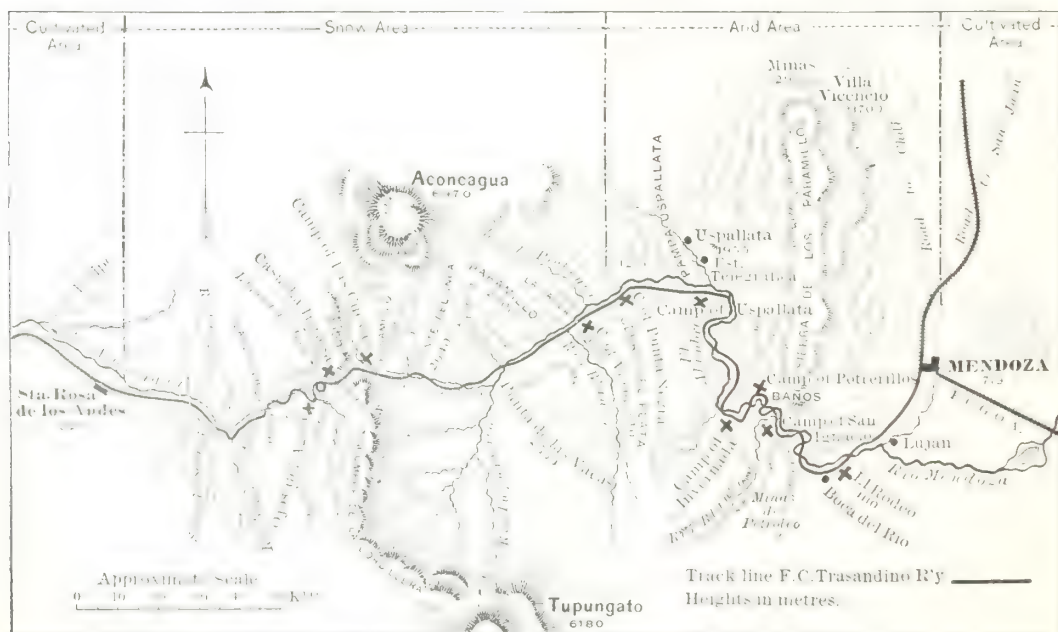
—and scenery, original, varied, and

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ince of San Luis, when it becomes more and more picturesque, and increases in charm as you enter the province of Mendoza. I remember with pleasure the agreeable surprise which met my eyes one morning, after passing a day and two nights in a very dusty and ill-cared-for sleeping-car, to say nothing of the hot day's journey from Buenos Ayres to Rosario, where this "coche dormitorio" awaited us. "Arriba, señores, arriba!" (Get up, gentlemen, get up!), cried the conductor as he passed through the car, shaking the curtains and stirring up clouds of dust. I pulled on my clothes, collected my hand-bags together, and then went out on the platform of the car to smell the fresh air and to view the country. The panorama was enchanting. There were no longer desolate plains spreading out their brown aridity further than the eye could reach, but, on the contrary, a smiling expanse of green and fertile land, covered with a net-work of rivulets and irrigating canals, which watered fields of tall corn and vineyards fenced off with walls built with cyclopean blocks of sun-dried earth. We were running due west without a bend in the line. Looking backward, at one end of the train, I saw the cold gray rails converging to the vanishing point against the horizon, all aglow with the vivid rose-colored

brilliancy of dawn; while looking forward, I beheld the majestic mass of the Andes towering above the clouds, and presenting from base to summit a variety of tones of indescribable softness and splendor, for the lower spurs were still slumbering in deep blue semi-obscurity, although the snow-capped peaks and the sharp facettes of the upper ridges were already glittering in the golden rays of the sun, which struck the crowns of these lofty mountain monarchs long before it rose above the horizon of the valleys at their feet. This was my first glimpse of the Andes, and one of the most impressive and beautiful visions that I have had the fortune to contemplate.

In the pleasantly situated town of Mendoza, with its broad streets overarched with trees, I spent several days in making arrangements for the journey over the mountains. In the general stores in the Calle General San Martin, that ubiquitous hero of the Southern republics, I bought canned food, biscuit, orange marmalade, tea, coffee, cigarettes, matches, wine, whiskey, salt, a mattress, a kettle, and other small items necessary for a week's travelling in uninhabited regions. I also bought some stout leather leggings, a fine pair of Chilian spurs, with a wheel or star rowel five inches in diameter, and a "poncho" of superior quality and un-



MAP OF ROUTE ACROSS THE ANDES.

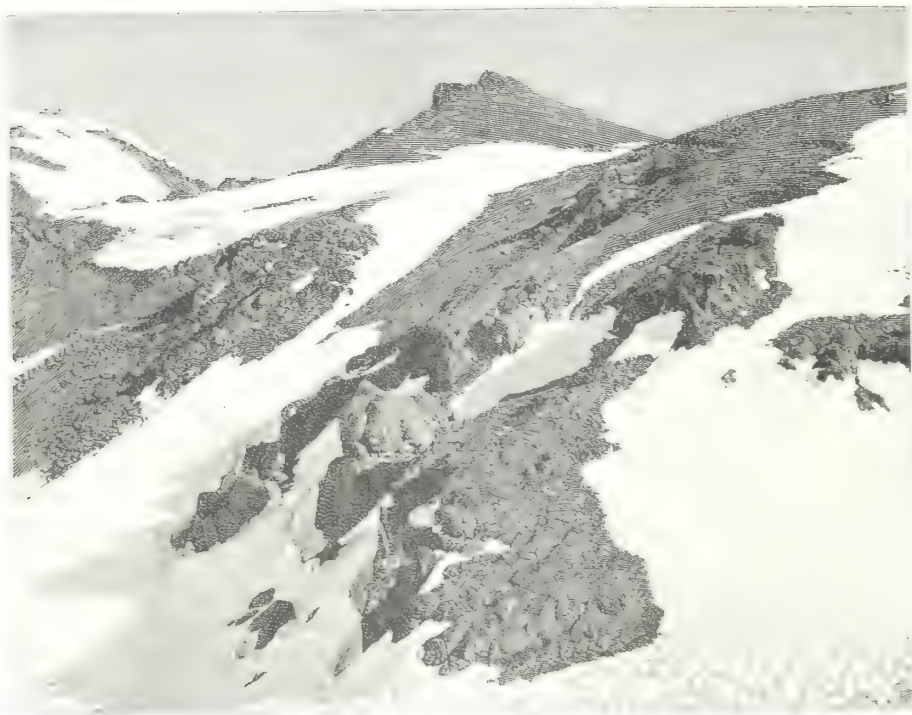


ROPING CATTLE AT PUNTA NEGRA.

obtrusive design, the whole under the guidance of an experienced traveller, whose counsel I found to be most excellent. The "poncho," I must explain, is the universal native garment in Spanish America. It is a rectangular piece of stuff with a hole in the middle, through which to pass the head; it varies in size, thickness, quality, and pattern, according to the season or to the means and taste of the wearer; rich and poor alike wear the "poncho," and a better and more convenient over-garment for riding cannot be imagined. Thus equipped I proceeded to seek mules, but I had considerable difficulty in finding an "arriero," or muleteer, who would undertake to go by the path I wished to follow along the south side of the Mendoza River. The ordinary mule path to Chili goes out to the north of the town, and always along the north bank of the river, the usual halting stations being Villa Vicencio, Uspallata, Punta de las Vacas, Puente del Inca, Juncal, and Guardia Vieja. On the accompanying

sketch map, the first that has ever been published of this now very ancient route across the mountains, the reader will find the ordinary road to Chili marked, and on the other side of the river, and occasionally crossing it, the route of the trans-andine railway; at the same time he will be able to get some idea of the position of the main mountain ranges and of the height in metres of the principal points, while other conventional markings indicate the nature of the ground.

Well, after obtaining letters of introduction to the engineers of the various sections of the line, and complete particulars for my guidance, I tried "arriero" after "arriero," but all in vain. Some said, without further explanation, that it did not suit them to go that way. "No me conviene, señor." Others pleaded ignorance of the way. Next to a mule itself, I believe there is no more obstinate creature than a muleteer. However, I persevered, and finally obtained the address of an impresario named Zacarias



PASO DEL VERMEJITO.

Diaz, who lived outside Mendoza, near the cemetery; and at 5 A.M. the next morning I called upon him, tempted him with gold, and after drinking several glasses of vermouth we at last came to terms, and he signed with an elaborate flourish, or "rubrica," the following document and receipt for the payment of half the sum agreed:

"Recibo del Señor Teodoro Child cantidad de pesos nacionales, mitad del importe por el cual me obligo a hacerlo conducir a Chile y cuya segunda mitad será pagada en Santa Rosa de los Andes. Enero 22, '90.

ZACARIAS DIAZ."

An hour later the impresario Diaz introduced me to the "arriero," Benigno Mendoza by name, who was to take me to Chili; and after giving Benigno instructions to go on ahead and meet me the following morning at eight o'clock at a point on the railway track thirty and odd kilometres from Mendoza, I felt relieved of some anxiety, and spent the day in gossip and expectation.

The following morning, January 23d, at half past six, an engine and two corrugated iron freight cars started from the station of the Ferro-Carril Trasandino at Mendoza with half a dozen navvies, the paymaster Don Carlos, his clerk, the liq-

uor contractor of the first section of the line, and the writer of these pages, each one with his baggage, bedding, ponchos, saddles, spurs, revolvers, boots, belts, and I know not what besides. And so, with much jolting, rattling, and dust, we sped along rapidly.

The starting-point at Mendoza is 719 metres above the level of the sea, and the line runs southwest by south for the first twelve kilometres, passing through cultivated ground near the famous Trapiche vineyards; then it gets on to barren ground covered with scrub and bulbous cactuses studded with beautiful wax-like flowers, though as far as kilometre 21 you still see zones of cultivated ground, and away to the right hand the red and brown slopes of the Andes and distant snowy peaks. At kilometre 21 is the first station, called La Compuerta. At kilometre 24 the line reaches the Mendoza River for the first time, and crosses it over a bridge of 120 metres span, in six openings of twenty metres each. It then turns more to the west, and follows the south bank of the Mendoza River over a stony plain, until it reaches Boca del Rio at kilometre 33, where the rails stopped at the time of my journey. But before reaching this point we left the train at a small camp

called El Rodeo, placed on a bluff on the bank of the Mendoza River—a barren and deserted spot, indeed, but luxurious compared with other camps which I was destined to see later. Imagine heaps of broken railway material, piles of rails, sheds full of various materials, groups of little cabins made of corrugated iron, a corral of wattled brushwood, a dome-roofed baking oven built of sun-dried bricks, a total absence of vegetation or shade, and an abundance of dust and scattered rubbish. Animate this landscape with mules, a few teams of oxen, navvies of all nationalities, Indian and half-breed women and children, lean dogs, a few goats, some errant fowls, and you will have an idea of the first camp on the line. Here Don Carlos staid a couple of hours to pay the men, and I meanwhile sent to inquire if Benigno was at the rendezvous, a short distance further on; but although the hour fixed upon had passed, there were no signs of mules or muleteer. I remembered that I was in the land of “mañana,” and waited patiently; but as hour followed hour and the mules did not appear, I began to feel irritated and alarmed. Don Carlos had gone ahead and left me. It was already noon. The situation was becoming hopeless, and it seemed probable that I and my “poncho,” spurs, leggings, and cork helmet would be obliged to return ignominiously to Mendoza. However, I determined to make the best of things, and there being no immediate means of returning to the town, I accepted the invitation of the engineer of the camp, a most sympathetic and accomplished German gentleman, and sat down to breakfast under the shade of a brush roof in company with my host, with the telegraphist of the camp,

a young Venezuelan, and with the head blacksmith, one of the most imaginative and agreeable Gascons I have ever met. This camp, however, was a long and tedious one, pleasant to all parties that it was prolonged nearly three hours, and when I had quite reconciled myself to a forced retreat, the worthy Benigno was announced. Where had he been? He had missed the road, and gone up the mountain instead of down. However, there was no question of reproach or expostulation. Benigno smiled all over his face; his black beard glistened with blue reflections in the sunlight; hoarse but still articulate sounds issued from his parched lips. We must not lose any more time, he suggested, and took the baggage to load up the pack-mule. A few minutes later I bade a hearty farewell to my host, mounted my mule, and off we started over scrub and cactus, the “madrina” leading the way with her tinkling bell.

Our little caravan consisted of six mules—one for me, one for Benigno, one for the baggage, two spare animals in case of accident, and the “yegua madrina,” or bell mule, which all the others follow. The general order of march was the “madrina,” the spare mules, and the baggage



CROSSING THE RIO BLANCO.

mule in the van, followed by Benigno, who drove them on with his lasso, and chased them back into the path when they wandered away. A short distance behind Benigno, my mule stepped along at a rapid walking pace, rarely breaking into a trot, and that only when he saw that the others were getting too far ahead. As for the accoutrements, they presented some special details worthy of notice. The bridle of both mules and horses in the mountain districts of the Argentine and of Chili is provided not only with a bit and curb, but also with a semicircular metal guard which covers the lips, and serves the double purpose of protecting the nose of the animals in case of a fall or slip in going up hill, and at the same time of preventing them from drinking when they are fording streams. This Chilean bit is a formidable engine against which no animal can rebel. The reins are generally

made of twisted strands of untanned leather, finely plaited in round lengths which are joined together with rings, while attached to the bridle is a leather lash two yards or two yards and a half long, which takes the place of a whip, and which you whirl round as you would whirl a lasso, and thus deal very efficacious strokes across the flanks of recalcitrant beasts. This long lasso-lash is especially useful when you meet another troop of mules, or when you have to spur and "whoop" your way through one of those herds of a thousand or fifteen hundred horned cattle which are constantly being driven over the mountains during the summer months, and crowd the narrow path in an often alarming manner. The saddles used are the high-cushioned Chilean or Mexican models, or, more commonly, a series of superposed skins and cloths arranged somewhat in the same manner as the



THE INN AT CUNTA DE LAS VACAS



VALLE DE LAS CUEVAS.

"recado" or saddle of the Argentine "gaucho"—first of all, a cloth or some sheepskins, then a leather saddle, then a peaked wooden frame called "bastos," to which the stirrups are attached, and the whole held in place by a belly-band, and then over this two or three more sheepskins and a saddle-cloth, held in position by means of a broad surcingle. This surcingle is not provided with buckles, but simply with rings and thongs, which are tied with running knots, and so can be more readily loosened and tightened while the various elements of the saddle are being recomposed—an operation which has to be done from time to time during the day's march, especially when the road is precipitous. The stirrups are simply heavy wooden shoes or sabots, always curiously carved, and an excellent protection against the bowlders and thorn-bushes which line the mountain track. To the inexperienced eye this equipment may seem primitive and cumbersome, but in reality every detail of it has its reason and use. Indeed, as a general rule, we may be sure that usages consecrated by long tradition are not to be sneered at. Even those enormous wheel spurs have their *raison d'être*, which is not to hurt the horse or mule—no spur is more harmless—but to assist the rider to sit in the saddle with ease and cling more closely to his horse. A Chilean does not feel his equilibrium complete unless he wears a pair of these big spurs, which are so ter-

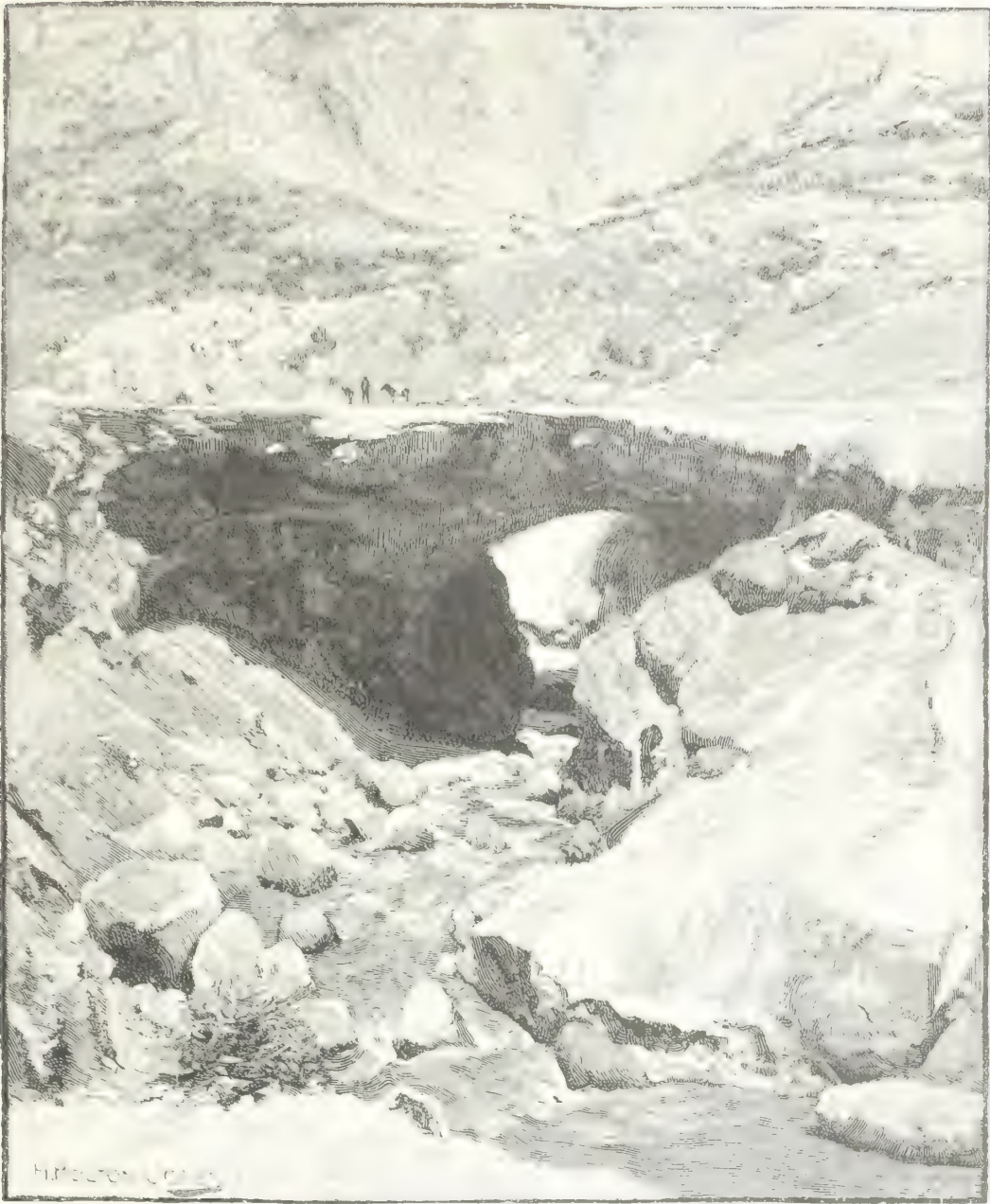
rribly embarrassing when he dismounts and walks on *terra firma*. As regards the baggage mule, bags, trunks, and all sorts of luggage are piled up on his back on a pack-saddle, and tied on with long thongs of untanned leather in such a manner as to balance well. Now, as the baggage mule trots on in front, free to err a little from the path and snatch *en passage* a sprig of vegetation, it often happens that he abuses his privilege and runs up hill or down hill some distance. Then he has to be driven back to the road. All this ends by disturbing the equilibrium of the cargo, and then the "arriero" gallops up to the baggage mule, dismounts with agility, and throws his "poncho" over the animal's head. As long as his head is covered with the "poncho" the mule remains still, and recourse to this method of blindfolding is had each time the mule is loaded, and each time that the balance needs to be re-established during the day's march. In fact it is one of the little incidents of mountain travel, and the novice, for the aspect of a mule with his head wrapped up in a "poncho" has a certain element of comicality.

In a few minutes the hospitable camp of El Rodeo was lost to view, and we entered the silence of the mountains, following the railway line through a granite cutting, and then through a tunnel of 100 metres long. At kilometre 36.400 the line will cross to the north side of the river with a bridge of forty-five metres span over a deep, narrow channel. One kilometre further on it recrosses to the south bank over a bridge of forty metres span, and a viaduct of three arches, each of nine metres. The rails at the time of my journey were laid only as far as kilometre 33, and although most of the masonry was completed for the bridges beyond that point, none of the iron-work had yet arrived, for the simple reason that it cannot be brought until the rails are laid. Henceforward, then, we followed a mule path along the south side of the Mendoza River, up hill and down dale, through grand scenery, until we reached San Ignacio about two hours after sunset, passing on our way, at kilometre 38.500, the second station, Los Baños de la Boca del Rio, where there are some hot sulphur springs in the bed of the river, usually available only in the winter, because the summer floods cover them. Just beyond this station the line crosses to the north bank, with a bridge of forty-five metres span, and three arches of nine metres each. Then shortly afterward it goes through a tunnel of forty-two metres, and round a quick bend in the river by retaining walls on the mountain-side. All this I noticed with interest, but in order not to distract the reader, and for the sake of greater clearness, I will reserve the technical details of the line for a subsequent page, and proceed to relate the few incidents of the journey.

At San Ignacio I slept comfortably in the house of the engineer of the camp, who was absent, and whose hospitality I could recognize only by leaving a card of thanks on his door. The next morning I was awakened about half past four by the trampling of mules and by the steps of Benigno, who was making preparations for starting. After a cup of coffee and a biscuit we were in the saddle, and as we jogged along in the mild morning freshness my eyes rested with wonderment on the surrounding snow-clad ridges, above which towered in the distance the conical peak of Tupungato, 6180 metres high. It was a singularly impressive sight. The

gloom of night still lingered in the valley; the lower ranges of mountains seemed to emit darkness; the outlines of the bowlders, scrub, and cactus plants were not yet sharply defined; the earth appeared as it were half asleep, lulled by the subdued roar of the Mendoza River rolling its torrent of brown-gray water along its deep and tortuous bed; the only other sound perceptible was the tinkling of the mule bell and the soft pattering of hoofs over the gravel and pebbles. Suddenly the summit of Tupungato reddened, and in a few minutes all the topmost ridges became brilliant and almost transparent, like molten copper as it flows out of the furnace. The spectacle of sunrise in the Andes was one that I contemplated each morning with ever-increasing awe, for each time it seemed more wonderful, more beautiful, and more indescribable.

The second day's journey from San Ignacio to the camp of Uspallata was long and wearisome. We were still in the arid region of rugged ground, thinly dotted with thorn, "jarilla" scrub, and great hairy cactuses growing in single spikes a foot or more in diameter and three or four feet high. Keeping as near to the river as possible, we rode along until we came to the Rio Blanco de los Potrerillos, which we forded without difficulty, and then we crossed a number of ravines, or "quebradas," descending and ascending the precipitous sides without accident, but not without emotion. Toward noon we halted in the desert, lighted a fire, and ate our lonely breakfast with gusto, and then once more the girths were tightened, and we proceeded, partly along the river-bank and partly along the railway track, through the stony and burning wastes of the Alumbré, and then along the precipitous face of broken mountains, where the rock has been cut away so that the railway runs terracewise along the river with one short tunnel. All this part of the route is as hard travelling as one could wish to one's worst enemy. The arid ground, the bare red granite rocks, every particle of dust even, seem to be burning hot. There is no shade, no water, no shelter; and with eyes inflamed, parched tongue, and smarting throat you toil along, deriving little consolation from the fact that the hardy muleteer is suffering nearly as much as yourself. Finally, about half an hour after sundown, we came in sight of a solitary provision store, a few kilo-



PUENTE DEL INCA.

metres on this side of the camp of Uspallata, with around it two or three empty houses, forming part of a camp that had now been removed higher up. This store, or "proveeduría," was kept by a Spanish Basque who was of kindly disposition in spite of his ferocious aspect, and being utterly exhausted, I besought him to let me sleep in his shed, rather than go on in the dark half a dozen kilometres further to the regular camp. So my mattress was laid

amidst flour barrels, oil cans, casks of wine, and various wares, in a shed at the back of the shop, and, in company of rats and mice, I passed as peaceful a night as my aching bones and my parched throat would allow. It was useless to bewail my fate. I had chosen this path of my own free-will. The only thing to do now was to make the best of it, or perish in the attempt. At any rate I was learning by personal experience what are the

ships suffered by those who travel through the desert, for certainly no Sahara sands can be more scorching and more parching than the granitic dust of the Alumbre. However, the next morning, though still parched, I mounted my mule as usual, and we rode on through similar country, amidst brush, cactus, and burning rocks, until we reached the camp of Punta Negra, where the Swedish engineer in charge received me with the greatest cordiality and offered me two new-laid eggs and a cup of fine coffee prepared by a French woman, the wife of one of the workmen. Fresh eggs are a great luxury in these camps, where, strange to say, few of the engineers have fowls, or even a goat, but live in a desperately primitive manner. The camp of Punta Negra was one of the most characteristic that I saw. In an open space of absolutely sterile brown earth, under the shadow of the equally sterile mountains, there were the usual corrals for the mules; the usual houses, with corrugated iron roofs, built for the most part of loose stones without mortar; a baking oven; a small store for the sale of canned provisions and more or less deleterious drinks; everything looking miserable, dusty, neglected, and desolate. The inhabitants were the men working on the line, mostly Eastern Europeans, a number of "China," or half-Indian women and children, with brown skins and coarse black hair, and a few miscellaneous servants. In such surroundings the engineers, often highly educated young men, speaking two or three languages, live month after month and year after year, cut off from the world, and receiving no other visits than a rare call from a colleague in a neighboring camp, and once a month that of the paymaster from Mendoza. The engineer's cabin scarcely differs from the others in the camp, except in that it contains a drawing table, some scientific instruments, and a few books and illustrated newspapers—that great consolation of those whose lot is cast in lonely places. In the midst of these terrible mountains there is no comfort; everything has to be carried on mule-back, even the fodder for the mules themselves; every board, every nail, every crumb that we see in the camps, has been brought on mules over the same difficult road that we are now traversing. From this fact alone the reader may judge how great have been the difficulties of the construction of the railway.

While in the camp of Punta Negra I

witnessed a scene which illustrated the primitiveness of existence in these mountain deserts. In the upper valleys, it appears, there are occasionally stretches of pasture where the "carneadores," or fleshers, keep cattle. As we were smoking our cigarettes after lunch we saw in the distance half a dozen horsemen galloping along and driving before them three oxen. Soon, with remarkable rapidity and skill, the cattle were directed into the camp, lassos were thrown over their horns and over their hind and fore legs, and the animals lay panting and roaring on the ground. In a few seconds each one was killed, and in a few minutes afterward the hides were drying in the sun, and the meat was being roasted on wooden spits before the fire of the baking oven. The lightning speed with which this incident took place, and the brusque transition from bounding and splendid life to the red horror of dead meat, were disagreeably striking to the eye of the over-sensitive dweller in cities.

After examining the works of the line in the vicinity of Punta Negra, where I overtook the paymaster, Don Carlos, I started off in his company to the next camp of Vermejito, which is 2100 metres above the level of the sea. Here we spent the night; and the next morning, after admiring the grand black basaltic rocks that render the scenery in these parts all the more dismally impressive, we started, together with two of the engineers of the camp, who volunteered to see us safely across the Rio Blanco, which was reported to be dangerously swollen. When we reached the bottom of the deep ravine through which this torrent flows, we found the reports to be only too true. The water, white as milk, was foaming and dashing over a part of the narrow planks which had been anchored across the stream below the best fording-place. After working an hour at the risk of their lives, the two young engineers, who were as agile as goats—one was a Swede and the other an Italian—succeeded in raising one of the planks a foot, so that it could be crossed with comparative safety, the dash of the water over it remaining only about six inches. The human element of the party then felt reassured; but how would the mules get over? The "arrieros" were in a state of great agitation, and the paymaster was anxious about the thousands of dollars that he had in



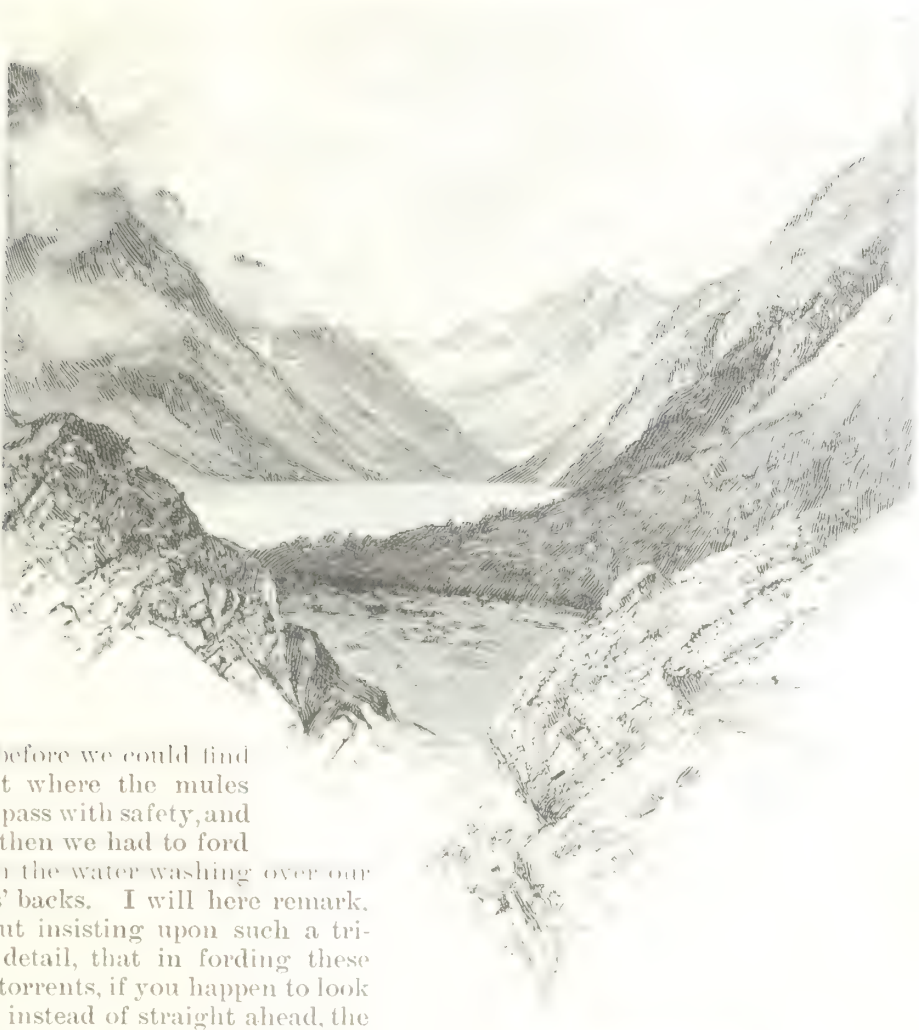
his money bags. However, every man took a order. The first man to be carried away was the one who had been carrying the money bags. He was carried away for a few minutes, and losing a big piece of his flesh against a sharp boulder. The next thing was a sharp boulder. The next thing was a sharp boulder. The next thing was a sharp boulder.

of "jarilla" scrub beside a little trickling streamlet of clear water, with tadpoles lurking in the pools and amongst the cryptogamous verdure along the edges, seemed to us a comfortable spot, although there was not an inch of shade, and no shelter whatever either from wind or sun. Here we lighted a fire, and turning our backs to the desert, faced toward the river, which we could see glistening in the distance as it disappeared round a bend between the horrid mountains, while at the other end of the valley we perceived tall snow-capped peaks, and across the desert itself the implacable line of iron telegraph posts with a double wire stretched from insulator to insulator. This telegraph line goes from the Argentine to Chili, passing the summit of the Andes in underground cables as far as Guardia Vieja. When the brushwood was well ablaze

Benigno produced from his saddle-bags a piece of fresh meat which he had bought at Punta Negra, spitted it on a stick, and propped it up on two stones in front of the fire, where it was roasted to perfection. With this roast, a box of sardines, some marmalade, a bottle of wine, and a cup of coffee, we made an excellent meal, and started off gayly for the next camp, called Punta de las Vacas. The road was arduous, the ascents being exceedingly steep, and the descents equally precipitous. The path, too, was not clear, but, luckily, Don Carlos had lighted fires at different points so that the smoke might guide us. Thus we arrived at a paltry stream called the Rio Colorado, which in ordinary times you cross on stepping-stones, but which was now swollen into a formidable torrent tumbling along violently through a rocky and pathless ravine. Here we spent some



LOS TOROS (CHILI SIDE)



LAGUNA DEL INCA

time before we could find a spot where the mules could pass with safety, and even then we had to ford it with the water washing over our mules' backs. I will here remark, without insisting upon such a trifling detail, that in fording these swift torrents, if you happen to look down instead of straight ahead, the water and the mule seem to be stationary, while the banks are rushing past with alarming rapidity.

People who are subject to giddiness will do well not to attempt to cross the Andes.

In the course of the afternoon we arrived safely at the camp of Punta de las Vacas, where an amiable Scotch engineer gave us hospitality and accepted with pleasure a little whiskey—a rarity at this height above the sea-level. This camp is one of the loneliest, most desolate, and most arid of the whole line, the only living things near it being pumas, guanacos, and vultures. The engineer had as a pet a young guanaco, which wandered freely about the camp and fondled everybody. This species of animal—something between an antelope and a llama—is very prolific and abundant in the upper valleys of the Cordillera. In the camp of Punta de las Vacas, as in all the camps that I visited, I found a warm welcome, and I spent a

pleasant evening with my host and Don Carlos, the paymaster, who also staid there that night. The next morning I left the track of the railway, crossed the Mendoza River on a shaky wooden bridge, rode along the Rio de las Cuevas for a short distance, amongst boulders and rocks, and then rejoined the ordinary mule road from Mendoza to Chili, a good broad path, very different from the scarcely visible bridle-paths which I had been following hitherto on the other side of the river. The scenery, too, began to grow less arid. Walls of loose stones enclosed vast "potreros," for shutting in and feeding the travelling herds of cattle. There were even some pasture land and some road for a short distance in the vicinity of the public halting-place, called also Punta de las Vacas—a dismal and filthy spot withal, surrounded with dirt.



GOOD SPECIMEN OF CASUCHA.

offal, horns, bones, skeletons of horses, mules, and other cattle, old meat cans, broken bottles, and all the evidences of uncleanness, destruction, and cruelty which nomad humanity leaves for nature's scavengers to transmute. As we continued along the Cuevas Valley we saw from time to time more skeletons of mules or oxen, some bleached and cleanly picked, others still occupying the ravenous beaks of large birds of prey. So we arrived without incident at Puente del Inca, where I staid that day to examine the natural curiosities of the spot. The Inca's Bridge is simply an arch of stratified shingle, cemented together by deposits and petrifications from the hot springs which bubble up all over the neighboring bluff, the river Cuevas having eaten its way through the shingle and falling in a cascade below. The bridge is 66 feet high, 120 wide, and varies from 20 to 30 feet in thickness, and, seen from below the bridge, it is found to be covered with yellowish stalactites more curious than beautiful. In the sides of the ravine, in grottoes, are bubbling hot springs of crystalline water, which even in winter has a temperature of 94° Fahrenheit. This water contains sulphur, iron, and other mineral properties, and is reputed to be of great efficacy. Doubtless, when the transandine railway is

opened for traffic, a company will buy up Puente del Inca, construct a fine bath establishment, and take in handsome profits. Even as it is, although the grottoes are merely enclosed with a few planks, and although neither at the springs nor at the inn is there the smallest element of comfort or even decency, many people come every year from Chili and the Argentine in order to take the baths. Indeed, a more miserable and desolate spot could hardly be imagined. It is a stretch of reddish-brown ground at the foot of the mountains without a particle of vegetation on it. Toward the river the ground is covered with a yellow or white efflorescence that suggests coral formation, and innumerable little springs of hot water bubble up through cracks in the rock with a hissing sound, and trickle over green or yellow floating fibre toward the edge of the rock, where the fibre hangs over and gradually solidifies into stalactites, which in turn become converted into projecting ledges, on which other stalactites hang. The whole aspect of the ground is uncanny; just as at Punta de las Vacas, the inn is surrounded with a zone of filth, bones, horns, offal, and old tins. As for the inn itself, it is an agglomeration of one-story buildings of sun-dried bricks, mud roofs, floors of beaten earth not even levelled.

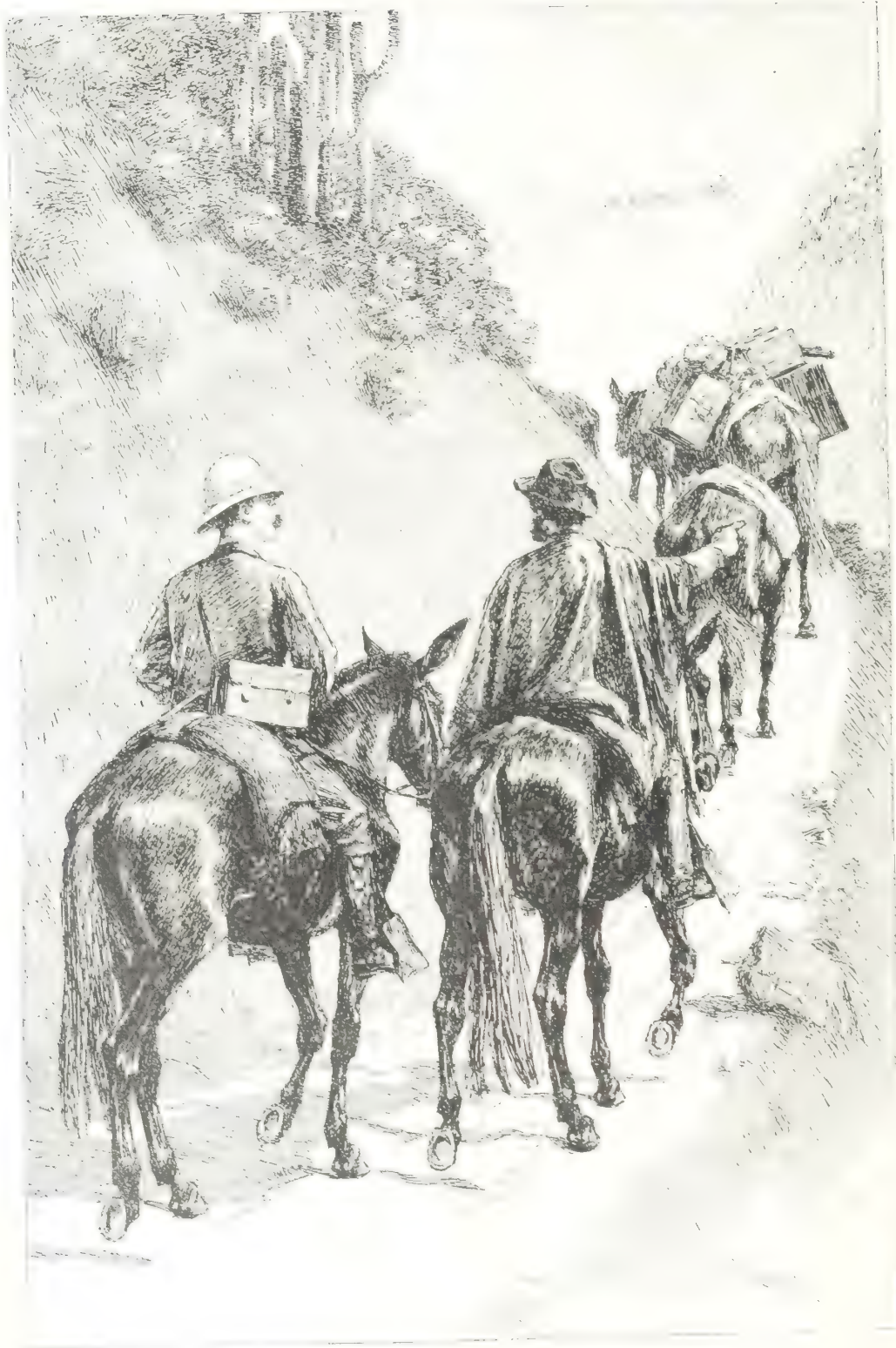
the walls whitewashed, and the doors painted bright green. In each room are as many trestles and mattresses as it can hold, and in the summer months the traveller must expect to sleep in mixed company, and be prepared to dispense with washing and all other conveniences which decency, not to say comfort, requires. I may say here that experienced travellers strenuously deprecate the use of soap and water during the journey across the Andes, on the ground that it renders the skin tender and susceptible, not so much to the sun, but to the terrible dust and winds that you meet. If you wash, they say, your lips and nose will crack and your skin peel off. For my part, I abstained from washing the whole time I was in the mountains, not only because I felt confidence in the experienced advice of other travellers, but also because, for want of water and utensils, I never had an opportunity of washing. On the other hand, I must say that I arrived at my journey's end without any hurt or disfigurement other than the loss of the skin on the tip of my nose.

From Puente del Inca we started the next morning to perform perhaps the hardest stretch of the journey, namely, the passage of the Cumbre, 12,795 feet high, the dividing point between the Pacific and Atlantic water-sheds of the Andes. The road lies along the middle of the grand valley of Las Cuevas, in which are two or three round huts, or "casuchas," where travellers and the couriers carrying the mails find shelter when needful. All these "casuchas" are built on the same plan, with steps ascending to the interior, which consists of a room some sixteen feet square, without any other aperture except the door. In the centre is a heap of ashes where travellers build a fire to cook food, and sometimes remain a week or ten days in smoke and misery waiting for a favorable moment to scale the steep hog-back ridge,

and get down the terribly precipitous descent on the Chilian side. The difficulties at this point are twofold, due either to the elements or to the traveller's temperament. Some people, and even some mules and horses, are attacked at this elevation with "puna"—a difficulty of breathing ascribed to the rarefaction of the air. The symptoms are sudden bleeding of the nose and of the lungs, and a gasping for breath which may cause death. Travellers not unfrequently have to turn back and retrace their steps to Mendoza. The day I crossed, three persons out of a party of seven were obliged to turn back and hurry down to the valley, so acute was the attack of "puna" which they experienced. The difficulties of the other category are snow-storms and gales of wind of such force that they blow mules and men off their legs and into destruction. Even in the fine months of December and January these gales occur, and every afternoon the wind rises and the clouds gather on the summit to discharge torrents of hail or rain. The best time to cross is, therefore, early morning, or, at any rate, before noon. Benigno and myself had determined to cross the Cumbre early, the more so as at Puente del Inca the wind was already blowing rather strongly, and the clouds hung threateningly around the mountains. Our intention was to have left the Puente del Inca at half past three or four in the morning, but when we got up the mules had disappeared, and it was only after a four hours'



CUMBRE DE LA CORDILLERA.



SALTO DEL SOLDADO.

search that they were discovered grazing in one of the upper valleys. Thanks to this delay, we had to cross the Cumbre in the afternoon, and before we reached the summit, with the snowy peaks and glaciers glistening all around us, the gale began to blow more strongly, making us bend close over the necks of our mules, and by the time we began the descent on the Chilean side, snow and hail were beating against our faces and almost blinding us. On the Chilean side the downward path is so rapid, and the loose red earth and stones so slippery, that most people jump off their mules and scramble down on foot for about two miles until the path becomes a little firmer. Down these inclines we hurried as fast as we could, winding round the mountains, and getting lower and lower, until we came within sight of the Juncal post-house, which is only 7340 feet above the sea-level. Thence, through a steady downfall of thick rain, we rode across the valley, forded a few streams, and about five o'clock in the afternoon we reached a comfortable little post-house at Ojos del Agua, where we found clean beds and an excellent "cazuela"—one of the national Chilean dishes, being a combination of a soup and a stew, and a most consoling meal for a weary traveller. Here I spent the night in peaceful slumber, and the next morning I started early, in company with a Chilean gentleman, to perform the last stage of the journey and the most delightfully picturesque. The scenery on the Argentine side of the Cordillera is grand, imposing, and awe-inspiring, but never charming. On the Chilean side, on the contrary, after passing the upper morose and intemperate regions, you find a most wonderful combination of grandeur and of softer beauty in the long valley of the Aconcagua, all the way from Ojos del Agua and Guardia Vieja down to the town of Santa Rosa de los Andes. It is like riding through a garden, so great is the variety of trees, shrubs, and brilliant flowers that line the path and the mountain-sides, and cling to the ledges and terraces of the deep ravine, at the bottom of which the river boils and roars. Many of the trees bear fruits or nuts of kinds not recorded in ordinary botanical treatises. Some of the shrubs emit aromatic odors, and one in particular, called "ñipa," fills the air with a perfume that suggests the proximity of a domestic hog. The

flowers, again, are strange in form and most exquisitely delicate in color. Strange, too, is the candle-cactus, or "quisco," which grows in profusion on the lower slopes, with branches fifteen and twenty feet high, the pale green prickly lances being generally overgrown with a mossy parasite of a rich red color. As we descend lower an occasional mountain farmhouse is seen buried in the rich verdure of this Garden of Eden which man's hand has not yet marred. An "acequia," or irrigating canal, diverts some water from the neighboring torrent to fertilize the patches of corn and vegetables. Soon we came to a curious natural phenomenon, where the river has eaten its way through a barrier of solid rock. This point is known as the Salto del Soldado. Then, still descending through most enchanting scenery, we reached the pretty halting-place Los Loros, where the road becomes practicable for carriages. Here I confess that I dismounted from my mule with pleasure, gave the faithful Benigno Mendoza sterling tokens of my satisfaction with his services, and transferred my weary person and my dusty baggage to a carriage that was waiting in the hope of a return fare to Los Andes, where I arrived after a pleasant three hours' ride through well-watered gardens of vines, apple and peach trees, and vast fields of alfalfa pasture, divided by row after row of slender and graceful poplars.

Now let us return to the transandine railway, which we have almost forgotten in the narrative of our personal emotions and adventures, but which is certainly one of the most remarkable lines ever conceived, and which in the course of a few years, and even of a few months, will greatly modify the current of traffic across the South-American continent. The originators of the line are J. E. and M. Clark and Company, who obtained in 1873 the first concession of a line from Buenos Ayres to the Pacific, passing through Villa Mercedes, Mendoza, and through the Uspallata Pass to the Chilean frontier, with a branch from Mendoza to San Juan. Owing to financial and political difficulties, this general combination was not carried out. About 1880 the Argentine government built the section from Villa Mercedes to Mendoza and San Juan. In 1883 Clark and Company built the Pacific line from Buenos Ayres to Villa Mercedes, which has since passed into the hands of an English

company, while the line from Villa Mercedes to Mendoza has also become the property of an English company, the Argentine Great Western. The actual works of the transandine line were begun in 1887 by an English syndicate called the Buenos Ayres and Valparaiso Transandine Railway Company, which bought the concession from Clark and Company, and is building the line on the Argentine side, with Clark and Company as contractors. On the Chili side, from Los Andes to the frontier, the line is being built by Clark and Company, under the title of Clark's Transandine Railway. Thus, when the route is finished, it will run over the rails of five different companies between Buenos Ayres and Valparaiso, namely, the Pacific, the Argentine Great Western, the Buenos Ayres and Valparaiso Transandine, Clark's Transandine, and lastly the Chilean state line, from Los Andes to Valparaiso.

The first studies for the mountain line were made in 1873, but a serious survey was not completed until 1887, amidst countless difficulties, for the ground was almost entirely pathless and unknown both geographically and geologically. Up to the present day you find no maps and no literature about this section of the Andes. The field is new and open to future enterprise. A glance at the map on page 490 will show the route finally selected, after many changes and essays. The point at which the Cordillera is to be passed is situated in the Cumbre between the two lofty snow-clad peaks of Tupungato toward the south and Aconcagua toward the north. From the Chili side the line winds along the terraced mountains of the valley of the Aconcagua River; from the Argentine side the valleys of the Mendoza and Cuevas rivers are followed amidst innumerable obstacles, owing to the capricious course of the streams, the interruption caused by loose pebbly earth, or "ripio," by masses of gravel carried down by the lateral torrents and piled up in cones, and by "barrancas," which are vertical or sloping banks of gravel apparently deposited in times past by the rivers. Some of these "barrancas" are seventy metres in vertical height. Just beyond the point where we last mentioned the track in the early pages of this article, at kilometre 40.200, there is a heavy cutting through one of these gravel cones. At kilometre

41 the river has been diverted, in order to avoid a couple of bridges. For three kilometres the line runs closely along the bottom of the hills until it reaches an open and fertile valley, with poplar-trees and grazing cattle, called the Potrereros de San Ignacio, where it crosses again to the south side by a 75-metre bridge. At kilometre 52 is a tunnel of forty metres. At kilometre 54.400 the line crosses to the north bank over a 75-metre bridge, passes through two short tunnels, and again crosses to the south side by a 75-metre bridge, returning once more to the north side by a similar bridge at kilometre 62.400. At kilometre 68, after a stretch of easy ground, there is a big cutting through an immense gravel cone, and then from kilometre 69 to 72 the line is benched on the rock with two short tunnels, which bring us to the last important bridge of sixty metres across the Mendoza to the south bank. At kilometre 75, after passing with one short tunnel along the Cerro Negro, the line reaches the open Pampa del Alumbre, which it follows to kilometre 81, the only break being a climb and a descent over a large gravel cone thrown out from an intermittent river in the centre of the pampa. From kilometre 81 to 89 the line runs along the precipitous face of a broken mountain, on a ledge blasted out of red granite rock, with one short tunnel. So we reach the station of Uspallata, at kilometre 91, whence the line passes midway between the river and the mountains over a bare stony plain to kilometre 105, where it clings close to the mountain to avoid a large and curious "barranca" some seventy metres in vertical height. At kilometre 106 the Uspallata Pampa is left behind, and the line enters the upper valley between the Paramillos, which is a range parallel with the Andes, forming a sort of *avant-garde*, and attaining heights of from two to three thousand metres. At kilometre 114 there is a short piece of broken ground, with a tunnel through a rock spur; but after this the track becomes easy up to kilometre 121, where the turbulent Rio Blanco is reached. As far as this point the earthworks of the line were nearly complete when I passed. The rails alone remain to be laid, and the iron bridges to be fixed on the columns of masonry.

At kilometre 121 we enter upon that portion of the line which, although the route is practically settled, is not yet visi-

ble on the ground, and at this point begin the difficulties of grade, which have led to the adoption in the upper part of the Cordillera of the Abt rack system, about which we shall have more to say anon. About kilometre 135 there is a very difficult place to pass, the whole valley having been filled up by slips from the mountains, which the river has subsequently cut through. It is at this spot, I understand, that the first rack section is necessary. At the level of the Paramillo de las Vacas the line is being built in the river itself, on the south side, on an artificial embankment of rocks. At Punta de las Vacas, where the earthworks are well advanced, there will be a station. From kilometre 134 onward you can see signs of avalanches on the north side of the valley, for which reason doubtless the line is being placed on the south side. Shortly above Punta de las Vacas the line turns westward, entering the valley of Las Cuevas, on both sides of which there are avalanches. These, however, can be avoided by crossing and recrossing the river. Between Punta de las Vacas on the Argentine side and Guardia Vieja on the Chili side is the region of snow during six months in the year; but the winds, it appears, blow in the direction of the track, and may be counted upon to sweep it clean. From Punta de las Vacas up to the Paramillo de las Cuevas the ground rises in steps, which will be mounted by rack sections as far as the mouth of the first of the tunnels through the Cumbre, called El Navaro, from the neighboring river. This tunnel, 1775 metres long, will be in two sections. Then crossing the Quebrada Blanca, we reach the second tunnel of Las Cuevas, 900 metres long, and after about four kilometres of open ground the line reaches, at kilometre 175, the mouth of the main tunnel through the Cumbre, or dividing ridge of the Cordillera. This tunnel will measure 5065 metres.

On the Chili side the mountains fall very rapidly, so much so that Juncal, which, as the crow flies, is only ten kilometres from the summit, is on the same level above the sea as a point on the Argentine side forty-eight kilometres from the summit. This drop consists in a series of enormous steps, which appear to have been formed by falls of rock that have blocked the valley, while streams have filled up behind each fall and formed lakes. Such a lake is the Laguna del

Inca, the only one remaining, the others having been gradually filled up by the water-shed and abrasion of the upper peaks so as to be now merely gravel plains. To carry the railway down this terribly rapid fall has been one of the greatest problems that the engineers have had to deal with, and the solution will be a triumph of science and ingenuity. To a certain extent the transandine will be a repetition of the Saint Gothard line, where the valley also rises step by step and the track climbs by means of helicoidal tunnels. The application of the rack grade, however, simplifies the task considerably. Thus in the great Cumbre tunnel the line, after rising gently from the east mouth for about three kilometres, commences to fall by a rack grade. The western mouth of this tunnel is attained at the head of the Calaveras Valley, where a short open cutting intervenes between it and the next or Calaveras tunnel of 3750 metres, followed by the Portillo tunnel of 1885 metres, which is helicoidal, having one complete corkscrew turn, with an eight per cent. grade and a vertical drop of about 135 metres. It is needless perhaps to explain that the development of the line in a corkscrew turn is required to gain length for the incline. Then come the Juncalillo tunnel of 1275 metres, and the Juncal tunnel of 1104 metres, which bring the line on to the spur of the mountain between the valleys of the Juncal and Juncalillo and 190 metres above the junction of these two valleys. This height will necessitate the continuation of the rack grade until the level of the river is reached. The entrance of the Cumbre tunnel is 3178 metres above the level of the sea, and the mouth of the Juncal tunnel on the Chili side is 2224 metres above the sea, thus showing a difference of level of 954 metres overcome by inclined tunnels and by one continuous section of rack grade, starting at three kilometres from the entrance of the great Cumbre tunnel.

After leaving the tunnels the line turns upon itself, and goes down the valley of the Rio Aconcagua with ordinary grades, though as far as the Rio Blanco certain lengths of rack will be introduced, and perhaps other lengths will be necessary lower down, where the studies have not yet been completed, for at the time of my visit only about twelve kilometres of the line were laid from Los Andes up the valley. On the Chilean side, however,

the line will be exceedingly picturesque, and will pass several curious natural phenomena, notably the Salto del Soldado, some twenty-five kilometres from Santa Rosa, a dike of rock going right across the river. The back of this dike seems to have been broken by volcanic agency, and the river passes through it, as the railway will pass also.

The line on the Chilian side from Santa Rosa to the frontier will measure 65 kilometres, and on the Argentine side from the frontier to Mendoza 177 kilometres. The starting-point at Mendoza is 719 metres above the level of the sea; the starting-point at Santa Rosa is 820 metres; the highest summit level in the Cumbre tunnel is 3189 metres above the level of the sea. On the ordinary track the grades are 25 per thousand, or 1 in 40; on the rack sections the grades are 8 per cent., or 1 in 12½. The gauge is one metre, and the minimum curves are 100 metres radius, though the concession allows curves of 80 metres. The adoption of this narrow gauge will necessitate the transfer of goods and passengers at Mendoza and Los Andes, which is, of course, a serious disadvantage; on the other hand, it enables the line to be built at much less expense than if a broader gauge were employed, and at the same time it permits sharp curves of short radius, whereas a broader gauge would require curves of 250 to 300 metres. As the line is singularly tortuous and the curves innumerable, this consideration of sharp curves is very important.

As to price, the engineers of the line believe that the transandine will be relatively cheaper than the Saint Gothard; the works are being executed much more roughly, it is true; but all statements on this point would be hazardous and premature. It suffices to say that there is money enough at command to complete it whatever it may cost.

As regards the Abt system, perfected by Roman Abt, of Luzern, Switzerland, and now in use on the Hartz Railway, the lines of Höllenthal (Grand Duchy of Baden), Brunig (Switzerland), Viège to Zermatt, Bolan Pass in Afghanistan, in Venezuela, and on many industrial lines in Switzerland, Germany, and Hungary, we need only remind the reader that it had its origin in the railway up Mount Washington, where a rack was first employed.

In order fully to realize the natural difficulties of this great transandine enterprise, one must have been over the ground, examined the peculiar dangers due to landslips, torrents, and avalanches, and passed through the silent region of eternal snows which the line avoids by burying itself in the bowels of the earth. One must have seen, too, the mountain-side dotted with long strings of pack-mules, laden with timber, iron, bricks, and even with their own fodder, for everything used in the construction of the line hitherto has been brought by thousands of mules either from Mendoza or Los Andes. However, now the works are beginning to become easier. The rails are being laid more rapidly. This year the track will be available up to Uspallata. In 1891 the station of Punta de las Vacas will be opened to the public; while on the Chili side the line will be ready for traffic as far as Juncal at the same date, and thus the mule journey will be reduced to a single day's ride. Finally, about 1895, we may hope to see the whole line in working order.

The business prospects of the line seem fair to those who have put money in the enterprise, the main element of income being expected from passenger traffic. At present, during the five summer months, there is an average of twenty-five passengers a day crossing in each direction. When the railway is open this number will increase perhaps tenfold. A second source of revenue will be local traffic and merchandise between Chili and the Argentine provinces of Mendoza, San Juan, and San Luis. A third element of profit is looked for in the transport of cattle from the Argentine to Chili. At present some 40,000 to 50,000 head are driven over yearly by the Uspallata Pass, and arrive in Chili mere skeletons. These cattle have to be fattened in Chilian "potreros," where pasture is very dear; whereas, by the line, they can be carried over fattened and ready for killing. Fourthly, it is hoped that mines will be discovered and worked in the region opened up by the railway. As for general merchandise and imported goods, the transandine will not be able to compete with steam-boat freights, and therefore the port of Valparaiso will retain all its importance.

In conclusion it may be said that two rival transandine lines are already in construction or projected. One is J. Puelma Tupper's *Ferro-Carril Trasandino del Norte*,

from Copiapó to Cordoba, putting the Chilean port of Caldera in communication with the Argentine ports of Rosario, Buenos Ayres, and Santa Fe. The other is F. Bustamante and Company's Ferrocarril Interoceánico, from Buenos Ayres to Yumbel, on the southern Chili line, crossing the Andes by the Antuco Pass, at a height of less than 6000 feet, and with ordinary grades of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. maximum. This line will measure 1412 kilometres of $5\frac{1}{2}$ feet gauge, the same as the Chilean lines

from Yumbel to Talcahuano and Santiago. The construction of this line is already begun, and will take some six years to complete. Both these railways will be of great utility and open up vast regions to agriculture and commerce, but, from the point of view of prodigious difficulties surmounted by bold and skilful engineering, they cannot be compared with the transandine route which I visited with so much interest, and which I have described so inadequately.

THE METRIC SYSTEM.

BY H. W. RICHARDSON.

DR. FRANKLIN B. HOUGH, formerly superintendent of the New York State census, published several years ago a curious table, showing the number of pounds avoirdupois in a bushel of various commodities as determined by custom and finally by legislation in different States and Territories in this country. He found four different bushels of corn, four of rye, five of barley, seven of oats, and seven of buckwheat. These measures differed so widely that 1000 Kansas bushels of barley, at 48 pounds to the bushel, would become 1500 bushels in New Orleans, where 32 pounds answered to the same name; and 1000 Kansas bushels of rye, at 56 pounds, would become 1750 bushels in the same market.

Dr. Hough entered upon this inquiry for the purpose of reducing farm statistics to a uniform standard. On comparing other units of measure as established by law, he found remarkable discrepancies in the measurement of staves, lumber, shingles, and other forest products. It appeared also that a gallon of milk was 231 cubic inches in Vermont and 282 cubic inches in the neighboring State of New Hampshire. The Vermont gallon was the English wine gallon; the New Hampshire measure was the ale or beer gallon.

What has happened to the word bushel in this country has happened over and over to all names of weights and measures since the world began. At first vaguely indicating uncertain quantities, they have hardened into more precise but different significations in different places. An acre was a field (*ager*), meaning probably as much land as one plough would

turn in a day; and it is perhaps creditable to the industry of the Scotch and Irish peasantry that the Scotch acre is a fourth and the Irish acre more than half larger than the English acre. A yard was the length of a man's girdle; an ell, of his arm; a fathom, the distance measured by his arms outstretched. An inch is merely a numeral, one-twelfth (*uncia*); and an ounce is the same word brought across the Channel by the Normans. The French divided the foot into thumbs (*pouces*), just as the charge in a gun is sometimes measured by fingers. Quart is another numeral, meaning a fourth of a gallon; and the gallon in France, where it originated, was a grocer's box, no more precise in its dimensions than a tea-chest is now. A pound means simply a weight (*pondus*), and the stone was equally indefinite. In Great Britain the legal stone is now an eighth of a hundred-weight (14 pounds), but other values remain in common use, as the stone of 24 pounds for wool, and the stone of 8 pounds for butcher's meat.

The jewellers of the Middle Ages used in their delicate scales the hard brown seeds of the Moorish Carob-tree (*Ceratonia siliqua*), and the weight of diamonds is still reckoned by carats, each carat being equal to $3\frac{1}{8}$ grains troy. The earliest attempt to regulate British weights and measures appears to have been suggested by this example. In 1266 it was declared by statute that "an English penny, called a sterling, round and without any clipping, shall weigh 32 wheat corns in the midst of the ear; and 20 pence do make an ounce, and 112 ounces one pound; and 8 pounds do make a gallon of wine, and

8 gallons of wine do make a London bushel, which is an eighth part of a quarter." We have here the basis of the British system of reckoning as it survives to-day—the grain, pennyweight, ounce, pound, gallon, bushel, and ton, and 240 silver pence equal to a pound sterling. The British gallon is still used for both dry and liquid measure; and the traditional relation between the pound and the gallon is set forth in the old rhyme, which declares that

"A pint's a pound
The world around."

In 1324 the measures of length were defined by a similar statute providing that "three barleycorns, round and dry, laid end to end," shall make 1 inch, 12 inches a foot, and 3 feet a yard.

The 32 wheat corns, adopted as the basis of the British system, appear to have weighed $22\frac{1}{2}$ grains troy, so that the pound of 1266 was equal to 5400 grains troy. This is the old Saxon pound. The pound troy (pound *du roy**) is the Roman pound, and was doubtless in use simultaneously with the Saxon pound for hundreds of years, but is first mentioned in the statutes in 1414, and was ordained as the standard weight for gold and silver in 1527. As 24 grains make a pennyweight troy, the new pound contained 5760 grains, exceeding the old weight by 360 grains, or three-quarters of an ounce.

The strict pound of 12 ounces was used only in weighing the precious metals, and, with different subdivisions, for the costly drugs and medicines dealt out by apothecaries. For heavy goods (*avoirs du poids*) a more liberal measure was given, like the baker's dozen, and 15 ounces were called a pound. In the same way 28 pounds were called a quarter, and 112 pounds a hundred-weight, allowance being made for waste or wrappings. The increase of the pennyweight to 24 grains in 1527 raised the value of the ounce to 480 grains; and accordingly the pound of commerce, containing 15 ounces, was raised to 7200 grains. As 250 grains of wine were reckoned equal to a cubic inch, the gallon, containing 8 of these pounds, or 57,600 grains, had a capacity of 230.4,

* This is a conjectural explanation. Another opinion is that the word is derived from the monkish name for London, Troy Novant, and means merely London weight. According to a third theory, it was imported from ancient fairs at Troyes, France, where the Roman pound was doubtless used.

or in even numbers 231 cubic inches. This is the wine gallon now in use in the United States. The ale or beer gallon, of 282 cubic inches, was originally a measure containing 8 pounds of wheat at 204 grains to the cubic inch.

The name *avoirdupois* was transferred at a very early date from the heavy goods, which it indicated, to the system by which they were weighed. It occurs first in the statutes of 1335 and 1353. The early pound of 15 ounces of 450 grains each—6750 grains—was raised by law, as has been shown, to 7200 grains, making 16 of the old ounces. In practice, however, the pound seems to have fallen below this standard to about 7000 grains, and this weight was finally declared to be a pound *avoirdupois*, the *avoirdupois* ounce, or sixteenth of the pound, being thus reduced to $437\frac{1}{2}$ grains.

Here were two pounds, two gallons, and, to complete the confusion, two miles—the statute mile of 1760 yards, originally a thousand paces (*mille passuum*), and the nautical mile of 2025 yards, or about one-sixtieth part of a degree on the equator. Double units of length, capacity, and weight, with fluctuating values and varying subdivisions, thus passed under identical names.

The nautical mile, adopted by navigators for convenience, was the first standard based upon any permanent dimension in nature, and this was a comparatively rude approximation. When the Royal Society took up this subject, in the eighteenth century, the difficulty of measuring the earth's circumference with precision was regarded as practically insurmountable; but the pendulum, first used in making clocks in 1680, was then engaging the attention of the society, and the length of a pendulum beating seconds in a vacuum at the level of the sea in the latitude of London was found to be as exact a quantity as could be desired, measuring 39.14 inches. A standard yard was constructed for the Royal Society upon this basis in 1742, but was not recognized by Parliament until 1824.

The English colonists in America brought with them the complex and unstable British system; but in 1786 the decimal scheme of Federal money was adopted by the Continental Congress, and a similar reformation of the tables of weights and measures was next in order. President Washington called attention to this

subject in his message to the first Congress assembled under the Constitution; and in 1790 Mr. Jefferson, then Secretary of State, at the request of the House of Representatives, submitted a luminous and instructive report.* He proposed for the standard of measure, not a pendulum, but a uniform cylindrical rod, beating seconds at the sea-level in the latitude of 45° , at a uniform temperature. Such a rod would be a third longer than a pendulum, and Mr. Jefferson computed its length to be 58.72 inches. If it was desired to retain the old units, only defining and fixing them at a uniform value, he recommended that the rod be divided into 587.2 parts, called lines, 10 of which should make an inch; 270 cubic inches to make a gallon; and a cube of rain-water measuring one-tenth of a foot on each edge to make an ounce. The ounce thus obtained would correspond nearly to the avoirdupois ounce, and troy-weight was to be discarded.

If it was thought best to make a thorough reformation of the system, reducing all the tables to a decimal ratio, Mr. Jefferson had another plan, by which the second rod was to be divided into five feet, each about a quarter of an inch shorter than the old measure of the same name. The cubic foot was to be a bushel, and the cubic inch of rain-water an ounce. These units were fitted into ascending and descending decimal tables. In fact, Mr. Jefferson had anticipated the metric system afterward adopted in France, and had even chosen the word *metre* for the inch cube containing an ounce of rain-water.

Before this report was sent to Congress news came of Sir John Miller's speech in Parliament on the same subject, and a printed copy of a proposition submitted to the French Assembly by Prince Talleyrand, then Bishop of Autun, was received by the Secretary of State. In view of these proceedings Mr. Jefferson advised that no immediate action be taken upon the report. A Parliamentary committee on the standards of weight and measure was afterward appointed in England, but accomplished nothing. In France, Talleyrand was President of the National Assembly, and his proposition was the germ from which sprang the metric system.

Talleyrand proposed to adopt the pen-

* *Writings of Thomas Jefferson*, vol. vii., p. 472.

dulum beating seconds in the latitude of 45° as a natural and invariable basis of linear measure, and to provide for the determination of its exact length by a scientific commission composed of members of the French Academy of Sciences and of the Royal Society of London. The invitation was declined by the British government, whereupon MM. Borda, Laplace, Monge, and Condorcet, of the French Academy, five of the most eminent mathematicians in Europe, were appointed to proceed with the inquiry, with discretion to choose, as the basis of the system, the pendulum, an arc of the equator, or an arc of a meridian. They were assisted subsequently by delegates from Spain, Italy, Switzerland, the Netherlands, Denmark, and Sweden. In 1791 the commission reported in favor of one ten-millionth of the quadrant of a terrestrial meridian as the standard unit of length. The report was adopted, and Delambre and Méchain were employed for seven years in measuring accurately an arc of the meridian of Paris, for the purpose of determining with precision the length of the unit thus selected, which is called a *metre*, and was found to be 39.37079 inches. The unit of volume is a *litre*, a cubical vessel measuring one-tenth of a metre on its edges, and holding a trifle more than a quart. A litre contains 2.20 pounds avoirdupois of distilled water, and a thousandth part of this weight—15.43 grains troy—is a *gramme*, the unit of weight. On the 1st of August, 1793, this system was adopted with a provisional value for the metre. In June, 1800, the international commission proceeded in a body to the Palace of Archives in Paris, and there deposited the standard metre and kilogramme (1000 grammes) of platinum, which were sanctioned by law in 1801. The old system was allowed to continue in retail trade until 1840, when it was outlawed, though for twenty years longer the old names were commonly used. In practice, the *kilo* (kilogramme) has become the unit of weight for ordinary purposes, and the elaborate system of nomenclature invented at the outset has been simplified by omitting the *hectogrammes* and *myriagrammes*, just as eagles and dimes are omitted in reckoning American money.

The subject continued to engage the attention of the American Congress from time to time for many years; and in 1821

John Quincy Adams, Secretary of State, made an elaborate report upon the "proceedings in foreign countries for establishing uniformity of weights and measures." This learned but prolix and obscure document appears to have discouraged further investigation. In fact, Mr. Adams, while expressing great admiration for the French system, advised that "no innovation upon the existing weights and measures should be attempted" without the concurrence of England, then as now the country with which our commercial relations were most important. He recommended, however, that the Executive be authorized to open communication upon this subject with the European nations where we have accredited ministers and agents.

So no system of weights and measures was formally adopted by Congress. In 1832, on complaint that the custom-house scales and measures were not uniform, the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. McLane, ordered that the wine gallon of 231 cubic inches and the Winchester bushel of 2150.42 cubic inches be adopted as standards of capacity, and that uniform and accurate series of weights and measures be supplied to all the custom-houses. In 1836 Congress directed similar standards to be sent to the Governors of the several States. The system in use in the United States thus rests upon a Treasury regulation, subsequently recognized by a joint resolution of Congress. The troy pound was made the standard of coinage in 1828; but no other compulsory standard has been established in this country.

The Winchester bushel and the wine gallon adopted by Secretary McLane were the British standard measures established in 1701 and 1706. But in 1824 an act of Parliament fixed the capacity of the British imperial gallon at ten pounds avoirdupois of distilled water, or 277.27 cubic inches, and the contents of the imperial bushel of eight gallons became 2218.19 cubic inches. By taking the old instead of the new measures, Secretary McLane destroyed the uniformity which Mr. Adams had been so anxious to maintain, and the commerce of the two countries in liquids and grains has since been subject to the inconveniences arising from a difference in standards of measurement.

Meanwhile the metric system since its complete adoption by France in 1840 has made its way rapidly over a great part of

the civilized world. The original system was made obligatory by Belgium in 1856, by Spain in 1859, by Italy in 1863, by Portugal in 1868, by the Netherlands in 1870, by Austria in 1876, and came into use in Sweden in 1883. In the Netherlands the metric units, bearing old names, were adopted as long ago as 1830, but the French names have been used since 1870. A pound equal to half a kilogramme was made obligatory by Switzerland in 1858, and became the national weight of Germany the same year. This metric pound had been adopted by the German Customs Union in 1854, and was made the standard for German coinage in 1857. The same weight was adopted by Denmark in 1863, and for coinage by the Scandinavian coin convention of 1872. In Brazil the French system has been in force since 1874; it has also been adopted by Mexico and other Central and South American states, but has not come into common use. In Great Britain since 1864, and in the United States since 1866, the use of metric weights and measures has been permitted, but is not required. In British India the kilogramme was adopted as the unit of weight, and a kilogramme of water as the unit of capacity, in 1871. It is understood that Russia is prepared to adopt the metric system whenever England sets the example.

An analysis of the imports into this country, with reference to the metric system, shows that the greater part of our commerce is still with nations which do not use the metric system.

The countries in which the system is "legalized" are Great Britain and the Spanish West Indies, and in these countries it is not practically used. For the present, therefore, nothing is to be gained by a change in the United States, so far as our commerce is concerned.

Nevertheless the convenience of the decimal system is certain to recommend it to general favor in the end. The prices of stocks are quoted in the London market in cents, and British merchants reckon their profits as well as their interest accounts by a decimal scale. It is stated that the Bank of England and some of the English railroad corporations have adopted the decimal system in keeping their accounts. A new British coin worth one-tenth of a pound has been struck. In the custom-houses in this country the yardstick is divided into tenths and hun-

dredths. Surveyors and engineers divide the foot into tenths. In the great machine-shops the inch is divided in the same way. For two hundred and fifty years land-surveyors have used Gunter's chain, which measures the side of one-tenth of an acre, and is subdivided into one hundred links. One after another all the standards of measurement have been decimally divided, and these subdivisions, once adopted, have never been abandoned.

The logical end of this process must be the adoption of a complete decimal scheme, and there is none except the metric system. It may be, as Sir John Herschel claimed, that the *metre* is nearly a two-hundredth part of an inch shorter than the geographical dimension it was intended to represent. This is a question which, in the present state of science, cannot be absolutely determined; but it is also a question wholly unimportant. For all practical purposes, the *metre* is the distance between two lines marked on a bar of platinum deposited in Paris. This distance is the basis of an ingenious and

simple system of weights and measures, which is gradually coming into use all over the world. Because it promises to become a universal system, it deserves the attention which it has always received in this country. It is already employed in assaying at the mint, and in the work of the coast survey, except for soundings, and is preferred for many scientific investigations requiring exact measurement. The Postal Convention of 1863, to which the United States became a party, fixed the weight of international letters for a single rate of postage at 15 grammes. The law of 1866 gave the 5-cent nickel coin a metric weight of 5 grammes, and in 1873 the weight of the silver half-dollar was fixed at $12\frac{1}{2}$ grammes, the quarter dollar at $6\frac{1}{4}$ grammes, and the dime at $2\frac{1}{2}$ grammes.*

The metric system has now an abode on neutral ground, under the protection and direction of some of the most powerful and populous nations in the world. It is no longer French, but international.

* Two half dollars, four quarters, or ten dimes of this coinage are exactly equivalent to five francs of French silver.

FROM A BATTLEMENT OF ROSES.

BY S. P. McLEAN GREENE.

THE colonel bore the scars of his wars upon his black, weather-beaten, bearded face.

Mrs. Lestrande, with the smooth, unblemished features of an angel, bore hers not less deeply, as is the manner of women, in her gentle heart.

She was a widow, still young, extremely beautiful, and, after hardships so intense that they were even dramatic, the heiress, by a sudden unexpected turn of fortune, to considerable wealth.

Sometimes at night the memory of a weak, wild, cruel love that had killed joy and hope and mortal faith in her, strange, heavy ways travelled, desperate heart-break, tears, a little grave far away, were like a physical weight sinking her, so that she woke gasping, struggling after the feeble, almost escaped breath. Her physician assured her that, with so strong and vigorous a woman, this affection would disappear with time. And by day Mrs. Lestrande certainly neither fainted nor wrung her hands, but walked stately and smiled sweetly, though oftenest now,

it must be said, with a touch of pensiveness.

The proud woman's heart had been honestly broken. She had faith in God and duty, but none in humanity or human love, except as it takes the pitying form of the mother to the child.

She solemnly believed that there was no happiness in life, at least for her, except a certain amount of intellectual enjoyment, and the ever-subdued and quiet happiness of doing good, though her unconscious smile was still like the ripple of summer brooks and sunshine.

In this latter feature she resembled the colonel, whose dark face became beautiful under this spiritual irradiation, and whose keen eyes, that had been red with the fire of battle, usually filled with tears when addressing especially either a woman or a child.

The colonel, with others of the Torpedo delegation at W——, occupied a central table at the small and select hotel, the Walsingham. Here the advent of a new-comer was remarked, the departure of

an old guest a matter of general interest. So when Mrs. Lestrande sailed into the breakfast room with that peculiar spirited bearing which some creatures of fine breeding have, even through the lowest throes of misfortune—but now appearing as altogether unscathed and adorable as a perfumed morning flower—and was ushered to a table tacitly understood to be that of the wealthy *élite* of the house, the colonel, with the others, watched her advent.

But he could muse at her more indifferently, and at the same time with a far tenderer indulgence, than the others dreamed of. Battered old war-horse, as he called himself, what had he to do with choice exotics like this yonder, only to admire them, as he had a hero's heart for all weakness and beauty? "Ah, so vain, weak, irresponsible, heartless, all of them, even the loveliest!" mused the colonel, very kindly. "Well, so they should be, since so they are."

He sighed, realizing that such softness and beauty had not been for a lot like his.

When, almost as soon as he had inherited them, he had lost through the war his magnificent estates in the South, his *fiancée*, the sprightly and accomplished Miss Lynch, had deserted him, and he had never found it in his heart to reproach her.

Since then he had led a life singular, of adventure without reproach, had held the Indians at bay among the struggling settlers of the West, had sought to redeem his own fortunes in the natural wealth of those wilds, but fortune had not yet sailed into his broad, patient hand.

"Home-rule, sir!" said the colonel, rousing from his reverie at the remark of one of the delegation at his table. "Ay, sir, we'll have home-rule at Torpedo, or I'll make that Territory from its utmost boundary at Whistlecave to the lowest strata of rock at Slainledge a—"

"He-ah! he-ah!" softly ejaculated in a derisive whisper a gilded youth at the Lestrande table, who had recently elected to be an athlete, and whose skin showed as mistily tanned as an infant's after its first sun-bath—"he-ah! he-ah! Colonel Milth, the wah-horth, is about to discourth."

"Colonel Miles could put you in his pocket, little sonny; he could eat you without winking," replied a young girl of the period, who sat boldly opposite the

gilded youth, and addressed him with the easy familiarity of long family acquaintanceship. "He could blow you away with a breath of his mighty nostrils, my baby Sullivan. I adore the colonel. So mind the whale bait. Belay there!" she added, gutturally, with a rather loud sea inflection.

This young lady's usual monitress was not down to breakfast. The gilded youth snickered.

"My dears!" said the youth's mother, gravely. "The Senator, your father," she added, addressing the young man, "during his lifetime knew, and was a very, very fond friend of Colonel Miles. He first knew him during his more fortunate days, but always your father said of him that he was the one hero he knew *sans peur et sans reproche*—without fear and without reproach, my dears," translated the good lady, simply.

The gilded youth and the bold girl snickered more unrestrainedly.

"My dears!" again said the good lady.

"Won't you join our kindergarten, Mrs. Lestrande?" said the wicked girl.

Mrs. Lestrande smiled kindly, even wistfully. She remembered another light heart, just so reckless and gay of speech before sorrows smote her, and turned to converse with the elder woman.

The table was long and narrow. The wicked girl bent a little forward and whispered to the Apollo of the sun-bath: "I think Mrs. Lestrande is exquisite. I'm going to write to papa. I've always wanted a mother-in-law. Tra! la! Baby Sullivan."

"I'll thank you to wait till I've propoth to her myself. You don't seem to know that I've been thmitten—deeply thmitten. Yeth, indeed. Tra! la!"

"You? My goodness! You're engaged to me! Where's your new ivory-mounted note-book that I gave you Christmas, I should like to know? Well, that's cool! Tra! la!"

"Am I? That'h a blow; but if I've noted it down, I'm doomth."

Here the sea of debate was heard to be surging up again at the table of the Torpedo delegation, where the great, broad-chested, genial colonel seemed to be struggling from day to day with a portion of the general race of pygmies and their infinitesimal codes and opinions.

"Why shouldn't he get a divorce?" the voice of a Torpedo judge was heard

squeaking, rather excited and high. "She was insane, sir."

"Insane, sir? Get a divorce from a woman because she became insane, sir? My God, sir!"

Never had the voice of the colonel roared through the room at quite such a tremendous pitch. All conversation ceased as at some natural calamity of the elements. The Apollo of the sun-bath glanced down with rolling eyes to see if the dishes were safe. The colonel himself had risen, and his great boots thundered out of the room, unheard by himself or any of his audience.

Mrs. Lestrade's big, handsome eyes dilated with the sudden fear or joy or wonder of the fawn, who, stopping to drink by a quiet rill, lifts its head to scent new tumult in the air.

It was an altogether singular look, and remarked as of more interest to him than anything else in the room by the Hon. Carl Cedric, who sat at Mrs. Lestrade's side.

This scion of distinguished worldly fortune and vast wealth, with his slender, virile little form, and close-cut, reddish-gray hair and mustache, was regarding her with an amused smile in his keen, approving eyes.

As Mrs. Lestrade became conscious of his look, a very beautiful and a strangely angry flush overspread her startled features.

"The colonel—Colonel Miles," Carl Cedric hastened to say, with gentle courtesy, as if his smiling thought had been only of him, "our—a—noble war-horse, as he truly is, is too—a—rabid, too impracticable. He wastes himself in great ideal directions, instead of spreading himself out more equably, as it were, and as would prove of infinitely more advantage to himself."

"A rare fault, surely," said Mrs. Lestrade, with extraordinary quickness. "Do you condemn it in him?"

Cedric had withdrawn his eyes, where the quiet smile still lingered. He had learned her story. Duty covering the errors of a rashly chosen, bitterly appointed way, sorrow bearing through weary, hopeless days the wounds inflicted by a character of terrible selfish weakness and cruelty, all the more terrible and cruel for being hid in a form of manly strength and beauty.

Women should not go through such

trials, Cedric thought; they were damaging and unbecoming; but this one had somehow come out of the fire with an enthralling grace and a strange power to interest him.

He, for his part, was used to felicitating himself on being "the great catch" uncaught, though he was not unwilling, after all, to be mated, should ever Heaven send a female example perfect enough and fair enough in his way. And to have made up his regal mind at last to pursue a woman "with a history"!

But Cedric was duly conscious that should this rare creature's grace or enchantment fail at any point, his admiration and pursuit must necessarily languish of themselves, as they had already done in so many fatal instances.

"What I condemn," he said, lowering the impressive voice that could thrill a Senate, "most of all in my sex is—any—cruelty—practised toward woman. What I admire most of all in yours, Mrs. Lestrade, an acquaintance of some two weeks at S—, fortunately taken up again here."

He paused with perfect self-command; his deep voice, his lordly promise of tone and manner, left a thousand things to be imagined, and conveyed more than any words, as Cedric had intended.

Mrs. Lestrade's alert, deer-like attitude grew suddenly pale and weary. "You are very kind," murmured this poor wretch with a history, but mentally gritted her teeth and referred to an expression of her unchastened youth. Very well, my lord, but "I'll see you hanged first."

She had recovered her usual composure of manner.

"This poor general—colonel, I mean—Colonel Miles, of Torpedo—will he get, do you think, the Governorship of Torpedo?"

"Impossible!" Cedric's reserved smile became obviously humorous. "He would be leading out the male resources of the Territory to take arms against the wrongs and crying evils of mankind, a composite 'Knights of the Holy Cross' or 'Salvation Army.' Really something just about as impersonal and chimerical. He's a noble old boy, you know—all very beautiful, but always this danger of drifting into the ideally impracticable. No, they won't appoint him; not the least chance of it. It's really unfair in some ways, for he

has constructed and managed the whole affair thus far, and well, too—well, too.”

Of political matters Carl Cedric drank from the fountain-head, and his report was august as law itself. “This is confidential, of course,” he added, quietly.

Mrs. Lestrade’s heart beat with an impulse she could hardly control. “What a pity, his staying on here and working so earnestly for it!” She spoke sweetly, indifferently, with that strange heat of sorrow and indignation raging within her. That this younger man, whose life had been all endowed wealth and loud success, should speak with smiling finality of the lion in the toils of his “lost causes”!

“And would he,” she added—“that blatant remark, you know, that recent thunder-storm about the insane wife—would he stand a test like that, too?”

“‘Blatant!’ Really, excuse me, Mrs. Lestrade, but that is exceedingly inapt as applied to the colonel. He’s genuine, poor fellow; he’s true—steel-true. In one sense I never knew quite such a man. I make no doubt how he would have treated a wife under any circumstances of misfortune, since he did even that very thing referred to for a half-brother, who became demented through their troubles and losses in the South. The colonel gave a good part of his life for him, guarded him, supported him, put all that could be of comfort, yes, of joy—for the fellow is radiant inside, though he looks like a charcoal pit burner—yes, of joy into his life to the last.”

Who ever got the better of sweet, deceitful woman? With that simple word “blatant” on her innocent lips, Mrs. Lestrade had got much that she wanted to know, and in her triumph was thoroughly master of herself.

“‘Impracticable! Beautiful indeed!’” she said, with a look of bewildering grace at Cedric. “Let us all be *beautiful*, then, and die.”

“Nay,” said Cedric, rising by her side with a bow of stateliest courtesy. “I know only one beautiful, and she must live.”

All day long at her various duties and recreations, like a rock looming up persistently in the sea of her lost human faith, the colonel’s great form rose before Mrs. Lestrade, and the solemn, benign tempest of his voice rang in her ears.

“Impossible! Not the least chance in the world.” She heard Cedric’s even tones, and saw the sorrow of another forlorn hope deepen on that kind, scarred, weather-beaten face.

At dinner she came down all in white. She dressed with a sort of passionate ardor, as though about to encounter the inspection of the holy.

Colonel Miles was not at table with the Torpedo delegation. Mrs. Lestrade was absent, pensive in manner.

Cedric, who had expected a tasteful pyrotechnic display of bright looks and persuasive accents as the result of the hopes he had held out in the morning, was agreeably disappointed, and accepted her mood with respectful admiring sympathy. “She is the one,” he said, conclusively, to his austere consciousness.

The colonel had been working late at the Capitol. Mrs. Lestrade had left the dining-room when he entered. There were stragglers here and there lingering over their dessert. The Torpedo judge was among them.

“Where,” said the colonel, looking up without rancor from his lukewarm soup, a reflection on his face of the same genial, indulgent look with which he had mused in that direction in the morning—“where is the girl who sat over there this morning? Not gone yet, surely?”

“No,” answered the caustic voice of the judge. “She’s got the great Cedric in tow, and he’s nibbling at last. Girl! She’s well graduated, I can tell you, with a full diploma, and a widow besides; but Cedric will soon mend all that.”

The colonel sighed with a smile on his lips. Things that a man knows are not for him he may admire religiously, nevertheless, and he had noticed Mrs. Lestrade for her singular grace and beauty. He would have liked to have her there to look at again this evening, though he had been so engaged at the Capitol he had not thought of it before.

He took the evening newspapers from his pocket and went up stairs with them. At the parlors he paused a moment. There was a voice he knew by instinct singing inside—a voice of no great compass nor of any operatic affectations, but tender, thrilling, sweet to a man’s inmost soul.

Mrs. Lestrade, seated with her back toward him at the piano, became conscious of the colonel’s form looming up

at the door. The Apollo of the sun-bath was turning the leaves of her music. She looked up at him with her pensive, innocent smile. He bent over her.

"Call in," she said, softly, "the Torpedo—its representative, I mean—the—the colonel, is he not? Introduce him. Human nature is our study, you know,"—her hands meantime conjuring up the mistiest veil of music from the keys.

"Why, thertainly," said Apollo.

The colonel was turning wistfully away. Apollo brought him up.

Mrs. Lestrande rose. She wanted to make the colonel's heart beat by that gesture of rising and moving to a sofa near, and making room for him beside her. Women have a way of accomplishing such designs; but if the colonel's heart was stirred, he had learned so to wrest his emotions into impersonal directions that though his eyes filled as usual in contemplating her weak and lovely sex, it was with admiration and pity for her more even than with his own longing.

Mrs. Lestrande was conscious that the colonel held his papers negligently in his broad hand; that his boots occupied a substantial portion of the floor before them, and were dusty. This was seen vaguely through the sense that she was very contented and happy, and that she had somehow known the colonel through a great many years.

Confidence under these circumstances seemed hardly necessary, but it was delightful to know how gentle and low he could make his great voice, enough so that only they two should hear.

She won a little of his story from him: she had grown artful that evening to the very point of inspiration. Cedric thought he had never seen her look so timid or so beautiful.

The colonel, thus played upon, related some of his adventures dryly, with all the heroisms left out. It was different when Mrs. Lestrande spoke; his listening face beamed, and he seemed to swell visibly with sorrow and compassion.

"Am I mad?" thought the woman; but the bliss and rest of it swayed her with a hidden ecstasy beyond her volition. It was bliss if he questioned her; it made her heart beat wildly. She hinted, she even spoke of things long sealed upon her lips to any soul, and that she had believed long buried and put safely away. Once her lips grew dry, and a sob choked in

her throat. "I am a fool," she thought, bitterly, and believed she had disgraced herself; but at least she was sure of one thing, he "would never tell of her."

But the colonel said, with his kind eyes, and in the voice he could make so low—it had even a caressing tone now, as if he spoke to an intelligent child: "This is all very good, very happy for you. You can thank God, you see, for giving you so much. This is all to give you more wisdom and power to help than many have, to help and save, and to make you more lovely, more beautiful."

He was gone. Mrs. Lestrande was very brilliant for the rest of the evening. Cedric was amused.

"She is perfection still," he argued to his thought, "even to her *naïveté*. She is sweetly unconscious that to arouse my jealousy she should have played off a more promising card than poor Colonel Miles."

When Mrs. Lestrande went up to her own spacious apartments a light was shining through the door of the little hall bedroom occupied by poor Colonel Miles.

As she passed that room and light, she lifted her hand and made a little sacred sign on her forehead. Her eyes were bright.

The colonel had had many admirers, especially among little girls ranging in ages from four to eight. These had followed him, courted, caressed him, abjured mother and nurse, and clung to him alone.

Mrs. Lestrande had still much of the child's color in her hair and on her lips. The colonel laid what he resolved that he alone should discover as Mrs. Lestrande's evident preference for his society to this same incomprehensible juvenile caprice.

She neither followed him nor caressed him, but she blushed exquisitely at sight of him. She appeared usually at the head of the stairs going down to breakfast just as the colonel was coming up, when he always paused on the landing for a chat with her. For a person so courted in the drawing-room she displayed marvellous ingenuity in always making it appear that there were wide wastes of room by her side when the colonel drew near.

He was sure that she would be disappointed were he not to draw near, and he could not disappoint her for his life, on the same principle that he "never forgot anything a child expected of him."

But whereas under the blandishments of his little adorers, with tiny fingers grappling at his throat, and his uncut newspaper in his pocket, a sigh had sometimes gone up from the colonel's great soul, he never felt any impulse to sigh, from weariness at least, in Mrs. Lestrade's presence. Here he let the mental analysis drop in a state of blissful content.

"Vict'ry, she hab good luck, dat's certain," said the head chamber-maid, curiously dusting a piece of winged marble in Mrs. Lestrade's room.

"How so, Minnie?"

"Colonel Miles cotched his light overcoat 'ginst de do'-knob, and he lef' Vict'ry two dolla's fo' to mend it fo' him."

"Has she done it? How does it look?"

Minnie laughed derisively, and elevated her head without further comment.

"If you will bring it to me and never say a word, here's another two dollars for you, Minnie."

"Tanks," said the grateful Minnie, departing with alacrity for the overcoat.

Mrs. Lestrade, with eager white fingers, picked out the painful nightmare of Victory's stitches. She proceeded to make such a work of art in covering that rent, none could ever have told finally that the rent had been there.

The colonel's pockets were full. Not for the world, as she sat there alone, would Mrs. Lestrade have learned even the miscellaneous nature of their contents, but as she worked, manipulating the overcoat, a sheet of paper crumpled into the shape of a ball rolled from one pocket on to the floor.

"Ethel,"—she saw the name on that crushed circumference, it was her own name—Ethel Lestrade. It was too much; Mrs. Lestrade picked up the ball, smoothed it tremblingly open, and read:

"*Dear Holmes*,—Still waiting on the powers that be. Will make Torpedo a model to the U. S. if we get this thing through, and I believe we will. . . . Holmes, I'm hard hit this time. That bullet at G—nothing to it. Mrs. Ethel Lestrade, the young widow I wrote you of. Honestly, I never felt such a constant yearning, such a teasing pulling of the heartstrings, *toward* any human soul before. I love her so that I have sometimes positively thought that, poor and ugly as I am, I could make her happy.

"But this is a dream. I am selfish

enough to attempt to lighten it a little by telling you, old boy, that's all." (Evidently he had changed his mind on this point, and crumpled the needless confidence into a ball.) "She could never think of me in that light; and besides, she is engaged to a far richer and better man—Carl Cedric."

Mrs. Lestrade crushed the letter back into the pocket, and rose as if she had been suddenly endowed with wings. For a person who has put all hope and happiness into the dim background, her manner was certainly wonderful to witness. She rang the bell for Minnie.

"Put Colonel Miles's overcoat back, Minnie, so that he will find it when he comes home. Would you and Victory like to go to the circus this evening? Here is the money for the tickets, and some trinkets to make you look fine. You're not to tell little things I choose to do, Minnie, mind."

"De Lawd punish me rebelliously ef I ebber tells one wo'd of it, Mis' Lesstry," said Minnie, joyfully departing.

The next morning, when she was again in Mrs. Lestrade's room, lightly inspecting the various works of art with her duster, "De colonel was mighty pleased de way his overcoat looked, Mis' Lesstry," said she. "He said, 'How ebber could you do it in dat a way, Vict'ry?'"

"Ah?"

"Vict'ry said she couldn't fo' her conscience tell a lie, but she wa'n' goin' back on Mis' Lesstry neither, so she told him she never done it at all, Miss Finch done it."

Miss Finch was the elderly maiden sister of the proprietor of the house, to whom the colonel had shown some merciful heroic attentions. He had escorted Miss Finch a little way on her morning walk that morning, as Mrs. Lestrade had seen from her window.

"She said Miss Finch did it?"

Mrs. Lestrade laughed a little hysterically; then she went over to the window, and the most ridiculously foolish tears came into her eyes.

At dinner, Cedric, who had made up his mind finally to propose to Mrs. Lestrade some time during that evening, said, casually: "By-the-way, the poor colonel's fate is decided. The appointments were all made to-day outside of Torpedo, from Governor to judges, and a Constitution made out vitally different,

I'm sorry to say, after all, from that proposed by Colonel Miles."

He had already dropped this topic of conversation when Colonel Miles came into the dining-room. He was calm and self-possessed, as usual, the radiance from his face just as genial, though Mrs. Lestrande saw how very pale and wearied he looked.

She had never seemed in such high spirits. "Ah, what a creature for the gentle gayeties of home when I shall have made her mine!" thought Cedric. The Apollo of the sun-bath made audible lisping love to her. There was witchery in her eyes and flame in her cheeks.

She hardly glanced once at the colonel during dinner. "Ah, who will follow a fallen captain?" he sighed, gently; and yet it wrenched him at heart, after all, her lightness and gayety in the face of his misfortune.

He ate little, soon rising from the table. He was going to his room to finish packing, for he expected to leave W— on the morrow, when in the hall he was conscious of a swift light foot-fall behind him and a touch on his arm.

It was Mrs. Lestrande, but with the same color on her lips and mocking brightness in her eyes. "Colonel Miles"—she spoke quickly, hearing other steps on the stairs—"you will do me a great favor? Drive me this evening. I have ordered my ponies. The night is divine. I have never been able to drive at night. I am so timid. I don't trust Sambo with the horses at night; but you— And you are going away? Oh, don't deny me!"

"Deny you! Why, no," said the colonel. But this handsome big girl in white seemed to him just now more heedless and heartless than any cherub in flannel and lace he had ever set eyes on.

Sambo was at the door with Mrs. Lestrande's ponies and phaeton. The colonel stepped in after her. If it was demanded of him to try to show a light heart at his own funeral—well, he would not disappoint her even in that attempt; but surely happiness could make people very oblivious and cruel, he thought. He would thank God for pain; perhaps he might help others the more for having had such bitter draughts of it.

In this frame of mind—grave, tender, compassionate—the colonel bore with Mrs. Lestrande's caprices, and they were many. For, it not being according to any recog-

nized model of society for women to tell men when they love them and are sorry for them, poor merry Mrs. Lestrande, with her heart breaking, was wellnigh desperate.

All of the things that the heart of woman could conceive to soothe and encourage and charm and bewitch and tantalize and beguile a man into confession, Mrs. Lestrande tried on the colonel without effect.

He made her think that moon-bright night of a picture in her room of a strong-featured soldier lying on the deserted battle-field with a wound in his head.

She realized with a sort of terror that after driving far they were drawing fatally near home again. Sambo's ebony form stepped out of the basement door as they drove up. Jerry, the house-man, had been keeping him company, and ran up stairs to answer the bell when they should ring. They watched Sambo drive off the horses, standing in the heavy porch of the gloomy quiet house.

"It is my fate to say good-by to-night, you know," said the colonel; "but one thing you will believe, that you have always my deepest heart's wishes for your happiness. I leave for the West early in the morning."

"Then I'll wait here," said Mrs. Lestrande, with no suggestion of gayety in her manner now, seating herself with sad grace on the stone steps.

"You will wait here?"

"Yes: you would probably not have me called in the morning, so I'll wait here."

Her gracious womanly form bestowed on the stone steps had an air of sadness and dignity softer than the night roses clambering near her. But what last heartless degree of coquetry was this!

"Mrs. Lestrande," said the colonel, hoarsely, biting his lips, "there are some things more than a man can bear."

"There is never anything more than a woman can bear that I ever heard of," said Mrs. Lestrande, putting up her hand with a bit of gauzy scarf in it against the stone pillar, with what comfort she could for the night.

Something in her voice and attitude awoke the colonel as from a dream.

"What do you mean?" he said, quickly.

"I shall die if you go away and leave me now; perhaps I shall die anyway," said Mrs. Lestrande, tenderly arranging

a little more of the gauze scarf between her rose-tinted cheek and the pillar.

"Ethel!" the colonel's voice thrilled over her with rushing joy and wonder, and questioned her unbelievably.

She lifted up one little inviting hand.

He knelt down and lifted her bodily, and held her like a flower tall and broken against his heart. Her white arms in their frail covering of lace were outlined against his rough coat. Her face was discreetly hidden in the only refuge open, that of his breast.

For the colonel—he did not think much of his lost cause—he only could not see why God should have taken a poor beggar like him suddenly out of the bitter sea and set him in such a place as this.

But kindly and grateful as he had been in misfortune, his face was now all alight. He spoke slightly at random—the poor colonel was so unaccustomed to bliss.

"It is a divine night, Ethel. So you were not engaged to Cedric?"

There was a negative motion of the lovely head. But the colonel was conscious somehow—he could not tell how—that the exquisite creature in his arms had changed from her former mood, and that a laugh, mysterious, unseen, was bubbling up somewhere in that innocent breast.

"When shall we be married, Ethel?" he hastened to say, sternly.

"Very soon, I hope," said that half-smothered, rippling voice; "it is such hard work courting you."

"I am perfectly competent to do my own courting, madame," said the colonel—looking so, indeed; "that office is henceforth entirely delegated to me. We will be married Tuesday. Nay! why not? We will be married to-morrow!"

"But that isn't 'courting,'" gasped the subdued rippling voice; "that is 'Present arms!' 'Forward, march!'—what do you call it? 'Forced surrender!'"

"Oh, you—" said the colonel.

Such loveliness and wit and beauty seemed to him absolutely unnamable. He stood in adoring rapture, unconscious that she whom he loved was almost smothered in his embrace, and that the clasp of his great arms had a rather vise-like intensity.

Mrs. Lestrande let her own right hand slip deftly down the colonel's arm. The door-bell was just behind. She stretched out that mischievous small hand and rang the bell.

The colonel caught her arm in its clinging lace, but too late.

Jerry appeared grinning at the door, wondering at this long delay, a wide, sympathetic curiosity in his smile.

Mrs. Lestrande stepped in demurely. "By-the-way, colonel," said she, turning, smiling, at the foot of the stairs, "they tell me you will not leave by the early train to-morrow?"

"No," said the colonel, a trifle gloomily; "my most important baggage is not quite ready."

Jerry wondered why so commonplace a remark from so ugly a man as the colonel should have met with such silvery laughter from the beautiful Mrs. Lestrande.

He saw her ascend a few steps, and the colonel go to the balustrade to speak with her; what was murmured there even his hushed and willing ear could not catch, but in view of the events which soon followed he was often heard to say afterward that the colonel's face, as he turned away at last, was "certainly a picture."

POETS.

BY HOWARD HALL.

BARDS upon a rose's breast
Dare not gaze too deeply, lest
They themselves become a rose.
Oft their raptured eyes they close,
Fearing much to fade into
Heaven when 'tis very blue.

Poets see the grasses growing,
Poets hear the stars a-going;
Poets only cannot say
Which is fairest, night or day,—
Which of all the rainbow's hues
God with beauty most endues.

PORT TARASCON :

THE LAST ADVENTURES OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS TARTARIN.

BY ALPHONSE DAUDET, TRANSLATED BY HENRY JAMES.



BOOK SECOND.

III.

It continues to Rain.—Outbreak of aqueous Ailments. — The Garlic Broth. — An Order from the Governor. — The Garlic giving out! — The Garlic won't give out! — The Christening of Likiki.

MEANWHILE we continued to be drenched, for out of the continual grayness the water continued to fall. Lord, how it fell! In the morning, when the windows of the big house were opened on a crack, inquiring hands were thrust out.

"Is it raining?"

"It *is* raining!"

"Another day of it?"

"Another day of it!"

Yes, it rained as it had rained in Bézuquet's account of it.

Poor Bézuquet! In spite of all the misery he had endured with his mates of the

Farandole and the *Lucifer*, he had staid over at Port Tarascon, not daring to return in his tattooed condition to any Christian land. Resuming the attributes of an apothecary—he was now a simple medical assistant, very low in rank, under the orders of Tournatoire—the late Provisional Governor preferred exile, even in these conditions, to the exhibition in civilized countries of his monstrous countenance and his hands all pricked with vermillion.

To avenge himself for his misfortune, he made the most grewsome predictions to the others. If they complained of the rain, of the mud, of the mildew, he shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, just wait a bit, my dears; there's better still to come."

And Bézuquet was not mistaken. Living, as you might say, half in the water, with no fresh meat to eat, many of us began to pay for it.

The cows had long since been eaten up, condemned immediately after our fruit-



"IN SPITE OF THE DOWNPOUR."



GARLIC BROTH.

less attempt to make them figure in the arena. Only one of them was reserved, in case of symptoms of famine. The settlement had ceased to look to its hunters, though there were such crack shots among them, all penetrated with Tartarin's principles, counting three times for a quail and twice for a partridge. The bother was that there were neither partridges nor quails, nor anything that resembled them, neither the gull nor the seamew nor any other bird of the ocean ever touching at this side of the island. All that the hunters encountered in their excursions were a few wild pigs—very few indeed—and here and there a kangaroo, who was very difficult to hit, on account of its leaps and bounds.

With this animal Tartarin was rather at a loss to say how much to count. One day, when the great shot, the Marquis, questioned him on the subject, he replied, a little at a venture, "I think your lordship had better count six."

His lordship counted six, but brought home from his ducking nothing but a very bad and very incurable cold.

"I see that I shall have to go myself," said Tartarin; but he kept putting off this

excursion, and game kept growing constantly scarcer. Certainly the big lizards were not bad, but if you ate nothing else you grew terribly tired of their tasteless white flesh. Bouffartigue, the pastry-cook, adapting a receipt of our clever monks at home, had found a way of potting and preserving it, but in the long-run the colony got very sick of it.

The want of exercise completed the effect of the absence of fresh meat. Nobody went out; everybody staid moping in the big house. What in the world should they

have done outside, lackaday, in the rain, in the great pools, in the lake of mud that surrounded them?

There was not much "walking round" in the evening. A few of the pluckier ones—Escarras, Dourladoure, Mainfort, Roquetaillade—sometimes started, in spite of the downpour, to have a dig at the ground, to try and do something with their acres, loath to give up all attempt to plant. But they came back aching with pleurisy and pneumonia, or else their sowing produced the most extraordinary things. In the hot humidity of the drenched earth a celery stalk would become in a night a gigantic tree, hard enough to crack your teeth. That sort of thing couldn't be eaten. The development of the cabbage was phenomenal, but it was all in stem as long as an alpenstock. As for potatoes and carrots, they were no use at all.

Bézuquet had told the truth when he said that things would either not come up at all or come up too far.

To these manifold causes of demoralization add the simple disease of "pining," of homesickness, a longing for sunwarmed nooks and corners under old walls gilded with the light of Provence; for our great fresh, healthy breezes, when the mistral bends the rows of cypresses, or splits off in great scales the bark of the plane-tree.

Nothing of that sort on the wretched island—nothing but permanent rain. The number of the sick couldn't fail to increase steadily. Happily for them the Commissioner of Health, more of a Taras-

conian than of a doctor, had a limited faith in the pharmacopœia.

"I'm not one of your druggers and dosers," he said; just the opposite in this of his predecessor, Bézuquet.

Every morning, on their rounds, this pair met at the bedsides of their patients, and while Bézuquet instantly suggested his various poultices and plasters, Tournatoire only prescribed a nice little garlic broth.

And it is not to be denied, my fine friend, as they say down there, you had people all swelled up, without voice or breath, already wanting to save their souls and make their wills, when in came the nice little garlic broth, three sprigs for a small pot, a bit of roast meat in three spoonfuls of olive oil, and the same individuals who had been so far gone began to sniff and say, "Bless my soul, it smells good!"

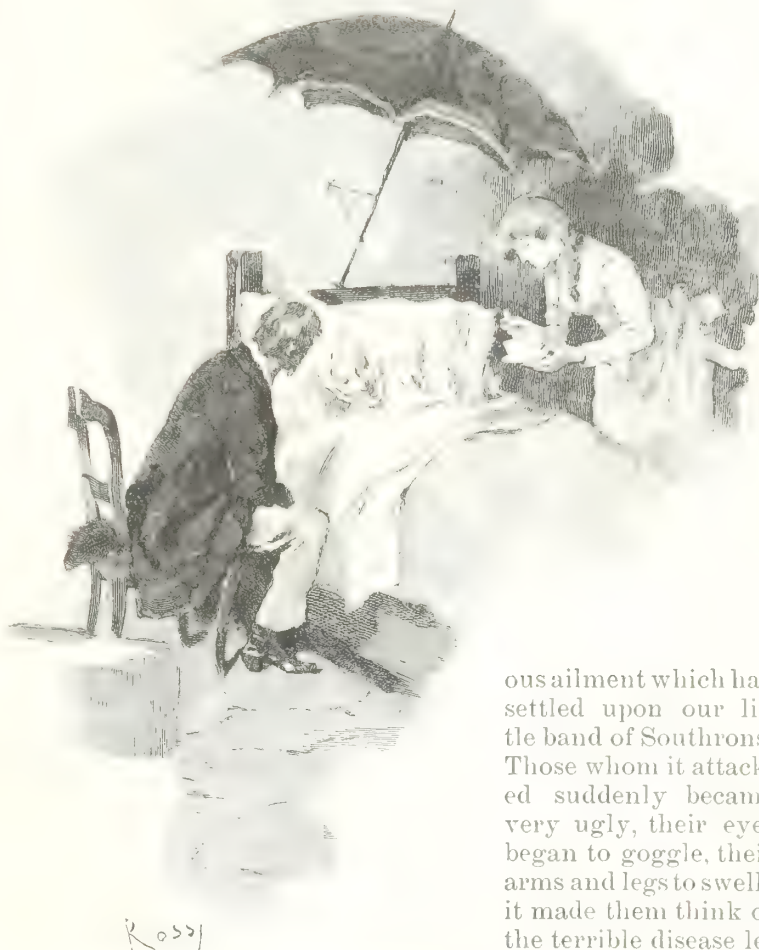
The mere smell immediately brought them round.

They took a plate, then another plate, and at the third they were sitting up, sir, or even standing up, with their voices restored and the swelling quite gone down. In the evening you saw them in the parlor taking a hand at *bézique*. Ah! the garlic of salvation, the garlic of Providence!

A single patient, a patient of position, the high and mighty lady Madame des Espazettes de Lambesc, had rejected Tournatoire's remedy. Garlic broth was good for the Rabblebabble; but when one comes down from the Crusades— She wouldn't hear of it any more than she would hear of the marriage

of her daughter Clorinde to Pascalon. As soon as either this marriage or the garlic broth was mentioned, she gave a "Pouah!" of haughty disgust, which, in the Tarasconian fashion, she pronounced "Puai!"

The unhappy lady was, however, in a very bad way. Yes, poor thing, she had got it. Understand by this vague pronoun the inscrutable, preposterous, aque-

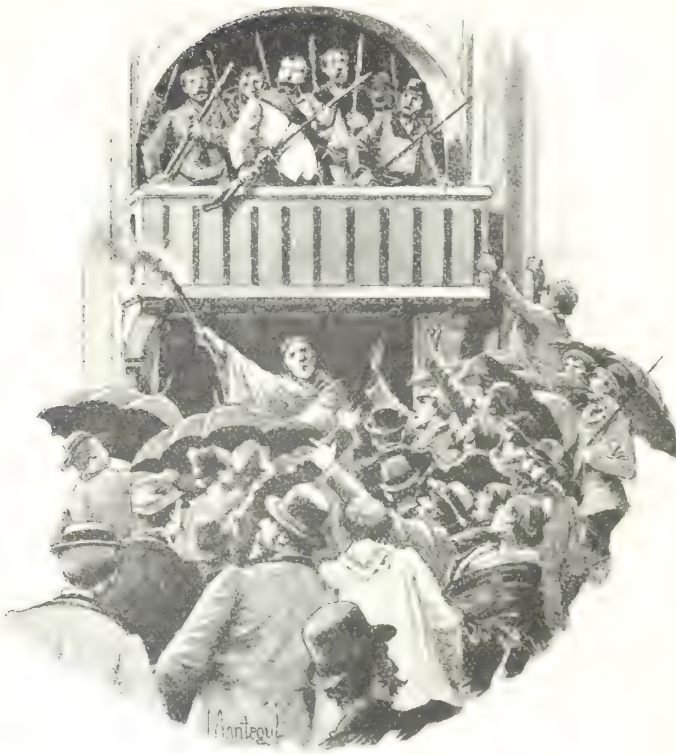


PASCALON FOUND THE MARQUISE
IN BED.

ous ailment which had settled upon our little band of Southrons. Those whom it attacked suddenly became very ugly, their eyes began to goggle, their arms and legs to swell; it made them think of the terrible disease let loose by Mr. Mauve in the legend of the Son of Man.

The poor Marquise had begun to "protrude" everywhere. I beg your pardon for this peculiar expression. It occurs in the Memorial amid the record, full of delicate emotion, of our gentle and desperate Pascalon's visits to the city.

Authorized to pay them without hope,



TARTARIN AT HIS WINDOW.

he turned up at the big house every evening and found the Marquise in bed, under the shelter of a great blue cotton umbrella attached to the head of her couch. This arrangement prevailed in all the cubicles, on account of the cracks in the roof and the sudden leaks from conduits that had burst.

But while she kept groaning under her umbrella, the Marquise would have nothing to do with the garlic broth. To the entreaties of her husband, of her daughter, even of Pascalon, who sometimes ventured to propose, with his stutter, a little sou-sou-soup, she replied, with an inexpressible gesture of disgust, "Pau!"

Then the unfortunate Pascalon remained silent, seated near the bed, watching the noble lady "protrude" still further; while the long Clorinde, preparing the camomile tea, came and went with the graceful skip of a young kangaroo, and the Marquis, in a corner, philosophically filled his cartridges for the next day's chase.

Roundabout in the neighboring cubicles the water trickled down on the open umbrellas, the children squalled, and con-

tentious sounds, the uproar of political discussion, came in from the saloon, mingled with the perpetual patter of the rain on the windows, on the zinc patch of the roof, and the universal guttering of the water.

Betweenwhiles Costecalde kept up his underhand intrigues, by day at headquarters, and in the evening in the private room that had been assigned to him as Commissioner of Agriculture. Barban and Rugimabaud, who had sold their souls to him, helped him to diffuse the most sinister rumors, this one among others, "The garlic is giving out!"

It was appalling to think that it *might* run short in the government emporium, this blessed garlic, the savior, the healer, the universal panacea. Costecalde accused the "state of things" of monopolizing it for him-

self and his creatures—of committing personal excesses with it.

Escourbaniès (and with what a voice!) backed up these calumnies of his brother Commissioner. There is a Tarasconian proverb which says that the scoundrels who quarrel by day steal together at night. This was quite the case with the double-faced Escourbaniès, who at headquarters, before Tartarin, talked against Costecalde, while in town in the evening he took (what will you have?) the opposite line; obeying thus an instinct of flattery which always led him, such was his desire to please, to grovel before the person with whom he happened to find himself.

The women took part in these discussions, and they were not the least contentious debaters; their tongues went like windmills; they made more noise than all the men together, including Escourbaniès. Indeed, this political interference of the ladies was one of the greatest dangers for the party in power; for though in our southern households the woman is not supposed to count for much and has not the formal honors, she is in reality the pivot of the family life.

Tartarin, whose kindness and patience we have not now to discover, bore up long against these manœuvres.

He was far, indeed, from being unaware of them. In the evening, when he smoked his pipe, leaning on his elbows at his open window—for in spite of the rain his powerful nature needed the refreshment of the outer air—while he listened in this attitude to all the sounds of the night, the murmur of the Little Rhone mixed with those of all the rivulets formed by the downpour on the hills, he distinguished distant voices, the echoes of speeches, and saw through the thick atmosphere (it was as thick as water could make it), the wavering lights in the casements of the big house. Political passion surged and sputtered yonder in the city.

The heart of our great Tartarin bled at the thought that all this confusion was caused by that monster of a Costecalde; his hand trembled on the window bar, his eye darted a flame in the dusk—he could fancy himself on the track of a wild beast. But as, after all, these emotions, combined with the damp of the night, might bring on the disease, he controlled himself, closed the window again, and went quietly to bed.

At last, however, matters reached such a point that he decided on a great step.

He suspended the pay of Costecalde and his two myrmidons; he abrogated their titles and dignities, and even deprived the first-named of his mantle of Grandee of the first class. He appointed Beaumevieille, a former haberdasher, Commissioner—a very honest man, though not perhaps knowing much more about planting and reaping than his predecessor. Beaumevieille would, at any rate, be admirably seconded by Labranque, a former manufacturer of oil-cloth, and Rébuffat—the one who used to keep the great place for caramels; they were to replace Rugimabaud and Barban as sub-commissioners.

The Governor's decree was posted up early in town, that is to say, on the door of the big house; so that Costecalde, coming out in the morning to

proceed to his office, received the affront of it full in his face. Which was a mighty good job, adds Pascalon in his Memorial.

This *coup d'état* produced an immense agitation in the settlement. The settlers flew about, reading the decree over and over and criticising it, so that the general residence had the buzz of a frightened hive.

For a long time back Costecalde and his minions had held themselves ready for a movement, and it may be seen by what followed how right Tartarin was to act with vigor.

Lord save us, it was only just time!

In the space of four or five hours some twenty, perhaps, of the disaffected sprang up and directed their steps to the citadel; these comprised the former habitués of the Café Pinus, together with Pinus himself, who had never forgiven the closing of his establishment. They were all armed to the teeth, and they all cried: "Down with the Governor! Death to the Governor! Chuck him into the Rhone! Zou, zou! Resignation! Resignation!"

The troop was followed by four or five excited viragoes, and by the precious Escourbaniès, howling even louder than the others:



BAPTISM OF LIKIRIKI.



THE LONG-BOAT STOLEN BY COSTECALDE.

"Resign! Resign! Let's make a noise—make a noise!"

Unfortunately it was raining, it was pouring, and this obliged each of them to hold his umbrella in one hand and his gun in the other.

Besides, the government had taken its measures.

Passing the Little Rhone, the insurgents found themselves before the citadel, and what did they see there?

On the first floor Tartarin loomed up at the window, armed with his deadly Winchester and supported by his faithful cap-shooters and can-shooters, the infallible Marquis much to the fore; all of them shots, mind you, who, at twenty paces, counting four, could put their ball into the little round label on a box of potted pears.

But what frightened the wretches above all was the appearance of Brother Ba-taillet, who, under the hood of the great door, bent over his culverin, ready to fire at the first sign from Tartarin.

So terrible and unexpected was the sight of this artillery and its lighted match that the rebels wavered, and Es-

courbaniès, turning one of the moral somersaults which he so frequently practised, had time to begin to dance the hornpipe of success under Tartarin's window, roaring out as fast as he could draw breath: "Long live the Governor! Long live the 'state of things'! Let's make a noise! Ah! ah! ah!"

Tartarin, from his lofty post, still handling his thirty-two-shooter, responded, in a ringing voice: "Let's turn in again, my disaffected friends. The rain is coming down, and I am loath to expose you longer to such inconvenience. We shall now call together our good subjects in their *comitia*, and inquire of the nation if our services be any longer required. I recommend quiet until then—or else just step back!"

The vote was taken on the morrow, and the actual

state of things re-elected by a crushing majority.

A few days later, as a contrast to all this agitation, occurred a touching ceremony, the christening of young Likiriki, the little Papuan Princess, daughter of King Nagonko and pupil of Brother Ba-taillet. His Reverence had completed the work of conversion inaugurated by Father Vezole—God be praised!

She was truly a delightful little monkey, this yellow-skinned Princess, bedecked with red necklaces, in the short frock striped with blue made for her by Mademoiselle Tournatoire. Buoyant, elastic, plump, and round, she could never keep still—her legs were perpetually going off like a clown's.

The Governor was godfather, and Madame Franquebalme godmother. She was christened under the names of Mary-Martha-Tartarina. Only, on account of the dreadful weather that prevailed that day, as it prevailed the day before, and as it would prevail on the morrow, the function could not take place, as in the case of Miracle, at St. Martha's of the Palms, which was now half full of wa-

ter, its roof of foliage having long since fallen in.

The company collected for the ceremony in the saloon of the general residence, but this did not prevent our dreamy and poetic Pascalon from harking back to the happy day on which he too had stood at the font with his dear Clorinde, so often denied him, yet so consistently loved.

The passage in his diary—we continue simply to give the general drift of it—bearing on this episode is marked with a trace of tears, almost blurring out the words, "Poor little me and poor little she!"

It was on the day following the baptism of Likiriki-Tartarina that a most frightful catastrophe occurred. But the facts here acquire a gravity; let us leave the story to the Memorial.

IV.

Continuation of Pascalon's Memorial.

December 4th.—To-day, the second Sunday in Advent, we have been visited by a fearful calamity, of which the consequences are deplorable, and the effect on the settlement may be most disastrous.

The verger Galoffré, Inspector of the Navy, on going to examine the long-boat, as he does every morning, finds it gone.

The staple, the chain, the whole fastening have been pulled out.

He thought at first it might be some new trick of Nagonko and his gang, as we are always suspicious of them; he thought that during the night they might have been prowling about this side of the island.

But, lo and behold, in the cavity left in the post by the extraction of the staple the Inspector discovered, quite soaked with water and soiled with mud, an envelope addressed to his Excellency!

Guess, now, what this envelope contained!

A visiting card of our gracious Costecalde, still inscribed with all his titles,

Commissioner of Agriculture and Grandee of the first class, and bearing in the corner, in pencil, the letters P.P.C.

Beneath were the names of Barban and Rugimabaud, together with those of four militiamen, Caissargue, Bouillargue, Truphénus, and Roquetaillade.

For some days past the launch had been



"MADAME BARBAN YELLED OUT HER IMPRECATIONS."

quite ready, supplied with provisions in view of a new expedition planned by his doughty Reverence.

The wretches took advantage of this piece of good luck. They have carried off the whole blessed thing, even the compass and their very muskets.

Oh, the brigands, oh, the deserters—to call them thieves is to flatter them!

And to think that the first three are married; that they leave behind them their wives and a litter of brats. Their wives, I can understand—at a pinch you may leave your wife—but the children are another matter.

In the city, at first, the thing was not believed; but after no room was left for doubt, you should have seen the general uprising against the traitors.



'SCRAMBLING FROM THE BRANCHES.

2051

Madame Costecalde, a poor affair, reduced to idiocy by her husband, was completely crushed. The two others, Madame Barban and Madame Rugimabaud, veritable furies, called down on the heads of their respective ruffians every conceivable catastrophe—shipwreck and drowning, with some barbarian belly for a tomb. Madame Barban especially yelled out her imprecations, her hands trembling with rage like the twigs of a tree.

The general feeling evoked by this event has been a kind of stupor. It seems now as if our communications with the rest of the world were destroyed. So long as we had the launch there remained some hope of our reaching the continent by a kind of progress from island to island; some belief in the possibility of looking for help.

Brother Bataillet broke into a terrible rage, appealing to heaven for all its thunder-bolts against our wrongers. Escourbanîès, characteristically, went about shouting that we ought to have them shot like green monkeys, and that by way of reprisals we ought to put their wives and children to the sword.

The Governor alone kept his equilibrium.

"We must not get started," he remarked to Escourbanîès. "After all, they are still Tarasconians. Let us pity them; let us think of the dangers they

must run. Truphénus alone among them has some idea of the management of a sail."

Then came to him the fine thought of making the forsaken children the wards of the colony.

At bottom, I suspect he was not sorry to have got rid of his mortal enemy and the latter's minions.

During the day his Excellency dictated me the following general order, which has been posted up in town:

"GENERAL ORDER.

"We, Tartarin of Tarascon, Governor of Port Tarascon and its Dependencies, Grand Ribbon of the Order, etc., etc., etc.,

"Recommend to the population the greatest calm.

"The guilty parties will be followed up with energy, and subjected to all the rigor of the law.

"The Commissioner of Artillery and of the Navy is charged with the execution of the present order."

Then, to wind up, and to reply to certain evil rumors that have been for some time in circulation, he directed me to add this postscript:

"The garlic will not give out."

December 6th.—The Governor's order has produced the very best effect in the city.

A reflection might indeed have been made as to how we shall follow them up, and in what direction, and with what means of getting afloat; inasmuch as we have no idea where they have gone, and no boat into the bargain. But it is not for nothing that one of our local proverbs says that you must take man by his tongue and the bull by his horns. The Tarasconian race is so sensitive to fine words, letting them lead it so by the nose, that no one has doubted or questioned for a moment.

Moreover, a sunbeam happened to peep out between two showers, and this was enough to cheer every one up. Now, for the hour, we all turn out on the Walk Round—we do nothing but laugh and lark. Ah, the good old stock—the dear old stock!

December 10th.—An unheard-of honor has befallen me. I have been created Grandee of the first class.

At breakfast this morning I found my patent under my plate. The Governor

shows himself delighted to have been able to confer on me this high distinction. Franquebalme, Beaumevieille, and Brother Batardet seem equally gratified with myself at this new dignity which renders me their equal.

It has rained, of course, but to-day the rain has struck me, somehow, as less dreary.

In the evening, my visit to the city. The news was already known, and among my noble friends I was particularly congratulated. The Marquis gave me the accolade, Clorinde was flushed with pleasure. No one but her ladyship appeared indifferent to my happiness.

Still awfully sick, still declining to have anything to do with the garlic broth, she struck me, under her umbrella, as protruding and sulking still more. Haughty as ever, she referred with contempt to my wonderful investiture—"Puai!" In her eyes even this does not elevate me in the social scale. Dear me! what in the world does she want? To come in for the first class—at my age!

But, in spite of everything, I cherish the hope that this new dignity, the honors with which I am overwhelmed, the importance of my functions, and the brilliancy of my future, will perhaps finally get the better of her feeling of caste.

December 10th.—A dreadful rumor—in a whisper—is going the rounds: the garlic is running down!

If it should really give out, what on earth would be the end of us?

Frightful indeed to have to face without garlic the innumerable feverish forms of rheumatism that besiege us!

December 14th.—Something extraordinary is going on at head-quarters—something so extraordinary that I scarcely dare to hint at it in this record. I have doubted long of so strange an anomaly, but at last it has become visible for all; so visible, that last evening, in town, all the world was talking of it.

The Governor entertains a feeling!

And for whom, pray? Why, for the little monkey Likiriki, his godchild, who is certainly a nice little thing, but has none the

less remained, under her varnish of education and conversion, a lying, pilfering, gluttonous, dangerous savage.

He *he!* Tartarin, our great Tartarin, who might have made the grandest matches, practically in love with a monkey! Royal blood, if you will, but with manners and customs so grotesque, with her little skirt in rags, and her little person, on the days it doesn't rain, perched on the top of some cocoanut-tree, from which she amuses herself with dropping fruits as big as rocks on the heads of our most venerable settlers. The other day she almost put an end to one of the fathers of the state.

If any one asks where her Highness may be, you hear something scramble down from the branches, and the young lady presents herself. And then, what manners at home!

I needn't call attention to their disparity of age. Tartarin is quite sixty, grizzled and finely filled out; whereas she is only twelve or fourteen at the most—with these creatures you can never tell.

I had certainly noticed sundry indications, but I couldn't attach importance to them. For instance, the indulgence of the Governor to the old villain Nagonko—his allowances and attentions, always keeping him to dinner when he comes to head-quarters. You should see the filthy ways of the old gorilla: how he eats with his fingers, and stuffs himself with everything, especially with brandy.

He always ends with his incongruous song, in his still more incongruous Provençal, about chucking people out of the window. In short, no sort of form.

Tartarin has always treated all this as



KING NAGONKO'S DEPLORABLE CONDITION.



THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY

his cheery, cordial ways; and whenever the little Princess, following her father's example, has played some trick that has given us all a shiver in the back, the good Governor has only smiled, beaming on her with paternal looks that seem to make excuses for her, and to remind us that she is only a child.

And indeed, in spite of these symptoms and others still more conclusive, I continue to doubt.

December 18th.—Impossible to doubt any longer.

This morning in council the Governor opened on the subject of his marriage to the little Princess.

He put forward the ground of policy, talked of a *mariage de convenance*, of the interests of the settlement. He dwelt on the relations of our little state, without alliances, lost on the bosom of the deep. By marrying the daughter of a Papuan king he would secure us a fleet of pirogues, an army of mercenaries.

No one in the council raised an objection.

Escourbaniès, the first, dashed forward, stamping with enthusiasm: "Perfect, your Excellency, a capital idea. Ah! ah! ah! When may we look for the wedding?" This evening, in town, who knows what infamies he will have invented?

Cicero Franquebalme, by force of habit, sorted into two interminable little heaps,

on the one side and on the other, the arguments for and against: "If, on the one hand, the colony, it is not to be denied that on the other," etc., etc. Finally, having considered everything, he gave his assent to the Governor's plan.

Beaumevieille and Tournatoire were of the same opinion; as for Brother Battillet, he didn't strike me as very warm, but having probably been indoctrinated in advance, he didn't protest.

The funny part of it was the shameless way we all made believe—made believe that it was really a question of the interests of the settlement and of serious alliances. Tartarin, amid a deep approving silence, continued to insist on these high diplomatic considerations.

Then suddenly his kind old eyes filled with bright tears, and he broke out, just as he might have done at home, "And then, do you see, gentlemen, it isn't so much all that—I'm simply fond of the little thing."

This was so simple, so touching, so Tarasconian, that it quite went to our hearts. "Ah, go ahead, then, your Excellency, go ahead!" We surrounded him, we pressed his hands. For myself, Pascalon, also in love and having suffered for love, Heaven knows how well I understood him!

December 20th.—The Governor's project is much discussed in town, yet less severely than I should have feared. The men treat it humorously—we are not Tarasconians for nothing—with the drop of mischief that we always mingle with the question of love.

The women are more against him, especially Mademoiselle Tournatoire's little set. Since he wanted to get married, why not take his wife from the nation? Many of them in talking so think, of course, of themselves and their young ladies.

Eseourbanîes, coming down to town in the evening, sided quite with the ladies, and put his finger on the weak point of the alliance—the bride's dreadful papa, such a father-in-law! And then to marry a young person who has partaken of our flesh! One couldn't help shuddering.

I felt my blood getting up while the traitor talked, and I bolted out of the room for fear of letting him have my fist in his face. You see, our blood is hot at Tarascon.

On leaving the general saloon I called on the Espazettes. The Marquise, dreadfully weak, is still in bed, poor woman, determined to be dosed and drugged by Bézuquet rather than give in to Tournatoire and garlic.

In spite of her state, when she saw me come in she began, with haughty raillery, "Well, my Lord Chamberlain, will there be ladies in waiting attached to the new Queen?"

She wanted to make fun of me, but it instantly struck me that there might be an opening in this for Clorinde and me.

Maid of honor or lady in waiting, my beloved would have apartments in the citadel, and I should be able to see her, to speak to her at any hour. Could such happiness be?

When I got back the Governor had gone to bed, but I couldn't bear to wait till the morrow to speak to him of my idea. It struck him as sound policy. I lingered late beside his bed, talking over his amours and my own.

December 22d. Oh, these nobles!—a race of hawks and vultures!

The Marquise won't listen to it.

The Marquis at a pinch would make the best of it; with board and lodging at head-quarters, better lodging than in town, and sport and garlic at discretion, he would get on very well. But her ladyship—not at any price.

I pause; she's a woman, after all, and I fear my indignation may carry me too far.

December 25th, Christmas Day. Last night, Christmas Eve, the whole colony assembled in the grand saloon, the government, the authorities, all the world, and we kept the dear old feast as we might have kept it at home.

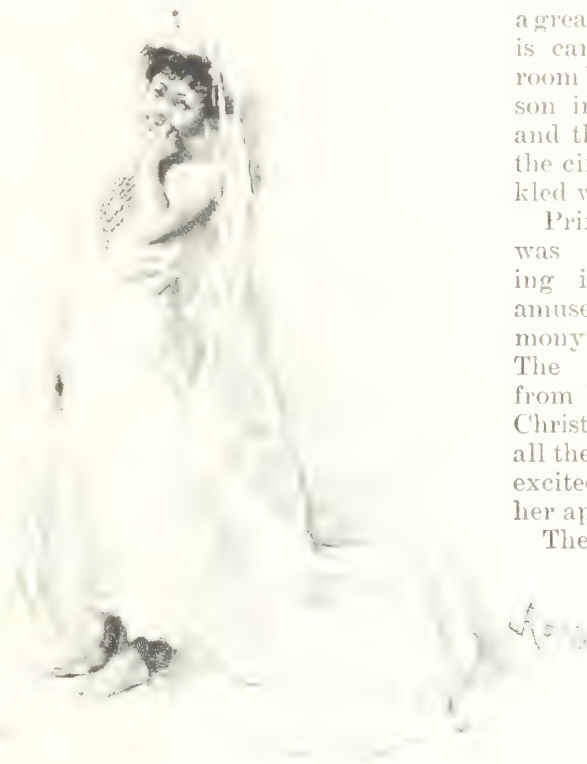
Brother Bataillet said midnight mass, and then we hid the fire, as we say in Provence. It is done with a great yule-log, which is carried round the room by the oldest person in the company, and then placed upon the cinders and sprinkled with white wine.

Princess Likiriki was present, laughing immensely, and amused by the ceremony of the log. The special sweets from Montélimar, the Christmas cakes, and all the other delicacies excited her spirits and her appetite.

Then we sang the yule-tide songs that we sing at home: "I saw in the air an angel green," "St. Joseph showed me the Moorish King," and many others.

The songs and the cakes, the great circle round the fire, all brought back the mother-land, in spite of the patter of the rain on the roof and the umbrellas all up on account of the leaks.

At a given moment, whether on purpose or not on purpose, Brother Bataillet struck up on the harmonium the beautiful ballad of our great poet Mistral—the one



LIKIRIKI IN HER BRIDAL COSTUME

about John of Tarascon taken by the pirates.

It is the story of one of our people, who goes among the Turks, assumes the turban, becomes a renegade, and then, when he is on the point of marrying the Sultan's daughter, hears from the shore an old Tarascon song, sung in the vernacular by mariners from his country.

Then, as the water splashes up under the oar, so a great flood of tears bursts his hard heart. He thinks of the land he has disowned; he thinks and despairs—despairs that he is with the Turks. He pulls off the turban on the spot, flings away the scimitar and the whole business, and goes and joins the little Provençal crew.

At the line about the water splashing up under the oar a general sob broke forth; the Governor himself could scarcely wink away his tears; you saw the grand ribbon of the order go up and down on his athletic chest.

It will, perhaps, make a difference in a great many things, this simple ballad of our great Mistral.

December 29th.—To-day, at ten o'clock in the morning, we celebrated the marriage of his Excellency the Governor of Port Tarascon with the Princess Royal Likiki.

rather a blot. His attitude both as King and as father was nothing less than deplorable.

There was nothing to be said against the Princess, who looked very pretty in her white dress, relieved by numerous coral necklaces.

The evening was a great revel, with double rations, salvos of artillery, several rounds from our can-shooters, and acclamations, choruses, and universal joy.

Meanwhile it rains; oh, it does come down!

But the popular rejoicing is not in the least chilled.

V.

Sudden Apparition of the Duc de Mons.—The Island bombarded—It isn't the Duc de Mons!—"Haul down the Flag, Devil take it!"—Twelve Hours for the Tarasconians to evacuate the Island without a Boat.—At Tartarin's Table the whole Company swear to follow their Governor into captivity.

"Look! look! A sail! A ship coming in!"

At this cry, uttered one morning by militiaman Berdoulat, who was grubbing for turtles' eggs in the drenching rain, the settlers of Port Tarascon showed them-

selves at the apertures of their mud-buried ark; and while a thousand cries re-echoed Berdou-



A VESSEL IN THE HARBOR.

The signers of the register were his Majesty the bride's father, who made a cross for his name, the Commissioners, and great dignitaries of the settlement. Mass was said later in the grand saloon.

The ceremony was simple and striking; the troops were all under arms, and every one in full dress. Nagonko alone was

lat's call, "A sail! Look! look! a sail!" the population, pouring out of windows and doors, frisking and leaping like clowns in a pantomime, rushed down to the beach, which it filled as with the howling of sea-calves.

As soon as the Governor was notified, he also rushed down, and while he went

on buttoning, stood radiant under the far from radiant sky, amid the umbrellas of his subjects.

"Well, my children, didn't I tell you he would come at last? It's the Duke!"

"The Duke!"

"Whom else would you have it be? Certainly, our noble friend, coming to revictual his colony; coming to bring us the weapons and ammunition, the instruments, and those strong arms of the Rabblebabbler—bless them!—which I've been asking him for from the first."

You should have seen at this moment the faces of consternation of those who had raved the loudest against the dirty Belgian, for it was not every one who had the impudence of Escourbaniès, and was ready to begin so soon the hornpipe of success. Escourbaniès was already dancing it. "Ah! ah! ah! Long live the Duc de Mons!"

While this went on, a big steamer, high out of water, very imposing, was moving up the bay. She whistled and let off steam, cast anchor with a great rattle far from the shore, on account of the coral reefs; then remained motionless and silent in the wet.

Our friends began to be rather surprised that the people of the ship were not more eager to return their greeting and reply to the flapping of their umbrellas and the waving of their hats. They thought his Grace a little cold.

"If it comes to that, perhaps he's not quite sure it's us."

"Perhaps he even knows the way we've been abusing him."

"Abusing him? I never abused him in the world!"

"No more did I; never!"

"No more did I, not a bit!"

Tartarin in all the confusion never lost his head.

He ordered the flag to be flown on the pinnacle of the citadel, and to be backed up by a shot or two.

The shot or two went off, and the Tarasconian colors fluttered in the air.

At the same instant a frightful report resounded through the bay, a cloud of heavy smoke concealed the ship, and a kind of blackbird, passing over the congregated heads with a hoarse hiss, alighted on the roof of the emporium, from which it removed a corner.

At first there was a moment of simple stupor.



"IT WAS THE BRAVE MAID-SERVANT."

"Why, why, they're shoo—shoo—shooting us!" shrieked Pascalon.

Imitating the embodied state, who had given the signal, every one had bounced down on all-fours.

"Dear me, then, it can't be the Duke!" said Tartarin, stretched straight on his stomach in the mud.

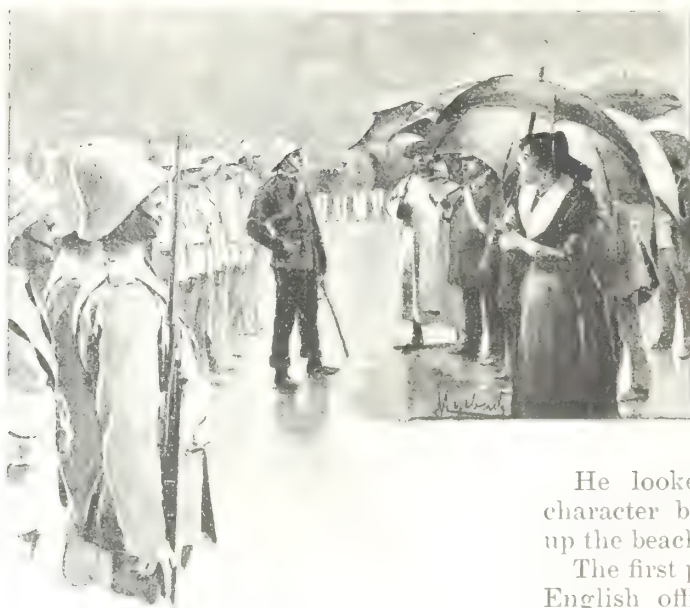
Near him, wallowing like himself, Franquebalme commenced, in a trembling voice and without changing his position, one of his rigid demonstrations. "If, on the one hand, it were to be the Duke, on the other hand there would be reason to suppose—" So he went on.

The arrival of another shell cut his argument short.

Brother Bataillet alone had remained standing. In a thundering voice he called to his gunner, Galoffré, declaring that between them they must reply with the culverin.

"I forbid you to do anything of the sort, if you please!" yelled Tartarin.

"Hold him fast, all of you. Prevent him!"



"AND WHAT NATION?"

Torquebian and Galoffré himself seized his Reverence, each by an arm, and forced him to lie down on his face like the others. At this moment a third shell whizzed over from the ship.

It was plainly to the flag of the colony that these strange missiles were addressed; they were trying to bring down the national colors.

Tartarin grasped the idea, and understood that if the flag were removed, the shower of shells would probably cease; so he bellowed out, with all the voice he could command: "Devil take it! Haul down the flag!"

Whereupon all the others began to bellow with him: "Haul down the flag! haul down the flag! Don't you hear?"

Every one heard, but nobody hauled, neither settlers, nor soldiers, nor anybody else being eager to climb to such a dangerous eminence. It was the brave maid-servant to whom they already owed the patching of the roof who became the heroine of the occasion. She "shinned" up the flag-staff as she was accustomed to "shin," and got possession of the unhappy bunting.

Only then the steamer ceased firing.

A few minutes later two launches laden with soldiers, the glitter of whose arms was perceptible in the distance, put off from the ship, and approached the shore with the steady stroke of

the great oars of men-of-war.

As they got nearer, our friends could make out the English colors dragging from the stern in the foamy wake.

The distance was still great, so that Tartarin had time to pick himself up, to tidy himself, and brush off the mud stains from his clothes—time even to send for the grand ribbon of the order, which he hastily passed over his shoulder.

He looked sufficiently like a public character by the time the two boats ran up the beach.

The first person to jump ashore was an English officer, red-faced and haughty, with his hat cocked up. Behind him came the sailors in a row, with the name of their ship, the *Tomahawk*, on the ribbon of their caps, and these were followed by an escort of marines.

Tartarin, now on his feet and conscious of his grand ribbon, had quite recovered his dignity; he held up his head; his lip curled with the spirit of his great hours.

He waited, having Brother Bataillet on his right and Lawyer Franquebalme on his left.

As for Escourbaniès, instead of remaining with the Governor, he had pranced out to meet the English officer, and was quite ready to dance a frantic hornpipe before the victor.

But the representative of her gracious Majesty was not at all gracious himself. Without paying the slightest attention to this misplaced bowing and scraping, he turned a somewhat astonished eye over the blue and red umbrellas of the strange tribe before him, and advancing toward Tartarin, inquired in English, "And what nation?"

Franquebalme, understanding a little English, replied, "The Tarasconian."

The officer stared at this announcement of a nationality he had never met with in any chart, and demanded, with still greater insolence: "What are you doing on this island? By what right do you occupy it?"

Franquebalme, deeply disconcerted, translated the inquiry to Tartarin, who exclaimed:

"Answer that the island is ours, Cicero; that it has been ceded to us by King Nagonko, and that we have a treaty in perfect order."

But Franquebalme had no need to go on interpreting. The Englishman turned to the Governor and said, in excellent French.

"King Nagonko—Don't know him!"

At this Tartarin instantly ordered Nagonko to be hunted up and brought down.

While they were waiting, he proposed to the officer to accompany him to head-quarters, where the treaty would be exhibited.

The officer assented, and followed Tartarin, leaving a number of his companions in charge of the boats.

The marines were drawn up in a row before them, with their muskets dropped and their bayonets erect—such big, sharp, shiny bayonets!

"Be calm, my children, only be calm," said Tartarin, making his way through the terrified crowd.

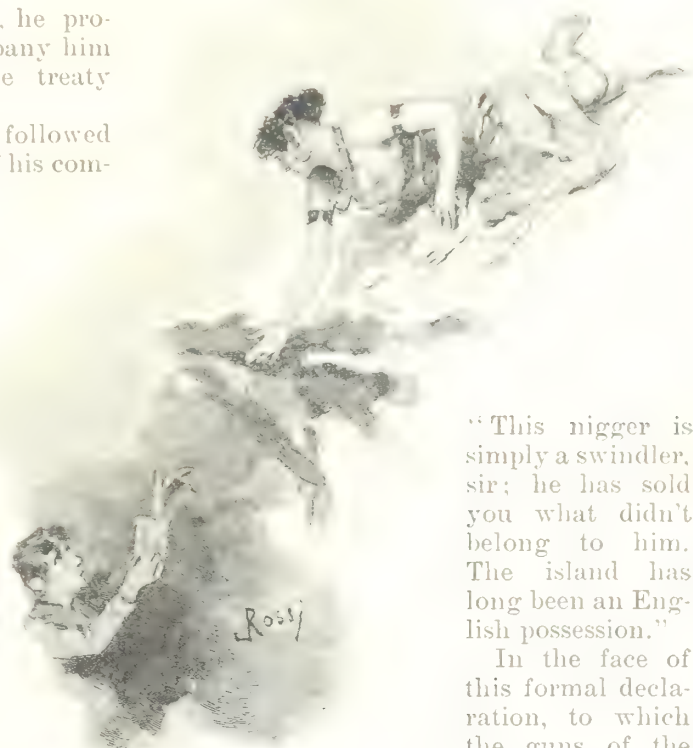
The recommendation was very useless, except for Brother Bataillet, who continued to foam. But they had their eyes on him; he was narrowly watched. "If your Reverence doesn't mind what he's about, I promise you I'll tie you," said his gunner, wild with terror. Meanwhile they were looking for Nagonko and shouting for him everywhere, seemingly in vain. At last a militiaman discovered him hidden among the stores. As the door of the magazine had been smashed in by a shell, he had taken advantage of it to follow up the projectile, and was now snoring between two barrels, drunk with garlic, lamp-oil, and spir-its of wine, with our reserve of which he had made terrible havoc.

In this condition, sticky and stinking, dripping with grease, he was brought before the Governor and the English officer. But it was impossible to get a word out of him. He stood there, dumbly glaring.

Then Tartarin had the treaty brought, and read it aloud, showing Nagonko's signature, his cross, and the seals of the Governor and of the grand dignitaries of the colony.

Either this authentic document would prove the settlers' right to the island, or nothing would prove it.

But the officer shrugged his shoulders.



"THEY FINALLY PERSUADED LIKIRIKI."

"This nigger is simply a swindler, sir; he has sold you what didn't belong to him. The island has long been an English possession."

In the face of this formal declaration, to which the guns of the *Tomahawk* and the bayonets of the marines added a considerable

weight, Tartarin felt all discussion to be useless.

He contented himself with making his abominable father-in-law a terrible scene: "You hoary rascal, why did you tell us the island was yours? Why did you sell it to us? Do you wish to pass for a dishonest man?"

Nagonko remained speechless, goggling still more, and looking still more like a brute; his very limited and very primitive intellect having quite evaporated in the fumes of garlic and alcohol.

Tartarin, seeing he should get no sort of satisfactory answer from him, made a sign to the militiaman who had brought him, "Take him away!"



TARTARIN QUITS THE ISLAND.

Then turning to the officer, who had remained stiff and inexpressive during the scene, "In any case, sir, my good faith is beyond question."

"The English courts of justice will settle that, sir," the other replied, from the tip-top of his superiority. "From this moment you are my prisoner. As for the inhabitants, if the island be not evacuated in the next twenty-four hours, they will all be put to the sword."

"Cracky! put to the sword!" Tartarin exclaimed. "But, in the first place, how in the world shall we evacuate?—we haven't a single boat—unless we undertake to swim."

The formidable fellow was at last brought round, and consented to carry the settlers as far toward home as Gibraltar; on condition, that is, that all arms were surrendered, even the rifles of the crack shots, the revolvers, and the thirty-two-shooter.

Hereupon he went off to luncheon, leaving a squad of men to mount guard over the captive Governor.

It was also the hour of the mid-day meal at head-quarters, and after having looked everywhere for his Excellency's wife, who continued to bear the title of

Princess, as she was nowhere to be found, not even on the top of some cocoa-palm, her place was left empty.

Every one was so shaken that Brother Bataillet forgot to say grace.

The Governor and his staff had been eating some time in silence, with their noses in their plates, when suddenly Pascalon rose to his feet, and raising his glass, addressed himself to utterance.

"Gentlemen, our Go-Go-Governor is a pri-pri-prisoner of war. I needn't inquire if we shall not all follow him into ca-ca-captivity!"

They sprang to their feet with uplifted glasses, shouting with enthusiasm:

"All of us—all of us!"

"Dash our eyes if we don't follow him!"

"Rather—rather!"

"Long live Tartarin! Ha! ha! ha!" howled Escourbanîes.

But in another hour they had all given him away, their poor Governor—all except Pascalon—even his little royal spouse, who had been miraculously found on the roof of the citadel.

At first she wouldn't come down; her ladies in waiting, Mademoiselle Caussemille and Mademoiselle Franquebalme, had been able to bring her to it only by the distant exhibition of an open box of sardines, just as a piece of sugar is held out to a parrot who has escaped from his cage.

"My dear child," said Tartarin, in his paternal tone, when she was again at his side, "I must tell you that I'm a prisoner of war. Which do you like best, to come with me or to stay on the island? I think the English would leave you here."

Without the least hesitation, looking at him with her smiling eyes, she replied, in her little babbling speech, as soft as the twitter of a bird, "Me tay in island; me tay always."

"Very well, you're quite free," said Tartarin, in a resigned tone.

But at bottom the poor fellow was awfully cut up.

In the evening, in the stately desert of the citadel, forsaken by his wife, by his dignitaries and all his servants, he had only the faithful Pascalon at his side.

Through the open windows, from the distance, came the twinkle of lights in the city, the hum of the great hive, the songs of the English encamped on the shore, and the monotonous murmur of the Little Rhone, swollen by the rains.

It was all dreadfully dreary.

Tartarin closed his window again with a heavy sigh, and while he tied up his head for the night in the spotted bandana, he said to Pascalon:

"When I learned that the others were going and that they denied me, I bore it well enough. But that little creature—I should have thought *she* would have been more attached to me."

The good Pascalon tried to console him. After all, the little savage Princess would be a very queer piece of goods to carry back to Tarascon—for back to Tarascon they of course would go, if they could get there—and when Tartarin should take up his old peaceful life again, his Papuan wife might be rather in his way and bring him under notice.

"Don't you remember, my dear, kind master, that when you came back from Algeria your ca-ca-camel was rather a bother?"

"My ca-ca-camel? And pray what is there in common?"

Pascalon turned very red. What an idea to go and talk of a camel apropos of a princess of the blood royal! To make up for whatever irreverence there might have been in the comparison, he called attention to the fact that Tartarin's present situation was quite that of Napoleon after he had been taken prisoner by the English and deserted by Marie Louise.

"Quite so—quite so," said Tartarin, struck by this similitude.

And this thought that his fate had a likeness to Napoleon's had a good deal to do with consoling him, with giving him a quiet night.

The next day Port Tarascon was evacuated, to the great joy of the settlers. Their irrecoverable money, their humbugging acres, the great financial operation, the great stroke of the dirty Belgian who had victimized them—nothing of all this was worth mentioning beside their delight at getting out of their swamp.

They were all taken on board first, because in their rage against the Governor, whom they held responsible for all their

ills, they might perhaps have done him a hurt.

At the moment they passed the citadel on their way to the boats, Tartarin showed himself at his window; but he had to fall back quickly before the jeers and gibes that greeted him and the clinched fists that were shaken at him.

On a fine day the Tarasconians would perhaps have shown him more indulgence, but the unfortunates embarked in a pouring rain, floundering in the mud, and carrying away on the soles of their shoes tons of their precious property. The bits of baggage that every one had in his hand were dreadfully exposed by the umbrellas.

When all the settlers had quitted the island the English officer came to fetch Tartarin.

At head-quarters since morning Pascalon had been on the fidget, preparing everything, doing up into bundles the archives of the colony.

At the last hour he had a real inspiration of genius—he asked Tartarin if he shouldn't put on his mantle of grandee of the first class to go on board.

"Yes; let them see it; it will make an impression," replied the Governor.

And he himself put on the grand ribbon of the order.

Below, on the pavement, rang the butts of the muskets of the escort and the hard voice of the officer. "Come, Monsieur Tartarin, we wait for your Excellency."

Before going down, Tartarin took a last look around him at the house in which he had loved, in which he had suffered—known all the intensity of passion and power.

Observing at this moment that Pascalon seemed to be hiding something under his mantle of the first class, he inquired what the object might be; on which Pascalon, stuttering not a little with emotion, confessed to his kind master the existence of the *Memorial*.

"Very well; go on, my child," said Tartarin, gently, and pinched his ear as Napoleon used to pinch his grenadiers. "You shall be my little Las Cases."

The analogy of his destiny with Napoleon's had occupied his spirit all night. Yes, they were quite the same: the English, Marie Louise, Las Cases—a real identity of circumstance and type. And both of them from the South!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RECENT DISCOVERIES OF PAINTED GREEK SCULPTURE.

BY RUSSELL STURGIS.

ATHENS is the most important of all European cities to the student of Greek sculpture. Although there are but few statues of first-rate importance there—a fact which may perhaps be accounted for by the disposition of Roman proconsuls and emperors to carry statues away to Rome or elsewhere, as being the most showy and the most available pieces of sculpture—this want is so abundantly made up by the variety, beauty, and aggregate number of pieces of relief sculpture and of minor works and fragments that it is safe to say that no city in Europe equals Athens in general importance as a centre of Greek art. Mr. Sybel's catalogue of the sculpture in Athens, bearing the date of 1881, enumerates over 7000 separate pieces, all, except a few hundred of the Roman epoch, as Greek in feeling and purpose as in origin. Since 1881 several hundred more pieces have been added, and most of these archaic in character. Of course, of this vast number only a small proportion are large and important pieces in good condition. Still, he who studies first the collection at the Central Museum, called locally the Patissia Museum, from the village to which leads the street or road upon which it stands—even as ancient mediæval cities named their gates from the important towns to which led the roads passing through them—who goes on then to the Acropolis Museum, and then to the out-of-door display at the ancient cemetery, near the gate which leads toward Eleusis, and who finishes with the smaller collections in the office of the Ephor of Antiquities and the rooms of the Archaeological Society, will pass in review such an array of inspiring and instructive works of art as is nowhere else to be found.

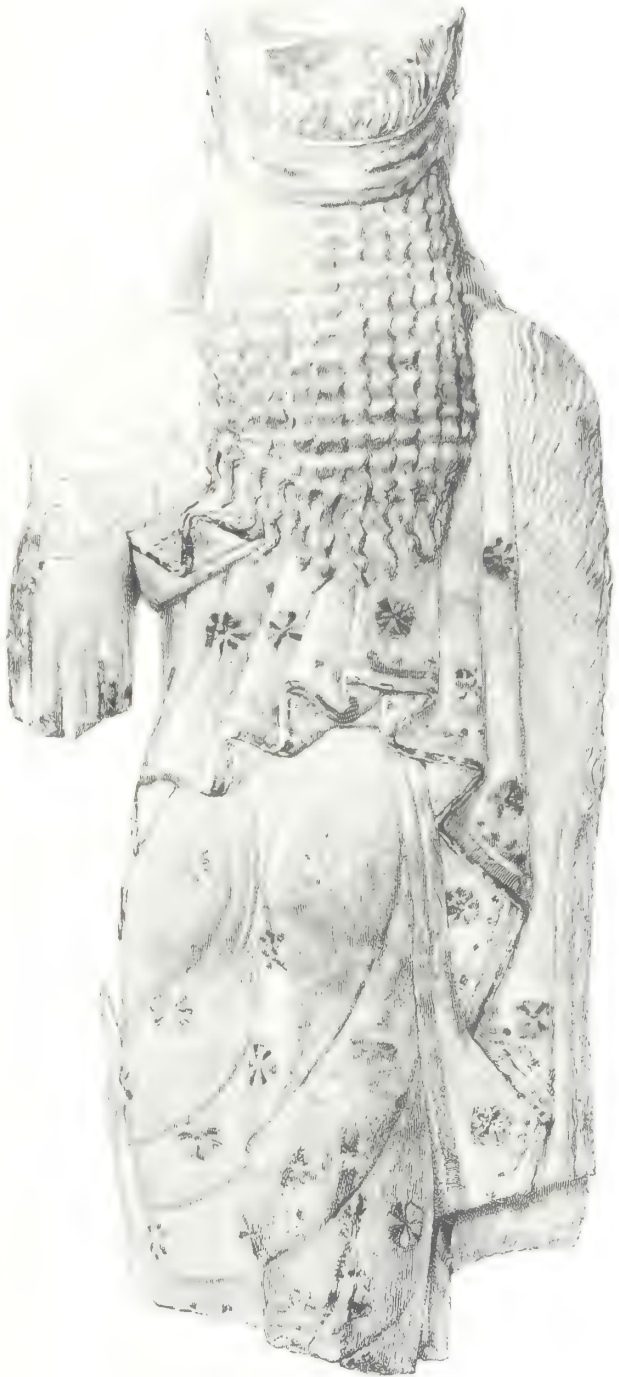
Now of this great mass of Greek sculpture, there was little before 1883 which had its original painting at all well preserved. The color on the famous stele of Aristion, still, in 1883, in the so-called temple of Theseus, had almost disappeared, though traces were still visible of that complete polychromy with which a former generation had been familiar—the bluish gray armor, the red patterns of the belts and ornamental bands, the brown hair, and the red background of the whole. The

splendid marble vase in the Central Museum, with its youths and maidens carved in low relief, had lost all of its color but traces of red in unexposed parts. A dozen tombal slabs in the same museum, known to have been elaborately colored when found, had lost the color which had once invested the sculptured figures of the deceased and the friends of the deceased, though the egg-and-dart mouldings of the bordering had perhaps retained some red and some blue, the sharply incised pattern holding the color, which was more easily shaken off from the more smoothly modelled surfaces. The magnificent memorial sculptures at the old Dipylon, out-of-doors, but for the boxes with wire-coated fronts that protected them, were almost pure white, although it was on record how rich they had been in color when found. The votive reliefs of the Acropolis Museum, and those in the little hut at the old entrance half-way up the ascent on the south side of the rock, but since removed, had retained more in proportion of their original painting, and yet but little of it in the aggregate. A female head and a female figure in bass relief, both in the Acropolis Museum, had more color. And perhaps the best preserved of all was the painting applied to flat surfaces of marble; thus the funeral steles, which had been left with but little sculpture or with none for polychromatic treatment, held their decorative bands, their wreaths of leaves, and their anthemion decoration fairly well; and in the splendid one in the vestibule of the Central Museum, upon which was painted a seated figure of a bearded man holding in his right hand a kind of amphora, hanging down by his side, though the chief picture was very faint indeed, the whole design was still traceable. The finest of all these painted steles, the famous one of Lyseas, which also was kept in the temple of Theseus up to and after that year—1883—had lost all its color except a little of that upon the base block and a trace or two elsewhere.

And yet here, and in many of these instances, the pattern at least was preserved for us, if the actual tints were lost. The color had left its mark behind it, so to speak. Everywhere in Athens one would meet

with sculptured marbles, architectural fragments, or tombstones which were charged with various patterns in white, crystal-sparkling marble, relieved on the yellowish-gray, earth stained surface of the body of the piece. The pigment had preserved the original whiteness of the marble through the years of burial. In other cases the color could still be faintly seen, and wetting would bring it out plainly, although this operation would naturally be objected to by the authorities.

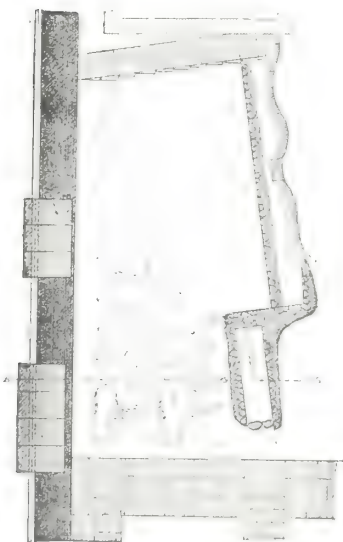
In view of these well-known facts, to which the presence of a painted statue or two outside of Athens gave added weight, no great doubt existed among students who knew their Athens well that pretty much all the marble sculpture of these collections had once been painted in bright colors. It was remembered in this connection how resolutely sculptures had been cleaned when found; how it had been only within a few years that any respect for the appearances of original color had inspired the curators and guardians; how, when a large work of sculpture was discovered, the first thing done was to clean it from the soil which clung to it, in which cleaning the color which might still adhere to the marble was not only disregarded, but any appearance of it that was seen gladly removed; how the theory of the pseudo-archaeologists of those days had been that the refined art of the Greeks had found its expression in pure form, disregarding color; and how any evidences to the contrary were destroyed, as starting only troublesome theories, subversive of the true worship of Greek art. It was observed, too, how many works of sculpture were left unfinished in important parts in a very surprising way, involving the obvious need of painting to complete the design, and even



No. 1.

to explain the subject. On the Parthenon frieze itself are several such blanks, fruitful subjects of controversy, but it is clear that it is the lost painting which once supplied them. And so, in con-

viction on the part of those who used their eyes, in denial on the part of those who reasoned from assumptions, and in general indifference, the matter rested until the spring of 1883. At that time some desultory excavation was done on the Acropolis, at the southeastern corner and along the eastern face of the Parthenon, and between it and the Acropolis Museum. Here were found a num-



No. 2.

ber of drums of columns, fragments of marble of different kinds, and of pottery, and a few pieces of bronze of no great importance; and among them several pieces of painted sculpture, of such character that they may be said to have revolutionized our knowledge and ideas of the subject.

The first is the extraordinary statue of which the back is represented in our illustration No. 1. This figure is one of those curious female statues which have been called, without sufficient reason, statues of Hope—"statues of the Spes type," as the phrase is. They are those in which the left hand holds some part of the drapery of the outer garment,



No. 3.

whatever it is, lifting it as if to relieve the feet from the encumbrance of the folds, while the right arm, held closely to the side as far as the elbow, is

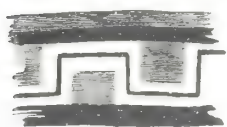
then carried in advance of the body, the right hand holding some drapery or ornament.

Such statues were used in connection

with architectural decoration, as upon the pediments of the temple of Ægina, from which two of them were brought to Munich with the Ægina marbles. Their precise meaning cannot be said to be fully established. The statue found on the Acropolis is of rather less than half life size; it is broken off just below the knees, and the lower part lost; the rest is intact, except for the loss of the right forearm and hand and slight injuries. The color which it still retained when found may be described, together with the sculptured outlines, as follows: the chiton, or undermost garment, which shows freely on the breast and left shoulder and upper arm, was still almost entirely covered with green paint, abundant in the hollows between the little ridges which indicate the texture of the stuff, and not entirely lost even from their projections. There is no doubt that this particular green was always green, though there are many instances in which green was probably blue when originally put on. The seam of this garment on the left shoulder and upper arm was decorated with a broad band, like a ribbon or piece of stuff sewed on over the seam to strengthen and support it, as if the seam were rather weak when made in such lightly woven and crinkly stuff as this. The cloak worn over this, which is perhaps the himation, though not exactly like the garment which we generally know by that name, has all the appearance of being made of some very much heavier stuff than the crape-like material of the chiton; it falls in folds almost like leather. A girdle, or rather a baldric, seems to pass over the right shoulder and under the left arm, and over that the cloak is turned outward at the upper edge, so as to show its lining or inner side. Another girdle is seen between the folds in front, but of this the greater part is concealed; it surrounded and restrained the himation, but did not hold it tight, as the lines of the statue show. Everywhere the edge of the cloak was adorned by a painted border, consisting in front of a fret which once had been red and black, emphasized on the upper edge by a green and a red band running parallel, and again by a row of green dots or small circles running parallel with the two bands, and below by a single red line; but simpler on the back, without the fret. The whole surface of the cloak is decorated with a star of eight rays, alternately black



No. 4.



No 5

and red, surrounding a sometimes black and sometimes red central spot. This ornament is sown over the whole garment, representing a pattern woven in the material, or more probably embroidered upon it before it was adapted as a garment, as is done with some modern East-Indian stuffs. The hair, to which attention should really be given on account of its beautiful and unusual treatment, is reddish-yellow, and is bound by a single fillet, broad and heavy, evidently of soft material, and decorated by a pattern similar to that on the border of the himation. The ear-rings are large, disk-like appendages, decorated in black and red.

Another piece of sculpture found at this same time and place was a male torso, somewhat smaller in scale than the last-named one, as of a statuette about two feet high. This is entirely nude, except that over the left shoulder a small chlamys, or simple square of stuff, is prettily draped, its edge being adorned with two parallel narrow bands, one red and one blue, and a row of red spots which follow closely the blue band. The blue has turned rather greenish from exposure to the earth. Another piece was a female head, the hair of which is bound by a broad fillet, which when found was green, with an anthemion or honeysuckle ornament in red constantly repeated. A statue of the same



No 6

size as the one given in No. 1, but nearly intact, has the same curious close-fitting garment of crape-like stuff, and the same or a similar broad diadem or fillet. The traces of color were numerous on these and on many parts of the work, but not in elaborate patterns. No outer garment whatever appears: it is indeed disputed whether the clothing is of only one piece, that is, a long chiton, which has been pulled up a little way through the girdle which retains it, and falls over and conceals this girdle; or whether there

are two garments, one very long, and one above it, close-fitting and short; but at all events there is no loose himation, chlamys, or cloak. A small statuette had what might almost be called a picture of horses painted on its left shoulder, but this decoration had suffered greatly. Two curious sphinxes were also found, of which the feathered wings were indicated by a kind of imbricated pattern in red and green. In all, twenty-six pieces of considerable importance as sculpture, all archaic in character, and all elaborately painted in bright colors, were found east of the Parthenon during the spring and summer of 1883.

The color of all these soon began to fall and vanish. The beautiful statue first described (our No. 1) lay on a table in the museum on the Acropolis in May, 1883, and already some of its color had been shaken off; for as it lay it was surrounded by a little deposit of green, red, and black powder which had fallen from it. The attention of the Ephor of Antiquities being called to it, it was finally put under glass, and while lying on its back in a table case, it was found that every jar given to the case, every vibration of the building, caused a little more of the fine powder to crumble from the surface. The process by which the color vanishes from the marble is not, then, as it is generally said to be, a fading of the tints: it is a gradual separation of the particles of the pigment from the marble. It seems as if the dampness of the earth was needed to keep them in their place. As soon as they are dry they lose their hold upon the marble, and fall off at such a rate of speed that about twenty years is enough to entirely efface the color from most pieces, even when not recklessly handled. The necessity, then, of preserving an exact record of the color seeming evident, Mr. Gilliéron, a Swiss artist residing in Athens, whose work is better known now than it was then, and is esteemed by the archæologists who have to do with the Athens explorations, was employed to make the most accurate possible water-color drawings of some of them. These were executed on exactly half the scale of the originals, and it is believed that no exaggeration or modification whatever has been made; that the color shown on the drawings is exactly that which was originally possessed when the drawings were made; and that in no place has a

are two garments, one very long, and one above it, close-fitting and short; but at all events there is no loose himation, chlamys, or cloak. A small statuette had what might almost be called a picture of horses painted on its left shoulder, but this decoration had suffered greatly. Two curious sphinxes were also found, of which the feathered wings were indicated by a kind of imbricated pattern in red and green. In all, twenty-six pieces of considerable importance as sculpture, all archaic in character, and all elaborately painted in bright colors, were found east of the Parthenon during the spring and summer of 1883.

pattern been interpreted or enlarged or altered in any way, or made clearer in the way of interpretation. What is shown in the water-color drawing, and from it engraved in our wood-cut No. 1, is in every instance that which the marble possessed in 1883.

The excavations to the east and south of the Parthenon were languidly carried on for the next two years. In 1885, Mr. Stamatakis having died, Mr. Kavvadias became Ephor of Antiquities, and under his direction the work of excavation began again with great vigor, and in a different part of the Acropolis, namely, behind the east wall of the so-called *Pinakothek*, which is the northerly wing of the Propylæa, and from this along the northern bounding wall of the Acropolis. In the month of May, 1886, the diggers having reached a point northwest of the Erechtheion, and very near it, suddenly came upon a most extraordinary deposit of statuary. At that point the rock falls away rapidly, and the surface had been levelled up by filling in with broken stones, fragments of masonry, rubbish, and earth to the level which has been known to all men of this generation; and in this corner the filling had been done, in part, with a number of statues. Our illustrations 2 and 3 show in plan and section how these were laid, with drums of columns, fragments of architecture, and mere chips and rubbish. The section shows how a new level was made as each second course of stone was added to the outer wall, the narrow white bands denoting thin layers of marble chips, which must have been used as a temporary pavement. Fourteen statues were found here, some larger than life, some life size, and some smaller, many of them still retaining their beauty and almost all their full significance, and a large number of them decorated with color in a wonderfully rich and elaborate manner. The find of 1883 is dwarfed by these prodigious discoveries. In 1883 we said of the pieces then found: Now, for the first time, we have early Greek statues of unquestioned date and style, with the rich and elaborate painting put upon them by the



No. 7.

Greeks of the fifth century, and all fairly well preserved: now, for the first time, we have in full what the Artemis statue of Naples dimly foreshadowed: now, indeed, there is a new departure for us in our study of Greek art. In 1886 all these self-congratulations had to be spoken again and louder. The world is enriched by the most curious, the most separate and distinct, the most, in a sense, unexpected body of fine art that could possibly have been found. Its most peculiar features are very perishable, unfortunately; it is the more necessary that we do what we can to preserve a record of them.

The figure which is represented in our



No. 8

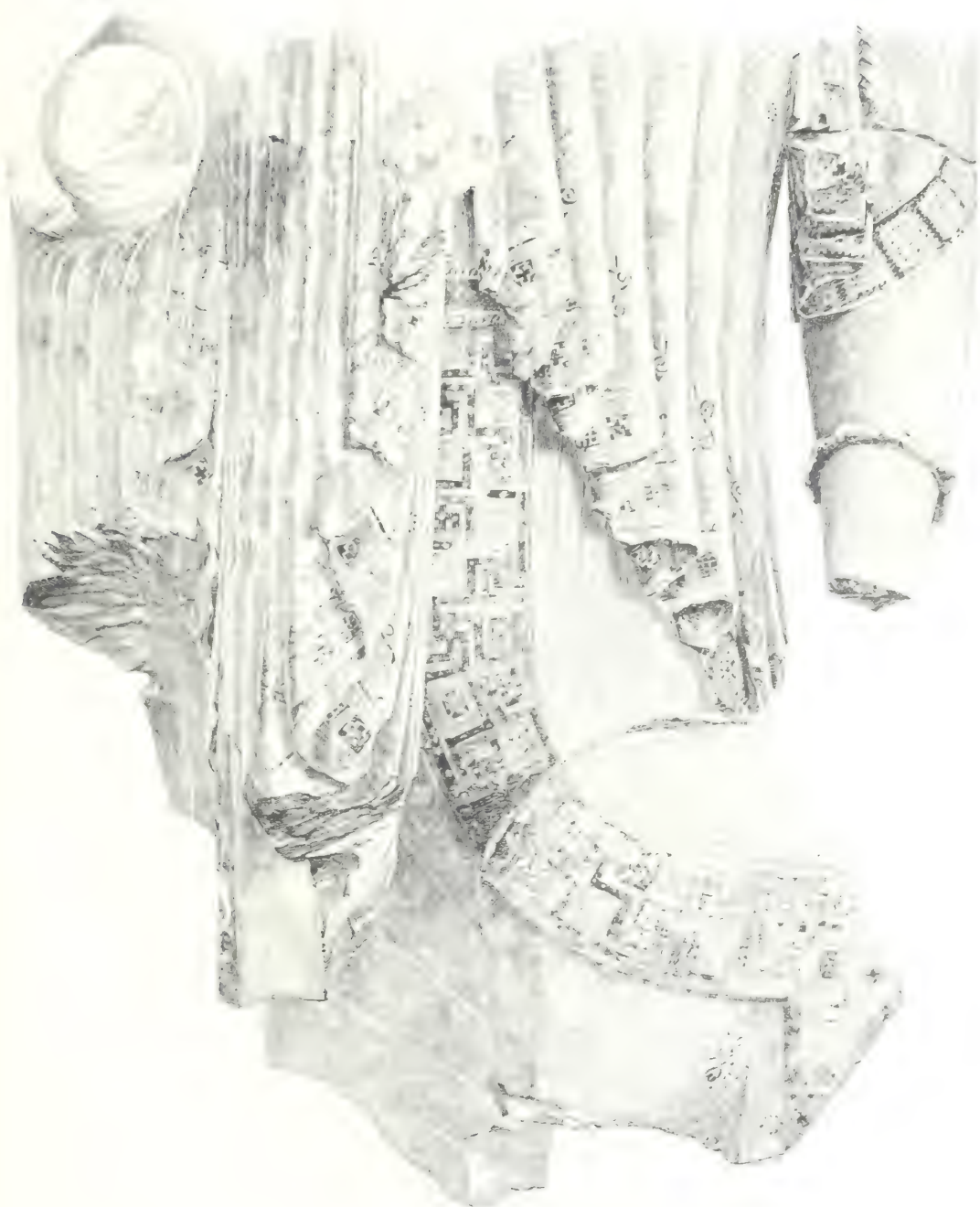
cut No. 4 is very like the statue of 1883, though much larger, that is to say, of life size; its pose is almost exactly the same, and the same description serves for both so far as the attitude and the drapery go. There is the same attitude, the left hand holding up the drapery on the left side; there is the same arrangement of the himation; and the same or a similar arrangement of color in the semé of small figures over the surface, and similar broad

and rich borders. The borders, however, are different in design. Those on the himation are given in No. 5, all three being used on this same garment. These diagrams are about full size, but were not measured or traced. The whole surface of the himation, apart from the borders, is covered with a semé of small stars, as shown in our cut No. 6, differing from those of the statue No. 1 in having no central ball or spot. The chiton covering the breast and left arm and shoulder is pink, or what must have been crimson, the only instance of this color in all this find. The hair has a slightly more elaborate arrangement. The back of the statue has suffered so much that the color throughout is practically gone. This statue has been published in color in the great German folio the *Antike Denkmäler*, but very badly rendered, the color being completely falsified, and the whole caricatured.

A still more interesting statue, although it has lost its head, is the one represented in our figure No. 7. This statue is draped with three garments, a somewhat unusual arrangement. The chiton and himation—if that is what the outer garment of the two should be called—are nearly as in the statues above described; but over these is worn a sort of cloak, which covers the back and comes forward on each shoulder, showing on the right shoulder in full folds, which come forward over the upper arm, and fall easily from the elbow-joint to below the knee, and on the left in narrower, sharper folds. This outer garment had very little color left upon it—a border made of two narrow bands, between which are lozenges in outline, and one or two rosettes of the semé which originally covered it, and which had an unusual form, as of a quatre-foi, all of which are dark green. One very interesting point is the changed color of the broad border falling vertically in front; this was everywhere vivid green, except where protected by the folds of the upper garment, and there blue. In this



No. 9.



No. 10.



No. 12.

case it is clear that the green was originally blue, but there is sufficient reason to think that all the greens are not of the same character. Thus, in this same heap, on a fragment of a figure in high relief, consisting of two feet with the lower part of the legs resting upon a pedestal and backed by a heavy slab, evidently part of a seated statue, there is a repeated unit of design consisting of a green ring surrounding a blue centre, both the ring and the central circle perfectly well marked, sharply detached, almost intact, and of



No. 11.

unmistakable pure pale blue and vivid green. Moreover, this figure is repeated several times. So in the statue before us, the green is undoubtedly a blue that has faded or changed by contact with the earth; the narrower border which is upon the himation and that upon the third or outermost garment have a green of a different shade, and this green has probably been always of nearly the color which it now has. There was also on this statue a curious soft lavender gray, which was found on this and on only one other of all this collection; it is found in two narrow bands which decorate the girdle, which it is difficult to distinguish in our engraving, as only a small piece of it is to be discerned between the two upper folds of the himation.

The splendid statue shown in our figure No. 8, although of somewhat less than life size (about four feet high when complete), is yet of extraordinary value and dignity; it is the statue represented in Plates 3 and 4 of the publication *Les Musées d'Athènes*. Into the head is fixed one of those curious bronze rods which have excited so much conjecture. It is thought they were used to support a sort of umbrella to keep the rain, at least in part, from the elaborate color-decoration of the statue. This decoration in the statue before us is modified and, in a sense, heightened by slight incisions in the marble. All, or nearly all, of the ornaments are accompanied by such incisions, which seem to have been engraved right upon the color after it was dried. There are a great number of different patterns on this statue; thus the back, which is admirably preserved, shows a large pattern, cut No. 9, frequently repeated, and alternating with it another unit of design consisting of seven green spots in a circle surrounding a red spot. In figure No. 9 the four scrolls are alternately red and green, and each of the clusters of rays consists of one red and three green dashes. These two patterns seem alternating to form the woven or embroidered pattern of the material of which the outer garment was made. Figure No. 10 shows on a large scale the lower part of this statue from the front. The patterns of the broad border when analyzed are found to be what we call a Greek cross, that is, a cross having the four arms equal in length; another cross, made of four squares touching a central square at the angles; another pattern,

which is like a modification of the latter, and three or four other similar patterns. In this case the dark green which forms so large a part of the *semé*, and also of the border, has all the appearance of being an oxidized and altered blue.*

Another statue of this discovery is one of the most curious pieces yet added to any museum: it is of what is commonly called the *xoanon* type, that is, rather closely copied from the ancient wooden statues with which early temples were furnished, and which were retained by the natural conservatism of priests and worshippers long after building and decoration had in other ways become more elaborate and more fully developed. There is something very curious in the dress of this statue. It seems that the upper part of the figure is covered by a sort of *colope*. Assuredly the garment or *colope* passes over both shoulders, and falls to the waist both before and behind, and the *chiton* pulled up through the girdle and allowed to fall freely over it, as is so common a device in later statues: it has all the appearance of being a garment of no greater length than from the neck to the waist, but abundantly full, so that, besides surrounding the body and arms, it falls in folds on both sides. It may be a strip of stuff slightly gathered at the neck, so that it rests upon the shoulders, and fastens with a brooch on the left shoulder, where it is open, its two edges not quite meeting. This piece of stuff is bordered with a very rich design,

hard to trace, but on the whole quite certainly of the character given in our drawing No. 11. On the shoulder and on the head are little hollows which must have been used for ornaments or appendages in metal. It is possible that this statue was more completely protected by an awning fastened directly to itself than the others.

Our illustration No. 12 represents still another statue of archaic type. This, as



No. 12

* If the *Antike Denkmal*, No. 1, this stuff is a *colope*, like the *colope* of the *Antike Denkmal*, No. 1, by M. Gilliéron, evidently a fac-simile of the one engraved in *ant.* No. 11.



No. 14.

well as the elaborate statue Nos. 8 and 10, is peculiar in having three distinct garments. First, the chiton, which shows at the breast, and projects from the sleeve of the right arm, hanging from the elbow, and which in the original was painted a solid, vivid red; second, the closely fitting tunic, as if an outer chiton, which shows all over the right side of the body above the hip and the right arm, and which is distinguished by a curious figure repeated all over it, a sort of cross formed of four lobes; and third, an outer cloak very loosely thrown over the person, hanging on the left shoulder, drawn around the waist, and passing over the right arm below the elbow. The figures on the second garment were originally in some color which had entirely disappeared at the time of the discovery. They show now in white on the yellowish-gray ground of the oxidized marble.

Illustration No. 13 shows an arrange-

ment of garments which is very hard to understand. The chiton hangs smooth and flat in front, and was covered with ornaments of at least two kinds, namely, a gammadion or swastika in two colors, black and red apparently, of which the red only was visible when the statue was found, the other color having fallen, leaving the marble white; and a star of ten rays instead of eight. The sleeve of the chiton shows on the right arm, below the heavy cloak. Outside of the chiton is a cloak falling in straight and heavy folds, undisturbed on the right side of the statue, but gathered up on the left arm, and this cloak is decorated with a very small cross-shaped spot, and with straight and narrow borders of red, enclosing on the edge a simple kind of fret, of which the color cannot be determined. So much is easy to understand. But what is the narrow ribbon, as if a priestly stole, which hangs below the left hand on each

side? Is it indeed a narrow stole, or does it represent merely the two edges of a garment which covers the body beneath the cloak? It is touched with red and vivid emerald green. The figure holds in the right hand what we should call in a Roman statue a libation dish, painted green, and in the left hand a singular flat bottle, painted red.

Figure No. 14 is one of the most curious pieces yet discovered. The fragments which make it up lay about the museum for some time before they were grouped as they now are. The horse's head is engraved by itself in the *Ephemeris* of the Athenian Archaeological Society. Photographs of the rounded pieces which were seen to be the thighs of a statue, clothed in a close-fitting garment, were also made separately, and the figure of which they were supposed to form part was christened "The Kneeling Archer," with a sense of the Oriental character in-

dedicated by the fantastic dress and the Oriental tendency to use the bow. It was not until the expiration of some little time that they were grouped by putting one of the thighs on each side of the pile of fragments which are seen to represent the neck and head of the horse, the whole forming a statue of some personage who wore tight fitting garments on the legs—an Amazon therefore, or at least some person of Oriental affiliations; for there has been no appearance yet among these archaic statues of a Greek with braca or anaxyrides. The painting on the different fragments of this group has helped to bring these pieces together. It is of the most vivid character. What the colors applied to the mane of the horse may signify, it is difficult to understand. They are applied freely—red in the little corrugations or sunken channels which express the hairy structure of the mane, and green on the ridges between them. Can they mean that the mane was dyed? Dyed red it may have been indeed, or in some other single color; but are we to believe that it was dyed in two colors, sharply contrasted one with another? The same colors, with bright blue, adorned the thigh coverings of the rider. There they were in slender lozenges, three inches long, exactly the dress of a harlequin, and this pattern covered the whole upper and outer surface of each thigh, except that other patterns seem to frame it in at top, though these may represent the lower edge of the body garment falling over the garment of the thighs. The inner surface, where the limb rounds toward the neck of the horse, is painted with a different pattern, which it is not possible to understand. The whole group brings up difficulties, and is finally satisfactory only in this: that we have one more assurance of the very free way in which vivid colors were used by the Greeks at an early time.

Of other pieces found in 1886—of the architectural fragments freely decorated in color; of the group of Hercules and the Hydra; and of more recently discovered works, such as the astonishing group of Tritons with blue and green beards and incredible spiral tails—we have no room to speak. But one thing must be mentioned, the series of pedestals which have come to light, and which give us an assur-

ance previously lacking of the way in which the Greeks would set up their statues for permanent keeping. These pedestals are of the nature of short columns with slightly spreading capitals, and upon these, usually on the abacus, or upper member of the capital, inscriptions are deeply cut. In some instances the incised lines are painted red; otherwise, the pedestal seems not to have been colored. Our tailpiece, cut No. 15, gives one of these, especially interesting because it has the feet of the statue fast sealed to it. The pieces of marble which compose the legs were easy to identify and to fix in their places with plaster of Paris, and so they are represented in our illustration. The further identification of this statue is not absolute, but there is little doubt that a very beautiful head which has been published in *Les Musées d'Athènes* belongs to this same statue.

One question has been left to the close



No. 15

of the article, namely, What was done with so much of the surface of the marble as was not occupied with vivid colors?

It would seem that the natural white and crystalline surface of the marble would look badly in contrast with such intense colors. It is also noticeable that the surface of the marble is commonly so perfectly preserved as to preclude the idea of its having been for the time of its sojourn underground unprotected by some pigment or coating. The marble when found is of a pleasant, warm, yellowish-gray color, except where it has been protected by paint, as has been

explained above: its polish, or at least its smoothness, has been generally retained. The probability is that the surface was everywhere yellowed with wax, applied probably by some process like that which we call encaustic painting. If the pigments also were applied by this same process, as is more than probable, we should have then a painting of the whole statue throughout with wax dissolved in some liquid, in some cases with color, in other cases with color held in a sort of solution, the same process of fixing by heat having been applied to all parts alike.

THE MOOR GIRL'S WELL.

BY GRAHAM R. TOMSON.

WHERE the still sunshine falls
On faded splendors of old days long done—
The Moorish castle halls
Void and forsaken, save for wind and sun—
Lies a square court-yard fenced with painted walls.
There, where the yellow sunlight lies asleep,
Bound in a drowsy spell,
Glimmers that silent water, clear and deep,
Our village maidens call the Moor Girl's Well.

Fair are the village maidens—kind and fair—
And black-browed Manuela smiles on me,
Driving her white goats homeward leisurely
Up from the pastures through the evening air;
And I fling back her jest,
Laughing, with all the will to woo her yet
I pass—the words unspoke, mine eyelids wet,
Why, my heart knoweth best.

Through the gray dusk of dawn
I went one autumn morning, long ago,
Forth, with my flock behind me trailing slow;
And to that castle in the vale below—
I know not why—my vagrant steps were drawn.

And I beheld a woman, fair and young,
Beside the well-spring in the court-yard bare,
Dabbling her slim feet in the water there,
And singing softly in some outland tongue;
No veil about her golden beauty hung—
No veil, nor raiment rare,
Save but her dusky hair.

Sweetly she smiled on me, and, hisping spake:

Even as a child that strives to say aright
Some unlearned language for its teacher's sake;
Her long eyes pierced me with their diamond light.

She told me of an old spell laid on her
That bound her in the semblance of a snake,
Lonely and mute as in the sepulchre.

And he who would this bitter bondage break
Must suffer her in serpent form to cling
Close to his breast unshrinking, undismayed,
And let her cold kiss on his lips be laid
Thrice without faltering.

All this I promised her, for fervently
I longed to free her from the evil spell—
Pity and love so swiftly wrought on me!
(Scarce I beheld her but I loved her well.)

Then, as I spake, she vanished suddenly,
And o'er the marble came
A great snake, brighter than a shifting flame;

With scales of emerald and of amethyst
Her lithe coils dazzled me, and yet the same
Shone her sad eyes; but quickly, ere I wist,
She twined about me, clammy-chill and cold,
Staying my life-breath with her strangling fold:

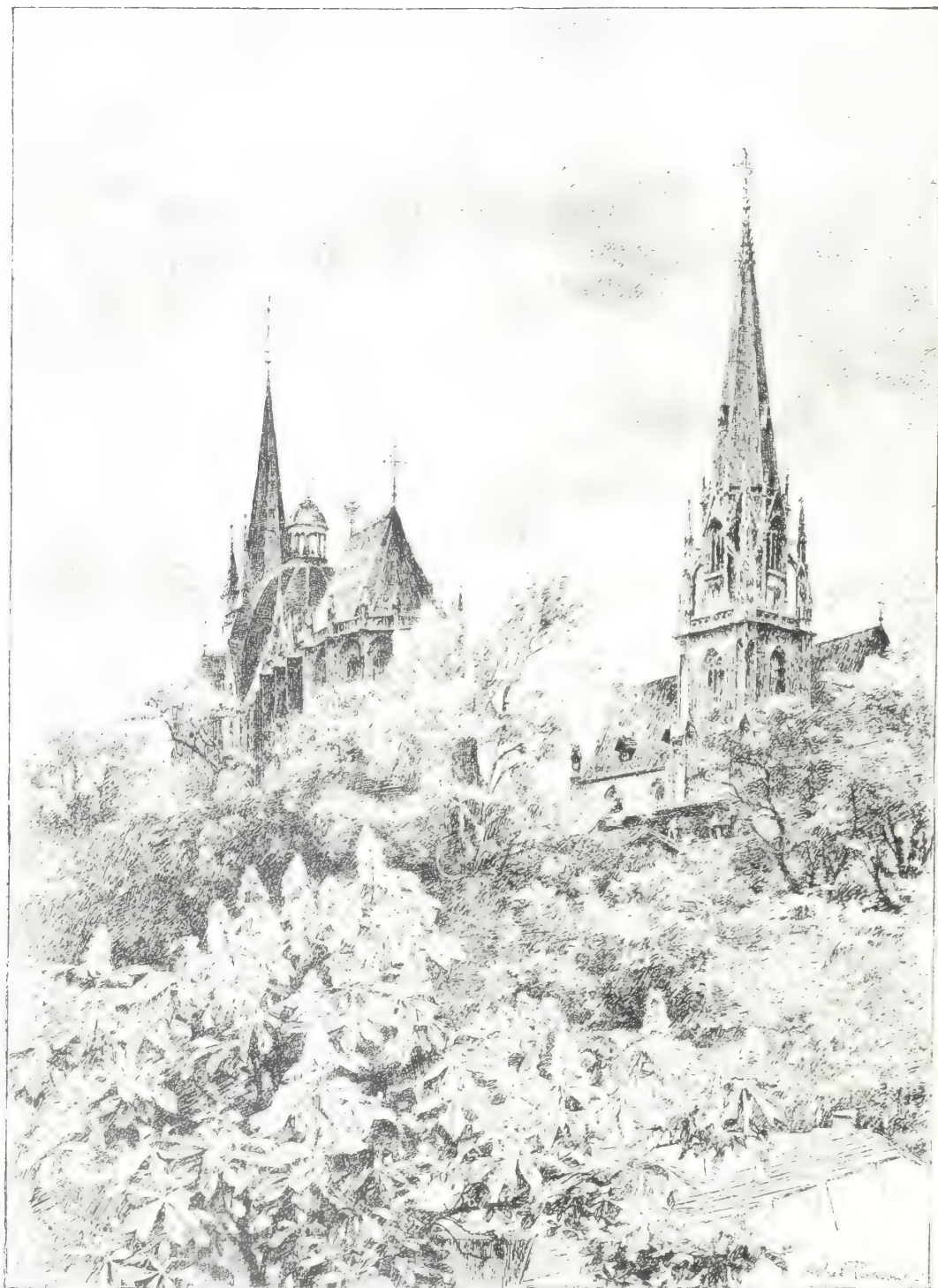
The bright eyes neared mine own, the thin mouth hissed,
And I, nigh swooning, shrank from her embrace.
"Leave me," I gasped, and turned aside my face—
"Leave me, and loose me from thy loathly hold!"

The icy bands fell from me; numb with pain,
Half blind, I sank beside the Moor Girl's Well,
Hearing a sough as of the summer rain,
A slow, sad voice from out the depths complain,
"*Redoubled tenfold is the cruel spell.*"

And sometimes when the yellow dawn is chill
The memory grips my heart so that I rise,
And go with hurried footsteps down the hill
Where the lone court-yard lies,
And kneeling, gaze into those waters still
Beneath the quiet skies.

"*Only come back and I shall do thy will!*"

I seek, and still the steely deep denies
The piercing sorrow of her diamond eyes;
I seek, but only see
Mine own gaze back at me.



AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

AIX LA-CHAPELLE.

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.



AS it to disenchant, and to undo,

That we approached the Seat of Charlemaine?
To sweep from many an old romantic strain
That faith which no devotion may renew?

Why does this puny Church present to view
Her feeble columns? and that scanty chair?
This sword that one of our weak times might wear?—
Objects of false pretence, or meanly true!
If from a traveller's fortune I might claim
A palpable memorial of that day,
Then would I seek the Pyrenean Breach
That Roland clove with huge two-handed sway,
And to the enormous labor left his name,
Where unremitting frosts the rocky crescent bleach.

THE REVOLT OF A MOTHER."

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

"FATHER!"
"What is it?"

"What are them men diggin' over
there in the field for?"

There was a sudden dropping and enlarging of the lower part of the old man's face, as if some heavy weight had settled therein; he shut his mouth tight, and went on harnessing the great bay mare. He hustled the collar on to her neck with a jerk.

"Father!"

The old man slapped the saddle upon the mare's back.

"Look here, father, I want to know what them men are diggin' over in the field for, an' I'm goin' to know."

"I wish you'd go into the house, mother, an' 'tend to your own affairs," the old man said then. He ran his words together, and his speech was almost as inarticulate as a growl.

But the woman understood; it was her most native tongue. "I ain't goin' into the house till you tell me what them men are doin' over there in the field," said she.

Then she stood waiting. She was a small woman, short and straight-waisted like a child in her brown cotton gown. Her forehead was mild and benevolent between the smooth curves of gray hair; there were meek downward lines about her nose and mouth; but her eyes, fixed upon the old man, looked as if the meekness had been the result of her own will, never of the will of another.

They were in the barn, standing before the wide open doors. The spring air, full of the smell of growing grass and unseen blossoms, came in their faces. The deep yard in front was littered with farm wagons and piles of wood; on the edges, close to the fence and the house, the grass was a vivid green, and there were some dandelions.

The old man glanced doggedly at his wife as he tightened the last buckles on the harness. She looked as immovable to him as one of the rocks in his pasture-land, bound to the earth with generations of blackberry vines. He slapped the reins over the horse, and started forth from the barn.

"Father!" said she.

The old man pulled up. "What is it?"

"I want to know what them men are diggin' over there in that field for."

"They're diggin' a cellar, I s'pose, if you've got to know."

"A cellar for what?"

"A barn."

"A barn? You ain't goin' to build a barn over there where we was goin' to have a house, father?"

The old man said not another word. He hurried the horse into the farm wagon, and clattered out of the yard, jouncing as sturdily on his seat as a boy.

The woman stood a moment looking after him, then she went out of the barn across a corner of the yard to the house. The house, standing at right angles with

the great barn and a long reach of sheds and out-buildings, was infinitesimal compared with them. It was scarcely as commodious for people as the little boxes under the barn eaves were for doves.

A pretty girl's face, pink and delicate as a flower, was looking out of one of the house windows. She was watching three men who were digging over in the field which bounded the yard near the road line. She turned quietly when the woman entered.

"What are they diggin' for, mother?" said she. "Did he tell you?"

"They're diggin' for—a cellar for a new barn."

"Oh, mother, he ain't goin' to build another barn?"

"That's what he says."

A boy stood before the kitchen glass combing his hair. He combed slowly and painstakingly, arranging his brown hair in a smooth hillock over his forehead. He did not seem to pay any attention to the conversation.

"Sammy, did you know father was goin' to build a new barn?" asked the girl.

The boy combed assiduously.

"Sammy!"

He turned, and showed a face like his father's under his smooth crest of hair. "Yes, I s'pose I did," he said, reluctantly.

"How long have you known it?" asked his mother.

"'Bout three months, I guess."

"Why didn't you tell of it?"

"Didn't think 'twould do no good."

"I don't see what father wants another barn for," said the girl, in her sweet slow voice. She turned again to the window, and stared out at the digging men in the field. Her tender sweet face was full of a gentle distress. Her forehead was as bald and innocent as a baby's, with the light hair strained back from it in a row of curl-papers. She was quite large, but her soft curves did not look as if they covered muscles.

Her mother looked sternly at the boy. "Is he goin' to buy more cows?" said she.

The boy did not reply; he was tying his shoes.

"Sammy, I want you to tell me if he's goin' to buy more cows."

"I s'pose he is."

"How many?"

"Four, I guess."

His mother said nothing more. She went into the pantry, and there was a

clatter of dishes. The boy got his cap from a nail behind the door, took an old arithmetic from the shelf, and started for school. He was lightly built, but clumsy. He went out of the yard with a curious spring in the hips, that made his loose home-made jacket tilt up in the rear.

The girl went to the sink, and began to wash the dishes that were piled up there. Her mother came promptly out of the pantry, and shoved her aside. "You wipe 'em," said she; "I'll wash. There's a good many this mornin'."

The mother plunged her hands vigorously into the water, the girl wiped the plates slowly and dreamily. "Mother," said she, "don't you think it's too bad father's goin' to build that new barn, much as we need a decent house to live in?"

Her mother scrubbed a dish fiercely. "You 'ain't found out yet we're women-folks, Nanny Penn," said she. "You 'ain't seen enough of men-folks yet to. One of these days you'll find it out, an' then you'll know that we know only what men-folks think we do, so far as any use of it goes, an' how we'd ought to reckon men-folks in with Providence, an' not complain of what they do any more than we do of the weather."

"I don't care; I don't believe George is anything like that, anyhow," said Nanny. Her delicate face flushed pink, her lips pouted softly, as if she were going to cry.

"You wait an' see. I guess George Eastman ain't no better than other men. You hadn't ought to judge father, though. He can't help it, 'cause he don't look at things jest the way we do. An' we've been pretty comfortable here, after all. The roof don't leak—'ain't never but once—that's one thing. Father kept it shingled right up."

"I do wish we had a parlor."

"I guess it won't hurt George Eastman any to come to see you in a nice clean kitchen. I guess a good many girls don't have as good a place as this. Nobody's ever heard me complain."

"I 'ain't complained either, mother."

"Well, I don't think you'd better, a good father an' a good home as you've got. S'pose your father made you go out an' work for your livin'? Lots of girls have to that ain't no stronger an' better able to than you be."

Sarah Penn washed the frying-pan with

a conclusive air. She scrubbed the outside of it as faithfully as the inside. She was a masterly keeper of her box of a house. Her one living-room never seemed to have in it any of the dust which the friction of life with inanimate matter produces. She swept, and there seemed to be no dirt to go before the broom; she cleaned, and one could see no difference. She was like an artist so perfect that he has apparently no art. To-day she got out a mixing bowl and a board, and rolled some pies, and there was no more flour upon her than upon her daughter who was doing finer work. Nanny was to be married in the fall, and she was sewing on some white cambric and embroidery. She sewed industriously while her mother cooked, her soft milk-white hands and wrists showed whiter than her delicate cheeks.

"We must have the stove moved out in the shed before long," said Mrs. Penn. "Talk about not havin' things, it's been a real blessin' to be able to put a stove up in that shed in hot weather. Father did one good thing when he fixed that stove-pipe out there."

Sarah Penn's face as she rolled her pies had that expression of meek vigor which might have characterized one of the New Testament saints. She was making mince-pies. Her husband, Adoniram Penn, liked them better than any other kind. She baked twice a week. Adoniram often liked a piece of pie between meals. She hurried this morning. It had been later than usual when she began, and she wanted to have a pie baked for dinner. However deep a resentment she might be forced to hold against her husband, she would never fail in sedulous attention to his wants.

Nobility of character manifests itself at loop-holes when it is not provided with large doors. Sarah Penn's showed itself to-day in flaky dishes of pastry. So she made the pies faithfully, while across the table she could see, when she glanced up from her work, the sight that rankled in her patient and steadfast soul—the digging of the cellar of the new barn in the place where Adoniram forty years ago had promised her their new house should stand.

The pies were done for dinner. Adoniram and Sammy were home a few minutes after twelve o'clock. The dinner was eaten with serious haste. There was never much conversation at the table in

the Penn family. Adoniram asked a blessing, and they ate promptly, then rose up and went about their work.

Sammy went back to school, taking softly lopes out of the yard like a rabbit. He wanted a game of marbles before school, and feared his father would give him some chores to do. Adoniram hastened to the door and called after him, but he was out of sight.

"I don't see what you let him go for, mother," said he. "I wanted him to help me unload that wood."

Adoniram went to work out in the yard unloading wood from the wagon. Sarah put away the dinner dishes, while Nanny took down her curl-papers and changed her dress. She was going down to the store to buy some more embroidery and thread.

When Nanny was gone, Mrs. Penn went to the door. "Father!" she called.

"Well, what is it?"

"I want to see you jest a minute, father."

"I can't leave this wood nohow. I've got to git it unloaded an' go for a load of gravel afore two o'clock. Sammy had ought to helped me. You hadn't ought to let him go to school so early."

"I want to see you jest a minute."

"I tell ye I can't, nohow, mother."

"Father, you come here." Sarah Penn stood in the door like a queen; she held her head as if it bore a crown; there was that patience which makes authority royal in her voice. Adoniram went.

Mrs. Penn led the way into the kitchen, and pointed to a chair. "Sit down, father," said she: "I've got somethin' I want to say to you."

He sat down heavily; his face was quite stolid, but he looked at her with restive eyes. "Well, what is it, mother?"

"I want to know what you're buildin' that new barn for, father."

"I ain't got nothin' to say about it."

"It can't be you think you need another barn?"

"I tell ye I ain't got nothin' to say about it, mother: an' I ain't goin' to say nothin'."

"Be you goin' to buy more cows?"

Adoniram did not reply; he shut his mouth tight.

"I know you be, as well as I want to. Now, father, look here"—Sarah Penn had not sat down; she stood before her husband in the humble fashion of a Scrip-

ture woman—"I'm goin' to talk real plain to you: I never have sence I married you, but I'm goin' to now. I ain't never complained, an' I ain't goin' to complain now, but I'm goin' to talk plain. You see this room here, father: you look at it well. You see there ain't no carpet on the floor, an' you see the paper is all dirty, an' droppin' off the walls. We 'ain't had no new paper on it for ten year, an' then I put it on myself, an' it didn't cost but ninepence a roll. You see this room, father: it's all the one I've had to work in an' eat in an' sit in sence we was married. There ain't another woman in the whole town whose husband 'ain't got half the means you have but what's got better. It's all the room Nanny's got to have her company in: an' there ain't one of her mates but what's got better, an' their fathers not so able as hers is. It's all the room she'll have to be married in. What would you have thought, father, if we had had our weddin' in a room no better than this? I was married in my mother's parlor, with a carpet on the floor, an' stuffed furniture, an' a mahogany card-table. An' this is all the room my daughter will have to be married in. Look here, father!"

Sarah Penn went across the room as though it were a tragic stage. She flung open a door and disclosed a tiny bedroom, only large enough for a bed and bureau, with a path between. "There, father," said she—"there's all the room I've had to sleep in for forty year. All my children were born there—the two that died, an' the two that's livin'. I was sick with a fever there."

She stepped to another door and opened it. It led into the small, ill-lighted pantry. "Here," said she, "is all the buttery I've got—every place I've got for my dishes to set away my victuals in, an' to keep my milk-pans in. Father, I've been takin' care of the milk of six cows in this place, an' now you're goin' to build a new barn, an' keep more cows, an' give

She threw open another door. A narrow crooked flight of stairs wound upward from it. "There, father!" said she: "I want you to look at the stairs that go up to them two unfinished chambers that are all the places our son an' daughter have had to sleep in all their lives. There ain't a prettier girl in town nor a more ladylike one than Nanny, an' that's the place she has to sleep in. It ain't so

good as your horse's stall: it ain't so warm an' tight."

Sarah Penn went back and stood before her husband. "Now, father," said she, "I want to know if you think you're doin' right an' accordin' to what you profess. Here, when we was married, forty year ago, you promised me faithful that we should have a new house built in that lot over in the field before the year was out. You said you had money enough, an' you wouldn't ask me to live in no such place as this. It is forty year now, an' you've been makin' more money, an' I've been savin' of it for you ever since, an' you 'ain't built no house yet. You've built sheds an' cow-houses an' one new barn, an' now you're goin' to build another. Father, I want to know if you think it's right. You're lodgin' your dumb beasts better than you are your own flesh an' blood. I want to know if you think it's right."

"I ain't got nothin' to say."

"You can't say nothin' without ownin' it ain't right, father. An' there's another thing—I ain't complained; I've got along forty year, an' I s'pose I should forty more, if it wa'n't for that—if we don't have another house, Nanny she can't live with us after she's married. She'll have to go somewheres else to live away from us, an' it don't seem as if I could have it so, noways, father. She wa'n't ever strong. She's got considerable color, but there wa'n't never any backbone to her. I've always took the heft of everything off her, an' she ain't fit to keep house an' do everything herself. She'll be all worn out inside of a year. Think of her doin' all the washin' an' ironin' an' bakin' with them soft white hands an' arms, an' sweepin'! I can't have it so, noways, father."

Mrs. Penn's face was burning; her mild eyes gleamed. She had pleaded her little cause like a Webster; she had ranged from severity to pathos; but her opponent employed that obstinate silence which makes eloquence futile with mocking echoes. Adoniram arose clumsily.

"Father, 'ain't you got nothin' to say?" said Mrs. Penn.

"I've got to go off after that load of gravel. I can't stan' here talkin' all day."

"Father, won't you think it over, an' have a house built there instead of a

"I ain't got nothin' to say."

Adoniram shuffled out. Mrs. Penn went into her bedroom. When she came out, her eyes were red. She had a roll of unbleached cotton cloth. She spread it out on the kitchen table, and began cutting out some shirts for her husband. The men over in the field had a team to help them this afternoon; she could hear their halloos. She had a scanty pattern for the shirts; she had to plan and piece the sleeves.

Nanny came home with her embroidery, and sat down with her needle-work. She had taken down her curl-papers, and there was a soft roll of fair hair like an aureole over her forehead; her face was as delicately fine and clear as porcelain. Suddenly she looked up, and the tender red flamed all over her face and neck. "Mother," said she.

"Why say?"

"I've been thinkin'—I don't see how we're goin' to have any—weddin' in this room. I'd be ashamed to have his folks come if we didn't have anybody else."

"Mebbe we can have some new paper before then; I can put it on. I guess you won't have no call to be ashamed of your belongin's."

"We might have the weddin' in the new barn," said Nanny, with gentle pettishness. "Why, mother, what makes you look so?"

Mrs. Penn had started, and was staring at her with a curious expression. She turned again to her work, and spread out a pattern carefully on the cloth. "Nothin'," said she.

Presently Adoniram clattered out of the yard in his two-wheeled dump cart, standing as proudly upright as a Roman charioteer. Mrs. Penn opened the door and stood there a minute looking out; the halloos of the men sounded louder.

It seemed to her all through the spring months that she heard nothing but the halloos and the noises of saws and hammers. The new barn grew fast. It was a fine edifice for this little village. Men came on pleasant Sundays, in their meeting suits and clean shirt bosoms, and stood around it admiringly. Mrs. Penn did not speak of it, and Adoniram did not mention it to her, although sometimes, upon a return from inspecting it, he bore himself with injured dignity.

"It's a strange thing how your mother feels about the new barn," he said, confidentially, to Sammy one day.

Sammy only grunted after an odd fashion for a boy; he had learned it from his father.

The barn was all completed ready for use by the third week in July. Adoniram had planned to move his stock in on Wednesday; on Tuesday he received a letter which changed his plans. He came in with it early in the morning. "Sammy's been to the post-office," said he, "an' I've got a letter from Hiram." Hiram was Mrs. Penn's brother, who lived in Vermont.

"Well," said Mrs. Penn, "what does he say about the folks?"

"I guess they're all right. He says he thinks if I come up country right off there's a chance to buy jest the kind of a horse I want." He stared reflectively out of the window at the new barn.

Mrs. Penn was making pies. She went on clapping the rolling-pin into the crust, although she was very pale, and her heart beat loudly.

"I dun'no' but what I'd better go," said Adoniram. "I hate to go off jest now, right in the midst of hayin', but the ten-acre lot's cut, an' I guess Rufus an' the others can git along without me three or four days. I can't get a horse round here to suit me, nohow, an' I've got to have another for all that wood-haulin' in the fall. I told Hiram to watch out, an' if he got wind of a good horse to let me know. I guess I'd better go."

"I'll get out your clean shirt an' collar," said Mrs. Penn, calmly.

She laid out Adoniram's Sunday suit and his clean clothes on the bed in the little bedroom. She got his shaving water and razor ready. At last she buttoned on his collar and fastened his black cravat.

Adoniram never wore his collar and cravat except on extra occasions. He held his head high, with a rasped dignity. When he was all ready, with his coat and hat brushed, and a lunch of pie and cheese in a paper bag, he hesitated on the threshold of the door. He looked at his wife, and his manner was defiantly apologetic. "If them cows come to-day, Sammy can drive 'em into the new barn," said he; "an' when they bring the hay up, they can pitch it in there."

"Well," replied Mrs. Penn.

Adoniram set his shaven face ahead and started. When he had cleared the door-step, he turned and looked back with

a kind of nervous solemnity. "I shall be back by Saturday if nothin' happens," said he.

"Do be careful, father," returned his wife.

She stood in the door with Nanny at her elbow and watched him out of sight. Her eyes had a strange, doubtful expression in them; her peaceful forehead was contracted. She went in, and about her baking again. Nanny sat sewing. Her wedding day was drawing nearer, and she was getting pale and thin with her steady sewing. Her mother kept glancing at her.

"Have you got that pain in your side this mornin'?" she asked.

"A little."

Mrs. Penn's face, as she worked, changed, her perplexed forehead smoothed, her eyes were steady, her lips firmly set. She formed a maxim for herself, although incoherently with her unlettered thoughts. "Unsolicited opportunities are the guideposts of the Lord to the new roads of life," she repeated in effect, and she made up her mind to her course of action.

"S'posin' I *had* wrote to Hiram," she muttered once, when she was in the pantry—"s'posin' I *had* wrote, an' asked him if he knew of any horse? But I didn't, an' father's goin' wa'n't none of my doin'. It looks like a Providence." Her voice rang out quite loud at the last.

"What you talkin' about, mother?" called Nanny.

"Nothin'."

Mrs. Penn hurried her baking; at eleven o'clock it was all done. The load of hay from the west field came slowly down the cart track, and drew up at the new barn. Mrs. Penn ran out. "Stop!" she screamed—"stop!"

The men stopped and looked; Sammy upreared from the top of the load, and stared at his mother.

"Stop!" she cried out again. "Don't you put the hay in that barn; put it in the old one."

"Why, he said to put it in here," returned one of the haymakers, wonderingly. He was a young man, a neighbor's son, whom Adoniram hired by the year to help on the farm.

"Don't you put the hay in the new barn; there's room enough in the old one, ain't there?" said Mrs. Penn.

"Room enough," returned the hired

man, in his thick, rustic tones. "Didn't need the new barn, nohow, far as room's concerned. Well, I s'pose he changed his mind." He took hold of the horses' bridles.

Mrs. Penn went back to the house. Soon the kitchen windows were darkened, and a fragrance like warm honey came into the room.

Nanny laid down her work. "I thought father wanted them to put the hay into the new barn?" she said, wonderingly.

"It's all right," replied her mother.

Sammy slid down from the load of hay, and came in to see if dinner was ready.

"I ain't goin' to get a regular dinner to-day, as long as father's gone," said his mother. "I've let the fire go out. You can have some bread an' milk an' pie. I thought we could get along." She set out some bowls of milk, some bread, and a pie on the kitchen table. "You'd better eat your dinner now," said she. "You might jest as well get through with it. I want you to help me afterward."

Nanny and Sammy stared at each other. There was something strange in their mother's manner. Mrs. Penn did not eat anything herself. She went into the pantry, and they heard her moving dishes while they ate. Presently she came out with a pile of plates. She got the clothes-basket out of the shed, and packed them in it. Nanny and Sammy watched. She brought out cups and saucers, and put them in with the plates.

"What you goin' to do, mother?" inquired Nanny, in a timid voice. A sense of something unusual made her tremble, as if it were a ghost. Sammy rolled his eyes over his pie.

"You'll see what I'm goin' to do," replied Mrs. Penn. "If you're through, Nanny, I want you to go up stairs an' pack up your things; an' I want you, Sammy, to help me take down the bed in the bedroom."

"Oh, mother, what for?" gasped Nanny. "You'll see."

During the next few hours a feat was performed by this simple, pious New England mother which was equal in its way to Wolfe's storming of the Heights of Abraham. It took no more genius and audacity of bravery for Wolfe to cheer his wondering soldiers up those steep precipices, under the sleeping eyes of the enemy, than for Sarah Penn, at the head of her children, to move all her little house-

hold goods into the new barn while her husband was away.

Nanny and Sammy followed their mother's instructions without a murmur; indeed, they were overawed. There is a certain uncanny and superhuman quality about all such purely original undertakings as their mother's was to them. Nanny went back and forth with her light loads, and Sammy tugged with sober energy.

At five o'clock in the afternoon the little house in which the Penns had lived for forty years had emptied itself into the new barn.

Every builder builds somewhat for unknown purposes, and is in a measure a prophet. The architect of Adoniram Penn's barn, while he designed it for the comfort of four-footed animals, had planned better than he knew for the comfort of humans. Sarah Penn saw at a glance its possibilities. Those great box-stalls, with quilts hung before them, would make better bedrooms than the one she had occupied for forty years, and there was a tight carriage-room. The harness-room, with its chimney and shelves, would make a kitchen of her dreams. The great middle space would make a parlor, by-and-by, fit for a palace. Up stairs there was as much room as down. With partitions and windows, what a house would there be! Sarah looked at the row of stanchions before the allotted space for cows, and reflected that she would have her front entry there.

At six o'clock the stove was up in the harness-room, the kettle was boiling, and the table set for tea. It looked almost as home-like as the abandoned house across the yard had ever done. The young hired man milked, and Sarah directed him calmly to bring the milk to the new barn. He came gaping, dropping little blots of foam from the brimming pails on the grass. Before the next morning he had spread the story of Adoniram Penn's wife moving into the new barn all over the little village. Men assembled in the store and talked it over, women with shawls over their heads scuttled into each other's houses before their work was done. Any deviation from the ordinary course of life in this quiet town was enough to stop all progress in it. Everybody paused to look at the staid, independent figure on the side track. There was a difference of opinion with regard to her. Some held

her to be insane; some, of a lawless and rebellious spirit.

Friday the minister went to see her. It was in the forenoon, and she was at the barn door shelling pease for dinner. She looked up and returned his salutation with dignity, then she went on with her work. She did not invite him in. The saintly expression of her face remained fixed, but there was an angry flush over it.

The minister stood awkwardly before her, and talked. She handled the pease as if they were bullets. At last she looked up, and her eyes showed the spirit that her meek front had covered for a lifetime.

"There ain't no use talkin', Mr. Hersey," said she. "I've thought it all over an' over, an' I believe I'm doin' what's right. I've made it the subject of prayer, an' it's betwixt me an' the Lord an' Adoniram. There ain't no call for nobody else to worry about it."

"Well, of course if you have brought it to the Lord in prayer, and feel satisfied that you are doing right, Mrs. Penn," said the minister, helplessly. His thin gray-bearded face was pathetic. He was a sickly man; his youthful confidence had cooled; he had to scourge himself up to some of his pastoral duties as relentlessly as a Catholic ascetic, and then he was prostrated by the smart.

"I think it's right jest as much as I think it was right for our forefathers to come over from the old country 'cause they didn't have what belonged to 'em," said Mrs. Penn. She arose. The barn threshold might have been Plymouth Rock from her bearing. "I don't doubt you mean well, Mr. Hersey," said she, "but there are things people hadn't ought to interfere with. I've been a member of the church for over forty year. I've got my own mind an' my own feet, an' I'm goin' to think my own thoughts an' go my own ways, an' nobody but the Lord is goin' to dictate to me unless I've a mind to have him. Won't you come in an' set down? How is Mis' Hersey?"

"She is well, I thank you," replied the minister. He added some more perplexed apologetic remarks; then he retreated.

He could expound the intricacies of every character study in the Scriptures, he was competent to grasp the Pilgrim Fathers and all historical innovators, but Sarah Penn was beyond him. He could deal with primal cases, but parallel ones worsted him. But, after all, although it

was aside from his province, he wondered more how Adoniram Penn would deal with his wife than how the Lord would. Everybody shared the wonder. When Adoniram's four new cows arrived, Sarah ordered three to be put in the old barn, the other in the house shed where the cooking-stove had stood. That added to the excitement. It was whispered that all four cows were domiciled in the house.

Toward sunset on Saturday, when Adoniram was expected home, there was a knot of men in the road near the new barn. The hired man had milked, but he still hung around the premises. Sarah Penn had supper all ready. There were brown-bread and baked beans and a custard pie; it was the supper that Adoniram loved on a Saturday night. She had on a clean calico, and she bore herself imperturbably. Nanny and Sammy kept close at her heels. Their eyes were large, and Nanny was full of nervous tremors. Still there was to them more pleasant excitement than anything else. An inborn confidence in their mother over their father asserted itself.

Sammy looked out of the harness-room window. "There he is," he announced, in an awed whisper. He and Nanny peeped around the casing. Mrs. Penn kept on about her work. The children watched Adoniram leave the new horse standing in the drive while he went to the house door. It was fastened. Then he went around to the shed. That door was seldom locked, even when the family was away. The thought how her father would be confronted by the cow flashed upon Nanny. There was a hysterical sob in her throat. Adoniram emerged from the shed and stood looking about in a dazed fashion. His lips moved; he was saying something, but they could not hear what it was. The hired man was peeping around a corner of the old barn, but nobody saw him.

Adoniram took the new horse by the bridle and led him across the yard to the new barn. Nanny and Sammy slunk close to their mother. The barn doors rolled back, and there stood Adoniram, with the long mild face of the great Canadian farm horse looking over his shoulder.

Nanny kept behind her mother, but Sammy stepped suddenly forward, and stood in front of her.

Adoniram stared at the group. "What

on airth you all down here for?" said he. "What's the matter over to the house?"

"We've come here to live, father," said Sammy. His shrill voice quavered out bravely.

"What"—Adoniram sniffed—"what is it smells like cookin'?" said he. He stepped forward and looked in the open door of the harness-room. Then he turned to his wife. His old bristling face was pale and frightened. "What on airth does this mean, mother?" he gasped.

"You come in here, father," said Sarah. She led the way into the harness-room and shut the door. "Now, father," said she, "you needn't be scared. I ain't crazy. There ain't nothin' to be upset over. But we've come here to live, an' we're goin' to live here. We've got jest as good a right here as new horses an' cows. The house wa'n't fit for us to live in any longer, an' I made up my mind I wa'n't goin' to stay there. I've done my duty by you forty year, an' I'm goin' to do it now; but I'm goin' to live here. You've got to put in some windows and partitions; an' you'll have to buy some furniture."

"Why, mother!" the old man gasped.

"You'd better take your coat off an' get washed—there's the wash-basin—an' then we'll have supper."

"Why, mother!"

Sammy went past the window, leading the new horse to the old barn. The old man saw him, and shook his head speechlessly. He tried to take off his coat, but his arms seemed to lack the power. His wife helped him. She poured some water into the tin basin, and put in a piece of soap. She got the comb and brush, and smoothed his thin gray hair after he had washed. Then she put the beans, hot bread, and tea on the table. Sammy came in, and the family drew up. Adoniram sat looking dazedly at his plate, and they waited.

"Ain't you goin' to ask a blessin', father?" said Sarah.

And the old man bent his head and mumbled.

All through the meal he stopped eating at intervals, and stared furtively at his wife; but he ate well. The home food tasted good to him, and his old frame was too sturdily healthy to be affected by his mind. But after supper he went out, and sat down on the step of the smaller door at the right of the barn, through

which he had meant his Jerseys to pass in stately file, but which Sarah designed for her front house door, and he leaned his head on his hands.

After the supper dishes were cleared away and the milk-pans washed, Sarah came out to him. The twilight was deepening. There was a clear green glow in the sky. Before them stretched the smooth level of field; in the distance was a cluster of hay-stacks like the huts of a village; the air was very cool and calm and sweet. The landscape might have been an ideal one of peace.

Sarah bent over and touched her hus-

band on one of his thin, sinewy shoulders. "Father!"

The old man's shoulders heaved: he was weeping.

"Why, don't do so, father," said Sarah.

"I'll put up the partitions, an' everything you want, mother."

Sarah put her apron up to her face; she was overcome by her own triumph.

Adoniram was like a fortress whose walls had no active resistance, and went down the instant the right besieging tools were used. "Why, mother," he said, hoarsely, "I hadn't no idee you was so set on't as all this comes to."

MOUNTAIN PASSES OF THE CUMBERLAND.

BY JAMES LANE ALLEN

I

THE writer has been publishing during the last few years a series of articles on Kentucky. With this article the series will be brought to a close. Hitherto he has written mainly of nature in the blue-grass region, and of certain aspects of the local life; but as he now comes to take final leave of his theme, he finds his attention fixed unexpectedly, and to the exclusion of everything else, upon that great mountain wall which lies along the southeastern edge of the State. For at various points in the base of this wall there are now beginning to be enacted new scenes in the history of Kentucky; and what during a hundred years has been an inaccessible background, is now becoming the very forefront of a civilization which will not only change the entire life of the State within, but advance it to a commanding position in national economic affairs.

But I should not like it to be lost sight of that in writing this article, as in writing all the others that have gone before, it is with the human problem in Kentucky that I am solely concerned. I shall at first seem to be dealing with commercial activities for their own sake. I shall have to write of coals and ores and timbers, of ovens and tunnels and mines; but if the reader will bear with me to the end, he will perhaps learn that these are dealt with only for the sake of looking beyond them at the results which they bring on: town-making in various stages, the massing and distributing of wealth,

the movements of population, the dislodgment of isolated customs—on the whole, results that lie in the domain of the human problem in its deepest phases.

Consider for a moment, then, what this great wall is, and what influence it has had over the history of Kentucky and upon the institutions and characteristics of its people.

You may begin at the western frontier of Kentucky, on the Mississippi River, about five hundred miles away, and travel steadily eastward across the billowy plateau of the State, going up and up all the time until you come to its base, and above its base it rises to the height of some three thousand feet. For miles before you reach it you discover that it is defended by a zone of almost inaccessible hills with steep slopes, forests difficult to penetrate, and narrow jagged gorges; and beyond these further defended by a single sharp wall-like ridge, having an elevation of about twenty-two hundred feet, and lying nearly parallel with it, at a distance of about twenty miles. Or, if you should attempt to reach this wall from the south, you would discover that from that side also it is hardly less hostile to approach. Hence it has stood in its virgin wilderness, a vast isolating and isolated barrier, fierce, beautiful, storm-racked, serene; in winter, brown and gray with its naked woods and rifts of stone, or mantled in white; in summer, green, or of all greens from darkest to palest, and touched with all shades of bloom; in autumn, colored like the sunset clouds; curtained all the

year by exquisite health-giving atmospheres, lifting itself all the year toward lovely, changing skies.

Understand clearly, if possible, the position of this natural fortress line with regard to the area of Kentucky. That area has somewhat the shape of an enormous flat foot, with a disjointed big toe, a roughly hacked-off ankle, and a missing heel. The sole of this huge foot rests solidly on Tennessee, the Ohio River trickles across the ankle and down over the top, the big toe is washed entirely off by the Tennessee River, and the long-missing heel is to be found in Virginia, never having been ceded by that State. Between the Kentucky foot and the Virginia heel is piled up this immense, bony, grisly mass of the Cumberland Mountain, extending some three hundred miles northeast and southwest.

Now it was through this heel that Kentucky had to be peopled. The thin, half-starved, weary, toiling line of pioneer civilizers had to penetrate it, and then climb this obstructing mountain wall, as a line of travelling ants might have to climb the wall of a castle. In this case only the strongest of the ants—the strongest in body, the strongest in will—succeeded in getting over and establishing their colony in the country far beyond. Luckily there was an enormous depression in the wall, or they might never have scaled it. During about half a century this depression was the difficult, exhausting entrance-point through which the State received the largest part of its people, the furniture of their homes, and the implements of their civilization; so that from the very outset that people represented the most striking instance of a survival of the fittest that may be observed in the founding of any American commonwealth. The feeblest of the ants could not climb the wall; the idlest of them would not. Observe, too, that, once on the other side, it was as hard to get back as it had been to get over. That is, the Cumberland Mountain kept the little ultramontane society isolated. Being isolated, it was kept pure-blooded. Being isolated, it developed the spirit and virtues engendered by isolation. Hence those traits for which Kentuckians were once, and still think themselves, distinguished—passion for self-government, passion for personal independence, bravery, fortitude, hospitality. On account

of this mountain barrier the entire civilization of the State has had a one-sided development. It has become known for pasturage and agriculture, whiskey, hemp, tobacco, and fine stock. On account of it the great streams of colonization flowing from the North toward the South, and flowing from the Atlantic seaboard toward the West, have divided and passed around Kentucky as waters divide and pass around an island, uniting again on the farther side. It has done the like for the highways of commerce, so that the North has become woven to the South and the East woven to the West by a connecting tissue of railroads, dropping Kentucky out as though it had no vital connection, as though it were not a controlling point of connection, for the four sections of the country. Thus keeping out railroads, it has kept out manufactures, kept out commerce, kept out industrial cities. For three-quarters of a century generations of young Kentuckians have had to seek pursuits of this character in other quarters, thus establishing a constant draining away from the State of its resolute, vigorous manhood. Restricting the Kentuckians who have remained to an agricultural type of life, it has brought upon them a reputation for lack of enterprise. Nay, more than all this has that great barrier wall done for the history of Kentucky. For, within a hundred years, the only thing to take possession of it, slowly, sluggishly overspreading all the region of its foothills, all its vales and fertile slopes—the only thing to take possession of it and to claim it has been a race of mountaineers, an idle, shiftless, ignorant, lawless population, whose increasing numbers, pauperism, and lawlessness, whose family feuds and clan-like vendettas, have for years been steadily gaining for Kentucky the reputation for having one of the worst backwoods populations on the continent, or, for that matter, in the world.

But for the presence of this wall the history of the State, indeed the history of the United States, would have been profoundly different. Long ago, in virtue of its position, Kentucky would have knit together, instead of holding apart, the North and the South. The campaigns and the results of the civil war would have been changed; the civil war might never have taken place. But standing as it has

stood, it has left Kentucky, near the close of the first century of its existence as a State, with a reputation somewhat like the shape of its territory—unsymmetrical, mutilated, and with certain parts missing.

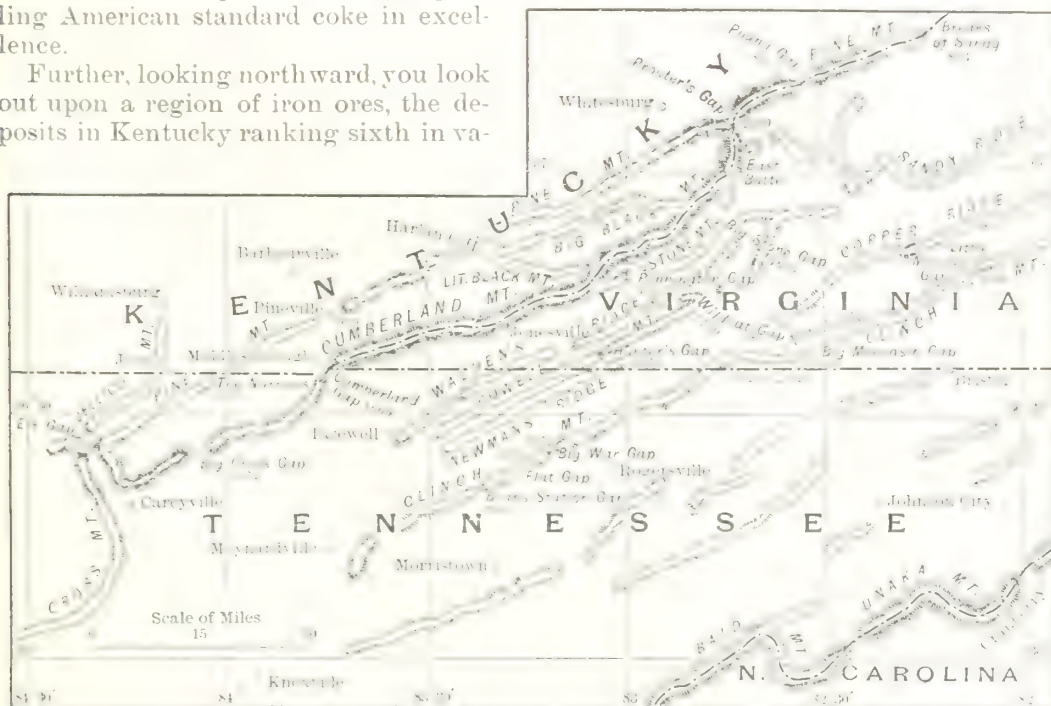
But now consider this wall of the Cumberland Mountain from another point of view. If you should stand on the crest at any point where it forms the boundary of Kentucky; or south, where it extends into Tennessee; or north, where it extends into Virginia—if you should stand thus and look northward, you would look out upon a vast area of coal. For many years now it has been known that the coal-measure rocks of eastern Kentucky comprise about a fourth of the area of the State, and are not exceeded in value by those of any other State. It has been known that this buried solar force exceeds that of Great Britain. Later it has become known that the Kentucky portion of the great Appalachian coal field contains the largest area of rich cannel-coals yet discovered, these having been traced in sixteen counties, and some of them excelling by test the famous cannel-coal of Great Britain; later it has become known that here is to be found the largest area of coking coal yet discovered, the main coal—discovered a few years ago, and named the “Elkhorn”—having been traced over sixteen hundred square miles, and equaling American standard coke in excellence.

Further, looking northward, you look out upon a region of iron ores, the deposits in Kentucky ranking sixth in va-

riety and extent among those to be found in all other States, and being better disposed for working than any, except those of Virginia, Tennessee, and Alabama. For a hundred years now, it should be remembered in this connection, iron has been smelted in Kentucky, and been an important article of commerce. As early as 1823 it was made at Cumberland Gap, and shipped by river to markets as remote as New Orleans and St. Louis. At an early date also it was made in a small charcoal forge at Big Creek Gap, and was hauled in wagons into central Kentucky, where it found a ready market for such purposes as ploughshares and wagon tires.

Further, looking northward, you have extending far and wide before you the finest primeval region of hard-woods in all America.

Suppose, now, that you turn and look from this same crest of the Cumberland Mountain southward, or toward the Atlantic seaboard. In that direction there lie some two hundred and fifty thousand square miles of country which is practically coalless. But practically coalless, it is incalculably rich in all grades of iron ores for the manufacture of iron and steel. You look out upon the new industrial empire of the United States, with vast and ever-growing needs of manufac-



MAP SHOWING MOUNTAIN PASSES OF THE CUMBERLAND.

tures, fuel, and railroads. That is, for a hundred miles you stand on the dividing line of two distinct geological formations: to the north, the Appalachian coal fields; to the south, mountains of iron ores; rearing itself between these, this immense barrier wall, which creates an unapproachable wilderness not only in southeastern Kentucky, but in East Tennessee, western Virginia, and western North Carolina—the largest extent of country in the United States remaining undeveloped.

But the time had to come when this wilderness would be approached on all sides, attacked, penetrated to the heart. All this wealth of resources could not be let alone or remain unused. As respects the region, the industrial problem may be said to have taken two forms—the one, the development of the coal and iron on opposite sides of the mountains, the manufacture of coke and iron and steel, the establishment of wood-working industries, and the delivery of all products to the markets of the land; second, the bringing of the coals on the north side and the ores throughout the south together. In this way, then, the Cumberland Mountain no longer offered a barrier merely to the civilization of Kentucky, but to the solution of the greatest economic problem of the age—the cheapest manufacture of iron and steel. But before the pressure of this need the mountain had to give way and surrender its treasures. At any cost of money and labor, the time had to come when it would pay to bring these coals and ores together. But how was this to be done? The answer was simple: it must be done by means of natural water gaps and by tunnels through the mountain. It is the object of this paper to call attention to the way in which the new civilization of the South is now at work at four mountain passes, and to point out some of the results of higher civilization which are to follow.

II.

On the Kentucky side of the mighty wall of the Cumberland Mountain, and nearly parallel with it, is the sharp single wall of Pine Mountain, the westernmost ridge of the Alleghany system. For about a hundred miles these two gnarled and ancient monsters lie crouched side by side, guarding between them their hidden stronghold of treasure—an immense valley of timbers and irons and coals. Near

the middle point of this inner wall there occurs a geological fault. The mountain falls apart as though cut in twain by some heavy downward stroke, showing on the faces of the fissure precipitous sides wooded to the crests. There is thus formed the celebrated and magnificent pass through which the Cumberland River—one of the most beautiful in the land—slips silently out of its mountain valley, and passes on to the hills and the plateaus of Kentucky. In the gap there is a space for the bed of this river, and on each side of the river space for a roadway and nothing more.

Note the commanding situation of this inner pass. Travel east along Pine Mountain or travel west, and you find no other water-gap within a hundred miles. Through this that thin toiling line of pioneer civilizers made its way, having scaled the great outer Cumberland wall some fifteen miles southward. But for this single geological fault, by which a water-gap of the inner mountain was placed opposite a depression in the outer mountain, thus creating a continuous pass-way through both, the colonization of Kentucky, difficult enough even with this advantage, would have been indefinitely delayed, or from this side wholly impossible. Through this inner portal was traced in time the regular path of the pioneers, afterward known as the Wilderness Road. On account of the travel over this road and the controlling nature of the site, there was long ago formed on the spot a little backwoods settlement, calling itself Pineville. It consisted of a single straggling line of cabins and shanties of logs on each side of a roadway—this road being the path of the pioneers. In the course of time it was made the county-seat. Being the county-seat, the wayside village, catching every traveller on foot or on horse or in wagons, began some years ago to make itself still better known as the scene of mountain feuds. The name of the town when uttered anywhere in Kentucky suggested but one thing—a blot on the civilization of the State, a mountain fastness where the human problem seems most intractable. A few such places have done more to foster the unfortunate impression which Kentucky has made upon the outside world than all the towns of the blue-grass country put together.

Five summers ago, in order to prepare an article for HARPER'S MAGAZINE on the

mountain folk of the Cumberland region. I made my way toward this mountain town, now riding on buck board, now on a horse whose back was like a board that could no longer buck. The road I travelled was that great highway between Kentucky and the South which at various times within a hundred years has been known as the Wilderness Road, or the Cumberland Road, or the National Turnpike, or the "Kentucky Hog Road," as it was called by the mountaineers. It is impossible to come upon this road without pausing, or to write of it without a tribute. It led from Baltimore over the mountains of Virginia through the great wilderness by Cumberland Gap. All roads below Philadelphia converge at this gap, just as the buffalo and Indian trails had earlier converged, and just as many railroads are converging now. The improvement of this road became in time the pet scheme of the State governments of Virginia and Kentucky. Before the war millions of head of stock—horses, hogs, cattle, mules—were driven over it to the southern markets; and thousands of vehicles, with families and servants and trunks, have somehow passed over it, coming northward over it into Kentucky, or going southward on pleasure excursions. During the war vast commissary stores passed back and forth, following the movement of armies. But despite all this—despite all that has been done to civilize it since Boone traced its course in 1790, this honored historic thoroughfare remains to-day as it was in the beginning, with all its sloughs and sands, its mud and holes, and jutting ledges of rock and loose bowlders, and twists and turns, and general total depravity.

It is not surprising that when the original Kentuckians were settled on the blue-grass plateau they sternly set about the making of good roads, and to this day remain the best road-builders in America. One such road was enough. They are said to have been notorious for profanity, those who came into Kentucky from this side. Naturally. Many were infidels—there are roads that make a man lose faith. It is known that the more pious companies of them, as they travelled along, would now and then give up in despair, sit down, raise a hymn, and have prayers before they could go further. Perhaps one of the provocations to homicide among the mountain people should

be reckoned this road. I have seen two of the mildest of men, after riding over it for a few hours, lose their temper and begin to fight—fight anything, fight their horses, fight the flies, fight the cobwebs on their noses.

Over this road, then, and toward this town, one day, five summers ago, I was merrily picking my course, but not without pale human apprehensions. At that time one did not visit the place for nothing. When I reached it I found it tense with repressed excitement. Only a few days previous there had been a murderous affray in the streets; the inhabitants had taken sides; a dead-line had been drawn through the town, so that those living on either side crossed to the other at the risk of their lives; and there was blue murder in the air. I was a stranger; I was innocent; I was peaceful. But I was told that to be a stranger and innocent and peaceful did no good. Stopping to eat I fain would have avoided, only it seemed best not to be murdered for refusing. All that I now remember of the dinner was a corn-bread that would have made a fine building stone, being of an attractive bluish tint, hardening rapidly upon exposure to the atmosphere, and being susceptible of a high polish. A block of this, freshly quarried, I took in and deposited, and then was up and away. But not quickly, for having exchanged my horse for another, I found that the latter moved off as though at every step expecting to cross the dead-line, and so perish. The impression of the place made was one never to be forgotten, with its squalid hovels, its ragged armed men collected suspiciously in little groups, with angry, distrustful faces, or peering out from behind the ambush of a window with watchful eyes.

A few weeks ago I went again to Pineville, this time by means of one of the most extensive and powerful railroad systems of the South. At the station a bus was waiting to take passengers to the hotel. The station was on one side of the river, the hotel on the other. We were driven across a new iron bridge, this being but one of four now spanning the river formerly crossed at a single ford. At the hotel we were received by a porter of metropolitan urbanity and self-esteem. Entering the hotel, I found it lit by gas, and full of guests from different parts of the United States. In the lobby there

was a suppressed murmur of refined voices coming from groups engaged in serious talk. As by-and-by I sat in a spacious dining-room, looking over a freshly printed bill of fare, some one in the parlors opposite was playing on the piano airs from *Tannhäuser* and *Billee Taylor*. The dining-room was animated by the presence of a throng of brisk, tidy, white young waiting girls, some of whom were far too pretty to look at except from behind a thick napkin; and presently, to close this experience of the new Pineville, there came along such inconceivable flannel-cakes and molasses that, forgetting all about the industrial and social problems, I gave myself up to the enjoyment of a problem personal and gastric; and ere-long, having spread myself between snowy sheets, I melted away, as the butter between the cakes, into warm slumber, having first poured over myself a syrup of thanksgiving.

The next morning still the wonder grew as I looked out of my window upon a long pleasant valley, mountain-sheltered, and crossed by the winding Cumberland; here and there over the surface cottages of a smart modern air already built or building; in another direction, business blocks of brick and stone, graded streets and avenues and macadamized roads; and elsewhere, saw and planing mills, coke ovens, and other evidences of commercial development. Through the open door of a church I saw a Catholic congregation already on its knees, and the worshippers of various Protestant denominations were looking toward their own temples. The old Pineville, happily situated farther down the river, at the very opening of the pass, was rapidly going to ruins. The passion for homicide had changed into a passion for land speculation. Strange to say, the very man on whose account at my former visit the old Pineville had been divided into two deadly factions, whose name throughout all the region once stood for mediæval violence, had become a real-estate agent. I was introduced to him.

"Sir," said I, "I don't feel so *very* much afraid of you."

"Sir," said he, "I don't like to run myself."

Such, briefly, is the impression made by the new Pineville—a new people there, new industries, a new moral atmosphere, a new civilization.

The explanation of all this change is not far to seek. By virtue of its commanding position as the only inner gateway to the North, this pass was the central point of distribution for southeastern Kentucky. Flowing into the Cumberland, on the north side of the mountain, is Clear Creek, and on the south side is Strait Creek, the two principal streams of all this region, and supplying water-power and drainage. Tributary to these streams are, say, half a million acres of noble timber land; in the mountains around, the best coals, coking and domestic; elsewhere, iron ores, pure brown, hematite, and carbonates; inexhaustible quantities of limestone, blue-gray sandstone, brick clays; gushing from the mountains, abundant streams of healthful freestone water; on the northern hill-sides, a deep loam suitable for grass and gardens and fruits. Add to all this that through this water-gap, following the path of the Wilderness Road, as the Wilderness Road had followed the path of the Indian and the buffalo—through this water-gap would have to pass all railroads that should connect the North and South by means of that historic and ancient highway of traffic and travel.

On the basis of these facts, three summers ago a few practising lawyers in Louisville bought three hundred acres of land near the riotous old town of Pineville, and in the same summer was organized the Pine Mountain Iron and Coal Company, which now, however, owns about twenty thousand acres, with a capital stock of two million dollars. It should be noted that Southern men and native capital began this enterprise, and that although other stockholders are from Chicago and New England, most of the capital remains in the State. Development has been rapidly carried forward, and over five hundred thousand dollars' worth of lots have been sold the present year. It is pleasant to dwell upon the future that is promised for this place; pleasant to hear that over six hundred acres in this pleasant valley are to be platted; that there are soon to be iron-furnaces and electric lights, concrete sidewalks and a street railway, more bridges, brick-yards, and a high-school; and that the seventy-five coke ovens now in blast are to be increased to a thousand. Let it be put down to the credit of this vigorous little mountain town that it is the first

place in all that region to put Kentucky coke upon the market, and create a wide demand for it in remote quarters. Cincinnati alone offering to take the daily output of five hundred ovens. They expect a population of ten thousand within the year.

Thus the industrial and human problems are beginning to solve themselves side by side in the backwoods of Kentucky. You begin with coke and end with Christianity. It is the boast of Pineville that as soon as it begins to make its own iron it can build its houses without calling on the outside world for an ounce of material.

III

Middlesborough! For a good many years in England and throughout the world the name has stood associated with a certain idea of wealth and commercial greatness—the idea of a powerful city near the mouth of the Tees, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, which has become the principal seat of the English iron trade. It is therefore curious to remember, as an example of tall oaks from little acorns, that near the beginning of the century there stood on the site of this powerful city four farm-houses and a ruined shrine of St. Hilda; that it took thirty years to bring the population up to the number of one hundred and fifty-four souls; that the discovery of iron-stone, as it seems to be called on that side, gave it a boom, as it is called on this; so that ten years ago it had some sixty thousand people, its hundred and thirty blast-furnaces, besides other industries, and an annual output in pig-iron of nearly two million tons.

But there is now an English Middlesborough in America, which is already giving to the name another significance in the stock market of London and among the financial journals of the realms; and if the idea of its founders is ever realized, if its present rate of development goes on, it will in time represent as much wealth in gold and iron as the older city.

In the mere idea of the American or Kentucky Middlesborough—for while it seems to be meant for America, it is to be found in Kentucky—there is something to arrest attention on the score of originality. That the attention of wealthy commoners, bankers, scientists, and iron-masters of Great Britain—some of them men long engaged in copper, tin, and gold

mines in the remotest quarters of the globe—that the attention of such men should be focused on a certain spot in the backwoods in Kentucky; that they should repeatedly send over experts to report on the combination of mineral and timber wealth; that on the basis of the reports they should form themselves into a company called "The American Association, Limited," and purchase sixty thousand acres of land lying on each side of the Cumberland Mountain and around the meeting point of the States of Virginia, Tennessee, and Kentucky; that an allied association called "The Middleborough Town Company," should place here the site of a city, with the idea of making it the principal seat of the iron and steel manufacture of the United States; that they should go to work to create this city outright by pouring in capital for every needed purpose; that they should remove gigantic obstacles in order to connect it with the national highways of commerce; that they should thus expend some twenty million dollars, and let it be known all millions further wanted are forth-coming—in the idea of all this there is enough to make one pause.

As one cannot ponder the idea of the enterprise without being impressed with its largeness, so one cannot visit the place without being struck by the energy with which the plan is being wrought out. "It is not sufficient to know that this property possesses coal and iron of good quality and in considerable quantities, and that the deposits are situated close together, but that they exist in such circumstances as will give us considerable advantages over any competitors that either now exist or whose existence can in any way be foreseen in the near future." Such were the instructions of these English capitalists to their agent in America. It was characteristic of their race and of that method of business by which they have become the masters of commerce the world over. In it is the germ of their idea—to establish a city for the manufacture of iron and steel which, by its wealth of resources, advantages of situation, and complete development, should place competition at a disadvantage, and thus make it impossible.

It yet remains to be seen whether this can be done. Perhaps even the hope of it came from an inadequate knowledge of how vast a region they had entered, and how incalculable its wealth. Perhaps it

was too much to expect that any one city, however situated, however connected, however developed, should be able to absorb or even to control the development of that region and the distribution of its resources to all points of the land. It suggests the idea of a single woodpecker's hoping to carry off all the cherries from a tree that a noble company of cats and jays and other birds were watching, or of a family of squirrels who should take up their abode in a certain hole with the idea of eating all the walnuts in a forest. But however this may turn out, these Englishmen, having once set before themselves their aim, have never swerved from trying to attain it; and they are at work developing their city to the intent that it shall bring as great a change in the steel market of the United States as a few years ago was made in the iron market by the manufacture of Southern iron.

If you take up in detail the working out of their plan of development, it is the same—no stint, no drawing back or swerving aside, no abatement of the greatest intentions. They must have a site for their city—they choose for this site what with entire truthfulness may be called one of the most strategic mountain passes in American history. They must have a name—they choose that of the principal seat of the English iron trade. They must have a plant for the manufacture of steel by the basic process—it shall be the largest in the United States. They want a tannery—it shall be the biggest in the world. A creek has to be straightened to improve drainage—they spend on it a hundred thousand dollars. They will have their mineral resources known—they order a palatial car to be built, stock it with an exposition of their minerals, place it in charge of technical experts, and set it going over the country. They take a notion to establish a casino, sanitarium, and hotel—it must cost over seven hundred thousand dollars. The mountain is in their way—that mighty wall of the Cumberland Mountain which has been in the way of the whole United States for over a hundred years—they remove this mountain; that is, they dig through it a great union tunnel, three thousand seven hundred and fifty feet long, beginning in Kentucky, running under a corner of Virginia, and coming out in Tennessee. Had they done nothing but this, they would have done enough to entitle them

to the gratitude of the nation, for it is an event of national importance. It brings the South and the Atlantic seaboard in connection with the Ohio Valley and the Lakes; it does more to make the North and the South one than any other single thing that has happened since the close of the civil war.

It is too late to enter upon any argument for the wealth that is tributary to Middlesborough. In the mountains around Cumberland Gap it is estimated that there is enough coal to furnish annually four million tons for a hundred years. It is too late even to set down on paper all the concerns, all the industrial enterprises, that have been taken thither, or that have been developed on the spot. It has grown too rapidly. Less than a year ago there were three buildings and a population of twenty-five; there are now over six thousand people, with their electric lights, and street cars, and seven churches, and eight hotels, and banks, and telegraphs, and telephones, and what not, with the promise of club and opera houses, a rink, a public library, a union depot, and an exhibition hall; and for further information a still unsatisfied reader may get his fill from other sources.

As to the problem of putting all this wealth in connection with the markets of the country—that is, as to the railroad problem—this seems to be already solved; but as I will not disfigure this page with analyses of minerals or with inventories of investment, so I shall not fill it with the names of railroads that have either reached or are expected to reach this centralizing point. They have two there now, three under construction, and many others in prospect.

On the same trip that took me to Pineville five summers ago, I rode from that place southward toward the wall of Cumberland Mountain. I wished to climb this wall at that vast depression in it known as Cumberland Gap. It was a tranquil afternoon as I took my course over the ancient Wilderness Road through the valley of the Yellow Creek. Many a time since, the memory of that ride has come back to me—the forests of magnificent timbers, open spaces of cleared land showing the amphitheatre of hills in the purple distance, the winding of a shadowy green-banked stream, the tranquil loneliness, the purity of primeval solitude. The flitting of a bird between one and

the azure sky overhead was company, a ~~wild flower landing upon the waters edge~~ was friendship. Nothing broke rudely in upon the spirit of the scene but here and there a way-side log cabin, with its hopeless squalor, hopeless human inmates. If imagination sought relief from loneliness, it found it only in conjuring from the dust of the road that innumerable caravan of life from barbarism to civilization, from the savage to the soldier, that passed hither and thither, leaving the wealth of nature unravished, its solitude unbroken.

In the hush of the evening and amid the silence of eternity, I drew the rein of my tired horse on the site of the present city. Before me in the mere distance, and outlined against the glory of the sky, there towered at last the mighty mountain wall, showing the vast depression of the gap—the portal to the greatness of the commonwealth. Stretching away in every direction was a wide plain, broken here and there by wooded knolls, and uniting itself with graceful curves to the gentle slopes of the surrounding mountains. The ineffable beauty, the vast repose, the overawing majesty of the historic portal, the memories, the shadows—they are never to be forgotten.

A few weeks ago I reached the same spot as the sun was rising, having come thither from Pineville by rail. As I stepped from the train I saw that the shadowy valley of my remembrance had been incredibly transformed. Some idea of the extent of the new city may be understood from the fact that Cumberland Avenue and Peterborough Avenue, intersecting each other near the central point of it, are, when completed, to be severally three and a half or four and a half miles long. There are twenty avenues and thirty streets in all, ranging from a hundred feet to sixty feet wide. So long and broad and level are the thoroughfares that the city suggests comparison with Louisville. The valley site itself contains some six thousand available acres.

It should be understood that the company owns property on the Tennessee side of the gap, and that at the foot of the valley, where a magnificent spring gushes out, with various other mineral springs near by—chalybeate and sulphur—it is proposed to establish a hotel, sanitarium, and casino which shall equal in sumptuousness the most noted European spas.

As I stood one day in this valley, which has already begun to put on the air of civilization, with its hotel and railway station and mills and pretty homesteads, I saw a sight which seemed to me a complete epitome of the past and present tendencies there at work—a summing up of the past and a prophecy of the future. Creeping slowly past the station—so slowly that one knows not what to compare it to unless it be the minute-hand on the dial of a clock—creeping slowly along the Wilderness Road toward the ascent of Cumberland Gap, there came a mountain wagon, faded and old, with its dirty ragged canvas hanging motionless, and drawn by a yoke of mountain oxen which seemed to be moving in their sleep. On the seat in front, with a faded shovel hat capping his mass of coarse tangled hair, wearing but two other garments—a faded shirt and faded breeches—sat a faded, pinched, and meagre mountain boy. The rope with which he drove his yoke had dropped between his clasped knees. He had forgotten it; there was no need to remember it. His starved white face was kindled into an expression of passionate hunger and mental excitement. For in one dirty claw-like hand he grasped a small paper bag, into the open mouth of which he had thrust the other hand, as a miser might thrust his into a bag of gold. What he drew out I do not know, and yet it was plain. He had just bought, with a few cents he had perhaps saved no one knows how long, some sweetmeat of civilization which he was about for the first time to taste. I sat and watched him move by and away and begin the ascent to the pass. Slowly, slowly, winding now this way and now that across the face of the mountain, now hidden, now in sight, they went—sleeping oxen, crawling wagon, starved mountain child. At length, as they were about disappearing through the gap, they passed behind a column of the white steam from a saw-mill that was puffing a short distance in front of me; and hidden in that steam, they disappeared. It was the last of the mountaineers passing away before the breath of civilization.

IV.

Suppose now that you stand beyond the great wall of the Cumberland Mountain at Cumberland Gap. You have come through the splendid tunnel beneath, or you have crawled over the summit in the

ancient way; but you stand at the base on the Tennessee side in the celebrated Powell's River Valley.

Turn to the left and follow up this valley, keeping the mountain on your left. You are not the first to take this course: the line of human ants used to creep down it in order to climb over the wall at the gap. Mark how inaccessible this wall is at every other point. Mark also that as you go two little black parallel iron threads follow you—a railroad, one of the greatest systems of the South. All along the mountain slope overhanging the railroad, iron ore; beyond the mountain crest, timbers and coals. Observe likewise the features of the land: water abundant, clear, and cold; fields heavy with corn and oats; an ever-changing panorama of beautiful pictures. The further you go, the more rich and prosperous the land, the kinder the soil to grains and gardens and orchards; bearing its burden of timbers—walnut, chestnut, oak, and mighty beeches; lifting to the eye in the near distance cultivated hill-sides and fat meadows; stretching away into green and shadowy valley glades; tuneful with swift crystal streams—a land of lovely views.

Remember well this valley, lying along the base of the mountain wall. It has long been known as the granary of south-west Virginia and east Tennessee; but in time, in the development of civilization throughout the Appalachian region, it is destined to become the seat of a dense pastoral population, supplying the dense industrial population of new mining and manufacturing towns with milk, butter, eggs, and fruit and vegetables. But for the contiguity of such agricultural districts to the centres of ores and coals, it would perhaps be impossible to establish in these remote spots the cities necessary to develop and transport their wealth.

Follow this valley up for a distance of sixty miles from Cumberland Gap and there pause, for you come to the head of the valley, and you have reached another pass in the mountain wall. You have passed out of Tennessee into Virginia, a short distance from the Kentucky border, and the mountain wall is no longer called the Cumberland: twenty miles southwest of where you now are that mountain divided, sending forth this southern prong, called Stone Mountain, and sending the rest of itself between the State line of Kentucky and Virginia, under the name

of the Big Black Mountain. Understand also the general bearings of the spot at which you have arrived. It is in that same Alleghany system of mountains—the richest metalliferous region in the world—the northern section of which long ago made Pittsburgh; the southern section of which has since created Birmingham; and the middle section of which, where you now are, is claimed by expert testimony, covering a long period of years and coming from different and wholly uninterested authorities, to be the richest of the three.

Understand further that you have come to a third mountain pass—Pineville being the first and Middlesborough the second—where the same vast wilderness of ores and timbers and coals is being attacked, penetrated, and developed; where the problem of the cheapest manufacture of iron and steel is being worked at with tremendous energy; where the new South is struggling for the industrial supremacy of the nation as no section ever struggled before.

This mountain pass not being in Kentucky, it might be asked why in a series of articles on Kentucky it should deserve a place. The answer is plain: not because a Kentuckian discovered it as the site of a future city, or because Kentuckians have largely developed it, or because Kentuckians largely own it, and have stamped upon it a certain excellent social tone: but for the reason that when the idea of its development is further carried out it will gather toward itself a vast network of railways from eastern Kentucky, the Atlantic seaboard, the South, and the Ohio and Mississippi valleys, which will profoundly affect the inner life of Kentucky, and change its relations to different parts of the Union.

Big Stone Gap! It does not sound very big. What is it? At a certain point of this continuation of Cumberland Mountain, called Stone Mountain, the main fork of Powell's River has in the course of ages worn itself away down to a practical railroad pass at water-level, thus opening connection between the coking coal on the north and the iron ores on the south of the mountain. Pause for a single moment at this mountain gorge. No pass that I have ever seen—except those made by the Doe River in the Cranberry region of North Carolina—has its wild, enrapturing loveliness; towering above on

each side are the mountain walls, ancient and gray and rudely disordered; at every coign of vantage in these, grasping their precipitous buttresses as the claw of a great eagle might grasp the uttermost brow of a cliff, enormous trees above trees, and amid all the trees a green lace-work of undergrowth. Below, in a narrow winding channel, riled high land and there with boulders, with jutting rocks and sluice-like fissures—below and against all these the river hurls itself, foaming, roaring, whirling, a long cascade of white or lucent water. This is Big Stone Gap, and the valley into which the river pours its full strong current is the site of the city. A lofty valley it is, having an elevation of sixteen hundred feet above the sea, with mountains girdling it that rise to the height of four thousand—a valley the surface of which gently rolls and slopes toward these encircling bases with constant relief to the eye—a valley spacious enough, with those opening into it, to hold a city of the population of New York.

This mountain pass, lying in the heart of this reserved wilderness of timbers, coals, and ores, has always had its slender thread of local history. It was from a time immemorial a buffalo and Indian trail, leading to the head waters of the Cumberland and Kentucky rivers; during the civil war it played its part in certain military exploits and personal adventures of a quixotian flavor; and of old the rich farmers of Lee County used to drive their cattle through it to fatten them on the pea-vine and blue-grass growing thick on the neighboring mountain tops. But in the last twenty-five years—that quarter of the century which has developed in the United States an ever-growing need of iron and steel, of hard-woods, and of all varieties of coal; a period which has seen one after another of the reserve timber regions of the country thinned and exhausted—during the past twenty-five years attention has been turned more and more toward the forests and the coal fields in the region occupied by the south Alleghany Mountain system, and especially fixed upon the wealth of resources that are tributary to this spot.

But simply a general knowledge of this wealth was not enough to determine Big Stone Gap as the site of a manufacturing city; and here one comes upon an idea that deserves momentary thought. It

may be said that a large part of the South is passing through a period of industrial town-making, largely due to the discovery that it is incalculably rich in various grades of iron ore, and to the growing demand for wood-working industries. But the founding of a town in so remote and unapproachable a region as Big Stone Gap is no trivial affair. Consider how the idea of such a thing is formed and spread abroad.

Some fine summer day a solitary bee wanders into a valley as an original discoverer. Around and around he flies, then suddenly rises high into the air and strikes a line for home. By-and-by he reappears from another direction, bringing a larger bee with him, who flies slowly and suspiciously from place to place, grumbling and smelling at everything in the hypocritical bee way, as though he had been brought there for nothing. Suddenly he too rises into the air, and is gone like a bullet from a gun. Then presently there are seven bees buzzing about in different parts of the valley, and then nineteen. Then all the bees organize themselves into a hive—say, Big Stone Gap Improvement Company—and fall to work to construct a waxen comb (plan of a city), which is presently to be filled with money.

Only, in establishing a city, the problem is lifted from the simple instinct of the bee to the utmost foresight, judgment, skill, and combined energy of man. It was not enough, then, to know that at Big Stone Gap there is a water gap admitting the passage of a railway on each side at water-level, and connecting contiguous workable coals with ores; not enough repeatedly to test the abundance, variety, and purity of both of these; not enough to know that a short distance off a single vertical section of coal-measure rocks has a thickness above drainage level of twenty-five hundred feet, the thickest in the entire Appalachian coal field from Pennsylvania to Alabama; not enough that from this point, by available railroad to the Bessemer steel ores in the Cranberry district of North Carolina, it is the shortest distance in the known world separating such coke and such ores; not enough that there are here superabundant limestone and water, the south fork of Powell's River winding about the valley, a full bold current, and a few miles from the town the head waters of this same river

having a fall of seven hundred feet; not enough that near by is a rich agricultural region to supply all needed markets, and that the valley itself has a natural drainage, delightful climate, and ideal beauty—all this was not enough. It had to be known that the great water gap through the mountain at this point, by virtue of its position and by virtue of its relation to other passes and valleys leading to it, necessitated, sooner or later, a concentration here of railroad lines for the gathering, the development, and the distribution of its resources.

From every imaginable point of view a place like this is subject to unsparing test before it is finally fixed upon as a town site and enters upon a process of development. But when a choice has once been made, development ensues with irresistible energy. I know of nothing that would better illustrate the tremendous power with which the new South, hand in hand with a new North, works with brains and capital and science than the founding and building up of such a mountain town. A few years ago this place was seventy miles from the nearest railroad. That road has since been built to it from the south; a second is approaching it from a distance of a hundred and twenty miles on the west; a third from the east; and when the last two come together this point will be on a great east and west trunk line, connecting the Ohio and Mississippi valleys with the Atlantic seaboard. Moreover, the Legislature of Kentucky has just passed an act incorporating the Inter-State Tunnel Railroad Company, and empowering it to build an inter-State double-track highway from the head waters of the Cumberland and Kentucky rivers to Big Stone Gap, tunnelling both the Black and Cumberland mountains, and affording a passway north and south for the several railways of eastern Kentucky already heading toward this point. The plan embraces two double-track toll tunnels, with double-track approaches between and on each side of the tunnel, to be owned and controlled by a stock company which shall allow all railroads to pass on the payment of toll. When this unparalleled enterprise, involving the cost of over two million dollars—all but a trifle of which has been secured—when this enterprise is carried out, the railroad problem at Big Stone Gap, and with it the problem of develop-

ing all the mineral wealth of southwest Virginia and southeast Kentucky, will be practically solved.

But the last thing in this world to fool or to be fooled with is a railroad. It may not always run in the direction of the kingdom of heaven, but it does always run toward dividends on stock; it may not see far ahead, but it always sees its own terminus. That so many railroads should, therefore, be approaching this point from so many different directions seems to lift it at once to a position of extraordinary importance.

But it is only a few months since the nearest one reached there; and, since little could be done toward development otherwise, at Big Stone Gap one sees the process of town-making at an earlier stage. Still, there are under construction water-works, from the pure mountain river, at an elevation of four hundred feet, six miles from town, that will supply daily two and a half million gallons of water; two iron-furnaces of a hundred tons daily capacity; an electric-light plant, starting with fifty street arc lights, and seven hundred and fifty incandescent burners for residences; and a colossal hotel of three hundred rooms, and costing, aside from the grounds, some hundred and fifty thousand dollars. These may be taken as evidences of the vast scale on which development is to be carried forward, to say nothing of a steam street railway, belt line, lumber and brick and finishing plants, union depot, and a coke plant modelled after that at Connellsville. And on the whole it may be said that already over a million dollars' worth of real estate has been sold, and that eight land, coal, and iron development companies have centred here the development of properties aggregating millions in value.

It is a peculiarity of these industrial towns thus being founded in one of the most beautiful mountain regions of the land that they shall not merely be industrial towns. They aim at becoming cities or homes for the best of people; fresh centres to which shall be brought all the newest elements of civilization from the North and South; retreats for jaded pleasure-seekers; asylums for invalids. And therefore they are laid out for amenities and beauty as well as industry—with an eye to using the exquisite mountain flora and park-like forests, the natural boulevards along their water-

courses, and the natural roadways to vistas of enchanting mountain scenery. What is to be done at Middlesborough will not be forgotten. At Big Stone Gap, in furtherance of this idea, there has been formed a Mountain Park Association, which has bought some three thousand acres of summit land a few miles from the town, with the idea of making it a game preserve and shooting park, adorned with a rambling club-house in the Swiss style of architecture. In this preserve is High Knob, perhaps the highest mountain in the Alleghany range, being over four thousand feet above sea-level, the broad summit of which is carpeted with blue-grass and white clover in the midst of magnificent forest growth. The preserve is to be enclosed by a high fence, and stocked with game of all kinds, which will be rigidly guarded by keepers, and is further to be enriched with a mountain lake adapted to trout.

What wonder if Big Stone Gap—when it gets a better name—should realize all the commercial greatness and æsthetic charm that surely seem to lie in its future?

V.

Suppose once more that you stand outside the Cumberland or Stone Mountain at the gap. Now turn and follow down the beautiful Powell's Valley, retracing your course to Cumberland Gap. Pass this, continuing down the same valley, and keeping on your right the same parallel mountain wall. Mark once more how inaccessible it is at every point. Mark once more the rich land and prosperous tillage. Having gone about thirty miles, pause again. You have come to another pass—another remarkable gateway. You have travelled out of Kentucky into Tennessee, and the Cumberland Mountain has changed its name and become Walden's Mountain, distant some fifteen miles from the Kentucky State line.

It is necessary once more to define topographical bearings. Running northeast and southwest is this Cumberland Mountain, having an elevation of from twenty-five hundred to three thousand feet. Almost parallel with it, from ten to twenty miles away, and having an elevation of about two thousand feet, lies Pine Mountain, in Kentucky. In the outer or Cumberland Mountain it has now been seen that there are three remarkable gaps: Big

Stone Gap on the east, where Powell's River cuts through Stone Mountain; Cumberland Gap intermediate, which is not a water gap, but a depression in the mountain; and Big Creek Gap in the west, where Big Creek cuts through Walden's Mountain—the last being about forty miles distant from the second, about ninety from the first. Now observe that in Pine Mountain there are three water gaps having a striking relation to the gaps in the Cumberland—that is, behind Cumberland Gap is the pass at Pineville; behind Big Stone Gap and beyond it at the end of the mountain are the Breaks of Sandy; and behind Big Creek Gap are the Narrows, a natural water gap connecting Tennessee with Kentucky.

But it has been seen that the English have had to tunnel Cumberland Mountain at Middlesborough in order to open the valley between Pine and Cumberland mountains to railroad connections with the south. It has also been seen that at Big Stone Gap it has been found necessary to construct a vast tunnel under Big Black Mountain, and also under Pine Mountain, in order to establish north and south connections for railroads, and control the development of southeast Kentucky and southwest Virginia. But now mark the advantage of the situation at Big Creek Gap: a water gap at railroad level giving entrance from the south, and seventeen miles distant a corresponding water gap at railroad level giving exit from the south and entrance from the north. There is thus afforded a double natural gateway at this point, and at this point alone—an inestimable advantage. Here, then, is discovered a third distinct centre in Cumberland Mountain where the new industrial civilization of the South is at work. All the general conditions elsewhere stated are here found present—timbers, coals, and ores, limestone, granite, water, scenery, climate, flora; the beauty is the same, the wealth not less.

With a view to development, a company has bought up and owns in fee twenty thousand acres of coal lands and some seven thousand of iron ore in the valley and along the foot-hills on the southern slope of the mountain. They have selected and platted as a town site over sixteen hundred acres of beautiful valley land, lying on both sides of Big Creek where it cuts through the mountain, twelve hundred feet above the sea-

level. But here again one comes upon the process of town-making at a still earlier stage of development. That is, the town exists only on paper, and improvement has not yet begun. Taken now, it is in the state that Middlesborough was once in before a railroad reached it, or Big Stone Gap at its inception. So that it should not be thought any the less real because it is rudimentary or embryonic. A glance at the wealth tributary to this point will soon dispel all doubt that here, as at the other strategic mountain passes of the Cumberland, is to be established an important town.

Only consider that the entire twenty thousand acres owned by the Big Creek Gap Company are underlain by coal, and that the high mountains between the Pine and Cumberland contain vertical sections of greater thickness of coal-measure rocks than are to be found anywhere else in the vast Appalachian field; that Walnut Mountain, on the land of the company—the western continuation of the Black Mountain and the Log Mountain of Kentucky—is thirty-three hundred feet above sea, and has two thousand feet of coal-measures above drainage; and that already there has been developed the existence of six coals of workable thickness above drainage level, five of them underlying the entire twenty thousand acres, except where small portions have been cut away by the streams.

The lowest coal above drainage—the Sharpe—presents an outcrop about twenty feet above the bed of the stream, and underlies the entire purchase. It has long been celebrated for domestic use in the locality. An entry driven in about sixty feet shows a twelve-inch cannel-coal with a five-inch soft shale, burning with a brilliant flame, and much used in Powell's Valley; also a bituminous coal of forty-three-inch thickness, having a firm roof, cheaply minable, and yielding a coke of over ninety-three per cent. pure carbon.

The next coal above is a cannel-coal having an outcrop on the Middle Fork of Big Creek of thirty-six inches, and on the north slope of the mountains, six miles off, of thirty-eight inches, showing a persistent bed throughout.

Above this is the Douglass coal, an entry of forty feet into which shows a thickness of fifty inches, with a good roof, and on the northern slope of the mountains,

at Cumberland River, a thickness of sixty inches. This is a gas coal of great excellence, yielding also a coke, good, but high in sulphur. Above the Douglass is an unexplored section of great thickness, showing coal stains and coals exposed, but undeveloped.

The uppermost coal discovered, and the highest opened in Tennessee—the Walnut Mountain coal—is a coking variety of superior quality, fifty-eight inches thick, and though lying near the top of the mountain, protected by a sandstone roof. It is minable at a low cost, admirable for gas, and is here found underlying some two thousand acres.

As to the wealth of iron ores, it has been said that the company owns about seven thousand acres in the valley and along the southern slopes of Cumberland Mountain. There is a continuous outcrop of the soft red fossiliferous, or Clinton, iron ore, ten miles long, nowhere at various outcrops less than sixty inches thick, of exceptional richness and purity, well located for cheap mining, and adjacent to the coal beds. Indeed, where it crosses Big Creek at the gap, it is only a mile from the coking coal. Lying from one to two hundred feet above the drainage level of the valley, where a railroad is to be constructed, and parallel to this road at a distance of a few hundred feet, this ore can be put on cars and delivered to the furnaces of Big Creek Gap at an estimated cost of a dollar a ton. Of red ore two beds are known to be present.

Parallel and near to the red fossiliferous, there has been developed along the base of Cumberland Mountain a superior brown ore, the Limonite—the same as that used in the Low Moor, Longdale, and other furnaces of the Clifton Forge district. This—the Oriskany—has been traced to within ten miles of the company's lands, and there is every reason to believe that it will be developed on them. At the beginning of this article it was stated that iron of superior quality was formerly made at Big Creek Gap, and found a ready market throughout central Kentucky.

Parallel with the ore and easily quarriable is the subcarboniferous limestone, one thick stratum of which contains ninety-eight per cent. of carbonate of lime; so that, with liberal allowance for the cost of crude material, interest, wear and tear, it is estimated that iron can here

be made at as low a cost as anywhere in the United States, and that farmers will have an advantage in freight in reaching the markets of the Ohio Valley and the farther South. Moreover, the various timbers of this region attain a perfection seldom equalled, and by a little clearing out of the stream, logs can be floated at flood tides to the Clinch and Tennessee rivers. To-day mills are shipping these timbers all the way from Boston to the Rocky Mountains.

Situated in one of the most beautiful of valleys, twelve hundred feet above sea-level, surrounded by park-like forests and fertile valley lands, having an abundance of purest water and perfect drainage, with iron ore only a mile from coke, and a double water gap giving easy passage for railroads, Big Creek Gap develops peculiar strength and possibilities of importance, when its relation is shown to those cities which will be its natural markets, and to the systems of railroads of which it will be the inevitable outlet. Within twenty miles of it lie three of the greatest railroad systems of the South. It is but thirty-eight miles from Knoxville, and eight miles of low-grade road, through a fertile blue-grass valley, peopled by intelligent, prosperous farmers, will put it in connection with magnetic and specular ores for the making of steel, or with the mountain of Bessemer ore at Cranberry. Its coke is about three hundred miles nearer to the Sheffield and Decatur furnaces than the Pocahontas coke which is now being shipped to them. It is nearer St. Louis and Chicago than their present sources of supply. It is the nearest point to the great coaling station for steamships now building at Brunswick. And it is one of the nearest bases of supply for Pensacola, which in turn is the nearest port of supply for Central and South America.

No element of wealth or advantage of position seems lacking to make this place one of the controlling points of that vast commercial movement which is binding the North and the South together, and changing the relation of Kentucky to both, by making it the great highway of railway connection, the fresh centre of manufacture and distribution, and the lasting fountain-head of mineral supply.

VI.

I have thus wished to call attention to that line of towns which are springing up

in the mountain passes of the Cumberland, and are making the backwoods of Kentucky the forefront of a new civilization. Through these three passes in the outer wall, and through that pass at Pineville in the inner wall behind Cumberland Gap—through these four it is believed that there must stream the railroads carrying to the South its timbers and coals; to the North its timbers, coal, and iron; and carrying to both from these towns, as independent centres of manufacture, all those products the crude materials of which exist in economic combinations on the spot.

It is idle to say that all these places cannot become important. The competition will be keen, and the fittest will survive; but all these are fit to survive, each having advantages of its own. Big Stone Gap lies so much nearer the East and the Atlantic seaboard; Big Creek Gap so much nearer the West and the Ohio and Mississippi valleys and the Lakes; Cumberland Gap and Pineville so much nearer an intermediate region.

But I said at the outset that it was the human, not the industrial, problem to be solved by all this development that possessed for me the main interest. I seem to see in the perforation and breaking up of Cumberland Mountain an event as decisive of the destiny of Kentucky as though the vast wall had fallen, destroying the isolation of the State, bringing into it the new, and letting the old be scattered until it is lost. But while there is no space here to deal with those changes that are rapidly passing over Kentucky life and obliterating old manners and customs, old types of character and ideals of life, old virtues and graces as well as old vices and horrors—there is a special topic too closely connected with the foregoing facts not to be considered: I mean the effect of all this development upon the Kentucky mountaineers.

The buying up of the mountain lands has of course unsettled a large part of these strange people. Already there has been formed among them a class of tenants paying rent and living in their old homes. But in the main there are three movements among them. Some desert the mountains altogether, and descend to the blue-grass region with a passion for farming. On county-court days in blue-grass towns it has been possible of late to notice this peculiar type mingling in the

market-places with the traditional type of blue-grass farmer. There is thus going on, especially along the border counties, a quiet interfusion of the two human elements of the Kentucky highlander and the Kentucky lowlander, so long distinct in blood, physique, history, and ideas of life. To less extent, the mountaineers go further west, beginning life again beyond the Mississippi.

A second general tendency among them is to be absorbed by the civilization that is springing up in the mountains. They flock to these towns, keep store, are shrewd and active speculators in real estate, and successful developers of small capital. The first business house put up in the new Pineville was built by a mountaineer.

But the third, and, as far as I can learn,

the most general movement among them is to retire at the approach of civilization to remoter regions, where they may live without criticism or observation their hereditary, squalid, unambitious, stationary life. But to these retreats they must in time be followed, therefrom dislodged, and again set agoing. Thus a whole race of people are being scattered, absorbed, civilized. You may go far before you will find a fact so full of consequences to the future of the State.

Within a few years this commonwealth will be a hundred years old. All in all, it would seem that with the close of its first century the old Kentucky passes away; and that the second century will bring in a new Kentucky—new in many ways, but new most of all on account of the civilization of the Cumberland.

HER HEART'S DESIRE.

BY PAUL CARSON.

THERE comes a time in the life of nearly every married woman when she recalls her girlhood, compares it with her wifehood, and says, as the case may be, "This is better than that," or "That was better than this." Marriage means so much more to a woman than to a man. He has other interests in life; his marriage is an episode; to her it is all of life. If she be happily married, life offers no substitute for the happiness that is hers, while an unhappy marriage is a night that has no morning. It is not in the honey-moon, nor yet usually during the first year of married life, that the wife knows whether her marriage is a failure or a success; but some time she is pretty apt to ask herself the question, and to Honor Kent the time had come. It was one April night. Her husband had been home to dinner, and had gone "down town," as often happened. Honor had washed her dishes, put her six-months-old boy to sleep, and sat down to sew. It was a cold, rainy night, more like November than April, and Honor shivered as she sat at her sewing. The Kents lived in a steam-heated flat, and that night the steam was low—suited, as often happens, to the season, not the weather. Now if she could have toasted her feet at a warm fire, while a tiny teakettle sung on the top of the stove; if a little table had stood at

her elbow, with a bright light shining thereon—she might not have fallen into the brown-study that took possession of her, because the stove, the teakettle, the little table, and the lamp for generations have been the synonymes of domestic comfort and happiness; but instead of the pretty fire, a steam-radiator, which for ugliness stands unrivalled among the appliances for heating a room, sulked in a corner. Instead of a stand and a lamp, Honor sat under a gas jet, while the dreary rain splashed against the window. It might have been the absence of the teakettle and the presence of the rain, but more likely it was because the time had come, that she dropped her work, leaned her head on her hand, and gave herself up to thoughts of the past and the present. Not that she had done no thinking before, but she had steadfastly crowded some thoughts back during her married life; but to-night they rose up and demanded that she should listen, and Honor listened. She had been a country girl, the only daughter of a well-to-do farmer, and John Kent, recovering from a fever, had spent a summer on the farm, had fallen in love with her, and in a year had married her and brought her to New York. John was in the insurance business and getting a good salary, but he did not propose to be an insurance agent all

his life; so from the first Honor was instructed as to the necessity for economy. He seemed to think rigid economy in his wife's expenditure was more necessary than in his own. Fortunately she had been carefully taught by a wise mother and knew the value of money, and at the end of their three years of married life there was quite a sum in the bank that some day Mr. Kent meant should be the stepping-stone to fortune.

But it was not of future wealth and happiness that Mrs. Kent thought; her mind was dwelling on past disappointment and present misery. Was her husband unkind to her? By no means; John Kent was a gentleman, and unkindness to a woman he considered barbarism. He was always courteous in his manner to his wife. When she asked him for money he gave it readily, and if he generally added a word of caution as to its expenditure, that was only force of habit. He did not doubt Honor's ability to spend the money wisely. As to loving his wife, that subject admitted of no argument. Of course he loved her, or why did he marry her? He never told her he loved her, that was hardly necessary after three years, and he called her "Honor" more often than "Dear." Pet names were for babies, still she was not a baby that summer on the farm, and he called her several pet names then. He had lived in the city all his life, and had hundreds of acquaintances, many of whom he would not care to introduce to his wife. Honor had few acquaintances. Mr. Kent spent many of his evenings "down-town," not all of them, but more, Honor had noticed, since little Paul came, particularly evenings when the baby preferred to perform a solo in a high key rather than sleep quietly in his crib. Mrs. Kent was left to quiet him as best she could, while his father went "down town" a "little while." As the baby claimed her almost hourly, Honor, of course, rarely went out, and it became a common thing for John to say, "I believe I'll go to the lecture to-night," or, "There's a new play to-night. I believe I'll drop in before I come home. Wish you could go too." But the fact that she could not go was no reason why he should stay at home. The majority of men are selfish; a wise wife will educate some of this out of her husband's nature. But Honor was not yet wise in that respect. She had been heretofore a loving, tender

little woman, with an idea that if she must suffer, she would suffer in silence.

At length Mrs. Kent had gone over all this in detail, and she said, almost aloud, "I don't know, maybe it is better as it is. If I had not married him, I should have been an old maid, for I could never have loved any one else half as well as I did him, and then I should have thought all my life that I had missed something. Perhaps I loved him too well: they say a man only cares for what he can't get. I don't know why he does not love me now as well as he did three years ago, but evidently he don't. Well, I loved him; I wanted him; I have him; and there's baby." She went to the crib and bent over the sleeping child, and a tear dropped on the little fat cheek; she wiped it off softly. "Thank God!" she said; "you will never shed a woman's tears, my darling." She went back to the chair and took up her sewing again, and her retrospections with it; but gradually her thoughts centred on her present grievances. "I hate the city," she said, "and these close little rooms, and the ugly radiators, and the gas, and—the elevator," she finished, with a sob. "I wish I were a girl again, and back on the farm. I haven't seen a dandelion since I was married, and this cold, wet night, if I could sit down by the kitchen stove, and see the fire burn and hear the teakettle sing, I believe I'd be happy."

"Without John and baby Paul?" something whispered.

She stopped sewing again then, and thought intently. "No," she said; "it is better so, I guess—better to have John and Paul. I know baby loves me." And then she heard her husband coming along the hall. She did not open the door for him as usual; she sat still until he came in.

"Ah, Honor," he said, "working as usual."

"Yes."

He looked at her in surprise. Her tone astonished him; it was the indifferent voice of a stranger. He went out to the kitchen, and hung up his overcoat and spread his umbrella to dry. When he came back, Honor was folding her work and getting ready to go to bed.

"Have you been lonesome to-night?" he asked. "It's an ugly night to be out."

"No," she answered. "I had Paul and my thoughts."

"The thoughts were pleasant ones. I hope?" He laughed.

"They were not," she answered, calmly. "They were of you."

"Well, upon my word!" flushing a little. "Have I offended you in any way?"

"Not in the least," coldly; and lifting the sleeping baby in her arms, she went into the bedroom and shut the door.

Mr. Kent took up a magazine and began to read, but he missed something. It was the first time Honor had left him without a good-night kiss. Two hours later he found her sleeping soundly.

It was at the breakfast table the next morning. Paul, in his high chair, was in royal good-humor; Honor, in neat morning dress, poured the coffee, talked to the baby, and calmly asked her husband to give her a small piece of ham. John said, "Honor, why didn't you kiss me last night?"

She laughed lightly. "Old married folks shouldn't be silly." It was a speech of his own.

"I thought," a little stiffly, "that you liked to kiss me."

"Did you? Will you have another cup of coffee?"

"Thank you, yes."

After that they spoke of the weather, of the baby, of a recent book. Mr. Kent watching his wife gravely, and she never by any chance meeting his eyes. After a while, when he was ready to go, he kissed Paul, and turned to his wife.

"Are you going to kiss me this morning, Honor?"

"I think not."

He crossed the room, and laid both hands on her shoulders. "My dear wife," he said, "will you tell me the meaning of all this?"

"I hardly know myself, John," she answered, but growing suddenly very pale. "I do not think I love you any more."

John Kent's face grew perfectly white; he turned away from her without a word. He went out like a sleep-walker. He sat in his office all the forenoon, and over and above the noise of the street below sounded the words, "I do not think I love you any more." Men came in and said, "Hello, Kent! what's the matter? Sick?" And Kent said, "I'm not feeling well," and roused himself to talk business. You think, perhaps, that Honor acted like a silly child, but a woman's life is made up

of trifles, and this conduct of hers was the outcome of three years' brooding over trifles, and these trifles, piled one upon another, had grown into a great mountain. It was not that she had been left alone that particular rainy night; it was not that the day before she had asked for money for household expenses and been cautioned to spend it wisely; it was not that her husband had been careless of her feelings, forgetful of her wishes once or twice—it was simply a repetition of these things, until suddenly, unreasonably, perhaps, she had concluded that he did not love her as in the early days of their marriage, and knowing that she was in every way as worthy of his love, even more worthy in that she was the mother of his child, her whole nature rose up in indignant protest against his injustice, and for a time she felt that she could never lay her lips on his again. Does it seem like a great tempest from a small cloud? It is the heart life of a woman that I am telling you about. Not what it might, could, or even ought to have been—just what it was.

As I said, Mr. Kent was stunned. He did not know what he had said or done to merit such treatment from his wife. He was satisfied with his married life, and he had supposed that she was. It takes some people a long time to get acquainted, and the fact that they happen to be married does not alter this truth in the least. Toward night he came out of his fit of abstraction and a feeling of anger succeeded it.

He said mentally, "I rather think my wife will accept a kiss the next time I offer one," and in that mood he went home. He had an idea, a hope really, that Honor would have recovered from her extraordinary display of temper during the day, and be duly penitent upon his return, in which case he meant to be magnanimous and forgive her. But it was odd—she met him as if nothing had happened, except that she did not offer to kiss him; the dinner was perfect, Paul clean and rosy, laughing and crowing for his father to take him. Honor talked brightly of current events, for she managed to keep herself posted on the daily news at least, but never a word bearing on the scene of the morning. Mr. Kent was puzzled. He could have managed an angry, sulky, or penitent wife. But this bright specimen of good-humored woman-

hood, who treated him with the utmost courtesy and kindness, and yet between whom and himself there seemed to be a granite wall, was a new experience. Matters went on in this way for several days, and a hundred times a day John remembered Honor's words, "I do not think I love you any more." He did not believe it at first, but after a while he began to think that she spoke the truth, and the feeling of desolation that swept over him was not an enviable emotion. His heart sank when he realized at last that he had lost his wife's love, and immediately it began to seem the most desirable thing in the world to possess. He spent more of his evenings at home—his wife was such a curious study—he spent whole evenings watching her from behind his book or paper. Finally pride yielded, and one night after Paul was asleep he drew his chair close to Honor's and said, "Little wife, is it true that you don't love me any more?"

She looked at him steadily and replied, gravely, "I don't know, John; that is a horrible thing for a wife to say, but I fear it is true."

"What have I done?"

"That is the misery of it. I do not think I could tell you a single thing you have said or done, except—you don't love me."

"But, my dear girl, I do. What ever put that idea into your head?"

"I don't know," wearily. "You will say you love me, of course; that is the proper thing for married people to say; it's only," with a bitter little laugh, "that I am not a well-regulated married woman, or I should have kept this awful feeling in my heart, and met you daily with a lie on my lips. I could not do it, John," passionately; "I must be honest with you if it kills me."

"Have I neglected you in any way?" he asked.

"No, not more than most men neglect their wives."

"But there has been neglect?" he persisted.

"Do not let us discuss it," she said.

"On the contrary, I think that is just what we should do. I did not know that you cared if I left you alone evenings, now that you have Paul."

"I do not," haughtily, "if you do not care to be with me."

"And because I have taken an interest

in other things besides you and baby, you conclude that I do not love you. Is that it?"

"We might talk all night and not understand each other," she replied. "I feel that you don't care for me as you used to do, and the knowledge has slain my affection for you; that is all I can say. I will not talk of it any more."

He looked at her white face, her compressed lips, and wisely decided that while she was in that frame of mind argument was useless. He drew his chair away from her and took up his paper again.

The next morning he went to an old lawyer, a friend of his father's, and told him the story.

"And you have no idea what has caused this trouble?" Mr. Bates asked.

"None. My wife thinks I have ceased to love her, and therefore she does not love me—that is the effect; the cause I have not yet learned."

"Most women go through a similar experience," replied the lawyer, "but few are courageous enough to face the situation and put their thoughts into words. The depth of your wife's nature has given her strength to do this. She is a remarkable woman. Where did you find her?"

"Don't you remember? Down in the country, six miles from Farmington, that summer after I had the typhoid fever."

"Oh! to be sure! A farmer's daughter: an only child, isn't she?"

"Yes."

"Folks pretty well off?"

"Yes. What's that got to do with it?" testily.

"A good deal. The lady probably has considerable cultivation?"

"Do you suppose I would marry her otherwise? My wife would shine in any society," proudly.

"Of course. She had considerable attention before you married her, I presume?"

"Naturally."

"You brought a cultivated woman, who had been accustomed to society and attention, who had breathed the pure air and wandered over the green fields of the country, to New York, and shut her up in a steam-heated flat?"

"Of course. What else could I do? She did not expect green fields in the city. She knew I was in moderate circumstances."

"How about a cottage in the suburbs? Wouldn't cost any more, would it?"

"Not so much. But how could I come down to the club for my evening billiards, and live in the suburbs?"

"You didn't drop the club, then, when you married?"

"Well, not entirely; and since our boy arrived I have dropped in there nearly every evening."

"You have a servant?"

"No. We are economizing. Honor prefers to do our work, except the washing and ironing. It is not much."

"You have something laid up?"

"Oh yes," enthusiastically. "Mrs. Kent is a splendid manager, and I have added something to my bank account every month since our marriage."

"You give your wife an allowance for household expenses, so she won't have to ask you for money? Women hate that."

"No-o," hesitatingly. "Honor is welcome to all she needs. I never refuse her requests for money."

"Never tell her how to spend it either?"

Mr. Kent flushed, but answered honestly, "I have cautioned her to spend the money wisely, certainly."

"Once or twice?"

"No; almost always. I did not know she would care."

"No? How long since she has been home on a visit?"

"Only once since our marriage—about a year after, I think. A wife's place is with her husband, and I could not well leave my business."

"Now, John, don't lose your temper while I sum up this case. Perhaps you had better not say anything till I finish."

Mr. Kent smiled uneasily. The lawyer's sharp questions had already started a disagreeable train of thought. Light was already breaking on his intellect, and his wife's state of mind was not half the mystery that it had been, but he replied, "I came here for advice, and I shall take it none the less willingly because it is unpalatable."

"Well, now listen. You will have to win your wife's heart over again. It may be a task of more or less difficulty. According to your own statement you have been most thoroughly selfish all your married life. You admit that she is an admirable manager, but you have never given her a cent since your marriage until she asked for it, and then you have in-

structed her how to spend it. Could anything be more galling to a high-spirited woman? You have taken her away from her relatives and friends, and kept her at your beck and call, because 'a wife's place is with her husband,' except, I suppose, when the husband is playing billiards at the club, or spending his time agreeably elsewhere. I wonder who has entertained her all this time? Probably her heart's desire was a cottage in the suburbs, but a flat in the heart of the city suited your convenience better. Let me tell you, young man, the less a married man separates his wife from his pleasures the happier his married life will be. Having steadily ignored her wishes for three years or so, she concludes that you don't love her, and her whole nature rises in revolt, and I don't wonder. If I were not a man myself I shouldn't think you do, either. You had better win her forgiveness if you can, but it will take some self-sacrifice on your part. Send her and the baby down home on a visit, then sit down and think what you ought to do, and if you can't find out, come to me again."

To say that Mr. Kent was shocked at the photograph of himself which had been shown him does not half express his feelings. He was appalled.

"I thank you for your summary of the case," he said. "I plead guilty."

As he bowed himself out, Mr. Bates called after him, "And say, Kent, don't forget that the accumulation of money should not be the sole object of a young man's existence, especially when he has a wife and baby."

That night Mr. Kent said, "Honor, wouldn't you like to go down to your mother a couple of weeks?"

The light that suddenly shone in her eyes answered him, but she said, quietly: "It is an expense. Besides, how would you get along?"

"I can eat at a restaurant. The expense don't matter. You can go to-morrow if you like; or would it take longer to get ready?"

"It is nothing to get ready," she returned. "I should like to go if you really mean it."

John got up and leaned over the back of the low rocker so he could look into her eyes. "Honor, I would ask you to forgive me, but now that I realize what I have done I don't know that you can;

but, my darling"—the warm color flamed in her face at the endearing word—"I love you very dearly. Won't you kiss me?"

Honor was a woman just like the rest; the tears came into her eyes, and she lifted her lips to his.

In the morning she and Paul went down to the country home. And the way John put in all the time he could spare from business during her absence was a wonder. He abandoned his club. "Busy," he said, curtly, to inquiring friends. He rented a cozy cottage, with a little lawn in front and a nice yard at the back. It was a long way out, to be sure, but not too far for a twice-a-day trip. He moved the furniture from the flat into it, making such additions as were necessary. Then he went after Honor and the baby. She was surprised and pleased that he should come after her, and as they were driven away from the depot she told him she was "glad to get home."

"We'll take a little drive," he said, when she noticed that they were rolling out of town. At length they stopped at the cottage. An intuition of the truth came to Honor before she reached the door, and when John led her into the parlor—there were "parlors" in those days—she sat down on the most convenient resting-place, which happened to be the piano-stool, and cried.

"Don't you like it?" said John.

"Like it? It's a p—p—paradise!" she sobbed; and then she put her arms around his neck, and cried harder than ever.

There were tears in John's eyes as he

said, "Do you think you can forgive me and love me again, dear?"

And this contradictory woman cried, "I always loved you, and—and— Oh, dear!"—giving him a little shake—"you will just break my heart."

And somehow he understood just what she meant.

After that they had a "talk," and Honor told her husband all the bitterness that had been in her heart so long.

John did not make many promises—it was not his way—but he said, "I feel like a man who has been roughly awakened from a sound sleep; but it is better to be awake."

Always after that "talk" he gave Honor a generous allowance for household expenses, and she not infrequently surprised him with something he wanted, bought with money she had saved out of that allowance. He got so in the habit of spending his evenings at home alone with his family, or with the nice people that Honor got together at her modest little "evenings," that it became quite a calamity to him when he was forced to be absent. In time a stout German girl was added to their household, so that Honor need not be too closely confined.

The Kents gave a little dinner, one night, at which Mr. Bates was present. The shrewd old lawyer's sharp eyes missed none of the details in his host's house that make up a happy married life; but when chance favored him he said, "I suppose, John, that these days you wonder how you ever came to be such a fool."

And John answered, "You are quite right."

HARVARD UNIVERSITY IN 1890.

BY CHARLES ELIOT NORTON.

FROM whatever side one approaches Cambridge, the tower of the Harvard Memorial Hall is seen dominating the landscape. It is an appropriate emblem of the university. No other building in the United States is so rich in tender and noble personal and patriotic associations—associations which, connecting the life of the university with the life of the nation, and indicating the intimate relation between ideal studies and unselfish character, afford a perennial inspiration to high conduct. It is the monument of

generous youth trained to the performance of duty, and prompt to offer life, with all its promises and all its hopes, a willing sacrifice to the public good. The walls of the central hall are lined with inscriptions that celebrate lofty virtues, and with tablets on which are recorded the names of those sons of Harvard who died for their country in the war of regeneration. In the whole world there is no other such impressive and affecting tribute to the virtues and services of youth. Through this hall every day a

majority of the undergraduate students pass and repass to and from the great adjoining dining hall, whose windows are filled with the images of the scholars and poets and heroes of past times, and whose walls are adorned with the portraits of the worthies of the university who have served the cause of learning or of the state. He must be of a dull spirit who is not moved by the silent and familiar presence of such incentives to excellence, and who at times does not feel his heart glow and quicken with the thought that, as a member of the university, he is an associate with men in whose characters and lives the worth of its teachings and influence has been expressed, and that he is surrounded by a cloud of witnesses who claim of him that he show himself worthy to belong to their company.

The importance of the relation of the university to the state, typified in Memorial Hall, and conspicuously shown during the war, has been more obvious in the years that have followed, during which the university has shared in the growth of the nation, and exhibited changes corresponding to those which have taken place in the community at large. Its preceding history is that of preparation for this evolution. As the chief and oldest seat of learning in New England, and especially as pre-eminent in Massachusetts, and intimately connected with the State, its local foundations were solidly laid, and its superstructure framed in accord with those fundamental principles of the commonwealth which have so largely contributed to the shaping of the character of the United States. The foundation was laid in 1636, and in 1650 a charter was granted by the General Court, under the seal of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay, establishing Harvard College as a corporation "for the advancement of all good literature, arts, and sciences," and this charter, with an appendix passed in 1657, is now in force precisely as first drafted, "the venerable source of collegiate authority" at the present day. Foundation and superstructure were so constructed as to admit of extension without essential change of plan. They have been adapted and enlarged to answer to the new and increasing needs of new times, and never in any preceding period has the enlargement been so rapid or so great as in the last twenty years. This broad, nationalizing

growth of the university has not yet been fully recognized by the country. Old conceptions, true of the Harvard of forty years ago, have not yet altogether given place to a correct understanding of its actual character. False conceptions of it still prevail among large and influential sections of the community. It has not yet secured from the nation the affection, respect, and confidence which it deserves, and which it will not fail to obtain in proportion as its true character becomes known.

While experience is making it more plain from year to year that the successful working of popular institutions is dependent on popular education, it is also proving that the quality and sufficiency of that education are dependent upon influences that proceed from the superior institutions of learning. It is by means of the higher education which these offer, or aim to offer to the limited number of their students, that the sources of the general intellectual and moral life of the community are in large measure supplied, and it is not too much to say that they consequently possess an importance beyond that of any other of our national institutions. But the influence of most of them is hampered by narrow means, local limitations, or sectarian restrictions. The services which the numerous smaller colleges perform in their respective localities are great, but it is impossible for them to offer to their students the advantages of a truly liberal education. There are few colleges in the United States that have such a position and such means as might justify them in claiming to do this, or to be regarded as national institutions of the higher education.

In order to provide a liberal education, the term liberal must apply in the fullest sense to the institution itself. This must be free from every bond of party or sect, open upon equal terms to all students of whatever race or social position. It must afford such assistance to poor students of good character and capacity as may enable them to secure a full proportionate share of the opportunities it offers. And it must be so amply endowed as to maintain varied, disinterested, and able instruction in every important branch of learning. Moreover, its life must be recognized as an integral part of the life of the state, through definite, long-established traditions of close association with it; and

it must have proved the worth and power of its discipline by the character of those whom it has nurtured, and by the services which they have rendered to the community.

Age adds to the influence and authority of a great institution of learning. The mere increase in the sum of the associations that attach themselves to it from age to age strengthens the force of its appeal to the imagination, the culture of which is one of the chief ends of its existence. Time, too, increases its resources. "Many well-devoted persons," says the Harvard charter of 1650, "have been and daily are moved and stirred up to give and bestow sundry gifts, legacies, lands, and revenues for the advancement of all good literature, arts, and sciences." The stream of such bounty widens as it flows. With the natural growth of the community, the number of students increases. But though this be true, and though the growth of Harvard has been more rapid of late than ever before, it has not kept pace with the growth in numbers, in wealth, and in power of the nation. The main reasons of this fact are to be found in the general conditions of American society during the past twenty years, rather than in the special conditions of the university. The fact, therefore, is not an exceptional one; it is true of all the leading institutions of pure learning in the United States, true of the whole system of the higher education, and it is of greater import to the nation at large than to the individual institutions themselves. Yet though their growth has not been comparatively in equal measure with that of the nation, it has been positively great. Among the obvious minor causes of the comparatively slow growth of the older colleges must be reckoned the establishment of a great number of local institutions more or less fitted to supply the demand for the higher learning in the regions where they have been founded, and thus tending to diminish the resort of youth to the older and better equipped, but more distant and exacting institutions. The founding of many of these colleges is a natural result of the material and intellectual conditions of the community, and may, perhaps, be generally serviceable to the cause of education. It is only to be regretted when, as in such a case as the recent establishment of Clark University at Worcester, means are employed

for the foundation of a new institution which could more wisely have been used to strengthen and enlarge the old. For, however serviceable such a new institution may become, the fact is not to be overlooked that its establishment involves a dissipation of wealth and of energy. Whatever is generous in the object of the founders would be far more effectively promoted if the wealth and energy required for the foundation and carrying on of the new institution were concentrated and applied in an already existing school of learning. The lamentable waste involved in the needless duplication of the instruments of study, of buildings, libraries, and laboratories, would at least be avoided. But more than this, and of more essential importance, no new school of learning in a region where an old and vigorous one exists can share in those traditions and associations of inestimable value in education—stimulating, elevating, and refining—which inhere in an institution that has long been one of the chief sources of the higher intellectual and moral life of the community, and in the support of which the affections of many successive generations have been engaged. These are things that neither money nor men's goodwill can supply.

Competition among institutions of learning is of no less importance than in other fields of activity for the maintenance of a high standard of accomplishment, but here, no less than elsewhere, competition may be pushed too far, and to the injury of all the competing parties. In the case of these institutions the danger is not greater that through excessive competition the supply of pupils may be so divided as to be insufficient in any one among them for its healthy life, than that the supply of competent teachers may be insufficient to meet the demand for a strong body of instructors.

But while the multiplication of colleges and so-called universities has of late done something to check the normal growth of the older schools of learning, a much more essential and important cause of the comparative slowness in the increase of their students is to be found in the general tendency of our recent civilization to concentrate interest upon material aims, and to turn the most active and energetic intelligence of the community to the pursuit not of knowledge and

wisdom, but of wealth, and to the attainment of what are esteemed to be practical in distinction from the ideal objects of life. This tendency is no less obvious in the Old World than in the New. It is the most marked characteristic of our age. It must be reckoned with in all our considerations of the state of modern society, in our political speculations, in our estimates of the worth of life in our own times. It may be deplored by those who cherish the high opportunities of human existence, but it must be accepted as the inevitable and irresistible drift of the age, and those who hold life as meaning more than bread must set themselves, not to the vain work of stemming the current, but of so directing its force that in the long-run it may be rendered beneficial to those objects for which the best men in all times have striven. It is vain to keep back the inundation of the Nile, but some of the superabundant waters may be so turned as to fertilize the sands, and to change the flood from an instrument of ruin to a means of welfare. Egypt, said Herodotus, is the gift of the Nile.

One of the results of the rapid and brilliant development of the material resources of the world, and of the natural desire which it has stimulated in all classes to secure a share in the growing wealth, has been the increased eagerness of youth to enter at an early age upon the pursuits, professional or other, which lead directly to the obtaining of a livelihood and the acquisition of money. The time spent in acquiring general culture and mental resources that have no immediate relation to getting on in the world seems as if wasted to those whose desires are set upon speedy advancement in the career of fortune, and they turn from the college or university to the professional school or the business office. This disposition has been confirmed by the correspondingly rapid development of science during the past half-century, which has led to a higher standard of purely professional training, and to the consequent necessity for a longer period of preliminary professional study than was formerly requisite. The term of study in the professional schools now needed to equip the student for his work is longer by one year at least, often by two years, than was deemed necessary thirty years ago. A steady pressure is exerted for the lessening of the term of general education in

order to secure more time for special training, and many a young man, in haste to enter his profession, gives up altogether the undergraduate course of study. Undoubtedly, as regards not only the individual but also the general intellectual life of the community, this is to be regretted. The difficulty is augmented by the fact that the standard for entrance to the undergraduate department of our universities has during the same period been considerably raised, with the effect of increasing the average age of the undergraduate students by one or two years. The readjustment of the proportions of time given to general culture and to special training, and the best distribution between them of the period allotted to education, is one of the most serious problems for those now engaged in the conduct of our universities. The lead in raising the standard of our professional schools, as well as of the undergraduate department, has throughout been taken by Harvard.

But while the universities must respond, if they are to perform their great public function aright, to the demands of the community, they are also required to recognize its needs, and more especially those which must be supplied if its higher life is to be duly maintained. They must guide and lead, not merely follow the general direction of the national progress. Their proper work is not only one of teaching, but of inspiration as well. It is for them to enforce the conviction upon their students, and through them upon the community, that mere material prosperity affords no solid basis for the permanent welfare of a nation. The very continuance of this prosperity depends on the intelligence and character of the people, and thus the institutions that are devoted to the cultivation of the intelligence and of the moral faculties are, even from a material and selfish point of view, the most important institutions of the country, and those which have the highest claim on the support of all who are engaged in the acquisition of wealth, no less than of those who cherish high ideals of national character, who believe in the supremacy of spiritual achievement, and who know that "wisdom exalteth them to honor that hold her fast."

But although the resort of youth to the higher institutions of learning is by no means what it ought to be, compared with the growth in wealth and the in-

crease in population of the country, nor what is needed for the protection of its material interests, and for the improvement of its civilization, yet the number of young men who yearly frequent them is not inconsiderable. In the present year, 1890, there are 2079 enrolled at Harvard, of whom 1271 are in the undergraduate department. They come from forty States and Territories of the Union, and a few from foreign countries. They represent every grade in society, from poor to rich; every variety of creed—Orthodox, Liberal, Roman Catholic, Agnostic, Jew; every shade of political opinion; and they meet and mingle on terms of even more complete equality than those which commonly exist in society. There is no community in which artificial distinctions have less influence, and probably there is no one of the larger colleges of the land in which simple collegiate divisions, such as those of the annual classes and of college societies, have less effect in creating distinctions in the ranks of the students. Student life at Harvard is essentially and healthily democratic. In all departments, alike of study or of sport, there are no marked distinctions except the natural ones of character and capacity. The rich student undoubtedly has some advantages over the poor, but they are for the most part either strictly personal, as in the ability to spend more for amusement and in the gratification of special tastes, or they enable him to belong to the more expensive and exclusive, but otherwise in general less desirable clubs. If he be an attractive fellow in bearing and manners, they assist him in gaining a more or less factitious popularity. But the disadvantages of narrow means are less obvious and less felt at Harvard than in society at large, and a youth of independent and reasonable character need never suffer there from any hurt to his feelings because of his poverty. Of course, in college, as in the world, there are heart-burnings produced by the differences in wealth and social position, but, on the whole, the relations of the students with each other are simple, manly, and determined by character and manners rather than by any other considerations.

The evil influence of wealth is more felt here, as in other universities, in another way. Many parents who have acquired riches rapidly, and are desirous of obtaining social position and considera-

tion for their sons, send them to college for this end quite as much as with an aim to a solid education, and supply them with incomes far beyond their legitimate needs. These youths form a small and unfortunate section of the college community, exposed to extraordinary temptation, and often unfitted by domestic training to resist it. They naturally fall into extravagant expenditure that leads to self-indulgence, waste of time, neglect of opportunity, and in some cases to immoral habits. They set a bad example which is not without effect. They raise the standard of expense even for those who are supplied with but a moderate and appropriate income. In the courses of study which they nominally pursue they are a hinderance to the progress of the industrious members of the class. They contribute little or nothing to the welfare of the college. But, on the other hand, they themselves not infrequently derive distinct benefit from their college experience. They could probably find nowhere else so little false regard for wealth; they are for the time members of a community in which other distinctions have a legitimate superiority; they are made aware of the existence of higher ideals than those which riches constitute or enable their owner to attain; they are subjected to a discipline which the outer world of society does not afford; the existence and the power of things of the intelligence are forced upon their attention, and it not infrequently happens that some intellectual interest is awakened in their minds, and they leave college with some mental resources and some respect for the nobler use and ends of life, which, without a college course, they might never have gained.

One fact of much importance which has been very noticeable in recent years is the marked improvement in the general spirit and temper of the undergraduate body. This seems mainly due to three causes—the raising of the average age of the students; the establishment of the elective system, which requires each of them to select and determine his course of study; and, above all, to the policy introduced and now firmly established at Harvard of treating the students as capable of self-government and responsible for their own conduct. Nowhere else is the student more independent and more trusted than at Harvard. He is treated not as a child, but as a man, and the good results which

have followed from this policy are obvious in the improved order, the increased industry, and the readier submission to authority that prevail throughout the university. Among twelve or fifteen hundred youths, most of them just released from the strict discipline of school, or the immediate control of their parents, there will, of course, be some incapable of meeting the responsibility of independence, and of making good use of its opportunities. There are some men who never outgrow a childish habit of mind. But, as a whole, with few exceptions, the students show themselves worthy of the confidence reposed in them. Even those who enter college children in disposition soon learn the folly of prolonged childishness, and acquire a manlier temper. The test to which the students are subjected by becoming at once masters of their own lives is a severe one. Some fail under it; but its effect in developing moral character, through the sense of personal responsibility, is unquestionably beneficial to a great majority. Harvard College is not the place for a youth of weak will, or of convictions in regard to right and wrong that rest on artificial supports. Parents who wish their sons to be constrained to virtue by external observances and formal penalties should not send them hither. It is indeed true that the domestic training and the school education of the actual generation of American children are often lamentably wanting in respect to the simplest elements of sound character, and many parents look to the college to make good defects due to their own inefficiency or neglect. But this is a charge which the college cannot undertake by direct means. It must assume that the youth of eighteen or nineteen years old who enters its gates no longer needs to be treated as an infant. Usually this assumption is correct. It would be difficult to find a better-behaved and better-mannered body of fifteen hundred young men than the students at Cambridge. Offences against good order in college are rare; against good civic order still rarer. The high spirits incident to youth occasionally manifest themselves in exuberant display and in reckless conduct, but lively animal spirits are not characteristic of the American temperament, and there is too little rather than too much of genuine gayety and jollity in college life. Harvard students have

outgrown some of the childish follies, the display of which was not long ago asserted as a cherished right, but they still hold with silly persistence to a few survivals of customs inconsistent with the prevalent spirit of good feeling and good sense. The initiations into certain societies still exhibit something of stupid folly, and occasionally of brutal inconsiderateness; but they do not belong properly with the present order of things, and their suppression may be looked for before long as a result of the common-sense and right feeling of the students themselves. The intention to behave like gentlemen is strong among them, and the spirit of gentlemanliness is, perhaps, as vigorous among them and as widely diffused as in society at large. The sense of honor is apt to be blunt outside as well as inside college walls, and it is not to be expected that students should have a keener perception of the fine and incessant requirements of personal honor than that which prevails in the world from which they come.

The dependence of health and vigor of mind upon health and vigor of body is now the fundamental proposition in every rational scheme of education. The provision made at Harvard for the exercise required for health and for normal physical development is probably as thorough, complete, and intelligent as can be found in any institution of learning. It marks a new stage in the improvement of the university as a place of education, and there is nothing in which the life of the student of to-day differs more widely from that of preceding generations of American undergraduates than in the attention given to the care of the body, in the large share which athletic sports hold among college interests, and in the strong feeling aroused by athletic competitions. The rivalry of the different universities and colleges in athletic contests reminds the scholar of the similar rivalries among the cities of Greece, but our college games wait still for their Pindar to sing the spirit of beautiful youth, with its desire set upon valor and honorable deeds, and the delightful fame that accompanies them.

College games and athletic sports properly regarded are at once promotive of the intellectual interests of the students and subordinate to them. They are the sports of gentlemen who do not aim at

professional excellence as oarsmen or players of any game. The exact limit between professional and amateur excellence in them is not easily defined; but the difference in spirit animating professional and amateur sport is obvious. The interest and the worth of sport as part of college discipline and amusement are lessened and its character is degraded in proportion as the participants in it strive for excellence other than that which may be attained by a youth who does not allow it to become the chief object of his efforts, but who holds it in its right place as a pleasant and animating recreation and a manly accomplishment. Fair play, honor to opponents, cheerful acceptance of defeat, modest acceptance of victory, are conditions essential to contests between gentlemen, and if they cannot be secured in intercollegiate contests, these contests must cease. The entrance of the professional spirit into college athletics has tended to promote the vice, now common, of betting upon the issue of the games. Harvard is now taking the lead in the reform of the objectionable practices that have lowered the character of college athletic sports.

But while athletics have of late occupied a larger share of public attention than the other parts of college training, and have seemed consequently to have a disproportionate development in college life, the progress of Harvard since the war as an institution of mental education and of learning, and its advance toward the position of a true university, have been such as greatly to change its relative position to all other institutions of a similar sort in the United States. The last twenty years have been a period of transition for Harvard from the traditional, narrow academic system to a new, liberal, and comprehensive system, in which the ideal of an American university—a different ideal from the English or the German—is gradually working itself out. The result is not yet complete, the ideal not yet realized, so far as the realization of such an ideal may be possible, but the progress toward it is steady. No work of greater importance to the nation has been going on anywhere during this time. It deserves far greater popular attention than it has received, far greater popular support. Harvard has become an institution in which an American may feel a legitimate pride.

An outline can render but little of the life of a great figure, but it may show its proportions. In her undergraduate department Harvard offers this year one hundred and eighty full elective courses of instruction, each requiring attendance of three hours a week at recitation or lecture. The main intent of an undergraduate student should be to secure instruction in those branches of knowledge likely to be most serviceable for the general culture of his mind, and for providing him with intellectual tastes and resources. It is a misuse of rare opportunities if he confines himself to studies of a technically scientific character, or to such as partake of the character of the professional studies to which he intends to give his later years of preparation for life in the world. It may, indeed, be his misfortune that, obliged by narrow means to hasten his entrance to a profession that shall provide him with a livelihood, he is compelled to neglect the generous and liberalizing studies of letters and the arts, studies known collectively under the fortunate term of the humanities, in order to concentrate himself on special lines of professional work. But everything is done at Harvard to prevent or to diminish this necessity by the provision of scholarships by which a considerable part of the cost of his education is lifted from the shoulders of the poor, industrious, and capable student. The cost of living at Harvard on the most economical basis consistent with health, and including the tuition fee of \$150, may be set at from \$400 to \$475 a year. In this sum are not included the expenses of the long vacation or the cost of clothes. Every year not less than one hundred and twenty-five scholarships, to the aggregate amount of \$29,590, and varying in individual amount from \$90 to \$300, are distributed to needy and meritorious students, so that the actual cost of education at Harvard for such a student, receiving a scholarship of the average value of \$236, need not be more than about the same sum. He can, without excessive labor, secure his degree of A.B. in three years, and if he has been wise in the selection of his studies, he will be able to enter one of the professional schools already in possession of faculties disciplined by serious training, and of a general mental culture of inestimable worth for the happiness and refinement of life.

The number of teachers giving instruc-

tion in the undergraduate department and the graduate school is not far from one hundred, and they are roughly divided among the different branches of learning as follows:

Ancient History, Languages, and Literature.	16
Modern Language, Literature, and Arts . . .	22
Modern History and Political Economy. . . .	15
Metaphysics and Ethics	6
Mathematics	9
Natural Science and Chemistry	24
Physical Science	6

The courses of study offered this year for undergraduate and graduate students (not including the professional schools) are 216 in number.

Ample provision, on a scale not attained elsewhere in America, is made for the needs of scientific instruction in the biological, chemical, and physical laboratories, in the geological and mineralogical cabinets, in the collections of natural history, and in the botanical gardens. But the centre of the intellectual life of the university is to be found in the library, which, under the charge of its present eminent librarian, Mr. Justin Winsor, is administered with a liberality and efficiency unparalleled in any collegiate library in the world. The college library proper now contains about 270,000 volumes and about 260,000 pamphlets, and if the libraries of the separate schools and classrooms be added, the total number of volumes falls little short of 360,000. The accessions to the library proper during the ten years from 1880 to 1889 inclusive have been at the rate of something over 11,000 volumes annually. The number of persons making use of the library steadily increases from year to year. Fourteen years ago 57 per cent. of the students made use of it, in 1887-8 the proportion for the whole college had increased to 89 per cent., for the three upper classes to 97 per cent.; in 1888-9 the respective numbers were 87 per cent. and 95 per cent. A more striking illustration of the general intellectual activity of the undergraduates could hardly be found. Every student is allowed to take out three volumes at a time, and to change them as often as he may desire. The total number of volumes taken out in 1887-8 was 65,639; in 1888-9 it was 68,892. The use of books within the library itself is constant and increasing. Every facility is provided to make its stores accessible and serviceable to the utmost degree. There can hardly be a greater advantage

to the young student, no less than to the old, than this placing at his free disposal of the treasures of a great library, and there is nothing in which a greater contrast is afforded to the common practice of most foreign universities. The advanced student who returns to Harvard after a residence abroad finds in its open library a compensation for whatever other advantages a foreign seat of learning may offer. In this administration of its library Harvard has set a needed and beneficial example to all other institutions of learning. A natural doubt may, however, arise as to whether a young student, unaccustomed to the use of books, is likely to make judicious use of the opportunity thus put within his reach; but it is to be remembered that his use will generally be guided in the first instance by the directions of his instructors, and that he will thus gradually learn how to help himself in the vast choice set before him of the books fitted for his needs or his entertainment.

The advice and assistance of teachers is not confined to the class-room or the matter of studies. Under a provision lately put in effect every student on his entrance to college is referred to a member of the Faculty, who will act as his adviser in regard to all matters in which he may stand in need of counsel, such, for instance, as a judicious scheme and choice of courses of study, and the best use of his time and opportunities in college in view of his proposed aims in after-life, or as to his social, economical, and moral interests. The student is thus brought at once into kindly and humane relations with a representative of the college authorities, and no parent need be afraid, lest, in sending his son to Harvard, he should be left without the help of judicious, disinterested, and friendly counsel.

The progress of the university as a true school of learning has been nowhere more marked of late than in the improvement of its professional schools. In the Law and Medical schools this has been brought about mainly by the raising of the requirements of admission to them, by better methods and enlarged scope of instruction, by the introduction of thorough examinations, and by insisting upon a longer period of study as preliminary to the obtaining of a degree. The required term of instruction is now at least one year longer than it was twenty years

ago. The change thus wrought in these schools is radical and their example has done much to raise the standard of professional education throughout the country. In the Divinity School the change has been not less remarkable. The professors have been drawn without preference from denominations of widely differing creeds, orthodox and liberal alike; they have worked together in perfect harmony; the long tradition of high learning in the profession has been maintained by them, while their number has been increased, and the range of instruction enlarged. The instructors, no less than the pupils, have felt the benefit of these changes, and the spirit of energetic industry which animates all the schools reacts to its advantage upon the undergraduate department.

But the most important development of the university in late years has been that of what is now known as the Graduate School, that is, the department of advanced studies pursued by graduates who intend to devote themselves to teaching, or to independent investigation and research in some one of the higher branches of knowledge, or to general self-culture. The importance of these studies as essential to the progress of civilization is felt in proportion to the growth of the nation in wealth and material power. The United States cannot maintain an equal position with other nations in this progress except by the fostering of these highest intellectual pursuits, and no duty is more imperative upon our leading schools of learning than to offer the best attainable instruction in those studies by which knowledge may be increased, the level of intellectual life elevated, and the consequent moral improvement of the community secured. The teachers capable of giving this indispensable instruction are comparatively few, and the means for providing them with appropriate salaries, as well as with the leisure requisite for their own progress, are scanty as yet in every American institution of learning. It is not claiming too much to say that Harvard is, in these respects, at least not inferior to any other in the United States. Indeed, in certain respects she distinctly leads the advance; for she embraces within the university not only the schools of professional training, but also a collection of separate institutions devoted to the increase of

special knowledge, and so equipped as to make them the rivals of the best that could be brought into comparison with them in any country. Such is the Museum of Comparative Zoology, whose magnificent collections, due to the genius, the labors, and the liberality of the two Agassiz, father and son, afford to the student of zoology means as ample and as well arranged to assist him in the progress of his studies as any museum in the world; such, too, is the Botanical Museum, established by the great master of American botany, Asa Gray, and presided over by teachers worthy of their master; such are the Chemical Laboratory, and the Jefferson Physical Laboratory, in which the most modern means and appliances are provided for the prosecution of a science that with astonishing rapidity is extending its triumphs in the conquest of new fields from nature; such is the Observatory, for which the genius and devotion of successive directors, and the generous endowments of private persons, have secured a position in the first rank of astronomical observatories. All these and other important subsidiary institutions are open to pupils prepared to take advantage of the means of instruction which they offer. For students of other subjects in science, and of literature and philosophy, advanced instruction is provided according to their needs and proficiency, while the resources which the library affords are even more important to the graduate than the undergraduate student. The school is strengthened by fellowships and scholarships which have been endowed by benefactors of the university, "for the encouragement," to borrow the terms of one of these endowments, "of a higher, broader, and more thorough scholarship than is required or expected of undergraduates in all sound literature or learning," or, in the words of another of the deeds of gift, "for assisting to support one or more pupils....preferably such as shall express the determination to devote their lives to the advancement of theoretic science and original investigation." In the present year there are 112 students registered in this department, and there seems to be good reason to anticipate that its growth will henceforth be steady. To raise the standard of intellectual work in this country nearer to the highest level attained by it elsewhere, to attract disinterested scholars in

greater numbers, men who pursue their studies primarily for the sake of pure learning, and not for a livelihood, scholars who in their turn shall lead the advance of knowledge, and help to supply the ever-increasing need of higher intelligence and better culture, of competent criticism, efficient suggestion and wise leadership in politics and in society, men who shall keep alive in themselves and quicken in others the best ideals of individual and national life, who shall be fitted to guide and help and instruct and inspire the youth of each generation—this is the chief problem which Harvard and other of our principal schools of learning are now engaged in solving.

The real vitality of a university deserving of the name depends, indeed, not so much on the excellence and abundance of the direct guidance which it offers along the most advanced lines of the ever-advancing forces of learning, as upon the spirit with which it inspires its students. The highest end of the highest education is not anything which can be directly taught, but is the consummation of all studies. It is the final result of intellectual culture in the development of the breadth, serenity, and solidity of mind, and in the attainment of that complete self-possession which finds expression in character. To secure this end, one means, above all, is requisite, which has, strangely enough, been greatly neglected in our schemes of education, namely, the culture of the faculty of imagination. For it is by means of this faculty, acting in conjunction with and under the control of reason, that the true nature and relative importance of the objects of study are to be discovered, and the attainment of knowledge for practical use brought into connection with the pursuit of truth as the intellectual basis of conduct. The largest acquisitions of knowledge remain barren unless quickened by the imagination into vital elements of moral discipline and growth. The activity of the imagination is needed not more for the interpretation of history than for the appreciation of the significance of literature and the fine arts, whose chief interest consists not in their works as independent products, but as expressions of the inner life and highest powers of man; it is needed not more for the recognition of the nature and the discovery of the solution of social problems than

for the ordering of the multifarious facts of the exact sciences so as to discriminate the principles or laws of which each fact is an illustration. Mathematics, physical and natural science, philology in its widest acceptance, all mere knowledge, in fine, affords the material for the ultimate work of the imagination, and it is therefore the culture of the imagination which, if the advanced courses of study in the university are to be properly ordered, demands attention beyond that which, in the oldest and most famous institutions of learning, has hitherto been accorded to it. The neglect with which the studies directly contributing to this culture have been treated is easily to be accounted for historically, and the conditions of our actual civilization are hardly more favorable for them than those of the past have been. It is true, indeed, that their need has become more obvious with the splendid rapidity of the progress in mere knowledge characteristic of our own times. Progress in knowledge does not necessarily involve a corresponding contemporaneous progress in intelligence, wisdom, and virtue; on the contrary, its common, immediate, and direct effect is to strengthen the forces of materialism, and the chief efforts of our higher institutions of learning should therefore be directed to provide such education as may serve more or less to counteract this prevailing tendency. And this education is to be found, and found only, in the intelligent and comprehensive study of those arts in which men have sought to express themselves—their thoughts, feelings, and emotions—in forms of beauty. For it is these arts which set the standard of human attainment, and it is the study of them that affords the best culture of the imagination. This study should be regarded as the proper accompaniment and crown of all other studies. All others are enlightened and elevated by it. The studies that nourish the soul, that afford permanent resources of delight and recreation, that maintain ideals of conduct, and develop those sympathies upon which the progress and welfare of society depend, are the studies that quicken and nourish the imagination and are vivified and moralized by it. The greatest need of Harvard, as of other universities, at the present time, is that of endowments for fuller instruction in the learning which tends to the direct cultivation of this faculty.

A striking illustration of the general indifference to it is afforded at Harvard by the disregard of the influence of architecture as an element in education, as shown in the character of the buildings erected in the last half-century, and which are evidences of the material prosperity of the university. Harvard by no means stands alone in her neglect in this respect. No one denies that their surroundings have a subtle and strong though perhaps unconsciously received influence upon the disposition of men. No one denies that culture of the eye in the recognition and appreciation of beauties of form, color, and proportion is desirable; that the pleasure if not the happiness of life is increased by enjoyment of these things. No one denies that noble and beautiful buildings, in noble association and well designed for the purposes for which they are intended, become more and more impressive from generation to generation as they become more richly invested with associations of human interest. The youth who lives surrounded by beautiful and dignified buildings to which inspiring memories belong cannot but be strongly affected, less or more, consciously or unconsciously, according to his native sensibilities and perceptions, by the constant presence of objects that, while pleasing and refining the eye, cultivate his sense of beauty, and arouse not merely poetic emotion, but his sympathy with the spirit and generous efforts of his distant predecessors. His inward nature takes on an impress from the outer sight. He may need help at first to discern the expression in the work of the beauty which it embodies, but he needs no help to feel its dignity and venerableness. The value of the influence of noble architecture, simple as it may be, at a great seat of education, especially in our country, is hardly to be overestimated; and yet it has been either absolutely disregarded at Harvard, or, if recognized, the attempt to secure buildings that should exert this influence has been little short of total failure. If some great benefactor of the university should arise, ready to do a work that should hand down his name in ever-increasing honor with posterity, he might require the destruction of all the buildings erected in the last half-century, and their reconstruction with simple and beautiful design, in mutually helpful, harmonious, and effective relation to each

other, so that the outward aspect of the university should better consist with its object as a place for the best education of the youth of the nation. Such a superb work of patriotism is hardly to be expected in this generation, but at some time it must be accomplished, by individual or by public means, if the university is ever to fulfil one of its most important functions.

Conspicuous as Harvard is, there is no wonder that she is the object of constant criticism. So long as this criticism is honest and founded upon knowledge, there is nothing but good in it. But the peculiar position which Harvard occupies exposes her to much criticism that is ignorant, unfair, and at times malevolent. Absolutely independent as she is in matters of religion of sectarian relations, she lacks the support of any denomination, and is exposed to attack from newspapers which, nominally religious, are actually sectarian in character, and have at heart the special interest of denominational institutions of learning. Her old motto, "*Christo et Ecclesiæ*," Harvard translates literally, "To Christ and His Church"—the Church that embraces all mankind. Her position is not acceptable to sectaries, and the very strength which she derives from it exposes her to many an embittered assault. Another but inferior source of unfair criticism has its origin in the disappointments which occur among the large body of her pupils and their friends. Among a thousand students there will always be a proportion of failures, and another proportion to which the special opportunities of any given institution will prove unfitted. Both these classes are tempted to find excuses for their failure in defects of the institution, either imaginary, or exaggerated and admitting of remedy. A worthless student, who has made a sorry affair of his college course, vents his spleen in misrepresentations of the college which could not save him in his own despite. But Harvard courts publicity. She has nothing but gain to anticipate from it. Even were it not so, she would still court it; for her ruling desire is not for her own credit and success, but for the best progress of university education. Harvard has at least educated herself so far that jealousy is not a ruling element in her character. I say she courts publicity, but not that of advertisement and puffery. There is no institution of learning in the world that

makes a more candid and full exposition of itself from year to year than that which she makes in the Annual Reports of her President and Treasurer, with the accompanying reports of the heads of her different departments. They afford as complete and exact a view as possible of the actual state of the university, and they may be had by any one for the asking. The statement of the Treasurer is always a remarkable and interesting document. It presents a detailed account of the finances of the university—its investments, receipts, and expenditures. The value of such a statement consists not only in its effect in maintaining public confidence in the careful management of the funds in the hands of the corporation, but also in its laying open for public comment and criticism the cost of each department of the university and exhibiting its needs. It is well understood that a university, like a hospital, should always be poor, in the sense of finding its income insufficient for the demand upon it, and of constantly expending all its available means for the promotion of the objects for which it exists. The invested funds of Harvard increase by gift or legacy to the amount of hundreds of thousands of dollars annually. For the past five years—from August 31, 1884, to August 31, 1889—the average amount of this annual increase has been \$361,253. Large as this sum is, Harvard stands in need of much more. Her total invested funds amounted at the close of her last financial year to nearly seven millions of dollars—a sum inadequate to supply the means for such services to the community as she is prepared to render, provided only that she has the requisite income; a paltry sum in comparison with the wealth of many of her own graduates, and in its paltriness discreditable not only to them, but to the men of wealth in the nation at large, whose privilege no less than whose duty it is to provide from their superabundant means for the higher education of the people. Harvard needs at this moment, in order to fulfil her functions satisfactorily, an immediate endowment of not less than five millions, with steady annual accessions in proportion to the steady increase of the claims upon her, to enlarge the scope and variety of her teachings; to promote original work by which knowledge shall be increased; to provide salaries and pensions for her teachers such as

shall give them a livelihood appropriate to their calling and social position, and to relieve them from anxiety in regard to the years when they shall be no longer capable of active service.

But the true life of a university depends finally not so much on the abundance of its means as on the character of those who use them, on the spirit that animates its administrators and instructors, and on their individual capacity to exercise a right influence upon their pupils. Harvard has been fortunate in a long succession of eminent teachers, who have won from generation to generation the respect of their pupils, and have set to them an example of devotion to duty, and of simplicity and dignity of life. It is a piece of conspicuous good fortune that at the present time, when the transition is going on from the traditional methods and conditions of a colonial college to the forms and requirements of a national university, she has at her head one of the ablest, most foresighted, and liberal-minded of public servants.

The steady and solid progress made by Harvard during the past twenty years of President Eliot's administration affords the promise of future advance. No pause is possible in the course of an institution which by its very nature is forced to advance with the progress of knowledge and with the ever-increasing demands of the community. The standard of such a seat of learning is continually rising. Each forward step compels the next. It can, indeed, never reach its aim, never perfectly fulfil its function. Its ideal remains constantly unattainable, though constantly more clearly defined and more distinctly visible. And yet the permanent features of this ideal never vary. They bear always the fair proportions of a school where truth is sought by research, inquiry, and speculation; where the youth of a nation are taught to obtain mastery of themselves by the discipline of character as well as by acquisition of knowledge; where they are helped to the understanding of their nature and duties as social beings, and are instructed not only in matters serviceable to their individual interests, but in the nobler learning by which they are inspired to subordinate their personal concerns to the good of the community. The ideal university is the training-place of the wisest, strongest, and best men. Such a university Harvard aspires to become.

THE SOCIAL SIDE OF YACHTING.

BY J. D. JERROLD KELLEY, U.S.N.

I.

Of the man who row out of yachting requires leisure, patience, and money. In boats there is a wide liberty of choice, and type and rig are always a question of intention. An ideal cruiser may be built, and, so far as the inexact science of naval architecture permits, a capital racer be designed, but the best qualities of both can never be combined, because of the compromises required by extreme development in any single direction.



Then, too, the environment of the yachtsman limits his liberty as much, perhaps, as his theory of the sport. He may elect to cruise or to race; to take his outing within our peaceful waters or off stormier coasts. He may be bitten by the tarantula of matches, be possessed of the fury of mug-hunting. There are owners, generally elder brethren of the guild, who distil their sailing elixir from sedate potterings coastwise. These are eager only for fine weather, night anchorages, and capable stewards. These are content to skim blue waters peacefully, and to gain occasional cups or sweepstakes in amiable contests with similar, easy-going ships. Others struggle till they bleed by the seven veins for prizes and squadron trophies; and when the cruise is done, and the mugs have escaped them, they diminish their rigs from clew to earling, and for the fag-end of the season seek consolation in waters eastward.

But whatever you may do, be sure that the best possibilities of yachting are found mainly in such boats of a good size as have not had their safety and comfort

sacrificed to speed. For all-around pleasure the usual small boat is no better than a harness cask; but if the yachtsman has had a sea training, or has been long enough on the water to accept its moods, its wiles, and tricks with philosophy, he can get out of small deep boats a world of profitable enjoyment. For these unite comfort, safety, and speed in a high degree, and when properly handled return a very great deal for the money expended.

If, however, the yachtsman pins his faith to a type which is more nearly American in essential ideas, he will find that a well-found ship costs much to build, more to keep going, and when no longer wanted, sells for a song. The leisure of the man really fond of the water and embarked for pleasure ought to be unvexed, abundant; a holiday free from discordant interruptions, independent of wind and tide, careless of calm and current drifting him miles to leeward of his port. His patience must smile life's little miseries afloat into the limbo of indifference; must be such as blinks at impositions with the blindness of angels. And the money! Ah! the coin of the realm. Put money in your purse, sweet sirs; put money in your purse when you go a-yachting. It cannot be little nor doled grudgingly; it may be like the purse of Fortunatus, and flow as freely as the waters of the salt sea.

A horse may or may not eat his head off in a year, but, like the torch-bearing Arab and his brothers, a yacht can bolt itself from truck to keelson, from knight-head to stern-post, in a season. Time happily was when regattas and cruises were shared by men able to spend every summer a far-reaching thousand dollars or two, but those were the days of wampum and civic crudeness, and such chances linger no more in the nests of yachting years.

There are men of idleness, wise and wary in experience, with treasures not so deep as a well nor so wide as a church door, who sail the year around, or, in their hardest luck, for many days in every season. But these are the masters, the illuminati; theirs is genius, and this a gift coming by the light of nature, and with its magic sealed save to the adept.



THE OWNER AND HIS FRIEND.

I wonder how they do it—so well, so gracefully!

Others, mainly of the cat-boat and jib and mainsail class, who have neither time nor coin to spare, steal afloat on rare holidays, whitening our bays and rivers with shining sails. Plate and pewter trophies of victory burden their sideboards; they enter and capsize in every regatta from the Capes of Delaware to Portland Bay; and no Admiral of the Blue dares on occasion to be half so nautical in garb and lingo as these are normally. But, scoff as they may, theirs are not the joys, theirs are the kicks and not the ha'pence of the sport.

Their fun, riotous in sunshine and soldiers' breezes, is grewsome when dreary and dripping days send their little crafts shivering shoreward with hatches clapped to tightly. They know the conveniences of a howling cow-boy; they endure trials under which St. Simon of the Pillar succumbed. The sunshine must be hoarded till its sweetness is extracted to the latest sip; their calendars are white or black as waters are smooth or rough. If their pleasure be taken in a single-hander they

are unhappy, for, at the best, it is dull work sailing alone; and if they are gregarious, what could be more dispiriting than cruising with a free company, knowing no leader, living in quarters as crowded and bilgy as a slaver's hold, and at the bitter end bickering like buccaneers over the shot and reckoning?

From the beginning yachting has been a diversion of those known favorably by bankers, and "favored with the friendship of the nobility and gentry." Of course, like other amusements, it has grown more expensive year by year, and more is the pity of it. In England it has always found favor with the very rich, from the days when Phineas Pett, master designer, filched the idea from Holland, and built in 1604, for Henry, Prince of Wales, the first recorded pleasure craft. Pepys and Evelyn tell how royalty encouraged it. "By water to Woolwich," writes the former, "and saw the yacht lately built with the help of Commissioner Pett. . . . Set out from Greenwich with the little Dutch *Bezan* to try for the mastery, and before they got to Woolwich the Dutch beat them half a mile; and I hear this afternoon on coming home, it got before three miles, which all our people are glad of." This *Bezan* was the *Mary*, a yacht given to King Charles by the Dutch East India Company. Evelyn describes the first Corinthian race, a match for £100, between the King and his brother, that scurvy sailor, the Duke of York. The course was from Greenwich to Gravesend, and the King "lost it going, but saved stakes returning, sometimes steering himself, his Majesty being aboard with divers noble persons and lords." Mark this—the noble company. *That* has not changed at any rate. Like the King, an owner never lacks for divers persons, lords or commoners. Even in our days no one need be lonesome on a yacht.

And this is fortunate; otherwise what a world of engaging qualities would moulder for lack of fruitful gardening, for dearth of sunshine, dew, and air! A hundred varied but excellent motives, called into activity by this giving and taking of hospitality, expand the owner's heart, crowd his quarters, and encourage into lively growth the accomplishments of his guests. What an audience for the story-teller! What a fallow field for the chestnut planter, for the banjo picker, for the singer

who is high proof against night air, fogs, encores, and commissariat!

What a lucky dog is the friend of an owner! How opportunist an associate useful he can be! And, luckiest of all, the favored one, ready with quips and quaint fancies, who hears the gentleman paying the rent say, with effusion: "There, old man, there is your card clinched over the best state-room door. Whenever you sail with me, out goes the occupant, whoever he may be—and we'll all have a drink on it now. Steward, bring glasses!" Ah! benign indeed is the star of such a being, and I do not know but I had better begin again, and say that the choicest possibilities of yachting are given only to those who can bring to it leisure, patience, and some other fellow's boat and money.

The yachting season opens upon Decoration Day, and the regattas run well into June. Mindless of the uncertain winds and balmy skies of this month, the clubs urge their cracks into a spin, or quite as often leave them to drift around an inside course. The events are always interesting at the start, and have a sentimental value because each year introduces the rosebud craft, if I may borrow this poetic adjective from the chroniclers of society small-beer. Enthusiastic friends of both sexes crowd the club steamers to the guards, and should the race be finished between luncheon and dinner, applaud the victors with joy as boundless and with hearts as free as the blue sea so carefully avoided.

After this dress parade is over, nothing official bothers the yachtsman, and he may steam or sail or lie at anchor, as his fancy wills. But as soon as late July and early August shut down the throttle of trade, and give ease for repairs and oiling the machinery of money-spinning, the clubs are summoned to a rendezvous for the annual cruise. This meeting is always appointed for some central harbor, the clubs about New York usually selecting one of the pleasant roadsteads

indenting the Long Island or Connecticut shores.

When the day comes, the yachts already assembled await eagerly the arrival of the Commodore, for custom demands that he should find his squadron gathered. Just before sunset, rarely later, the black hull with the blue flag at the main rounds



the ledge buoy at the river's mouth, and steams sturdily for the anchorage. Off the light-house she is slowed, later stopped, then backed; and just as stern-board is making, the engines wheeze into silence, the anchor with sudden prodigality drops bodily, shank and ring, from the cathead, and the water about the forefoot whitens into spray and foam. Slowly she slips astern in spite of the rattling



A LITTLE FISHING.

and clinking of her straightening chain; and at last brings up with a jerk that tautens the cable viciously from shackle to hawse-pipe. The lower booms swing out to the cheery piping of a bo's'n's whistle, and are squared, lift and guy, with a nicety dividing west and sou'west sides; a jet of smoke darts from the starboard gun-port, a resounding echo grumbles hillward, and as the Commodore makes his finest bow from the bridge, the world may know the tryst has been kept, and the mating of flag and pennant has been saluted decorously.

Then the expected, the inevitable follows. It is a sulphurous, brain-cracking pandemonium.

Yachts, big and little, steamers, schooners, sloops, and cutters bang to starboard and to port; bang ahead, to windward and to lee, and with a welcoming fusillade that drives all the joy out of life, all the peace from sea and shore. Smoke, choking fumes, the misery of villanous salt-petre, of heart-breaking clamor, are everywhere. Powder clouds, flame-slitted, roll upon the water, and soar till a silvery eclipse shuts out the hulls and spars, and even "the topmast truck, where flew the burgee with the field of blue," as the

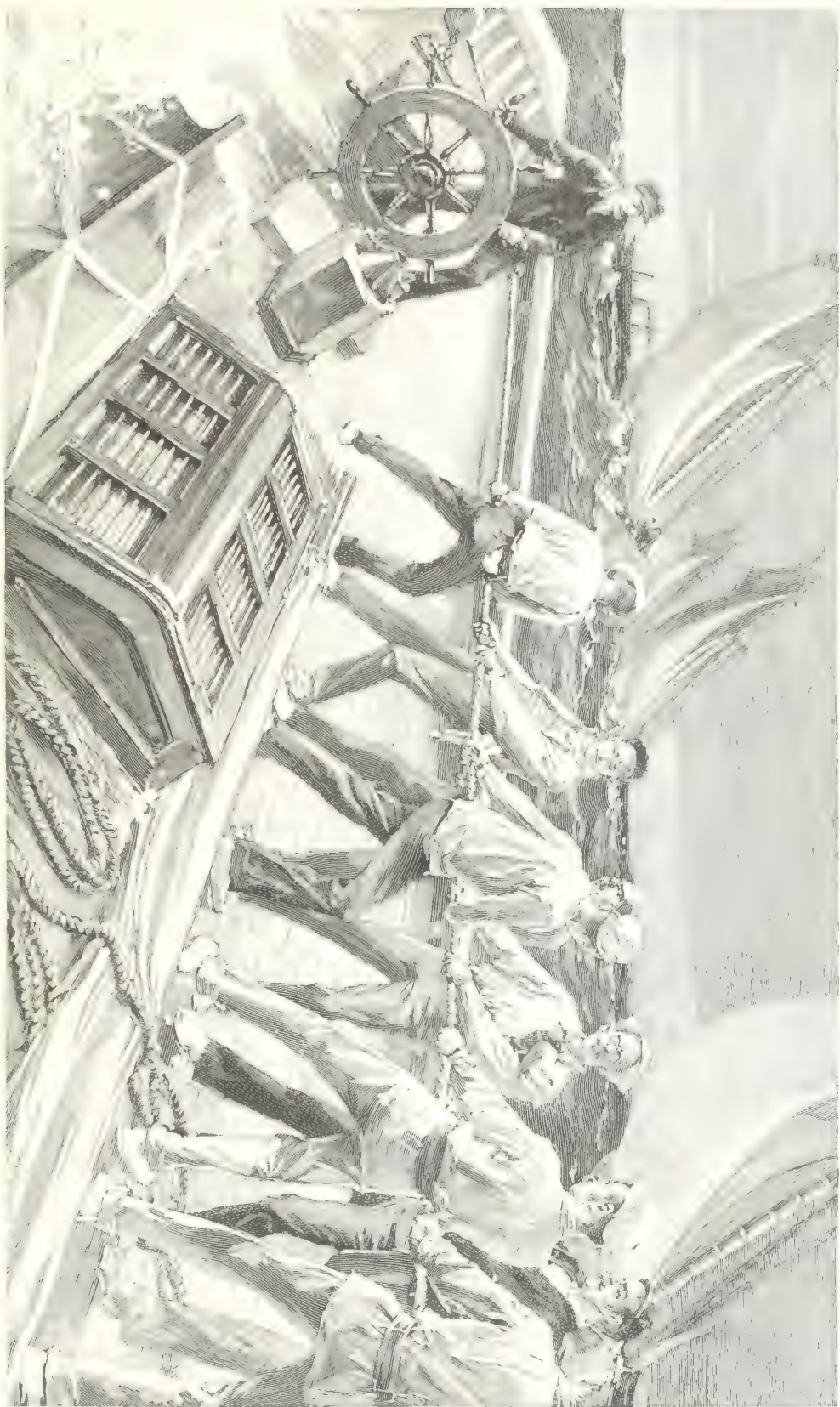
fo'c's'le poet tune-fully sings. The green shores, the river, the beaconed ledges and buoyed reefs, the light-house on the spit, the summer homes, the dull dead seaport, all slip helplessly into the Powder Fog, and for a time are lost on a Grand Bank of its making.

After the Commodore returns the salute with his port gun, the vapor blows down the wind, and the hulls—mainly black and white, with always a touch of gold and the sheen of bright work somewhere—emerge from the gray after-haze. The ensigns flap into distinctness of color,

the tracery of gear and spars is silhouetted against the greenery ashore, and the squadron drifts against the blue above, and floats double swan and shadow—in the blue below.

You may count this gentleman's park of masts intershot with steamers' funnels until your eyes and fingers can no longer reckon, and you will not enumerate the half of it. You will, perhaps, be lost in profitable revery when you come to measure what these hundred and odd boats represent, for they are the files of a small battalion in the army of workers that have conquered the material. They mean fruitful energy, luck nearly always, often victory over tremendous odds. Here are ripened the luxuries which we all think we deserve as well as our neighbor, and could enjoy so much better. Here is the outward evidence of ease and freedom, of plenty in a world where most of us have to fight so hard for other things than cakes and ale and ginger hot i' the mouth too.

It is the luxury of life open to the admeasurement of all, and with the merit that, though it may be hedged in, it cannot be debased by money. Amateurs must always control it; it will ever be the one



COASTGUARD CREW HAULING AFT THE MAIN SHEET



PLATE II.

beginning of things a yacht is always an expression of its owner's individuality, a witness to his opportunities. Between any two boats, even those equipped and sailed under similar possibilities, sharper contrasts exist than within the same owners' homes ashore. The element of cost must always, therefore, be an individual question; and the problem can be solved only by an appeal in each instance to the one person who is in possession of the facts. An outsider may hit and miss all around it, hitting perhaps rather closely in the widely divergent cases of boats sailed either with an absurd bung and spigot lavishness or with a farcical meanness. The first cost of a craft, the number of her crew: their wages, rations, and uniforms; the probable repairs, insurance, interest, and annual depreciation; the length of the season—all these factors may be treated intelligently. But who

can weigh the personal elements, the temperament of the owner, his scale of living, the extent of his hospitality, the honesty of his servants, the watchfulness exercised, the work to be done—for racing costs more than cruising?

Here at anchor, for example, are two steamers, one a family ship, the other the cruiser of a bachelor, both belong to the very highest class, A 1, first rate, and well found, and are fit for service in any navigable waters of the world. The annual expenditures are very great, but the returns in comfort and amusement must justify them, for both boats are nearly always in commission.

The former has on deck three steel houses, teak-sheathed and mahogany-lined; in the forward one is a smoking-room, furnished with divans and tables, and so framed with plate-glass windows as to give an uninterrupted view ahead

and on each beam. Aft this are a chart-room and cabin kitchen, between which a vestibule and carved oak stairway lead below to the saloon and owner's quarters. The saloon is thirty-one feet wide and eighteen long; its floor is a mosaic of hard-woods, and the sides and ceiling are wainscoted and panelled with polished native woods, and finished in an enamel

and salt water. Electric bells and incandescent lamps are at command, and through a wide-rimmed, polished air port a cheering measure of sea and sky is secured. A nursery nineteen feet long, eleven in width, completes the owner's special quarters. In this well-ventilated anomaly on shipboard a child's berth is built four feet from the floor. Beneath this,

sliding snugly out-board in the daytime, is a nurse's bed: this can be extended to such a distance at night that should the child be thrown out in bad weather by a lurch or roll, it will land safely on the mattress below or upon its attendant, who is presumably a cheerfully elastic person.

A scuttle in the pantry gives access to the store-rooms, wet and dry, to the ice locker, and to the apparatus for making artificial ice. A separate stairway connects the pantry with the kitchen above, which may thus be called "hygienic," as it is in every sense on the roof. These quarters, with the linen closets, clothes lockers, toilet-rooms, and a glass armory, occupy the space in the centre of the ship between the first watertight compartment, where the crew live in downy ease, and the forward bulkhead of the boiler-room, where the coal-heavers and firemen smoke surreptitiously the soothing but penetrating



INTERVIEWING THE COOK

of white and gold. A carved mantel and fireplace face the entrance; overhead is a domed skylight; and in every available spot rugs, tapestries, pictures, cabinets, lamps, the hundred and one accessories of the most opulent homes, accentuate the warmth of color. Forward of this are eight state-rooms, built of cherry and walnut picked out in white and gold, and furnished with rugs and tapestries. Each has a hand-carved bed, dressing-table, chiffonier, and wardrobe. In the floor a porcelain bath is let so deftly that the trap can scarcely be seen, even when the rug is removed. In a corner a Scotch marble basin is supplied with hot, cold,

black 'baccy. A passageway, recessed and upholstered at one point to give a view of the machinery, leads aft to a library fitted and furnished as luxuriously as the saloon. Aft this are seven state-rooms for guests, no whit less perfectly appointed than those of the family, and with a separate companion-way. In the after-house on deck is a ladies' saloon and a fair-weather state room for the owner, and from it a stairway leads to the library. This vessel cruises at home and abroad, and carries a crew of fifty. Her cost was three hundred thousand dollars, and the annual expenditure amounts to one hundred thousand.



DINNER IN THE CABIN.

In the second steamer, the smoking-room is of oak, the wainscoting and ceiling are built of artistically panelled mahogany, and the furniture is upholstered in olive-green plush. Heavy plate-glass windows give a view half-way around the horizon, and if any one knows a better place to smoke a cigar at anchor or under way, let him stand and deliver. Aft this is the chart-room, flanked by a carved stairway leading below. In the saloon, brass chandeliers, decorated in the Persian style, hang clear of a skylight colored in harmony with the general treatment. The mantel, panelled in carved old English oak, is supported by dolphins, and the nickel grate is fitted in a recess tiled with blue and silver. The bevelled glass doors of the bookcases flame with prismatic colors; the wainscoting is sheathed with mahogany and cherry, and the walls are of dark blue lincrusta, figured into squares, and ornamented and intertwined by golden thistles. The ceiling is tinted ocean blue, with all man-

ner of odd marine animals "swimming about in this immovable sea with trailing golden wakes," as the reporter from whom I borrow the description joyfully records. Every nook and corner is crowded with the artistic fruits of taste, travel, and money. A carved cherry bedstead, chiffonier, wardrobe, and wash-stand form the permanent furniture of the owner's room; its walls are covered with flowered chintz, and the door is panelled and fitted with mirrors. In the ladies' saloon forward the wainscoting is moulded into squares, and the sides are draped with cretonne; bevelled mirrors are let into the doors and cabinets; and there are crystal chandeliers in bronze framings, and brass side lamps fitted for use with oil or electricity. The floor is laid in highly polished hard-woods, and in an angle stands an upright piano, framed and carved in harmony with the other furniture of the room. The crew have comfortable quarters forward, number over fifty, and are given employment the year around.



SCENES IN COASTS.

These slight sketches of the living quarters faintly outline the luxury of such vessels, and though the larger ships offer many possibilities yet in all points it is total to the advantage of the smaller. No one could imagine a ship so fitted to receive the living up to this particular blue china must cost, though it can be described in a few words, and some of the details open to everybody. One authority in a position to know states that for a season of five months a steam launch forty to fifty feet long, with a cabin, a stove, a small engine, and a small boiler, will cost about \$10,000, and one slightly larger, with flush decks, not less than \$15,000, and the same for the same

with crews varying from thirty to fifty men, the monthly expenditure varies from \$6000 to \$12,000; and in two yachts of this kind described by another writer, who gave the details, the annual cost was figured at \$150,000 each; and in an isolated instance where a steamer made the voyage around the world, the expense for the five months' cruise was said to have been something over \$50,000. Leaving these extreme cases, and taking as a fair basis steamers belonging to the class which includes vessels measuring from seventy-five to one hundred feet, we get the following fixed charges: monthly wages, fireman, cook, steward, three deck hands, engineer, and pilot, \$380; coal,

\$200; repairs, deck stores, engine room supplies, uniforms, \$540; and mess, \$380; commissioning and laying up, \$2500; total for five months, \$10,000. If to this be added what it costs for the cabin outfit, without the delusion that you are saving so much on your shore expenses—for in the long run you never do—it will be seen that it costs a pretty penny for the sport.

There is not a very great difference, save for coal, in the running expenses of a steamer and a sailing craft. Indeed, on similar displacements, the larger schooners often cost more to keep up. So far as the smaller schooners and sloops go, it is an axiom that you always spend more than you have allowed. One owner of a sloop, whose experience is not exceptional, confesses that when he had built his ship for \$10,000 he hoped to get her into the water for \$5000 more, but by the time sails were bent and he was ready to cruise, his total expenditures had reached \$16,500. His first season cost him \$8000 more; but from his own accounts it is easy to see the cabin was run carelessly, and too lavishly for comfort. In the next year he had his yacht hauled out by the ship-builder for an examination, and though the sailing-master had taken good care of her, his bill for a spike here and a graving piece there was nearly \$1000. A new mainsail and other sail-making jobs cost another \$1000, and before he got the rigger out of the boat there was a hand-spike and serving-mallet account of \$200. Altogether he found his running expenses for the second season, in a boat under sixty feet on the water-line, averaged \$50 per day, and it must be added that he was not a Johnny Raw.

IV.

But be the expense what it may, black care is thrown to the cats, and no death's-head jibbers and grins at any feast to-night. The worries of the day are whistled down the

wind and all hand are too busy with the play of knife and fork and clinking cup to heed the reckoning. These dinners always have a zest of their own, a flavor of the unusual, due to the novelty of the scene, the appetite, and the unconfined joy of the loose sailor togs, for it is heresy to doff these save when dining with the Commodore, or when it is tacitly understood to be required on a few of the larger boats. The proverb that racing men never dress for dinner is found so profitable by the cruisers as to make the custom practically general.

When you go on deck for the coffee and cigars and the *chasse*, which, as Vol-



taire said of Admiral Byng's shooting, is to encourage the others, lights are twinkling everywhere. As soon as the darkness has fully shrouded the water, the sky is suddenly aflame with a signal rocket, and in a moment Roman candles and port-fires flame and whiz from decks and rigging, and Chinese lanterns festoon gear and hulls. An electric arch spans the flag-ship from stem to stern post, the night is ablaze, and here and there through the bright coloring of swinging lanterns the sharp scintillations of arc and incandescent lamps punctuate the illuminated page with points of silvery white. A thousand reflections shimmer in the water, and from the shores, as the wind serves, the music of a band drifts over the tide-way. "No use ship-keeping," cries the captain, cheerily. "I must report on board the flag-ship, but take the boat and strike the beach the rest of you."

The beams of a search-light make a broad cone about the gangway as the captains go alongside in their trim gigs.



Here each is received with the etiquette due his uniform, and after the meeting is called to order, the details of the races are discussed, and the programme of the cruise is defined and accepted. One can readily see that the majority of the owners are men of affairs, generally in the prime of manhood, with a few youngsters here and there, and others, too, ruddy and strong in the youth of old age. A few belong to our leisure class—some who cruise the year round, and others who go in for it, as the phrase is, during the summer months. Here also are yachtsmen—not many, but enough to swear by—who have won their license of the seas by runs across the Atlantic in snow and ice and killing chill, when the devil was chasing Tom Coxe up one hatchway and down another, and angry gales were hurling green seas high above the futtocks of the fore.

When the meeting is ended, the Com-modore entertains the captains until midnight, though some of the owners leave early to join their guests viewing the illumination from the shore. In the old days a ball was always given at the hotel on the night of the rendezvous, but as men dance so little and under such protest in these degenerate times, all that has been changed. The verandas and lawns are crowded, and each one of the host of beautiful women is willing to admit that never before could there have been such a squadron, such an illumination, such yachtsmen. After the lights have died out, and the chaperons have hoisted a final signal for their fair convoys to slip their moorings and make sail for home, gigs are manned, and with echoing strokes pulled regretfully to the anchorage. The general noises of the squadron have softened into a murmur, and the lights have lessened in cabin and fore-castle. The stars look so bright, so near on these nights, seem to shine in myriads never known before; and behind the trees a waning moon is dipping. At times the quietness is broken tunelessly by the picking of a banjo, and mellowed by distances you hear the refrain of a jolly sea song; as you pass under the sterns of neighboring boats you get a cheery greeting out of the shadows and from behind the friendly blaze of cigars. The night is too beautiful for sleeping, and you lounge on deck for a while smoking a soothing weed. But after a bit, when you have



RECEPTION ON THE FLAG SHIP.



THE NIGHT-AP

slipped into pyjamas and drained a night-cap to clear the fog and ban bad weather, a gentle drowsiness steals upon you, and when eight bells ring out with silvery notes you are sleeping the dreamless sleep of childhood in a cradle rocked by wind

V.

Bright and early the next morning you are wakened by the dashing of water, and the swishing of brooms overhead; through the air ports steal the cool fresh breeze and the light of skies shifting from gray to blue and gold. Tumbling out, you go on deck, have a look at wind and weather and at the hands washing down, and then hauling on bathing trunks, fling yourself over-

board in that perfect plunge which makes a new man of you.

As the start is to be an early one, everybody is astir; and by the time coffee is finished and you are on deck again, many of the eager ones are making sail and shortening cables, and others have already taken up a commanding position near the starting-point. After a while the flag-ship and an accompanying boat drop anchor at either end of an imaginary line, and then, aided by a valorous banging of guns and a brave display of signal flags, all the yachts cross over the border in due order and precedence, and hot-footed for a competition where only a few laggards are dragging a penalty allowance behind.

fair and breezy. Ahead, stretching in
of listing, gleaming canvases, here a
group struggling in a hand-to-hand
battle to death, and there, with open wa-
ter on both sides, the sloops and cutters
rush for the distant verge. Next, like
fairy argosies, dart over the welcoming
waves the great sloops built to defend
the cup, nothing fairer, nothing truer to
eye nor keener to breeze anywhere in
any sea. Then sweep the stately schoon-
ers, standing up to their work like mitred
bishops, every thread of canvas drawing
to tense stretch, the weather shrouds taut
as harp strings, the wind singing cheerily
through the gear, and the blue water
whitening into wedding blossoms at the
bow, and carolling far astern in a flowery
maze of bubbling foam.

The land slips by, the smooth waters of the Sound merge into Atlantic billows, the skies are blue and steel; the sun shines warmly, climbs high, and just as you can see it over the fore-yard of a big steamer, seven bells—(who will be the poet of that chime?)—ring warningly, and, with due ceremony, the sacrifice ordained is made, the libation is poured.

What the origin of this sacred custom, no one knows: but it is ordered and provided for in the sea law of all nations, and

The fleetest rush to the van, the dull and careless drop astern: but no matter for to clipper ahead and drogher behind the scene unfolds each moment a beautiful panorama, gives anew that most perfect of pictures, "a ship sailing upon the water." When you come on deck from luncheon, schooners, sloops, and cutters are intermingled: but if your luck has been good you are at least in the thick and middle of the fight, and can note the eagerness, the

Within a day or two the great cup races are sailed, and, so that all may see them the Commodore invites the yachtsmen not competing, and their guests, to go over the outside course. When the last event is given on the flagship to the squadron, and here at its full flood surges the social life of the cruise. It is everything that such an affair is on shore, multiplied





"I CRIED MY EYES OUT."—page 611.

THE STONE AXE.

BY BARNET PHILLIPS.

L
IF Professor Stravinius were given a period of rest, we entertain the hope that our esteemed colleague will soon return to his duties." So wrote somewhat guardedly the faculty of Balbec College to the trustees, and in consideration of the important services Professor Stravinius had rendered, a year's absence on half salary was granted him.

Stravinius had come to Ball's Cross Roads some twenty miles and had opened a village school. No one had the least idea that "Ball's," as it was called then, had any future; but a railroad was driven through it in 1846 and in time Ball's became a town. That very year Stravinius married Lucy, Simon Beck's daughter. Simon was a lucky man, for in 1849 there rose a tide of speculation, and the simple farmer was carried on the

crest of fortune's wave. Coal was found on the Beck farm, and the squire became the county millionaire. The wealth of the Becks made a change in Mrs. Stravinius. After the birth of a child—a daughter—the school-master's wife lived in that fine stucco mansion with the Doric columns Squire Beck had built. Stravinius's studious habits were apparently distasteful to his wife. The two went different ways. It must have been an amicable arrangement, for Stravinius made no effort to obtain a divorce. Squire Beck went to the Legislature, and it was entirely due to his efforts that Ball's Cross Roads was clipped of its last two names, and, fused with his own, became Balbec. A few years afterward, when Squire Beck died, his son Samuel inherited a handsome property. Mrs. Stravinius had not been forgotten, and even his son-

in law was left a modest bequest; but more than that, Simon gave quite a large sum of money, with a plot of fifty acres on the outskirts of Balbec, for the founding of a college, with the provision that Stravinius should hold a position in that seat of learning.

Mrs. Stravinius, who had become worldly, longed for scenes other than Balbec afforded. Against her husband's entreaties she went abroad, with her little daughter. It was in her brother's hands that her means were placed. Samuel Beck at once astonished the sober country people with his magnificence. Three years after Simon Beck's death there came another tide of speculation, and Sam was lifted up too, and smashed to pieces on the rock of bankruptcy. With the exception of the college bequest and the professor's modest legacy, nothing had escaped Samuel Beck's clutches.

When Mrs. Stravinius hurried back to the United States, she found herself penniless. At once her husband placed the income of his legacy at her disposal, which act his wife regarded in the light of a restitution. She made debts, and Stravinius paid them. He begged that he might see his child. Mrs. Stravinius imposed the most heartless of conditions. If, in conjunction with her, he would begin suit against the college, the end being the upsetting of her father's will, then only he might have the child. Broken-hearted though he might be, Stravinius declined. After that the professor never saw wife nor child again.

In 1866 the professor learned that his wife was dead and his daughter married. Mrs. Stravinius had gone to California. A letter came from an unknown son-in-law some two years afterward, telling him that his daughter Lucy was dead too, but that Lucy Post, his grandchild, was alive. John Post wrote, as a broken-hearted man, that he was unable to care for the little girl, and begged "that for some years to come her grandfather might take charge of her." Six months after the grandchild was in her grandfather's arms there came the news of John Post's death.

The professor was sadly embarrassed: all he had left was a small farm some twelve miles from Balbec, which had been one of the outlying bits of property once belonging to the famous Beck estate, and this little homestead the professor had mortgaged for all it was worth.

The suppressed agony of so many years had at last told on the man.

Stravinius, conscious of his own condition, stated his case to his colleagues. "Give me," said Stravinius, "a little time of rest. I have some studies I can prosecute at home. Some day I will say, 'I have a course of lectures ready'; and then you will send for me."

It was wonderful, after this simple talk with the faculty, how much happier Stravinius became. Love for his grandchild absorbed every other feeling. His lost daughter was present now in her child. At first the identities of the two were confused to him, so closely were they blended. The sense of release from the constant struggle with fate seemed to dawn on him. "It cannot be worse than it has been," he thought, "and now a reprieve has come."

At once the professor occupied himself with the education of his grandchild. It must be acknowledged that Lucy's mental gymnastics were of the most trying kind. Fortunately for the pupil, there were long spells of play between times of study, and so the girl had the necessary brain rest. If at fifteen Lucy's multiplication and vulgar fractions were vague, she knew all about the geology of the county, and would read with strange interest the driest catalogue of a museum. Before she could spell, she had acted as her grandfather's amanuensis. She was then fairly erudite in out-of-the-way studies, and inclined to be speculative. Quick-witted enough at sixteen to understand some of the reasons why her grandfather had left for a season Balbec College, she watched the professor with the same eagerness as a mother would her child. As she grew into full girlhood she studied every phase of her grandfather's moods. When, in a fitful manner, the professor would suddenly awaken from his commonplace plodding, and take some bold speculative flight, she too would try and fly with him.

The practical part of the young woman's education came soon enough. If not in the direction of the higher mathematics, at least in the additions of her account-books. At eighteen she was called upon to exercise all her discretion, for money was the scarcest of commodities at Cherry Hill Farm. The two or three cows, the calf, the span of old horses, the few sheep, the chickens, ducks, turkeys,

now engrossed Lucy's attention. The farm was an isolated one, accessible to Balbec by a rough road, and Lucy saw but little of that world that lived beyond it.

The girl's relationship, even her grandfather's connection with the college, were getting to be more and more vague every year. On Commencement days the country paper would announce Lucy's presence as "Miss Lucy Post, the great-granddaughter of our Benefactor, the late Simon Beck, Esq." For such a brief season Lucy assumed some slight social position. When she went to Balbec some gallant member of the trustees would give the girl his arm, and lead her to a seat of honor in the college chapel. Lucy had a good deal of philosophy, but she felt inwardly the stings of poverty. The toilettes of the professors' wives and daughters were crushing. She felt the humiliation, the bitterness of her position. To her these college festivals soon became hollow mockeries. One or two formal invitations would be sent her, which, as Lucy grew older, she rarely accepted, and so Professor Stravinius's grandchild had the reputation of being rather a formal and unsociable young woman.

Fortunately for Lucy, a life spent so much in the fields had given her perfect health. The cool freshness of the winds that blew across the Cherry Hill ridge chased the traces of anxiety from Lucy's cheeks. The Becks had been a handsome race, but it was from her grandfather that came the tall and commanding figure, that broad fair forehead, those great blue eyes, the heavy folds of russet hair.

"The Stravinius people were North Germans, Lucy. They were bakers, tinkers, tailors, with some tendency to scholarship—for there were some booksellers. The first Stravinius who made a feeble bleat wrote a book with a queer title, *Now and Heretofore*. He made Moses and Martin Luther hobnob over a flask of Rhine wine, and the popes and Loretta Borgia compare their charms in the same looking-glass. That Stravinius mixed up the past and the present. I used to be very speculative that way. Some day, when we have a little money over, we will send to Leipzig and get a copy of that funny old book." The professor was seated on the veranda of the house.

Lucy, busy with a pair of her grandfather's stockings, was listening to him. Lucy had heard before this story, and was smilingly attentive, when the reverberation of the thunder in the distance caused a shade of anxiety to suppress the pleasanter mood.

"Grandfather, there was a bad storm last night, short but violent, and it does not look quite over yet," said Lucy.

"Quite a natural phenomenon in early summer," replied the professor, placidly.

"I suppose it is; and if the storm continues, my consolation will be that the average of rainfall will be about the same. But not wishing to be at variance with common meteorological events, or disrespectful to them, allow me to remark that last night Black Creek overflowed its banks, washed down our fencing, and ruined our corn field; and Black Creek will cost us, as usual, fifty dollars. I wish Black Creek were in Guinea!"

"Wish it rather in the desert, and then would come an oasis. When I first came to this country I was attracted by the wild beauty of Black Creek. Yes," continued the professor, dreamily. "Just about this time of the year, and after the first June storm, I found seven—yes, seven—arrow-heads, or stone knives, on the bank of the creek. The rain had left them exposed. I started our collection at the college museum with them."

"But, grandfather—to return to the corn field—I do so wish that natural phenomena would remember how difficult it is for a young woman to stand up and face them," said Lucy.

"One was basalt, one a handsome veined flint, but one was a dark black stone. It all comes back to me now, for I was among the very first to notice a sequence in man's early handiwork, for that black one was of the most primitive construction. Say, in your kitchen drawer, Lucy, you found a box of Swedish matches in juxtaposition with flint and steel; that would be the immense difference between two periods. We might say that to-day was mixed up with the eternal past."

"Yes, grandfather," said Lucy, "but it is the threatening to-morrow I am worrying about. It is time I took a look at the field myself, so that when Peter comes home to-night my plans can be arranged. Black Creek must be kept out, or the whole ten acres will be lost to us. I will not be gone more than an hour."

Then the professor settled himself down to read, and "The Amos anthropologically Considered, with an Examination of Japanese Shell Heaps," occupied his attention. A marginal note here and there was made. When he read the name of the author, his pleasure was increased. "Why, Gordon! Yes, the lad began with me—a boy full of animal spirits, bubbling over with life. Ah! the merry jokes he used to play! What a jolly student I was, too, once—once on a time! I know his family were well off, and to think of a young man like that taking a peculiar branch of study! I think he found some Indian relics somewhere in the country, and brought them to me for explanation. That seems to have whetted his appetite. I have not been so useless, then, after all."

Suddenly the magazine dropped from the professor's hands. Then there rose up before the professor, as vividly as if it were but yesterday, the visions of his earlier days, for, seeking shelter from a driving storm under the wild cherry-trees that skirted Black Creek, he had seen for the first time the woman who had broken his heart, who had ruined his life.

Then Stravinius closed his eyes, and soon he slept quietly, sweetly as would a child, and when he awoke, it was because it was Lucy's footsteps he heard, and now a happy smile was on his face.

"We have lost many a fine row of corn in all its budding pride of tassel, and I cried my eyes out—as many tears as there were stands; but it's all over now. We will have to plant turnips—a late and a poor crop—but—" Here Lucy stopped, and swung around her head something tied up in her handkerchief.

Those were rounded arms, strong and shapely ones, that whirled, sling-like, an object in rapid circles. Now, whether from overwashing the textile strength of that handkerchief had been weakened, or an end of it had slipped from Lucy's fingers, a big stone was launched into space, which missile, whizzing close to the professor's head, made a clean hole through the glass of the sitting-room window. In their proper sequence came the clatter of glass, the fall of the stone somewhere in the room, and a little scream from Lucy.

"Why should you bombard the house, Lucy?" inquired the professor.

"You do take it so like a lamb, grandfather. Please scold me. What an escape! You poor old dear! There, I

shall go and plant that wretched stone in the gully. I know it will bring us bad luck," cried Lucy.

"Well, what is it?" inquired the professor.

"Now listen, grandfather. It is quite an adventure. I do not intend annoying you just now with my engineering plans. It will cost a mint of money to keep Black Creek from breaking board."

"But the stone, the stone; for it was a stone."

"I am coming to it. The field is in a dreadful condition, a whole series of crevasses, gullies, chasms, gulfs, beautiful examples of the erosive action of water on the earth's crust, and utterly disgusting in a corn field," said Lucy.

"Nature's compensations," answered the professor.

"When looking down into one of these ugly sluices you appreciate so much, I saw something."

"What, what, Lucy?"

"Now I ought to know a palæolithic stone axe when I come across one," continued Lucy, reflectively.

"Of course you ought to, my dear, though you might be the exceptional young woman in the million of her sex," said the professor.

"There was one there, professor. It said to me, 'Pick me up,' but the picking of it up looked to me like a formidable task. There it lay at the bottom of a wash-out which was five feet deep, and the sides were of red mud. Now the securing of that axe is mixed up with a personal adventure."

"Since the axe was secured, will not the adventure keep until I see the object?" inquired the professor.

"No, sir, it will not. You know where those four great wild cherry-trees stand?"

"Yes, I do, Lucy, very, very well," said the professor, his indifferent manner gone.

"You know the lay of the land? The creek here skirts the field, and beyond lies the road. There was the stone axe in the gully, and I afraid to jump down. Of course I should have slipped, and come home caked—incrusted in mud like a fossil. Peter was miles away. If I had marked the place it would have been useless, for to-night's rain—it's coming soon—would have covered it up or washed it into the creek."

"Never pass over a specimen, or it is lost forever," said the professor.

"I was hesitating what to do, when I passed the cattle of wheels, and a gaudily painted wagon, red and gold, belonging certainly to that perambulating circus which is to exhibit in Balbec, passed by. It stopped at the fence, and a man who was seated by the driver jumped off, and coming near, asked me something. I could not understand his question, the creek was brawling so. Then the young man bounded over the fence, came near me, touched his hat, and asked if the bridge two miles beyond had been carried away. If it had been, Peter would have told me, so I imparted my impression. Then I stood gazing in an abstracted way down into that mud-hole."

"Quite ready to immolate yourself to archaeology," said the professor.

"I don't know, grandfather. Prompted by curiosity, the young man stood gaping too, looking down into the gully. 'Dropped something down there, miss? Gloves?' he asked. 'Oh no!' I replied. He did not seem to be in any great hurry. The driver of the circus wagon had stopped, and was watering the horses. 'I want,' said I, 'a stone that lies there.' 'A stone! What kind of a stone? Hunting minerals?' 'No, sir,' I said, politely enough. 'What I want is that wedge-shaped stone. Don't you see it? I can't describe it, only in a general way, because an end of it is bedded in the clay.' 'I don't see anything answering that description,' replied the young man. 'Oh yes, there is,' I said, quite positively. 'You can't see it, because you don't know about such things. It's an axe of stone, such as the Indians made years on years ago.' 'Why, you don't say so!' went on the young man, now apparently interested. 'I don't want it for myself, but for somebody else, and won't you kindly help me to get it? I must have it!' 'Must have it?' he said, with a kind of slightly mocking echo. 'No, I don't mean that; but I should be exceedingly obliged to you if you would assist me.'"

"Well, that young man could resist no longer, after such an appeal," said the professor.

"Yes, he did resist, and did not show by any visible sign his readiness to help me. 'You want me to go down and drag Joseph out of the pit? What makes you think that a stone axe, or something or other you want, should lodge just there?' I lost my temper then, grandfather.

It might have been the corn spoiled that made me cross. If he did not want to help me, he had only to say so. Why didn't he go away? I could not venture down the gully while he was around. I said nothing, but by my manner I tried to intimate to him that his absence would please me better than his presence. He did not seem to take the hint. Then he said: 'They do say picking up old stones brings bad luck.' I did not answer. 'Wouldn't anything else do as well? Got a collection, miss? You have made up your mind that a stone axe—you called it that, I believe—is there, and nothing else will satisfy you?' I nodded my head. 'And you would be dreadfully put out if I went down into that gully, and after trying to find what you wanted, it was not there.' 'I suppose so,' I replied.

"A rather ungallant young fellow," said the professor.

"Wait a bit, grandfather. 'There are lots of sham things in this world,' said this doubting young man. 'Diamonds and such.' I was boiling over then, grandfather, to be catechised by a circus man, and I supposed I showed it very plainly. 'Well,' he said, coolly enough, 'if I must, I must. Do you know, I am somewhat of a magician.' 'In the circus?' I inquired. He seemed astonished when I said this, and opened his eyes very wide. 'Wait a moment,' he said. 'I will come back; and please don't venture down; you might hurt yourself.' So saying, he jumped the fence again, ran to the wagon, and was back in a trice. I suppose he was telling the driver to wait for him. Then, without saying another word, he jumped down into the gully, and landed cleverly enough on a boulder, and then he began hunting around. Wasn't it good of him? 'There is nothing here that looks like what you want.' 'Oh, there is—there is! Pray look again!' I cried. Then he went under a kind of shelving bank, hunted for quite a long time, and then held up something in his hand. It was—it was—"

"The axe at last," cried the professor.

"Yes, the axe. If not for my insistence, it never would have turned up. 'That is it,' I shouted, gleefully, clapping my hands, 'and please throw it up here.' The young man seemed to hesitate about giving it to me. Had he any idea of keeping it himself? 'You might still be mistaken,' he said. 'Oh no, I can't be,' I

end. "You will now be quite happy." "Quite so," I replied. He seemed so calm and happy about finding me the stone axe, and again there came into my head the idea that he wanted to appropriate my find. "How do you know it does not belong to me?" he inquired. I laughed scornfully then, and said, "Not unless you were born fifty or one hundred thousand years ago." "How do you know when I was born?" Now suppose we divide it. You take one-half of the stupid thing and I the other." That was a horrible idea. At last, when I was quite in despair—I think my face showed my disappointment—the man tossed me the stone, and (how he did it I do not know) he jumped, something like a grasshopper, out of the hole, and was by my side. I tried to be more polite now, but somehow or other the young man seemed quite annoyed. He did not listen to my thanks. I think he made use of a very queer expression, for as he left me he said, "Good-by, old acquaintance." What could he mean by that? I never had seen the man before. If it was addressed to me, it was a familiarity I did not like. Was he bidding the stone or me good-by?"

The professor was gone, and Lucy could hear him moving the furniture in the sitting-room.

Lucy followed him, and hunted for the stone. "It's an unlucky thing, and in the dark here I have bumped my head, and in its flight it has knocked over my rose, and here you are at last under the lounge." And saying this, Lucy placed the stone axe in the professor's hand. In the waning light of the setting sun, which gleamed red and coppery through the banks of dark cloud, the professor examined the stone.

"A prize! a prize! It's quite perfect—hardly an abrasion. Some slight modification of form, I think, but men's first ideas, like their first tools, bore the closest resemblances," cried the professor, delighted.

"Come away from the window, grandfather, for the storm is beating in." And Lucy left the room to prepare the tea.

"To-morrow," thought Lucy, "grandfather will pass an hour over the stone axe. He will number it, look up some references, and then just as likely as not forget about it."

But Lucy was mistaken. Next morning Professor Stravinius seemed happier

than he had been for years. He was busy all the morning. He called her to him, and read to her some pages of manuscript. She was quick to perceive that there was exactly that clearness of style, strength of argument, and, above all, continuity, which had been so long wanting in her grandfather's work. To her delight, somewhat to her dismay, the desire to work on her grandfather's part continued. She was fearful that he might overtax his energies. He seemed so content and happy she was solicitous.

"It is not a feverish excitement, Lucy. I feel just how far I can go, and the instant fatigue comes I will stop. I have begun my lecture. The tax on my brain is quite slight. I shall have to read more than anything else. That stone has roused me a great deal, or rather the place where it was found. Now I have done with the stone axe—that is, for the present. Put it upstairs in your cabinet, Lucy, and kiss me, my little girl, for your old grandfather is to grow younger now in mind, and will be a pensioner no longer."

Lucy had taken the stone axe, and had placed it in the rough wooden cabinet in the room where she sewed. Somehow or other the object had an interest to her beyond that usually belonging to an inanimate thing. Why had the young man said, "Good-by, old acquaintance"? Could there be any connection between him and that bit of rudely shaped stone? Then Lucy thought over what prehistoric man might look like. She had read a great deal about that. He was dark, swarthy, with a heavy underjaw. Was the original eye black or blue? Could he twitch his skin like a horse in fly-time? He was bowlegged, with a peculiar formation of the tibia. He might, with certain changes in his frame, have run or vaulted better than the man of to-day. Had she not read Darwin for her grandfather, and thought over it all when she milked her cows? There might be links, inseparable ones, between animate and inanimate things. There was Schopenhauer and his will theory, and the dyspeptic professor of belles-lettres who last year, when he visited her grandfather and was so ill from overeating, had argued over the subject. There was will and the magnet, and might there not be some occult power existing in that stone axe?

Oh, how supremely silly it all was for her to be speculating in this way while

her towelling wanted hemming, and she too poor to buy a sewing-machine! And then Lucy bothered over the college Commencement to take place in a few days. Lucy blushed as she thought of her shoulders that needed covering, her ankles that wanted hiding, of her shabby boots, and not money enough to buy even a yard of some poor material to piece out her dress with. The young woman sewed on diligently on that pleasant summer morning, but her needle was duller than her thoughts. Where was her emery bag? She must sharpen her needle. She went to the rough wooden cabinet, opened it at random, and drew forth the first stone at hand. She would point her needle on it. Was it an accident that the stone axe should be in her grasp? With nimble fingers she turned the needle over and over on the stone, and then, with a vicious snap, the needle was broken.

Lucy Post was for the first time in her life nervous. "It is, I am afraid, an unlucky stone," she said. "Anyhow, you will do for a makeweight." And she clapped the stone on the stiff and heavy fold of towelling, that would not stay flat on her low work table. Then her thoughts took full swing again. "He was fairly good-looking, with a keen blue eye, rather disputative, but not, after all, so bad-mannered for—for a circus performer. People in that calling resemble, I fancy, jumping-jacks. Maybe as a primitive man"—and here she laughed—"he may have kept close to the salient characteristics of the original stock, and followed a calling best adapted to the exhibition of physical strength. Palæolithic man in spangles! What a degradation!" Then Lucy started, for a branch of the cherry-tree swaying in the June breeze had grated against her window.

Then Lucy's thoughts took a practical turn. "I wonder," she said, "why I have not thought before this of having these cherries picked and sent to Bal-lee? If Peter could only leave his work, or Abigail her washing! I must get some money. Ah! you miserable thing!"—she shook her finger at the stone axe—"how are we to pay for the window-glass you broke?"

Just then she heard the creak of the latch at the side gate, and the voice of Abigail, who was saying: "It's miss that bosses things here. Go and ask her. I can't leave these sud clothes on the bile."

Lucy looked out, and there was the young man—the man of the stone axe—looking admiringly at the cherry-tree. The recognition was immediate. He bowed, and at once opened the conversation. Had he come for the axe?

"It's a fondness for cherries that brings me here," he said. Lucy felt relieved. "Might I ask for some, since the tree is overladen? It's years since I ate any cherries off the branch, real live cherries, you know."

"If it is only cherries he wants, he is quite welcome," thought Lucy. "Certainly," she said; "but the only way to get them will be for you to help yourself." Then she hesitated for a moment, and added, "Can you pick cherries?"

"Can I pick cherries? Can a duck swim?" was the response.

"I don't mean that. Do you pick cherries?" inquired Lucy, demurely.

"Yes, I do—when I have permission," replied the young man, apparently puzzled.

"It's easier to explain to him what I want than about the axe," thought Lucy. "I mean," said Lucy, "that I should like you to pick some cherries for me. They will be over-ripe in a day, and we have—we have sometimes paid as much as a cent a pound for picking them." "I am sure, as he is a circus man, he will not object," thought Lucy.

The young man seemed to hesitate for a moment. Then he said: "How would this do? I am to eat what I want, agreeing not to plunder the tree too much for my own benefit, and then I am to pick for you. One cherry say in every ten for myself, and you to keep the count."

"I shall not count what you eat," replied Lucy, distantly. Then she thought how badly she wanted some money, and she added, "It would be quite a favor if you would pick the cherries."

"Professionally? I am ready to strip the tree. Any basket?" inquired the young man.

"There ought to be one hanging on a hook by the door," said Lucy.

"I see it."

"If you pick it full, it will suffice. Be careful and do not break the branches. You will find a ladder leaning against the arbor in the garden," and Lucy from her window pointed in the direction of the garden.

"I don't want a ladder. I fancy I can

shut up this tree, and as for that, almost any kind of a tree."

"I should not be surprised if you could, sir. I have to thank you very much for your politeness some days ago. You ran away so fast that I had no opportunity to tell you how much obliged to you I was; but—why—why—" Then Lucy stopped.

"Why—what, miss?" inquired the young man.

"What did you mean by saying good-bye, something or other?" asked Lucy.

But the young man apparently did not hear her. He was in the garden gathering some big leaves and spreading them in the basket. He had his coat off now, and presently Lucy saw the young man in his shirt sleeves in the first cleft of the tree.

"It is fortunate that the branches grow on the other side of the tree from here," said Lucy. "I sha'n't say a word to him."

But the young man seemed to have no inclination to remain silent. "The first cherry, shall it be for me, or for my employers? I want to be honest, but I really do not know what to do. I ought to have the first one so as to keep me honest." There was no answer. Then the young man, holding on with one arm, swung himself around the tree and said, "When I whistle, I am not eating, but picking; and if you think I am not whistling enough, let me know." Then he was around on the other side of the tree again, and was piping a merry strain.

Gradually Lucy, with little pushes, had moved her table away from the window-ledge.

"The basket is half full already, but nearer the house, where the shade is, the cherries are better. Can't I fill another basket?" he asked.

"I will have another basket for you," said Lucy, intent on her sewing, for now the cherry-picker was not so very far from her window. It was becoming embarrassing. "Up a cherry-tree," thought Lucy, "I suppose a man can't exactly choose his footing."

"All right, then. Can the old woman there get me another basket? This one is quite full now."

"Yes," said Lucy. Then the man slid down the tree so fast that it was all Lucy could do to restrain herself from giving a little cry of alarm. She ventured to look out. He was all right, and had run off to Abigail, who was giving him a bushel

basket. He seemed to be chatting with Abigail. Presently he was up the tree again. He seemed to be quite silent. He did not whistle. He was away above her.

"It's a very large basket," said Lucy. "I had no idea Abigail would give you such a task." There was no reply. "Please do not go up so high. Cherry branches are very brittle things;" and she went to the window, and had to look upward to see the cherry-picker.

"Oh, they look strong enough. Please don't be startled, for I am going to lower the basket, and drop down a few feet, and catch on to the limb below;" and suiting the action to the word, he did drop some three or four feet, and caught easily a limb below him.

Although Lucy's heart was in her mouth, she was angry. "I suppose you are used to doing that kind of thing on a bar or a rope, but I would rather not see such exhibitions."

"It's a common enough ladder trick, and I really did think that branch above was breaking, and then the cherries in the basket would have been ruined."

He was very near her window as with his arm again around the trunk of the tree he faced her. Lucy had just then her moment of dread. She rose; pushed the little table from her; it tilted, turned over, and the stone axe with a clatter fell on the floor.

The young man seemed startled; then he said, holding out his hand: "If you please, Miss Post—for I suppose you are Miss Post—I want that stone. Won't you give it back to me?"

Lucy could have shrieked now. "What interest can you have in that stone?" she inquired. Then she said, "Do you want to exhibit it in your circus?"

"Circus! circus! Why, yes."

"I will not part with it. I have given it away. It is not mine. Go down instantly," cried Lucy, imperatively. "Take the basket to the back porch, and come to the side door of the house and I will pay you."

Lucy heard the rustle of the leaves above her, and the young man was gone. She hurried down stairs. She opened her drawer and took out the money. There was but another quarter left. Then she waited and waited. "I will at least," she said, "have some kind of an explanation." She waited in vain. Then she

sought Abigail. "Where is that man?" inquired Lucy.

"Sakes alive! how pale you are, miss! Was he a thief—a tramp? He didn't steal nothing? He put the baskets down there. There they be. Rather a nice-spoken young chap. When I gave him the bushel basket he asked who you was, and I told him your name and that you was Professor Stravinius's granddaughter, and when he was through, he opened the gate in a big hurry, and he's quite gone now; and if, Miss Lucy, your hand is in, we can begin now on that ironing."

Fortunately for the linen it was Abigail who superintended the heating of the irons, otherwise there would have been no story. Lucy's thoughts were busy. Was she living in a period of enchantment? Had he come to Cherry Hill in an accidental way? What did an acrobat want with a stone axe? Yes, he must belong to a circus, for she had never seen human being so agile. When man was another's servant, he might have been the embodiment of grace. But then practice in a circus had made him perfect; still it was a degradation that the man of the cherry tree should tumble in the sawdust.

When in the evening her work was done, Lucy sought the bookcase, and found a volume of Flaxman. There was a figure something like the man in just such a position as he had balanced himself upon the springy branch of the cherry-tree. Would he again come back? When she thought this, she closed the book with an angry snap, and made a vow that she never would look at the print again. She felt ashamed of herself, humiliated. What silly romance was she building? Was she sane?

Now Abigail marched in, holding some tickets in her hand. "Miss," said Abigail, "I have found these under the cherry tree, and just as like, when the acrobat tumbled down, these tumbled out. They be circus tickets, and I must fetch 'em to you."

Lucy took them. They were two red, two green, and across them was printed: "Circus. Reserved seats for two. Free. Titus Mulvaney."

"Ah!" said Lucy, indifferently, as she put them in her pocket, "that quite settles it."

That evening Lucy was very quiet, but the professor was full of his

"I am nearing the stone now, my dear. I have got to where I prove that Cherry Hill range was near the flank of a glacier, and that Black Creek was the moraine. Paleolithic man may come in later. My theory can stand without that. I find, Lucy, that memory improves. What delights me most is not the work, but the zest I feel for work. Just read this, dear. You might think it wants curtailing."

Lucy took some pages of the manuscript, and reading them carefully, said: "Grandfather, I am not going to alter a word, and I can make no suggestion. I am a little tired to-night, and I think sleep will help me."

Lucy sought her room. She cast her eyes on the work-table. Where was the stone? On the floor where it had fallen? No, it was not there. It was rather a perambulating stone, given to vagaries. But where was it? Had she put it back in the drawer? She pulled out the drawer of the cabinet, and the stone was not there. She hunted and hunted, but there was no trace of it. It had vanished, and she felt wretchedly unhappy over its disappearance. Could there be anything supernatural about the stone? She slept badly. The college Commencement, to take place in a couple of days, annoyed her. Somehow in her dreams the stone axe took prodigious bulk, and was crushing the life out of her.

It was with somewhat of a superstitious dread that Lucy saw the sun rise. She had misgivings about her grandfather. But when he came to breakfast he was happy and cheerful. What if he should ask for the stone axe? After the morning meal the professor busied himself about his work. If there was any occult influence about the stone, it did not affect her grandfather.

Peter had taken the cherries to Balbec. With the proceeds, sold at a good price, a pane of glass was purchased, even a yard of stuff was bought. Lucy's old dress was pieced out. Then the day afterward the journey to Balbec must be undertaken.

It was a warm day, and the road rough to Balbec.

"This fall, Lucy," said the professor, "I hope to make the trip. Won't you remember about the arrow-heads, and go to the museum and bring me the black one? Good-by, dear, and enjoy yourself."

Lucy was not to be outwitted. There was a premonition of impending trouble. It was eleven o'clock before the old horse taken from the plough could be spared; then Peter seemed very fidgety and in a hurry to start, as he drove the horse in the patched harness with the ramshackle wagon before the door.

"Enjoy myself!" said Lucy, her grandfather's last words resounding in her ears. "So rides Miss Post, the great-granddaughter of our esteemed benefactor, Simon Beck; and Miss Post has just one dollar in her pocket, of which sum seventy-five cents will have to be spent at the livery-stable for the horse, providing the people have not raised the price." And she took out her much-worn portemonnaie and opened it. "Peter, take my money, you will have to pay to cross the bridge." Peter took the portemonnaie. "Some of the Becks were spend-thrifts, and I am afraid I have an inclination that way. Though my dress is hardly decent, I had no right to spend a penny on it. What is to become of us, and so little to pay the interest on the mortgage, and this wet spring, and the Black Creek meadow drowned out?" said Lucy.

Peter, who had been silent so far, presently turned round and said: "It is a powerful fine show, so I hear; and, Miss Lucy, if you wouldn't mind, and it isn't a bit out of the way, and there is more shade, we might as well take the old road, and then we will pass the tent. It's as big as all out-of-doors."

"It might be more shady, Peter."

"And there's the drinking troughs more handy, Miss Lucy, and the beast wants constant watering of a warm day like this," added Peter.

"Did you try very, very hard to find an owner for those tickets, Peter?" inquired Lucy.

"Didn't I?" replied Peter. Now Peter was the most honest and truthful of men-servants, but to have a free ticket to a circus within his grasp, and to give up the chance of being a deadhead, was requiring too much of the staunchest probity.

It was a weary ride. By-and-by Balbec came in sight. The bridge was passed, the toll paid, and Peter was assured that the tickets were in his young mistress's portemonnaie, for he had seen them. Had Peter cunningly arranged it so that his vehicle got locked in the

throng of country wagons which blocked up the road leading to the circus tent?

"How do you manage?" inquired Miss Lucy. "Oh, Miss Lucy, you ain't going to be late, are you? The circus starts right off," said Peter.

"All right," said Lucy, and she looked at her watch. "You can see the circus starting."

"You can see the circus starting," said Peter, delighted at the success of his manoeuvre, as he jumped out of the wagon, and passed a halter over the head of the animal.

"Ought I to spoil Peter's holiday?" thought Lucy.

"Well, to be sure, it isn't a holiday too, miss?" inquired Peter.

"I don't know," said Lucy, and she looked at her watch. "The circus starts right off," said Peter, and he passed a halter over the head of the animal.

Without comment. In a minute more Peter held the precious ticket stand. Peter held the precious ticket stand. Peter held the precious ticket stand.

It is quite certain that a secret wish to

occupied Lucy Post's mind ever since the

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spangles. I want to despise myself." This

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spangles. I want to despise myself." This

The band played pianissimo, and then Lucy, reckless as she seemed to herself, did not dare at first to cast her eyes upward. She saw a slender rope dangling in the air. Then a graceful figure slid down from the top of the tent. It was a handsomely built man, of about his height. The next moment she saw the gymnast's face. It was a coarse one. That creature might have broken his neck, and she would have felt sorry for him with that same tempered pity she would have given to any animal suffering a mishap.

It was all over now, and why was it that Lucy was glad he was not there and half disappointed, for neither had her curiosity been satisfied nor her cure been accomplished?

It was the wife of the professor of languages who was Lucy's hostess. That good lady at once gave Lucy all the college news. There were to be changes. The school was to be more practical in its teaching. There was to be an infusion of new blood. The alumni had taken a new interest in the college.

Lucy attended the college performances, listened to the speeches, and somehow always anticipated the exact phrase which led up to the eulogy of Simon Beck, Esquire. She would wince when the people looked at her. At last the ceremony was concluded, and she was glad of it.

Lucy remembered her grandfather's request, and hurried to the college museum. For some years she had not been there. "Anyhow," she said, "I shall be away from all the noise. When last I saw it, it had a shabby, neglected air. I might have a good cry in a corner of it, and feel the better for it."

The door of the museum was open, and Lucy entered. There had been changes. They startled her. The walls had been newly painted; the floor had been scrubbed; but that was not all. As she glanced at the cases she saw that a new classification had been adopted. The museum looked cured for. There had been expansion. There was a case filled with specimens of Japanese handicraft. Somebody had been unpacking a box, and a variety of objects were on the floor, and Lucy saw swords, krisses, and queer Eastern firearms. Her foot touched one, and it rattled. Somebody was upstairs, whistling quietly, and now the whistling ceased. Where might be the long case with the Indian relics? Ah! there it was. It was

locked. Who had the key? Was the person upstairs the new curator? She must have the case opened. She hesitated awhile, and then looked further, taking in all the long line of specimens.

Could Lucy believe her eyes? Oh, horror! there was the stone axe from Black Creek! Lucy was staggered as she read on a label attached to the stone, "Imitation of a stone axe, from the museum of Copenhagen." Then after that axe followed a dozen other implements, all labelled "imitations."

"Oh! oh!" cried Lucy, unable to restrain herself. "Why did he do it? How did he do it?"

Some one hurried down the narrow stairs from the gallery. Lucy did not look; she felt she knew who it was.

"I want, sir," said Lucy, quite coolly now, bending over the case, "this black arrow-head for my grandfather, Professor Stravinius—the Number 8. You will be good enough to give it to me, for I am to suppose you are in charge here."

"Oh, Miss Post, Miss Post! I never shall know how to ask your pardon. Pray believe that my giving you this sham axe was quite an unpremeditated thing—that is to say, as to the consequences. It shall never fool anybody else in this world." And saying this, the young man opened the case, seized the stone axe, closed the lid again, and taking a hammer, struck the axe a sharp blow, so that it broke in a dozen pieces. "It is a hateful thing to me—nothing but a sham. I made it, some years ago. Now I throw myself entirely at your mercy. I offer no excuse. I was not aware who you were—the granddaughter of the man I have the highest respect for. It was only when your woman-servant told me you were Miss Post that I was fearful that my silly trick about the axe might bring about some unfortunate results. What I did was to get my satchel out of the circus van and take this imitation of an axe out of it. I had met the van on the road, and for a dollar the driver gave me and my baggage a lift."

"But—but—sir," gasped Lucy, "why did you say, 'Good-by, old acquaintance'?"

"It was addressed to the axe. What could you have thought I meant? I was surprised myself at your insistence, and wondered then, as, permit me to say, I do

now, why a young lady should be so determined on my finding something that really had no existence."

"And you humored me, fooled me to the top of my bent? It was very unkind of you. Now pray give me that black arrow-head," said Lucy, her head in a whirl.

"The Number 8? It is authentic, and worth more for purposes of research than any other number in the collection." But the curator made no show of opening the case. "Did you take me for a circus performer? I rather think you did," he inquired.

But Lucy's tongue was tied just then.

"You heard me whistling just now, Miss Post, but I was just feeling then like a little boy whistling in a graveyard. I have not had a moment's peace since I gave you that wretched sham. I felt no better when I stole it back. Perhaps there came a moment of relief when I smashed it. I do not know now if you have forgiven me. What remains for me to do is to see Professor Stravinius and tell him all about it."

"No, no! Do not do that!" said Lucy. "I can hardly tell you what course to pursue. I should not advise your mending the broken pieces or making another axe," added Lucy.

"Will you kindly listen to me, Miss Post? I have been honored by the faculty here with the offer of a professorship. If in any way my presence is distasteful to you, as I have not yet accepted the position, then all that George Gordon can do will be to decline the place."

"Does it not seem to you, Mr. Gordon, that you are making a great pother about a very insignificant thing? So you are the Mr. Gordon my grandfather knows? Pray give me the Number 8."

"But is it all told yet? The Number 8 is wired to the back of the case, Miss Post. Though I have the reputation of being a fair gymnast, an archæological discussion in a cherry-tree, where the limbs are very brittle, might have been obscure, with the result of breaking my neck; and when I saw that confounded stone roll down, I almost lost my hold."

"The appearance of that foolish thing you have accounted for, but its disappearance is unexplained," replied Lucy.

"And might not redound to my honor?" inquired Professor Gordon, anxiously.

"Did it—did it fall out of the window, after all?" inquired Lucy.

"May I never come again to Cherry Hill? I do so long to have a talk with the professor. I know he will forgive me; and will I ever get my quarter of a dollar? Here is the arrow-head."

Just then a couple of students came in. Gordon offered Lucy his hand. She hesitated a moment, then took it, and hurried out.

Somewhat, when Lucy rode home next morning her heart was lighter. She was a trifle reticent. When she handed her grandfather the arrow-head, he examined it closely.

All he said was, "I am delighted to think how well my memory has served me."

"There is a new professor, who is curator, grandfather," said Lucy, slowly.

"Yes, Lucy; it is Gordon. I urged his appointment a year ago."

"Is not this Professor Gordon rather an impulsive gentleman?" asked Lucy.

"I don't know exactly, dear; but he used to be full of fun, though a fine, manly fellow. The lads will have at least, as their leader, the most proficient amateur athlete in the State; but then there are certain brain qualities which Gordon possesses which are invaluable. I am sure he will be a great acquisition to Balbec. He has written me a long letter—I will show it you some day—and, Lucy, I have been working hard, and am just as happy as I can be; and when Gordon comes, I shall read him a part of my lecture."

Professor Gordon came to Cherry Hill, and Lucy forgave him; and, in fact, in time forgave him so thoroughly that he married her.

"Professor," said his wife to him, when of a bright June day her husband was up the tree picking cherries and throwing them to her through a window, as she sat working at her table in an upper room—"Professor Gordon, did or did not that stone axe you humbugged me with, sir, roll out of the window?"

"Lucy, Lucy, do you wish me to fall off this tree? Just see, if I were a robber, how easily I could get into your bower." And swinging lightly on a limb, Professor Gordon had now a foot on the window-ledge.

"If it were all to happen over again, sir, I would not forgive you," said Lucy.

"Yes, you would, Lucy." And there-



"HIS GREAT-GRANDCHILD WAS NOW SOUND ASLEEP ON HIS KNEE."

upon her husband, who was now in the room, threw his arms around his wife's neck and kissed her.

"That explanation may suffice me, but there are certain facts in regard to that absurd stone which are by no means clear to my grandfather," said Lucy.

"Oh yes, they are; for I wrote him and told him all about them before I asked him for you, Lucy. Is it not wonderful how strong the professor has come out? That last lecture of his was admirable, although there was a little allusion in it, understandable to me alone, which made me wince, in regard to palæolithic remains in Black Creek. He holds that stone axe over my head, like the sword of Damocles. Now, Lucy, this is one of the ways to get out of a window." And so Professor Gordon jumped back to the tree, and then slung down clusters of cherries to a lusty baby who was dancing on the greensward below.

Then that baby's great-grandfather came out of the house, and the child insisted on being noticed, so Professor Stravinius stooped down and kissed him.

"I almost wish," said Professor Stravinius, "that this happy life of mine might last until that little boy had grown to be a student in Balbec College. I do not know how it has come about, but Lucy's husband seems to have infused a new life into the college. Wait awhile, and then Balbec will be the great college of the State. We never had such large classes as we have to-day."

Furbishing his spectacles and taking a book out of his coat pocket, the professor began reading. Then he shook his finger at the father and mother of the child, and turned over a page or so of his book very carefully, so that the leaf should not rustle, for his great-grandchild was now sound asleep on his knee.

CALLISTE.

BY RENNELL RODD

IN May, when oleanders bloom,
That time the gold was on the broom,
Before the moon was full above
A world that seemed but made for love,
When fire-flies lit the way we went
To bruise the hill thyme into scent,
The shadows of your raven hair,
The charm of movements free as air,
Your wild-bird grace of shy replies,
The mischief in your sea-deep eyes,
Had tempted me to whisper you
The word world-old but ever new,
The word that seemed so light to say
When oleanders bloomed in May.

But, ah, Calliste, over-sea
The fickle wind sets where for me
Lie other ways and other cares;—
For you the soft Ægean airs,
The sails in yonder haven furled
To tell you of the outside world,
The starry nights, the spring's perfume
Returning with the orange bloom,
The simple prayer you know to pray,
The ready mirth, and then some day
Some sailor with the broad brown chest
To snatch the flower from your breast,
To knot his fingers in your hair,
Draw up your face and call it fair,
And say the word I dared not say
When oleanders bloomed in May.



The Wild Garden

BY
W. HAMILTON GIBSON



URING a recent visit to England I devoted a whole day to a stroll through those glazed acres of the famous London conservatories. After walking in sensuous delight through miles of perfumed bowers and all manner of wondrous floral luxuriance, I was at length introduced to a special conservatory, to wit, what I was assured would prove the climax of interest and beauty, the reigning sensation of the day, "a new, splendid hybrid." Following my guide, I soon entered the "propagating house," wherein are born the most beautiful and rarest of the hybrids of hapless nondescripts against which nature protests. Here, in a room of a cold, sterile, and uninviting character, the most beautiful and rarest of the hybrids are born. The room is a cold, sterile, and uninviting character, the most beautiful and rarest of the hybrids are born. The room is a cold, sterile, and uninviting character, the most beautiful and rarest of the hybrids are born.

gret, flanked on either side by the two helpless parent species.

Twelve years of eager waiting, I was told, had this very week rewarded the "culturist" with the first-fruit of this unnatural union. An "improvement," it was called, and one in which the instigator seemed to take as much pride as though the wilt had deserved the Lord's blessing. O pagan marplot, how had your entertaining courtesy changed to

gall could you have told the vigorous paying comitant beneath the monumental exterior of your guest!

With what a sigh of relief and exaltation of spirit do I leave the degenerate precincts of a garden such as this for the wild garden of innocence and peace!

All my wonted fellow-worshippers are here; one by one I pass them; now lightly hovering, or there prostrate on the hushed carpet, till at length, my sins confessed, my matins said, my soul refreshed, as I leave the temple inspired for the work of a new day, I am led as though by an unseen hand to a bright spot where the sunbeams penetrate the gloom through a window in the pines, and I stand transfixed. "What!" do you ask, "a vision?" Yes. Look! yonder in the chancel, those snowy lilies hovering among the ferns! A vision? Yes. What matters it that my seraph assumed the material form which man has called "Cypripedium." In the archetypal botany of the Infinite we know not what may be its correspondence.

As in the artificial garden we pass from parterre to parterre, or to conservatory or shaded fernery, each with its appropriate setting, so in the wilds we find the Northern model, every condition of sod, of light, of shade, finding its true expression. The "forest ledge" has its own family, which the botanists well know. The pine wood has its faithful broods; the yielding loam, with "soft brown silence carpeted," is figured with bloom and garland easily numbered in anticipation. The beech woods have a rival company. The hemlocks hold the darling of the mould, the trailing arbutus, always with a numerous attendant complement. The meadow blooms that fall in the swath of the new-mown hay we all know—the daisies, the clovers, buttercups, lilies, and meadow-rue. Even in the burning sand dunes of the sea-shore or the desert we may be sure of a number of faithful missionaries, while the same sand that chances to rim the lake nurses a distinctly different brood.

Only last June I stood on the margin of a large swampy wood, which I had known only in the season of bare trees, when there are few secrets in the woods. What new exaltation awaits me here? I mused. What new friend will accompany me as I emerge from the other side of the forest? I had barely gone three

steps when my question was answered, being confronted with a strange botanical shape which I had never seen before. We stood on no formality, for the fame of the individual had already gone before him, and he assured me that he had been looking for me these many years. My new friend was guised in most singular botanical fashion, and I hope he did not chance to notice my smile at his expense. He stood full four feet high, holding





SOLOMON'S SEAL.

above his head, without the slightest seeming necessity, a large tropical umbrella-like leaf two feet across, cut into sixteen drooping divisions; and he sported a flower tucked snugly in his lapel, which was a singular choice indeed for a *boutonnière*—a green, hood-like, tubular affair, somewhat suggesting a jack-in-the-pulpit or skunk-cabbage flower, about six inches long, with a tapering green spadix projecting full five inches above the summit of the pointed hood, making in all a floral display of nearly a foot in length. He looked like a naturalized brave from the tropics, and, indeed, favors certain of his Brazilian kindred.

Of course my botanical brethren will at once recognize the eccentric blossom, the dragon arum (*Arum dracontium*), though I imagine that few of them have ever chanced upon a finer individual than this, my first, though not my last specimen, for I subsequently discovered more.

One of our most common orchids, though hardest to find because of its obscurity, is the *O. lacera*, or ragged orchis, its inconspicuous petals being cut with a coarse fringe. Various specimens met me on all sides among the ferns. For years I had vainly sought for the rare pogonia (*Pogonia verticillata*) in my

walks—not for its beauty, but for its very retiring qualities; for one does not like to feel that perhaps he has every day slighted a friend whose only fault is her modesty. It is no greater compliment to the cardinal-flower in that he is hailed from afar. Remembering that a certain guardian of the secrets of the woods had whispered to me that the pogonia was to be found near a certain turn in an old wood road, I sought the spot; and there, in an isolated nook among a thick growth of medeola, or Indian-cucumber, ginseng, Solomon's-seal, wood-betony, and other wood growths, I came upon the object of my search growing in profusion, treading them underfoot ere I was aware, the imitative whorled foliage of the mede-



THE HAREBELL.



CYPRIPEDIUM SPECTABILIS.

olas having beguiled my discrimination. The secret was safe, this secluded haunt having been selected as the choice of all the earth by a nestling whippoorwill, which fluttered from my feet, disclosing her downy brood like a spot of mould down there on the brown leaves. But my pogonias were long past their prime, and I could get little idea of their flower. Here bloomed, also, the small green orchis and the purple-fringed orchis; the uvularias; and the cranesbill and loosestrife; and the Solomon's-seal, with its

palm-like spray and drooping yellowish pendants; and the Andromeda, with its chime of ten thousand bells. The swamp azalea shed a slight fragrance from its remnant blossoms, and offered its juicy apples that to me are never offered in vain.



INDIAN-PIPE.

That whispered password to the pogonia opened the door also to a rare wild-flower bed that justly deserves the fame it has won. All the dwellers of the "forested ledge" were here: rue and maid-enhair. The early harebells hung from the stems above, and continued the dance of the lingering "rock-loving columbines" were now bequeathing; while the spotted leaves of liverworts, and spiny pods of bloodroots, and the plenteous foliage of rue, anemone, and wind-flower, and matted beds of arbutus, bore witness of what a party the day had been celebrated hereabouts; and the sweet deer-berry, with its fragrant bells, and the airy fumitory were there, draping the

rocks, could I only have happened their way.

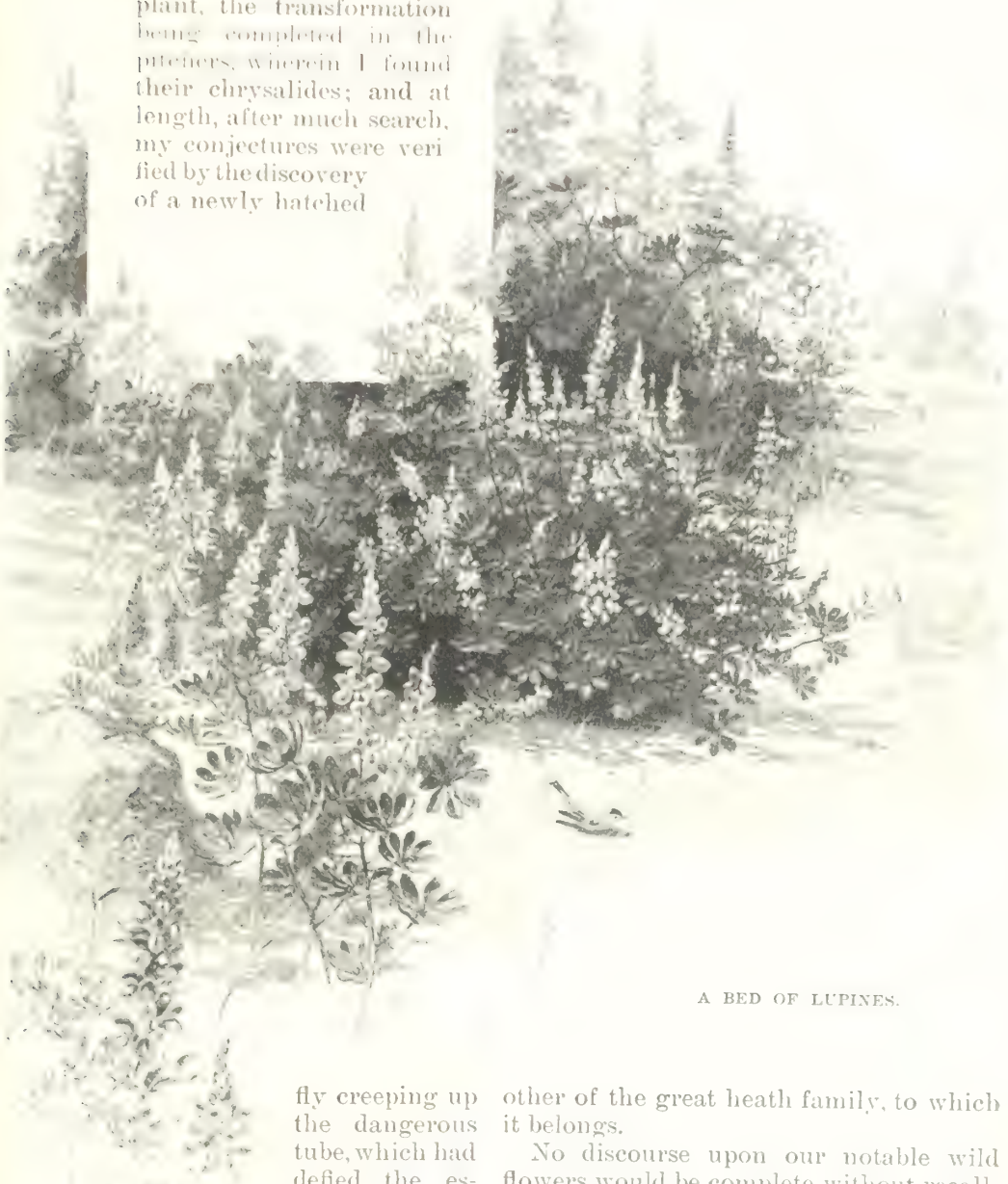
Calypso and Arethusa are often found in questionably queer company; indeed, to the lovers of the eccentric our flora affords quite a variety show. The botanical enthusiast who has never found the side-saddle-flower or pitcher-plant has a sensation in store for him. In a swamp nestling in a huge bowl on the side of Black Mountain, Lake George, I once found myself in a sea of purple pitcher-plants; no beggarly cluster of the hot-house, but a compact throng, extending, I had almost said, for an acre on all sides, each cluster crowding among its fellows, and presided over by its company of strange nodding, lurid blossoms, and all impacted in the dense moss.

Examination of these pitchers disclosed a fact which has probably been noted before, but of which I have never read—that the insect prisoners were not all victims, almost every pitcher disclosing one, two, or three larvæ which were entirely proof against the digestive arts of the leaf, and which in reality robbed the latter of its rightful prey. These larvæ I soon discovered to be those of a peculiar fly, doubt-



SNEEZE-WEED.

less a distinct species dependent upon the pitcher-plant, the transformation being completed in the pitchers, wherein I found their chrysalides; and at length, after much search, my conjectures were verified by the discovery of a newly hatched



A BED OF LUPINES.

fly creeping up the dangerous tube, which had defied the escape of less knowing insects — an accomplishment for which I

doubt not he had been especially equipped by nature.

Another conspicuous eccentricity is the *monotropa* (we have been treated to the beaker, here is the pipe as well), that pallid child of the dank woods that might well pass for a fungus did we not know that it carries a flower as botanically perfect as the laurel, or the *pyrola*, or any

other of the great heath family, to which it belongs.

No discourse upon our notable wild flowers would be complete without recalling the foxglove, whose tall sprays of tubular blossoms light up many a dark nook in the woods, and whose pure, even color always suggests to me the canary.

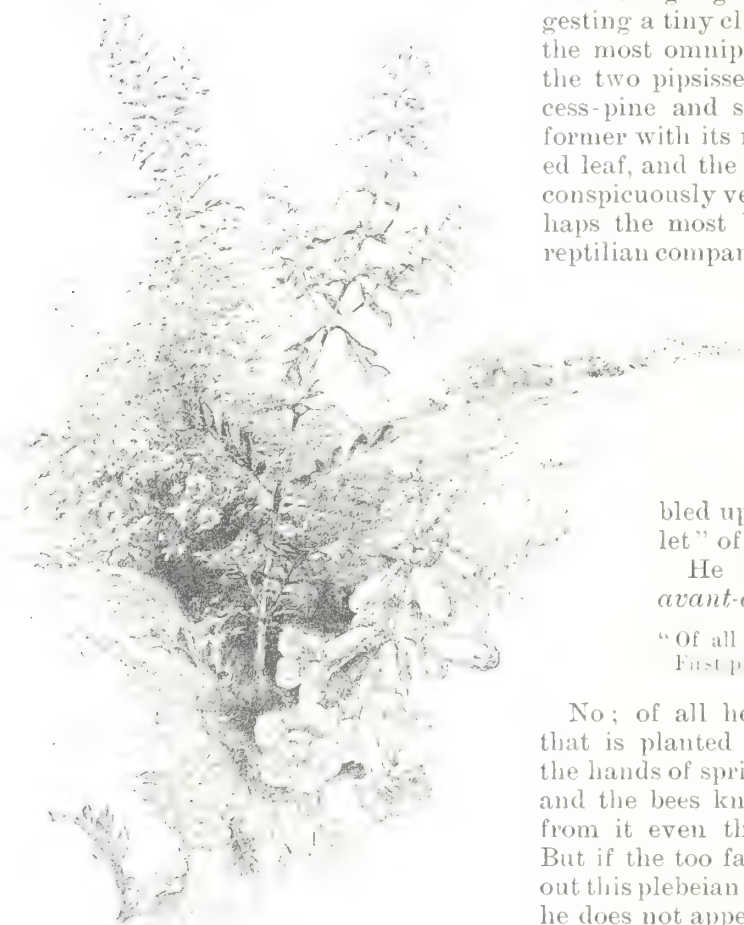
What a fine pine yellow is that of the *toad flax*! But our finest and most conspicuous yellows are among the golden-rods and sunflowers, and their kin of *rudbeckias* and *sneeze-weeds*. The finest orange flaunts in the bloom of the *butterfly-weed* (*Asclepias tuberosa*). The *asters*, *amethystinus* and *noxe anglia*, wear the choicest purple; and in the tiny *forget-me-not* we find a touch of pure

prismatic blue, which nature has here economized as in a turquoise; its like is nowhere repeated in our flora.

I know of few finer and more harmonious displays of color to be found in the whole wild garden than is afforded by a bed of blue lupines—a typical bed, such as I have in mind, with their dense foliage and spires of bloom thrown in bold relief against a background of sunlit sand. It is worth a ten-mile walk to see one such bed in its prime. “Blue lupine,” it is called, but it rings the changes on the sapphire tints, and lays the amethyst in tribute as well, with its infinite variety, from deepest purple to palest pink or white, and in its perfect complementary contrast of the background of sunny sand affords a rare harmony of color.

Emerson

“Saw beneath dim aisles, in odorous beds,
The slight *Linnea* hang its twin-born heads”;



FALSE TONGLOVE

and how many a saunterer has felt his heart leap into his throat as he suddenly came upon a cluster of the sweet pink flowers in the woods! But these “odorous beds” are strewn with the pale pink bells when the pyrolas come upon the scene, and the tiny creeping-twins of the fragrant partridge-vine hardly make their lips known as against the more asserting presence of the pyrolas. It is hard to speak in moderation of these perennial woodland plants. There are four or five of them in more or less constant association, all with their lily-of-the-valley breath.

The pyrola is the perennial hostess of the groves. She does the honors at all seasons. Go into the woods at any time and you are sure of her. Even in the bleakest winter's day, how do her spires of seed-pods and her fresh lusty leaves against the snow quicken our pulses and bring back the summer! The shinleaf, with its light green foliage of spring suggesting a tiny clump of lettuce, is perhaps the most omnipresent of the group; but the two pipsissewas, known as the princess-pine and spotted-wintergreen—the former with its rich green, highly polished leaf, and the latter dull of surface, but conspicuously veined with white—are perhaps the most beautiful, and with their reptilian companions of rattlesnake-hawk-

weed and rattlesnake - plantain, form a notable quartet of lowly foliaged plants.

How have we hypercritical sticklers for truth stum-

bled upon that shy “yellow violet” of Bryant's verse!

He apostrophizes it as the *avant-courrière* of spring:

“Of all its train the hands of Spring
First plant thee in the watery mould.”

No; of all her train the first flower that is planted in the watery mould by the hands of spring is the skunk-cabbage, and the bees know it and gather sweets from it even though the poets do not. But if the too fastidious must needs rule out this plebeian of the bog simply because he does not appear to advantage in a buttonhole, what then? What a brood of wood blooms stand ready to look down on him as they usurp his place! The

incomparable arbutus, darling of the mould; the airy rue anemone; the wind-flower, with its pink and white saucers or drooping bells; the rock-flower—a tiny white *boutonnière* in itself; the liverwort; the downy dwarf everlasting; the bloodroot, with ruddy pulse; the squirrel-corn, redolent of hyacinth; the coltsfoot, with its ginger roots, and the pale spring-beauty, to say nothing of the whittler-flower and dandelion. Which one shall wear the stolen pennant? What change of heart has now come over our beloved poet of the violet? What is the testimony of his later years in his "Winter Piece" as he seeks for the first heralds of spring?

"Lodged in a sunny cleft

Where the cold breezes come not, blooms alone
The little *wind-flower*, whose just opened eye
Is blue as the spring heaven it gazes at—
Startling the loiterer in the naked groves
With unexpected beauty, for the time
Of blossoms and green leaves is yet afar."

There is no "yellow violet" here; but as the "wind-flower" is never "blue," and the hepatica often is, it was of course the latter flower that really "blossomed alone" amid these lingering snows.

An observant friend writes: "A year ago, in taking a walk from Fabyan's to the Crawford House, I discovered a plant of meadow-rue (*Thalictrum cornuti*) having purple blossoms. A very distinct variety it seemed to me—a very decided color; not so soft and graceful as the blossoms of the white, but having a quite pleasing effect. The stem of the plant was also of a dark color. You may be sure I was surprised and delighted, as I had never heard



A GROUP OF PYROLAS.

of such a thing. I took the root to add to my collection of native plants growing in my garden. Last summer the plant blossomed handsomely. I took the flowers to Horticultural Hall, but no one there had ever seen them, and no description or al-



FIRE-LILIES.

lusion can I find in any botany. I have also found a clump of fire-weed plants which have pure white blossoms, which I have plucked for three years. I have come across no one who has ever seen the like. Have you?"

Yes, my friend, I have. There are a whole brood of them. Their whiteness is only sharp enough for they are the black sheep in Dame Nature's goosefold. But she discountenances their pranks, and, as a rule, stirs herself to discount their mischief. It must be admitted, too, that they occasionally put on a very pretty face to cover their waywardness, and their lives

would prove harmless if the evil "culturists" would only cease to play the devil with them, for it is from scions such as these that our prized "varieties" are begotten. In a burned mountainous tract I once found a number of white *Epilobiums* such as my friend describes, and I have met with them occasionally since in my walks. It is a lapse in the plant that is imitated in various other species—abnormal freaks, analogous to the albino among animals, which is recognized as a degenerate type.

For years I saw from my studio window an almost pure white English sparrow. I have seen a white robin, a very pale bluebird, and even as I write a snowy, pink-eyed squirrel is roving among the trees near my country home.

In addition to the fire-weeds, I have found albinos of red clover, closed gentian, purple-flowering raspberry, blue-flag, burdock, purple *Eupatorium*, lupine, blue violet, and bird-foot violet, and have heard of a white cardinal-flower; but the prettiest of all these wayward children is the white-fringed gentian. There is a long list of similar exceptions to tempt the curious scientific eye to be found in our walks. The purple meadow-rue of my friend is by no means as rare a find as he imagines. He has simply happened to miss it. Almost any favorite habitat of the plant will disclose its purple specimen. Pink yarrow and pink wild-carrot are also frequently to be met with, in the latter case that customary deep purple floret in the centre of the bloom seeming to have dissolved like pigment and spread throughout the white saucer. I once found a blue-flag plant upon which nearly all the flowers were four-parted instead of three, as in the true type; and singularly enough, on examination I found that the only pod which had approached maturity was empty, its seeds having been devoured by a caterpillar. "Mere chance!" Well, we cannot decide that point. No derision shall change my faith that this caterpillar had a special mission to fulfil.

Look well to your wild flower, O poet or botanist, ere you claim to know it! How has that little fringed polygala laughed in its purple sleeve as you described its beauties to your friend! Most wild-flower hunters are familiar with this lovely blossom, with its close cluster of leaves suggesting those of the checkerberry, and its singular orchid-like, pur-

ple-winged flower, inevitably suggesting a tiny butterfly with a long fringed tail. It is always a prize, but the real nugget is below. A search down there among the moss at its root discloses a singular secret not generally given away in the nosegay. For this vain purple banneret signals the way to a new and unsuspected path in our wild garden—the cleistogamic flowers—the plant having one blossom for the light and another for the darkness. Like many of its congeners and a long list of other plants, the fringed polygala shows one face to the world and another to mother earth. “Here, worldling,” she would seem to say, “take my fluttering pennant, if you will, but spare my anchor.” These subterranean anchor flowers are borne on long stems, and are entirely without petals, appearing indeed more like small roundish pods than flowers; but they plant the mould with seed, and keep many a spot in the woods perennially tufted with the purple broods, else exterminated by the vandal hand, whether that of botanist or eager childhood. I have rarely met with a wild-flower enthusiast who knows even the spring violet. Take the common blue species, for instance (*Viola cucullata*); you know it of course. “It blossoms in the early spring,” say you. Oh yes, for poet and *boutonnière*, but not for posterity. Go now, even in November, to your favorite violet bed in the woods, and find your dozen blossoms where there was one in May—if you can. The dry leaves are rattling to the sowing of their seed showers, shot afar from the pods, ripening from perfect flowers every day. I have a clump of this wild violet in my city yard, and even as late as November I have picked its blooms, nodding among a veritable galaxy of white three-cornered stars of the open pods, either empty or loaded full with their charge of seed. This flower is not for beauty but for utility, looking merely like a close pointed green calyx; but it is loaded with a potent energy unknown to its vain vernal predecessor. For it would seem to be a law of nature that fruition is inversely as the petals of the flower. Flowers artificially doubled by turning the stamens into petals are often without seed, or with seeds which are germless. In the wilds where nature wishes to insure a fruitful life, it would seem she sometimes entirely deprives the flower of its corolla, as in the instances

given—a pregnant text which is feelingly committed to the prayerful consideration of the world’s garden, where all is vanity. This cautious peculiarity is found in various plants, and is doubtless the saving grace of many, as in the case of the beautiful little polygala, otherwise in certain districts eradicated in posies. The cystus or frost weed has a golden rose or two for the poet, but later on lower branches a thousand microscopic blossoms which bear the responsibility of posterity likewise. The gay young jewel-weed is decked with golden trinkets, but later forgets her ear-drops in the cares of maternity. Certain of the clovers, like the peanut, bury their flowers in the earth to insure the seed.

Verily may I say with Goethe, “Some flowers are lovely only to the eye, but others are lovely to the heart.” Others, again, are lovely to the soul, and it is the wild garden alone that leads us into the clouds.



WHITE-FRINGED GENTIAN



A WINDOWN SELLING METHOD FOR THE FIRM

THESE RECHERCHES SONT DEDIEES A M. LE COMTE DE BOURBON

Editor's Easy Chair.

IT is a good sign of the times that the crusade against the large and omnipresent family of Hog which the Easy Chair long ago preached has been vigorously renewed. Public manners are a common interest. The private conduct of the most famous personages is of small concern beyond their domestic circle. But the conduct of the person in the next room at a hotel, or in the next seat in a railroad car, is of great interest to us. Yet the remedy is not obvious. Even if we should propose a school of manners, it is not certain that the pupils for whom it would be especially designed would attend.

If a fellow-guest at the Grand Hotel of the Universe comes in at two in the morning, and going humming along the corridor to his room, flings his boots down upon the floor at his door with a resounding blow that awakens all neighboring sleepers, you may cover him with expletives, and consign him in imagination to a hundred direful dooms, but nevertheless he goes unpunished. Or you may suddenly confront him in all the majesty of nocturnal dishabille, and admonish him severely of the wicked selfishness of his ways. But the probability is that you will have either an extremely amused audience, who will "guy" your appearance without mercy, or receive a surly rejoinder in the form of a boot or a volley of vituperation. In any event, the school of manners will not be honored by the exercises.

Yet the Hog family is not American, nor is it by any means peculiar to this country. The Lady Mavourneen who said with enthusiasm that she could travel without insult from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and that every American of the other sex seemed to make himself her protector, said only what is generally true of the American. He is naturally courteous and invincibly good-natured. Indeed, it is his good-nature which has permitted the family Hog to develop to such proportions. A man enters a hotel "as if it belonged to him." Will he not be forced to pay for his accommodation—and roundly? Shall he not take his ease in his inn? Is he not willing to settle for all the food, drink, comfort, trouble, that he may require or occasion? Shall

he put himself out for others? If number one does not look out for itself, who will look out for it?

And to all this Jonathan good-naturedly assents. If number one takes more than his share of the sofa, Jonathan moves up. If number one puts his feet on a chair, Jonathan does not stare. If number one still more grossly demonstrates his porcine lineage, Jonathan dislikes to make trouble—until number one comes to despise those whom he insults, and plainly expects every circle to bow to the sovereignty of selfishness. This is a fatal form of good-nature, but it has a not unkindly origin. It springs from a social condition in which everybody is expected to help everybody else, because everybody needs help as in a frontier community. Indeed, in many a rural neighborhood still, this spirit of lending a hand is supreme. Everybody expects to submit to inconvenience, because he knows that he will require others to submit.

But these refinements of mutual dependence must not be allowed to justify the outrages of selfishness. The passenger in the boat or the train who occupies more than his seat, who sits in one chair, covers another with his feet, and a third with his bundles, and smokes, and widely squirts tobacco juice around him until his vicinity is not "a little heaven," but another kind of "h" below, is a public pest and general nuisance, for whose punishment there should be a common law of procedure. But this can be found only where there is a common contempt and resolution which will deprive him of his ill-gotten seats in the first place, and make him feel, in the second, the general scorn of his neighbors.

But as we are told constantly and correctly that we are a reading people, it is through reading that the members of the family which is *hostis humani generis* will learn that they are the most detestable and detested of the great families of the race. You, sir, whose eyes are skimming this page, and who never give your seat to a woman in the elevated car "on principle"—the principle being either that a woman ought not to get into a crowded car, knowing that she will put gentlemen to inconvenience; or that the company ought to forbid the entry of more passen-

gers than there are seats; or that first come should be first served; or that number one, having paid for a seat, has a right to occupy it; or whatever other form the "principle" may assume—you are one of the host against whom the crusade is pushed. Thou art the—well, for the sake of euphony we will say man, but it is not man that is in the mind of *YOUR CENSORS*.

Or you, madam, who enter the railroad car with an air of right, and a look of reproof at every man who does not spring to his feet, and who settle yourself into the seat offered you without the least recognition of the courtesy that offers it—for you it would be well if the urbane mentor of another day were still here, who, having given his seat to a dashing young woman who seemed unconscious of his presence, looked at her until she impatiently demanded if he wanted anything, and he responding, said, blandly, "Yes, madam; I want to hear you say thank you."

Both this sir and madam may learn from the daily papers as from this page that even in a car where they recognize no acquaintance a cloud of witnesses around hold them in full survey, and whatever the fashion or richness of their garments, and however supercilious their air, perceive at once whether they belong to the family of ladies and gentlemen, or to that of Charles Lamb's "Mr. H." Thackeray's hero could not have been more aghast to see his divine Ottilia consume with gusto the oysters which were no longer fresh than Romeo to learn by his Juliet's question to that urbane mentor of other years that his mistress must be of kin to the unmentionable family.

The next time those boots are flung down in the reverberating hotel corridor there will be no harm in remarking to the clerk the next morning in the crowded office that it is not necessary for you to look upon the register to know that one of the Hog family arrived during the night.

A RECENT remark of Goldwin Smith's has led to a very general discussion of the question whether Americans hate England. If put in that broad way, the answer must be unquestionably no. The American consciousness of our kinship and debt to England is altogether too strong to permit any feeling that can be

called hatred. Indeed nowhere is the historical position and significance of England more completely understood or more proudly acknowledged than in this country. The more intelligent and patriotic an American, the warmer is his recognition of the service of England to liberty, and of nothing is such an American surer than that the American Revolution was really a defence of England against herself, and a defence made by the sons of Englishmen.

Mr. Higginson reminds us that Hawthorne points out the fact that however Englishmen may love Americans individually they hate them in the aggregate, and Mr. Higginson confirms the substance of the statement, but not the strength of the expression, by his own experience. He perceives a certain surprise among Englishmen when they are pleased with an American, as if they instinctively measured him by some accepted type of his countrymen which is disagreeable. This is undoubtedly true of both countries. It is what Lowell remarks in his essay upon a certain condescension in foreigners. It is, in fact, almost inevitable under the circumstances. If a company of Americans had emigrated long ago to Australia because of the ill treatment of the republic, and after a violent political separation from us had there grown into a vast and prosperous state, of a language, of political traditions, and a general spirit and range of civilization identical with ours, still regarding us as their mother country, Americans would feel toward their Australian descendants much as the English feel toward us, as if they were an offshoot, a colony, an interesting community founding a new America by "the long wash of Australian seas." That our tone toward them might seem to them condescending would not be surprising.

Undoubtedly in our feeling we distinguish between England and Englishmen. At bottom we feel ourselves to be the Greater Britain. The elder son has staid at home, and lives in the old family mansion, which is antiquated and inconvenient, but it stands in the ancient park, and it is venerable and picturesque. It is invested with the romance of old tradition. It is hung with the family portraits. The household maintains old customs that seem to us outgrown and foolish, and that in any case could not be transported

to a new country and a modern house. The older son is a kind of country squire, and seems to us to give himself airs of superiority to the younger, which are not justified by possession of the old estate, an advantage which seems to us to be greatly overborne by the conveniences of our new establishment. If he comes to see us he is apt to estimate everything by the standards he brings, and not by those that he finds. He misses the ivy on the walls, and the wigs of the judges and the Speaker, and the pervading fiction of a visible sovereignty. He thinks the old thing at home is better because it is old and at home. The younger son grows impatient as he points out how remuneratively he has invested his portion of the old heritage of liberty, and how he has extended the family name and fame, only to hear the reply, "Quite so; it's all awfully jolly; but it isn't England, you know."

No, it isn't England; it is America. Yet how if the younger son should say, what is undeniably true, that the best of America was transplanted from England. "In signing away his own empire over America, George III. did not sign away the empire of English liberty, of English law, of English literature, of English religion, of English blood, or of the English tongue." It is the same thoughtful observer who says that, who also says that Americans hate England. No, they do not hate England. Say rather that they hate Englishmen who do not understand what English empire is; Englishmen who have not yet learned the significance of another saying of the same observer, "Above all nations is humanity"; Englishmen who, could they have had their way, would have subjected the younger son to the sceptre of George III., when, as the Englishman who saved the English empire in the last century said, if England had subjected the colonies, she would have fallen on her own sword.

What Americans hate in England is what is not truly England. The later alienation comes largely from English conduct in our civil war. But surely England was as much divided then as it was divided between Chatham and George the Third. The England that we hated then was the England of Bute and Lord St. Vincent, not the England of John Milton, John Hampden, and John Bright. The London *Times* and the superfine *Re-*

view did not speak for the England that really created both England and America, but for the England that drove America out, and that subsequently England herself happily suppressed at home.

It may seem like refining too far, but it is not England, it is Englishmen who, of alien spirit, sometimes masquerade as England that America hates. John Quincy Adams felt that the masqueraders had permanent hold, and he was always distrustful. But in this day we cannot assent to that view. There is, indeed, a political game always playing in this country, of which abuse of England is one of the counters. But the intelligence, the conscience, and the love of liberty in America are America, and they do not hate the same qualities over the sea, which are the England from which America sprang.

IN the first paper of the *Sketch-Book*, which describes the Atlantic voyage, Irving says that when the weather, which had been fair, changed to a wild and threatening aspect, the passengers gathered toward evening in the cabin, where the gloom was made ghastlier by the dull light of a lamp, and every one told his tale of shipwreck and disaster. On the longer voyage, on which we are all embarked, when our thoughts are turned to the night side of nature, as Robert Dale Owen called it, we likewise are all apt to fall to telling the grewsome tales which are known as ghost stories. They have a strange and subtle fascination. The imagination, quickened by suggestions of mysterious sounds and supernatural presences, fills the young listener with horror. The upward path to bed through darkened passages and solitary halls is peopled with terrors worse than dragons and visible monsters, for they are phantoms of dread against whose malign power there is no sovereign amulet.

The sufferings of the child sent severely to encounter all alone such fears and figments of the fancy are indescribable. They are recalled through the actual trials of later years as more grievous and appalling than they, and many a man and woman pities the forlorn little figures that once they were, cowering and shivering in that early purgatory of terror which the ghost story created. Later they begin to ask whether those harrowing apprehensions, that inexplicable awe, were, after

all, only fanciful. The man, of whom the child is father, as he grows wiser comes to learn that all he knows is that he knows little. He sees the succession of the seasons, the systole and diastole of the visible heart of beauty, but the secret of its life still hides from his gaze. If one enlightenment conceives the tortoise on which the elephant stands, another advances to protoplasm, but no further.

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting."

The most refined psychological speculation may extend the range of observation. But the "mocking laughter" of desert places, the cry of the banshee, the sudden impression of a presence, the strange and fanciful popular superstitions, as they are called, in the same way that unapprehended physical conditions are sagely called nervous prostration—what is the key to them all? What is a hallucination? Who shall say conclusively that it is the thing that is not? And if it be, whence is it, and why?

The literature of ghosts is very ancient. In visions of the night, and in the lurid vapors of mystic incantations, figures rise and smile, or frown and disappear. The Witch of Endor murmurs her spell, and "an old man cometh up, and he is covered with a mantle." Macbeth takes a bond of fate, and from Hecate's caldron, after the apparition of an armed head and that of a bloody child, "an apparition of a child crowned, with a tree in his hand, rises." The wizard recounts to Lochiel his warning vision, and Lochiel departs to his doom. There are stories of the Castle of Otranto and of the Three Spaniards, and the infinite detail of "singular experiences," which make our conscious daily life the frontier and border land of an impinging world of mystery.

But these stories have no conscious law. They are like fantastic or horrible dreams. Did the writer suffer from nightmare? Or are they but fairy tales reversed? For airy Titania has some evil fate given us the Tall Woman, and tricky Ariel have we exchanged for Caliban? There is indeed a hint of similar recurring phenomena that may seem to imply some law. There is the persistent story of the friend who seems to appear in the room or at the door, or whom, awaking, you see by your bedside, only to learn afterward that at the same moment in a distant land he dies. There is the family spectre, whose

appearance foretells death to the luckless member of the family who sees it. Does some sudden physical pang, some mortal premonition, recall the legend, and instantly he believes that he sees the messenger of doom?

The fascination of this realm of experience, which is traditional from age to age, yet always elusive, is undeniable. Few men have seen ghosts, or will confess that they have seen them. But almost everybody knows some one of the few. Haunted houses are familiar in many neighborhoods, with the usual story of the roistering sceptic who will gladly pass the night alone in the haunted chamber, and give monsieur the ghost a warm welcome, but who, if not found dead in the morning, emerges pale and haggard, with a settled terror in his look, and his lips sealed forever upon the story of the awful night.

Mansions in country places are advertised for sale or hire, with the attraction of a well-regulated ghost, who contents himself with driving up at midnight with a great clatter of outriders, and rumble of wheels, and brisk letting down of steps, and a bustling entrance into the house, and then no more. Staid gentlemen remember in their youth awaking in a friend's house in the summer night just in time to see the vanishing through the long window of a draped figure; a momentary pausing on the balcony outside; the sense of a penetrating, mournful look; then a vanishing; and at breakfast the cheery question of the host, "Did you see the lovely Lady Rosamond?" and a following tale of hapless love and woe.

The delirium of fever, if only we knew what it is, and an unbalanced mind, and an excited imagination, are all devices more or less unsatisfactory, and as mysterious as the ghosts themselves, to explain the realm of ghost or fairy. Where these cannot be assumed, dyspepsia may be invoked as the witch who mingles and stirs the caldron. But science loves to speculate upon so ancient and strange a system of phenomena, or statements of alleged phenomena, and to try to reduce to order and marshal in well-disciplined ranks these coy and evanescent hints of something that eludes exactness of observation and defies acute analysis. The meritorious effort recalls the line of Shelley describing the clouds as

"Shepherded by the slow unwilling wind."

Science, indeed, is not unwilling. Her ministers are ready to try the haunted chamber, and to bring the Lady Rosamond to the most rigid investigation. But will she smile upon the philosophers and surrender, who has only looked sadly upon the poets and disappeared? The Society for Psychical Research, however, is not daunted, and does not despair of helping the sun to rise upon the night side of nature. Several years since it began to collect a census of hallucinations, of which the responsibility was assumed last summer by the International Congress of Experimental Psychology at Paris. The object is twofold—to obtain a mass of facts about hallucination which may serve as a basis for scientific study of such phenomena, and also to ascertain the number of persons who have had experience of them. The question of the census sheet is very simple: "Have you ever, when completely awake, had a vivid impression of seeing or being touched by a living being or an inanimate object, or hearing a voice, which impression, so far as you could discover, was not due to any external physical cause?" Some eight thousand persons in England, France, and the United States have already responded, and the congress hopes that at its next meeting in England, in 1892, there may have been not less than fifty thousand answers collected. Professor William James, of Harvard University, has been selected to superintend the American branch of the census.

No more timely, striking, and interesting illustration of the phenomena in question, intimations, impressions, apparitions, which are familiarly described as supernatural, can be found than the collection of little tales called *Modern Ghosts*. It is the most modern and contemporary contribution to this literature, collected from authors in various parts of Europe, Norway, France, Spain, Austria, Italy—all of them masters in their way, and of that sympathetic and delicate lightness of touch which is indispensable to the happiest treatment of such themes. One of the writers, Guy de Maupassant, is already well known in this country from the little collection of tales, *The Odd Number*, and from Mr. Henry James's charming essay of introduction. Another name which will have great interest for many readers is that of Becquier, a Spaniard, who died in 1870, only thirty-four years

old, whose tales are full of the sentiment and legend of his country, and some of whose verses, especially the "Swallows," a tenderly passionate love-song, breathing the sadness of the poet's life and temperament, have been very felicitously translated.

The tales that compose the volume show how universally the old spell of "the supernatural" still lingers. The fair Lady Rosamond, vanishing in the summer moonlight on the balcony of a New England country house, she or some loathlier denizen of the same uncomprehended sphere, appears on a river at France or in a street in Spain. The old man covered with a mantle still cometh up. The child crowned, with a tree in his hand, still rises. And still we gaze entranced, and like the child shuddering through weirdly peopled shadows to his solitary chamber, we are conscious of the uncanny spell, and of the spectral realm in which we move.

These little tales, like instant photographs, bring us nearer to the life of other lands, and apprise us that, in an unexpected sense, we are all of one blood—a blood that runs cold by an influence that we cannot comprehend, and at a contact of which we are conscious by an apprehension beyond that of the senses.

WHATEVER may be the fate of the copyright bill in Congress, it is plain that the copyright cause has gained greatly by the discussion of the last year. The essential question was never so generally and so well understood as now, and in its recent discussion there has been a refreshing persistence. The old argument—the most ancient, if not the most honorable veteran in a bad cause—that there can be no property in an idea has been effectually disposed of. He appeared in Congress with his familiar air of conclusiveness, and the what-do-you-say-to-that aspect with which he has bullied his way through the debate for many a year. But he has been neatly tripped and floored by Judge Shipman, and will be henceforth only a crippled pensioner upon good-nature.

Nobody can say whether there can be property in an idea; but whether there can be or not, an idea can be made available only in a way in which there can be property. The good cause has never alleged any other kind of property, and that is

the form which the law concedes. Whether the law concedes it as fairly and fully as it should is a question, but there is no question that it concedes it.

The American law having granted to Americans that kind of right, the right is not weakened or lost by mixing it with different things. My diamond does not cease to be mine and valuable to me because you throw it among a heap of pebbles that may be common property. The law says that the form which I give to an idea is my property, and it does not cease to be so because the law does not say that something else is property. It may inevitably follow that by acknowledging my right, the law logically concedes that right in general. But whether this follows or not, the law protects my property in the form of my idea, and lays its hand upon you if you do not respect my right.

You cannot take my diamond and make it yours by placing it between two pebbles which the law says that you may take, nor even if you place it between two diamonds which the law ought to say, but does not say, belong to others. Even if the law gives you a pound of flesh, it gives you no more and no less. Above all, not a single drop of blood. Judge Shipman came evidently from the school of Bellario. My diamond is mine, says

the law; and whoever takes it without my permission is a—conveyer, says the law, and the judgment of the law is ratified in the higher court of conscience and common-sense.

The great present gain of the cause is that it has been transferred to that higher court whose jurisdiction takes cognizance of moral convictions. A moral right exists independent of law. Such also is the quality of what is called natural rights. Alexander Hamilton was the chief of our practical statesmen. But it was Hamilton who said that the rights of human nature are written as with a sunbeam on human consciousness. Among all lovers of justice those rights exist, whether with law or without it, and those lovers do not justify an evident wrong by the plea that no law forbids it. But, in truth, the highest law forbids it. The absence of good laws from the statute-book is as significant as the presence of bad laws. Good sir, do you justify the King of the Cannibal Islands for dining upon your lamented grandfather because there was no law of the islands that forbade it?

It is always a happy day in the realm of Venice when learned doctors from old Bellario, in Padua, come to the Duke's Court of Justice to hear and determine causes that involve the highest law.

Editor's Study.

I.

IN the twenty years that have passed since Mr. John Hay gave us the poems presently reprinted with others in a volume enlarged to nearly twice the size of his first venture, the reading world has been of many moods. At present it is certainly no longer of the mood in which it received with acclaim the heroic tales and dramatic measures of the Pacific slope, and fondly accepted them as divination, if not revelation. It is a world where nothing is lasting, nothing is final; where judgments are often reversed, and more errors are made than are acknowledged. One of these errors was to confound Mr. Hay's work in "dialect" balladry with that of other poets, who were so creative that they created even the vernacular employed by their rude sons of the soil. Mr. Hay never could justly claim to have done this; he must be con-

tent with the slighter praise that belongs to the observer of life, and can have no higher honor than comes from having imagined characters; he did not imagine dialects. Perhaps it is for this reason, however it brings his "genius" in question, that the Pike County Ballads are still enjoyable, now when our faith in the self-sacrifice of steam-boat engineers and martyr stage-drivers has somewhat lapsed, and we find it difficult to believe even in the altruism of the greatest millionaires.

In "Little Breeches," and "The Pledge at Spunky Point," and "The Mystery of Gilgal," as in the gay lyrics and sketches of life indefinitely alien to Pike County, the wit is always the stream of Western humor, springing from the same source in the heart of America. The poems are interestingly biographical of a writer whose Americanism is of a quality

as unmistakable in other things as in his wit, and who has had the advantage to have been in touch with the world outside America at many points without leaving any part of himself in its grasp. That basal good-nature on which our national being rests underlies the poetry of the whole book, and its airiest wit is alive with the trust in men which is the practical religion of these States. Something faithful, true-hearted, generous, is never far off, even from passages that promise, or threaten, to be quite sophisticated and cynical. There is kindness in the shrewdest irony, and no final bitterness in the laughter. As to the more serious pieces, it seems to us that there has never been a better or braver word said for Liberty than in the poem of that name; and that the great meaning of Christianity illumines with its tenderest and loveliest light the beautiful lines on Mount Tabor. There is so much that is so good in the pieces of a religious cast in the volume that we are inclined to commend them especially to the reader, and especially to the reader who has hitherto known the poet on his most obvious side. Among those of a different cast, "A Triumph of Order" is something that makes the heart bleed still as if the boy-communist had just been shot in Paris. For the poetic effect that may be embodied in the very plainest and barest phrase, "Miles Keogh's Horse" is a masterpiece; and "Sister St. Luke," in another kind, is a picture perfectly painted of features whose delicate spirit could not have been easily caught:

"She lived shut in by flowers and trees,
And shade of gentle bigotries.

*But in her small, dull Paradise,
Safe housed from rapture or surprise,
Nor day nor night had power to fright
The peace of God that filled her eyes."*

That is admirable; and admirable in its way is the handling of the legend of "The happiest of all lovers," Ernest of Edelsheim—

"His true love was a serpent
Only half the time."

In a kindred sort "The Enchanted Shirt" is excellent; in another sort and of a lofty level is "Guy of the Temple," with its fine mystical passion, and its hour of that religious ardor long lost to the world except in such poems as this and Tenny-

son's idyls. As for those "Distiches," which appear to be the latest minting of the poet's treasure, they are pieces of fine gold, so sharply and cleanly struck, and of such a clear brilliancy and ringing truth, that they are like so many Greek coins.

II

It is difficult to say what manner of poet a certain poet is; to be quite modest, it is impossible; and yet, like the question of the first cause and the last end, it is always tempting endeavor. As for Mr. Hay's work one feels as if he were saying in this or that instance of it, "Here is what I could do in a given direction if I chose." We wish he had chosen to do more in one kind or another, but perhaps this is only an impulse of the baffled critical faculty which prefers something distinctively ranged, finally classified. But again perhaps a wiser criticism than ours (we imagine it with considerable effort and reluctance) will be more and more content with each artist for just what it finds him, if it finds him good; and if it must still place and label him will say of such a poet as Mr. Hay: "Ah, yes! An unclassifiable. This is nice. Put him with the class of the unclassifiables."

We fancy him in company there with another American who is chiefly recognizable as American because he is not recognizable as anything else, and who must be called a novelist because there is yet no name for the literary kind he has invented, and so none for the inventor. The fatuity of the story as a story is something that must early impress the story-teller who does not live in the stone age of fiction and criticism. To spin a yarn for the yarn's sake, that is an ideal worthy of a nineteenth-century Englishman, doting in forgetfulness of the English masters and grovelling in ignorance of the Continental masters; but wholly impossible to an American of Mr. Henry James's modernity. To him it must seem like the lies swapped between men after the ladies have left the table and they are sinking deeper and deeper into their cups and growing dimmer and dimmer behind their cigars. To such a mind as his the story could never have value except as a means; it could not exist for him as an end; it could be used only illustratively; it could be the frame, not possibly the picture. But in the mean time the kind of thing he wished to do, and began to do, and has al-

was done amidst a steady clamor which still lasts, that it was not a story (of course, it was not a story!), had to be called a novel; and the wretched victim of the novel-habit (only a little less intellectually degraded than the still more miserable slave of the theatre-habit), who wished neither to perceive nor to reflect, but only to be acted upon by plot and incident, was lost in an endless trouble about it. Here was a thing called a novel, written with extraordinary power, interesting by the vigor and vivacity with which phases and situations and persons were handled in it; inviting him to the intimacy of characters divined with creative insight; making him witness of motives and emotions and experiences of the finest import; and then suddenly requiring him to be man enough to cope with the question itself; not solving it for him by a marriage or a murder, and not spoon-victualling him with a moral minced small and then thinned with milk and water, and familiarly flavored with sentimentality or religiosity. We can imagine the sort of shame with which such a writer, so original and so clear-sighted, may sometimes have been tempted by the outcry of the nurslings of fable, to give them of the diet on which they had been pampered to imbecility; or to call together his characters for a sort of round-up last of all.

The round-up was once the necessary close of every novel, as it is of every season on a Western cattle ranch; and each personage was summoned to be distinctly branded with his appropriate destiny, so that the reader need be in no doubt about him evermore. The formality received its most typical observance in *The Vicar of Wakefield*, perhaps, where the modern lover of that loveliest prospect of eighteenth-century life is amused by the conscientiousness with which fate is distributed, and vice punished and virtue rewarded. It is most distinctly honored in the breach in that charming prospect of nineteenth-century life, *The Tragic Muse*, a novel which marks the farthest departure from the old ideal of the novel. No one is obviously led to the altar; no one is relaxed to the secular arm and burnt at the stake. Vice is disposed of with a gay shrug; virtue is rewarded by innuendo. All this leaves us pleasantly thinking of all that has happened before, and asking, Was Gabriel Nash vice? Was Mrs. Dallow virtue? Or was neither either?

In the nineteenth century, especially now toward the close of it, one is never quite sure about vice and virtue: they fade wonderfully into and out of each other; they mix, and seem to stay mixed, at least around the edges.

Mr. James owns that he is himself puzzled by the extreme actuality of his facts; fate is still in solution, destiny is not precipitated; the people are still going uncertainly on as we find people going on in the world about us all the time. But that does not prevent our being satisfied with the study of each as we find it in the atelier of a master. Why in the world should it? What can it possibly matter that Nick Dormer and Mrs. Dormer are not certainly married, or that Biddy Dormer and Sherringham certainly are? The marriage or the non-marriage cannot throw any new light on their characters; and the question never was what they were going to do, but what they were. This is the question that is most sufficiently if not distinctly answered. They never wholly emerge from the background which is a condition of their form and color; and it is childish, it is Central African, to demand that they shall do so. It is still more Central African to demand such a thing in the case of such a wonderful creature as Gabriel Nash, whose very essence is elusiveness; the lightest, slightest, airiest film of personality whose insubstantiality was ever caught by art; and yet so strictly of his time, his country, his kind. He is one sort of modern Englishman; you are as sure of that as you are of the histrionic type, the histrionic character, realized in the magnificent full-length of Miriam Rooth. *There is mastery for you!* There is the woman of the theatre, destined to the stage from her cradle; touched by family, by society, by love, by friendship, but never swayed for a moment from her destiny, such as it is, the tinsel glory of triumphing for a hundred nights in the same part. An honest creature, most thoroughly honest in heart and act, and most herself when her whole nature is straining toward the realization of some one else; vulgar, sublime; ready to make any sacrifice for her art, to "toil terribly," to suffer everything for it, but perfectly aware of its limitations at its best, while she provisionally contents herself with its second-best, she is by all odds so much more perfectly presented in *The*

village life outside: the theatres, the manners and customs of the people; his relations and neighbors; the family sports and amusements; the holidays, and the religious rites and feasts. It is all very queer, outwardly; but inwardly the life is like our own, with the same affections, the same emotions, the same ambitions, the same ideals of rectitude and kindness and purity. We value the book not only for the pleasure, the sincere and graphic life-pictures given in it, but for the contribution to man's knowledge of himself which it makes. It will help to clear away the delusion that the quality, the essence of human nature is varied by condition, or creed, or climate, or color; and to teach the truth of our solidarity which we are so long a-learning.

V

It is easy to go from such a book as this boy's autobiography to such a book as Balzac's *Sons of the Soil*, lately issued in the admirable series of American translations of his novels, for with all the vast changes otherwise, one does not change the atmosphere of reality. We should say, if we did not pride ourselves upon the Study's caution and infallibility, that this book was almost the most modern of Balzac's novels: in motive and in method it is up with the latest discoveries in study, the newest fashions in art. It is so very "actual" in all these things that one rather wonders, in reading it, why Zola was at the trouble to write *La Terre*, since there already existed this report of rural France not very different in tenor or effect from that which he has given, and very much decenter in terms, and much less romantic in spirit. When we think of the two books together, it is apparent that the later novelist could not have taught the earlier master anything of realism; in this book, written in what seems his clearest and most fortunate moment, Balzac shows himself wellnigh the foremost artist of our time, and inexpressibly ahead of his own. If he could always have freed himself so wholly from the mists of romanticism which he was all his life struggling out of, he could have been one of the foremost artists of every time. But it is well that the past leaves something for the future to do, that all the facts are not accomplished. No doubt it is well also that there should be a reversion to the earlier types of thinking and feeling,

to earlier ways of looking at human nature, and we do not refuse the pleasure offered us by Mr. Lafcadio Hearn because we find our pleasure chiefly in Tolstoi and James and Galdós and Valdés, and Thomas Hardy and Balzac at his best. In Mr. Hearn the public has learned to know an artist of those who think in color; and perhaps one doubts whether it might not be better for him to paint his sketches than to write them. As a painter he is of the most modern school: an impressionist who puts on pure color, and loves to render light in its fiercest and brightest and gayest tints; it is as a fictionist that he seems a reversion. His story of *Youma*, which we should perhaps more fitly call a poem, is an illustration of both facts in its dealing with tropical landscapes and natures, and its motivation of the chief character. *Youma* does the old sublimity-act of perishing before her lover's eyes with her master's child in her arms, and refusing to be saved from the flames that have made a holocaust of the white refugees. The scene is in Martinique, where the slaves have risen at the rumor of a new revolution in France and turned upon their owners; the situation is powerfully suggested, and the race differences and dissonances finely accorded in all the shades of black and white. Those who know Mr. Hearn's writing need not be assured that the local color is luxuriously given, that the descriptions are rapturous. Here is a man born to do the work he is doing, and one must not too coldly question whether he is not overdoing it. That is really a matter for him to settle himself with his readers at large; criticism cannot do more than note his characteristics; it cannot teach him anything, or mend him, or mar him. What it can be certain of and grateful for is the fact that in the great array of mediocrity and passivity, here is a positive talent that vividly distinguishes itself from all others, and joys in its life and strength. The love of doing the things that he does is evident in all his work; and it is this that in *Youma* charms and recompenses and promises. It is the sign manual of the poet; the impress of authority and right.

VI.

The qualities of mind for which Mr. John Morley praised the author of *Castle and Cabin*, Mr. George Pellew's book on

Ireland, when he spoke of him as a judicial thinker and observer of a rare type, are evident in Mr. Pellew's *Life of John Jay*, the latest of the "American Statesmen Series." The clear intellect, the just spirit, the conscientious question are all present in this biography as they are in everything that Mr. Pellew has done. It was impossible to make a hero of John Jay, after the high romantic fashion, and no one could have detested such a hero more than Jay, unless it were Mr. Pellew; but there was material in the first Chief Justice for the portrait of a simple great man: a great man of the English ideal. The strange thing about Jay, however, was that he had nothing English in him; not a drop of English blood, but was of French and Dutch descent, and had none of that sentimental kindliness for England which gave many of our Revolutionaries pause, and long kept them reluctant to break wholly with the mother country. When he dedicated himself to the American cause it was with no backward look, from the moment he began to deal with its local enemies in New York till the time when he stood out against King George's ministers and refused to open negotiations for peace before the independence of the United States had been acknowledged.

Mr. Pellew makes clear the importance of such a character to people feeling their way to full political consciousness, as ours were then; and the services that

Jay did the nation in many ways are part of its history. The sacrifices he made can be best appreciated on reading the early chapters descriptive of the training he had received for a career of tranquil prosperity and that domestic quiet to which the last chapter portrays his return in such sincere satisfaction. He was a man tenderly attached to wife and home and friends; but he gave up all for country. Here and there are touching words of affection and regret that show how much it cost him; but the sense of his cheerful and manly adequacy to every test of duty remains chiefly with the reader of this life of him.

Jay was an aristocrat by birth, training, and doubtless, as Mr. Lowell has described the condition, "a Tory in his nerves," but from first to last he was the stoutest of rebels, the hardest-headed of republicans, the truest and warmest lover of liberty, and not liberty for the whites alone, but for the blacks too. He saw the faults of Liberty, but he loved her none the less, and when it came to a question of final political responsibility, he was willing to trust her younger and plainer sister Equality. Simplicity he loved too as the best expression of a republican's self-respect, and he wished to realize it in his family life as well as in his public words. The character is one that bears study at every point, and we have not got us so much wisdom yet but that it will still yield us a little instruction.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 15th of July.—

The following bills passed the Senate: A bill to devote to the common schools of Utah the property of the Mormon Church, June 21st; the Disability Pension Bill, and the Agricultural College Bill, June 23d; the Consular and Diplomatic Bill, and the Post-office Appropriation Bill, June 24th; the bill to admit Wyoming into the Union, June 27th; the Agricultural Bill, June 30th; the bill to admit Idaho into the Union, July 1st; the Frye Shipping Bills, July 12th.—The following bills passed the House: The Sundry Civil Bill, June 17th; the Indian Appropriation Bill, June 20th; the Lodge Federal Election Bill (155 to 149), July 2d.

A free-coinage silver bill, which passed the Senate, June 17th, failed to receive the concurrence of the House, June 25th, and a conference was ordered. The conference report was adopted by the Senate July 10th, and was concurred in by the House, July 12th. The bill was signed by the President July 14th.

The President signed the act admitting Idaho into the Union July 3d, and that admitting Wyoming July 10th.

The following nominations for Governor were made in State Conventions: Vermont Republicans, at Montpelier, June 19th, Carroll S. Paige; Pennsylvania Republicans, at Harrisburg, June 25th, George Wallace Delamater; Pennsylvania Democrats, at Scranton, July 2d, Robert Emory Pattison; Maine Democrats, July 2d, William P. Thompson.

The bill to continue the charter of the Louisiana State Lottery Company for twenty-five years was vetoed by Governor Nicholls July 7th.

An agreement between England and Germany defining the boundaries of their respective possessions in Africa was signed June 30th; the island of Heligoland to be ceded by Great Britain to Germany in consideration of certain concessions in Africa.

King Leopold of Belgium, June 18th, appointed Henry M. Stanley Governor of the Congo Free State from 1891.

The new Constitution of Brazil, providing for a Federal system based on that of the United States, was promulgated June 23d.

A revolution was inaugurated in Salvador June 22d. Twenty-three persons, including General Marcial, the revolutionary leader, were killed. President Menendez died on the following day from heart-disease. General Carlos Ezeta was proclaimed Provisional President, and a new cabinet was formed.—June 25th, the Provisional Government placed the different branches of the administration under the control of General Guirola. July 14th, the government proclaimed the country in a state of siege.

The Liberal Ministry of Spain, under Premier Sagasta, resigned July 2d, and a new cabinet, with Señor Canovas del Castillo as Premier, was formed July 11th.

DISASTERS.

June 23d.—Fort de France, Martinique, West Indies, burned, and 5,000 people rendered homeless.—Accident on the Reading Railroad, resulting in the death of two persons and the injury of others.

June 25th.—Collapse of a foot-bridge at the French port of St. Jean, throwing hundreds of persons into the sea. Many drowned.

June 27th.—News received of the sinking in the Bay of Biscay of the Dutch steamer *Prins Frederik* by collision with the British steamer *Marpessa*. Six lives lost.

June 29th.—Accident on Missouri Pacific near Nevada, Missouri. Many persons injured, two fatally.

June 30th.—Seven persons injured—three fatally—by a fire in the Standard Oil Refinery, Louisville, Kentucky.

July 1st.—Disastrous fire in Seattle, Washington.

July 7th.—Gale at Fargo, North Dakota, destroy-

ing many houses. Nine persons killed and a number injured.

July 10th.—News was received of the drowning of fifty-nine persons at Osaka, Japan, during the launching of a new sailing vessel. Also, of the killing of over 700 persons by hurricanes at Muscat, Arabia.

July 11th.—The ferry landing-stage at Dartmouth, Nova Scotia, collapsed, and precipitated a large number of persons into the water, causing immense loss of life.—A boiler explosion on the lake steamer *Tioga* at Chicago injured many persons, nineteen fatally.

July 13th.—A cyclone near St. Paul, Minnesota, wrecks a steamer on Lake Pepin and causes great loss of life.—A fire at Philadelphia destroys property to the value of \$600,000.

OBITUARY.

June 23d.—In St. Joseph, Missouri, George W. McCrary, ex-Secretary of War, aged fifty-six.—In New York city, Charles M. Da Costa, lawyer, aged fifty-three.

June 25th.—John H. Fanning, Assistant Superintendent of Public Schools, aged sixty-nine.

June 28th.—In London, England, Henry Howard Molyneux Herbert, fourth Earl of Carnarvon, aged fifty-nine.

July 6th.—In Easton, Maryland, the Rev. Dr. Edward Josias Stearns, Protestant Episcopal clergyman, aged eighty.

July 9th.—In New York city, General Clinton B. Fisk, candidate of the Prohibitionists for the Presidency in 1888, aged sixty-two.

July 13th.—In New York city, Major-General John Charles Frémont, aged seventy-seven.



None of the most charming of the many wonderfully picturesque little beaches on the Pacific coast, near Monterey, is the idlest if not the most objectionable social group in the world. Just off the shore, farther than a stone's throw, lies a mass of broken rocks. The surf comes leaping and laughing in, sending up, above the curving green breakers and crests of foam, jets and spirals of water which flash like silver fountains in the sunlight.

These islets of rock are the home of the sea-lion. This loafer of the coast congregates here by the thousand. Sometimes the rocks are quite covered, the smooth rounded surface of the larger one presenting the appearance at a distance of a knoll dotted with dirty sheep. There is generally a select knot of a dozen floating about in the still water under the lee of the rock, bobbing up their tails and flippers very much as black drift-wood might heave about in the tide. During certain parts of the day members of this community are off fishing in deep water; but what they like

best to do is to crawl up on the rocks and grunt and bellow, or go to sleep in the sun. Some of them lie half in water, their tails floating and their ungainly heads wagging. These uneasy ones are always wriggling out or plunging in. Some crawl to the tops of the rocks and lie like gunny bags stuffed with meal, or they repose on the broken surfaces like masses of jelly. When they are all at home the rocks have not room for them, and they crawl on and over each other, and lie like piles of undressed pork. In the water they are black, but when they are dry in the sun the skin becomes a dirty light brown. Many of them are huge fellows, with a body as big as an ox. In the water they are repulsively graceful, on the rocks they are as ungainly as boneless cows, or hogs that have lost their shape in prosperity. Summer and winter (and it is almost always summer on this coast) these beasts, which are well fitted neither for land nor water, spend their time in absolute indolence, except when they are compelled to cruise around in the deep water for food. They are of no use to anybody, either for their skin or their flesh. Nothing could be more thoroughly disgusting and uncanny than they are, and yet nothing more fascinating. One can watch them—the irresponsible, formless lumps of intelligent flesh—for hours without tiring. I scarcely know what the fascination is. A small seal playing by himself near the shore, floating on and diving under the breakers, is not so very disagreeable, especially if he comes so near that you can see his pathetic eyes; but these brutes in this perpetual summer resort are disgustingly attractive. Nearly everything about them, including their voice, is repulsive. Perhaps it is the absolute idleness of the community that makes it so interesting. To fish, to swim, to snooze on the rocks, that is all, forever and ever. No past, no future. A society that lives for the laziest sort of pleasure. If they were rich, what more could they have? Is not this the ideal of a watering-place life?

The spectacle of this happy community ought to teach us humility and charity in judgment. Perhaps the philosophy of its attractiveness lies deeper than its *dolce far niente* existence. We may never have considered the attraction for us of the disagreeable, the positive fascination of the uncommonly ugly. The repulsive fascination of the loathly serpent or dragon for women can hardly be explained on theological grounds. Some cranks have maintained that the theory of gravitation alone does not explain the universe, that repulsion is as necessary as attraction in our economy. This may apply to society. We are all charmed with the luxuriance of a semi-tropical landscape, so violently charmed that we become in time tired of its overpowering bloom and color. But what is the charm of the wide treeless desert, the leagues of sand and burnt-up chaparral, the distant savage, fantastic mountains, the dry

desolation as of a world burnt out? It is not contrast altogether. For this illimitable waste has its own charm; and again and again, when we come to a world of vegetation, where the vision is shut in by beauty, we shall have an irrepressible longing for these wind-swept plains as wide as the sea, with the ashy and pink horizons. We shall long to be weary of it all again—its vast nakedness, its shimmering heat, its cold, star-studded nights. It seems paradoxical, but it is probably true, that a society composed altogether of agreeable people would become a terrible bore. We are a "kittle" lot, and hard to please for long. We know how it is in the matter of climate. Why is it that the masses of the human race live in the most disagreeable climates to be found on the globe, subject to extremes of heat and cold, sudden and unprovoked changes, frosts, fogs, malaria? If we could live in climates that seem to like the vicissitudes, to like the excitement of the struggle with the weather and the patent medicines to keep alive. They hate the agreeable monotony of one genial day following another the year through. They praise this monotony, all literature is full of it; people always say they are in search of the equable climate; but they continue to live, nevertheless, or try to live, in the least equable; and if they can find one spot more disagreeable than another there they build a big city. If man could make his ideal climate he would probably be dissatisfied with it in a month. The effect of climate upon disposition and upon manners needs to be considered some day; but we are now only trying to understand the attractiveness of the disagreeable. There must be some reason for it; and that would explain a social phenomenon why there are so many unattractive people, and why the attractive readers of this magazine could not get on without them.

The writer of this once travelled for days with an intelligent curmudgeon, who made himself at all points as prickly as the porcupine. There was no getting on with him. And yet when he dropped out of the party he was sorely missed. He was more attractively repulsive than the sea-lion. It was such a luxury to hate him. He was such a counterirritant, such a stimulant; such a flavor he gave to life. We are always on the lookout for the odd, the eccentric, the whimsical. We pretend that we like the orderly, the beautiful, the pleasant. We can find them anywhere—the little bits of scenery that please the eye, the pleasant households, the group of delightful people. Why travel, then? We want the abnormal, the strong, the ugly, the unusual at least. We wish to be startled and stirred up, and repelled. And we ought to be more thankful than we are that there are so many desolate and wearisome and fantastic places, and so many tiresome and unattractive people in this lovely world.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

BOBTAIL KEPT HIS SEAT.

THERE lived in the Connecticut Valley half a century ago a good and earnest but very eccentric old Baptist preacher, who frequently surprised and scandalized his staid congregation by his unexpected sayings and doings.

He was greatly annoyed one Sunday by some one rising and going out during the service, which was regarded as a great breach of good manners in those days. Presently a second offender walked out. Then Father M—— granted out a little "Humph!" and followed it up by saying, "Well, Rag has gone out, and Tag has gone out, and I reckon Bobtail will be the next!"

It is hardly necessary to add that no one left the church until the services were ended.

J. L. H.

ACCOMMODATIONS FOR HIS STAFF.

AT the commencement of our civil war, people generally were very ignorant of the pomp and grandeur of military rank and the meaning of military titles.

When Albert Sidney Johnston was in command at Bowling Green, Kentucky, General Hardee was ordered with his command to that place from Columbus, Kentucky. At that time the bridge over the Tennessee River at Danville, Tennessee, had not been completed, and the general and his command had to be ferried over the river to cars on the opposite side. When General Hardee had crossed the river—supposing, of course, that a special car had been provided for himself and his military staff—he accosted a brakeman belonging to the train with the inquiry, "Where shall I and my staff go?"

The brakeman, having no idea who the general was, or what his staff consisted of, after surveying him and his sword for a moment, replied, "*You* can go into that car there, and you can stick your darned old staff out of the window."

THE SCOTCH BUTLER.

THE student of Scottish life and character might supplement every one of Dean Ramsay's delightful anecdotes with half a dozen others. Nor even yet has the old-fashioned family servant that figures so largely in his pages died entirely out. Not long ago a young lady was spending some weeks at a country house; and just before dinner one evening two cousins of the host—one of them the great man of the family—arrived unexpectedly. Shortly before dinner was announced, the butler sought the young lady, and said to her, confidentially,

"We're puttin' on yesterday's soup, an' for fear there shouldna be eneuch, ye maun decline."

"Decline soup?" exclaimed the young lady, much amused. "But, you know, John, that wouldn't be manners."

"No," said John, coolly; "*but they'll think ye ken me better.*"

A PLEASING REUNION.

OLD friends are truthful friends. A middle-aged woman, returning to the home of her girlhood, was met by the mother of a former school companion.

"Waal, waal," said the latter; "so this is Jennie Brown! It's nigh on to fifteen years since I seed you last."

"Yes, fifteen long years," was the response. "I've kept my looks pretty well, haven't I?"

"Yes," answered the old lady—"yes, Jennie, I'm sorry to say ye have."

CAFÉ REFLECTIONS.

Now o'er my coffee and cigar,
With half an hour's time to spare,
At peace with all the world afar,
With sense of sweet relief from care,
I love to picture at my side
Some personage of great renown
With whom I can, with touch of pride,
Discuss the gossip of the town.

So now is Dickens by my chair—
We're dining at the Richmond Inn,
The noisy railroad in the air
Is but the passing coaches' din.
I tell him, and he listens well,
How the last chapter of his book
Will make the other portions sell,
And he replies with grateful look.

The café suddenly lights up,
Great arches span the wall around,
I hold a quaint old carven cup,
And hear the rippling fountains sound;
Wines of old Moorish make I sip,
The sweet Alhambra tales I hear—
I am with Irving on his trip,
In that great land he held so dear.

The walls are dusty now and bare,
The street is very still without,
A heavy fog is in the air,
I only hear the link-boys shout;
A story of that fine old time
Is Dr. Johnson telling me—
And then the soft cathedral chime
Makes me aware that minutes flee.

My fancies fade—as all dreams must—
And for a time I lay them down;
To-morrow I will dine, I trust,
With cheery Will of Stratford town.

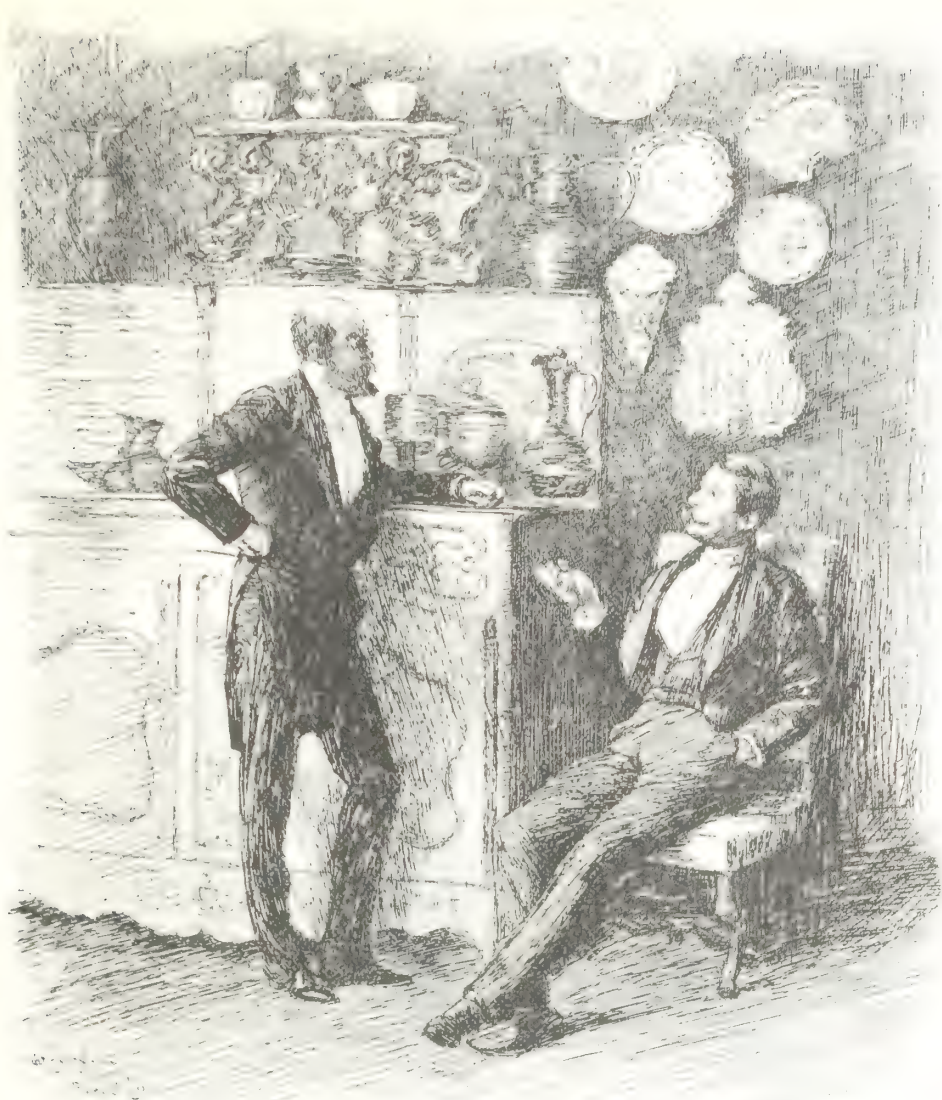
FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

NOT AN APT ILLUSTRATION.

IN the small church at L——, in the northern part of New York, a clergyman was one Sunday preaching on the sins of inattention.

"Why, my brethren," said he, "on one occasion in this very church, through an inadvertence, I read the same prayer over twice, and no one in the congregation noticed it."

There were scoffers in the congregation who immediately after the service got up a petition to the dominie requesting a sermon on the "Sins of Inadvertence"—a petition which, by-the-way, was never presented to the rector.



KNEW HIM WELL.

COLLECTOR OF CHINA. "DO YOU KNOW SAT-SWELL?"

WOULD-BE SWELL. "Yes, indeed; should think I did; first-rate fellow."

A DAY-DREAM

AMONG the whalers who went out from New England fifty years ago was one Captain Day, an estimable and devout man—for a whaler. After a particularly prosperous voyage they anchored one Sunday in a little bay on the eastern coast, and the captain proposed to his mate to go ashore and attend service in the evening. As it happened, the captain fell asleep as the sermon began, and soon a long-drawn sigh, resembling at times a snort, sounded from his corner. The minister, a young, strong-voiced man, was bent upon impressing his hearers with the genuineness of the miracles of the olden time. "Not in the shadow of night, O my brethren; not in the darkness; *no!* But, brethren, in the light of Day!" By

a crescendo movement his voice increased in power until the word "day" culminated in a shriek, and the worthy captain heard it in his dreams, and thoughts of whales came to him.

"All hands up!" he shouted, jumping on the seat; "man the boats!" and swinging his hand around, he brought his index finger to bear directly upon the astonished dominie, announcing in stentorian tones, "There she blows!"

A CORRECTION.

"It is fate," said the young officer, as he saw the footprints in the sand.

"True, but ungrammatical," said Major O'Dowd. "Ye should have said, 'They are fate.'"

A STORY OF JOSH BILLINGS.

A FEW years ago, riding up town in a Madison Avenue car, I was seated opposite the gentleman who is best remembered as Josh Billings. The rear platform was somewhat crowded, and in the course of our ride one of the passengers stepped off and on several times, in order to assist the lady passengers. Finally, when the car was just comfortably filled, and the courteous gentleman had taken his seat inside, Josh Billings, seeing an opportunity for a joke, beckoned to the conductor, and pointing to the stranger, said,

"Don't you charge for every ride on this car?"

"Yes, sir," answered he.

"Well, I've seen that fellow get on this car six times, and you have collected only one fare from him."

HIS LONG HEAD

JOCK — was General Taylor's chief of artillery at the time. The command was encamped in a forsaken spot where there was nothing to drink better than water. Captain A., consumed with thirst, met Jock, and said,

"For Heaven's sake! haven't you anything to drink?"

"Why yes; come to my tent," said Jock, in that familiar high falsetto of his. A couple of glasses were filled, clinked, and emptied.

Lieutenant B. soon caught the cue from Captain A., and went through the same programme. Then Lieutenant C., and Captain D., and so on, till all the staff had "been there," one by one.

"See here, Jock," said Colonel M. that evening, "we have all had a drink with you to-day by turns. Why didn't you come out like a man in the first place, and invite us all to your tent together?"

"Ah, colonel, don't you see? The way I fixed it I got half my own whiskey."

MY FAVORITES.

I love old Milton and old Robert Burns.

I love old Marryat, his tales of pelf;

I live on Byron; but my heart most yearns

Toward those sweet things that I have penned myself.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

PEASE AND NEEDLES.

EVERY one is now familiar with the story of the German farmer who presented to the reigning prince of his country a turnip of enormous size, grown by himself, with which his Highness was so much pleased that he recompensed the giver with a handsome sum of money. Another farmer, hoping for a similar reward, offered a fine horse to the prince, who, to his no small dismay, requited this present by giving him the big turnip. But a still more striking instance of this peculiar style of repayment is recorded in an Asiatic legend, which, though little known in the West, may often be heard in the East from the bearded

lips of some mountain warrior of Khorassan or Afghanistan, somewhat as follows:

"In the days when the great Sultan of the Franks, Sekundur Rumi [Alexander the Great], reigned over all the kingdoms of the East, he marched against Hindustan with a mighty host, and chased its warriors before him as the storm drives the sand of the desert. And as he lay encamped beside a great river of the Punjab there came into the camp a tall man with a long gray beard, arrayed in the garb of a pundit [learned man], and bearing himself proudly, as one who was great among men, and he bade the soldiers bring him into the presence of Sultan Sekundur, for he had wonders to show him.

"And when the great Sultan heard it, he wondered much, and bade them bring the man before him, and asked him, 'Who art thou?' And the man answered, proudly, 'I am he who hath achieved the impossible.'

"If thou hast done *that*, O my father,' said the Sultan, 'assuredly thou hast done a great deed; but I understand thee not.'

"Know, then, O Sekundur,' spake the stranger, 'that in the land from which I come men are wont to say of anything difficult that it is as hard as to make a pea stand upon a needle point; and therefore have I labored for a whole year to achieve that which all men thought to be impossible. Now behold!'

"And forthwith he drew from beneath his robe a pea and a needle; and he placed the pea on the needle point, and lo! it stood there like a head on the point of a spear, and all who saw it marvelled.

"Wonderful!" cried the soldiers, with one voice. 'We have seen it with our eyes, else would we never have believed that such a thing could be.'

"Wonderful indeed!" said Sultan Sekundur. 'And since it is but right and fitting that due honor should be paid to him who hath given a whole year of his life to do this great service to his fellow-men, we will reward him according to his merits. Ho, there! Give quickly to this worker of wonders a *packet of needles and a sack of pease*.'

DAVID KER.

THE POET'S JEST.

SOME months ago one of America's younger poets was sent South for his health, and to keep him in spirits a fledgling funny man accompanied him. In the course of events a gentleman of color who was willing to accept a fee for some trifling service was found, and, much to the indignation of the fledgling humorist, accepted the fee without a word of thanks.

"The ungrateful wretch!" said the funny man. "I gave him a dollar, and he never said a word."

"Don't blame him," said the poet; "your generosity took his breath away, and he couldn't thank you."

And now the humorist is jealous of the poet.



FREDERIC REMINGTON.

A MOOSE BULL FIGHT

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ANTOINE'S MOOSE-YARD.

BY JULIAN RALPH



IT was the night of a great dinner at the club. Whenever the door of the banquet hall was opened, a burst of laughter or of applause disturbed the quiet talk of a few men who had gathered in the reading-room—

men of the sort that extract the best enjoyment from a club by escaping its functions, or attending them only to draw to one side its choicest spirits for never-to-be-forgotten talks before an open fire, and over wine and cigars used sparingly.

"I'm tired," an artist was saying—"so tired that I have a horror of my studio. My wife understands my condition, and bids me go away and rest."

"That is astonishing," said I; "for, as a rule, neither women nor men can comprehend the fatigue that seizes an artist or writer. At most of our homes there comes to be a reluctant recognition of the fact that we say we are tired, and that we persist in the assumption by knocking off work. But human fatigue is measured by the mile of walking, or the cords of firewood that have been cut, and the world will always hold that if we have not hewn wood or tramped all day, it is absurd for us to talk of feeling tired. We cannot alter this; we are too few."

"Yes," said another of the little party. "The world shares the feeling of the Irishman who saw a very large, stout man at work at reporting in a court-room. 'Faith!' said he, 'will ye look at the size of that man—to be airning his living wid a little pencil?' The world would acknowledge our right to feel tired if we used crow-bars to write or draw with; but

pencils! pshaw! a hundred weigh less than a pound."

"Well," said I, "all the same, I am so tired that my head feels like cork; so tired that for two days I have not been able to summon an idea or turn a sentence neatly. I have been sitting at my desk writing wretched stuff and tearing it up, or staring blankly out of the window."

"Glorious!" said the artist, startling us all with his vehemence and inapt exclamation. "Why, it is providential that I came here to-night. If that's the way you feel, we are a pair, and you will go with me and rest. Do you hunt? Are you fond of it?"

"I know all about it," said I, "but I have not definitely determined whether I am fond of it or not. I have been hunting only once. It was years ago, when I was a mere boy. I went after deer with a poet, an editor, and a railroad conductor. We journeyed to a lovely valley in Mifflin County, Pennsylvania, and put ourselves in the hands of a man seven feet high, who had a flintlock musket a foot taller than himself, and a wife who gave us saleratus bread and a bowl of pork fat for supper and breakfast. We were not there at dinner. The man stationed us a mile apart on what he said were the paths, or "runways," the deer would take. Then he went to stir the game up with his dogs. There he left us from sunrise till supper, or would have left us had we not with great difficulty found one another, and enjoyed the exquisite woodland quiet and light and shade together, mainly flat on our backs, with the white sails of the sky floating in an azure sea above the reaching fingers of the tree-tops. The editor marred the occasion with an unworthy suspicion that our hunter was at the village tavern picturing to his cronies what simple donkeys

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we were, standing a mile apart in the forsaken woods. But the poet said something so pregnant with philosophy that it always comes back to me with the mention of hunting. "Where is your gun?" he was asked, when we came upon him, pacing the forest path, hands in pockets, and no weapon in sight. "Oh, my gun?" he repeated. "I don't know. Somewhere in among those trees. I covered it with leaves so as not to see it. After this, if I go hunting again, I shall not take a gun. It is very cold and heavy, and more or less dangerous in the bargain. You never use it, you know. I go hunting every few years, but I never yet have had to fire my gun, and I begin to see that it is only brought along in deference to a tradition descending from an era when men got something more than fresh air and scenery on a hunting trip."

The others laughed at my story, but the artist regarded me with an expression of pity. He is a famous hunter—a genuine, devoted hunter—and one might almost as safely speak a light word of his relations as of his favorite mode of recreation.

"Fresh air!" said he; "scenery! Humph! Your poet would not know which end of a gun to aim with. I see that you know nothing at all about hunting, but I will pay you the high compliment of saying that I can make a hunter of you. I have always insisted heretofore that a hunter must begin in boyhood; but never mind, I'll make a hunter of you at thirty-six. We will start to-morrow morning for Montreal, and in twenty-four hours you shall be in the greatest sporting region in America, incomparably the greatest hunting district. It is great because Americans do not know of it, and because it has all of British America to keep it supplied with game. Think of it! In twenty-four hours we shall be tracking moose near Hudson Bay, for Hudson Bay is not much farther from New York than Chicago—another fact that few persons are aware of."

Environment is a positive force. We could feel that we were disturbing what the artist would call "the local tone," by rushing through the city's streets next morning with our guns slung upon our backs. It was just at the hour when the factory hands and the shop-girls were out in force, and the juxtaposition of those elements of society with two portly men

bearing guns created a positive sensation. In the cars the artist held forth upon the terrors of the life upon which I was about to venture. He left upon my mind a blurred impression of sleeping out-of-doors, like human cocoons, done up in blankets, while the savage mercury lurked in unknown depths below the zero mark. He said the camp fire would have to be fed every two hours of each night, and he added, without contradiction from me, that he supposed he would have to perform this duty as he was accustomed to it. Lest his forecast should raise my anticipation of pleasure extravagantly, he added that those hunters were fortunate who had fires to feed; for his part he had once walked around a tree stump a whole night to keep from freezing. He supposed that we would perform our main journeying on snow-shoes, but how we should enjoy that he could not say, as his knowledge of snow-shoeing was limited.

At this point the inevitable offspring of fate, who is always at a traveller's elbow with a fund of alarming information, cleared his throat as he sat opposite us, and inquired whether he had overheard that we did not know much about snow-shoes. An interesting fact concerning them, he said, was that they seemed easy to walk with at first, but if the learner fell down with them on, it usually needed a considerable portion of a tribe of Indians to put him back on his feet. Beginners only fell down, however, in attempting to cross a log or stump, but the forest where we were going was literally floored with such obstructions. The first day's effort to navigate with snow-shoes, he remarked, is usually accompanied by a terrible malady called *mal de raquette*, in which the cords of one's legs become knotted in great and excruciatingly painful bunches. The cure for this is to "walk it off the next day, when the agony is yet more intense than at first." As the stranger had reached his destination, he had little more than time to remark that the moose is an exceedingly vicious animal, invariably attacking all hunters who fail to kill him with the first shot. As the stranger stepped upon the car platform he let fall a simple but touching eulogy upon a dear friend who had recently lost his life by being literally cut in two, lengthwise, by a moose that struck him on the chest with its rigidly stiffened forelegs. The artist protested



THE HOTEL—LAST SIGN OF CIVILIZATION

that the stranger was a sensationalist, unsupported by either the camp-fire gossip or the literature of hunters. Yet one man that night found his slumber tangled with what the garrulous alarmist had been saying.

In Montreal one may buy clothing not to be had in the United States: woollens thick as boards, hosiery that wards off the cold as armor resists missiles, gloves as heavy as shoes, yet soft as kid, fur caps and coats at prices and in a variety that interest poor and rich alike, blanket suits that are more picturesque than any other masculine garment worn north of the city of Mexico, tuques, and moccasins, and, indeed, so many sorts of clothing we Yankees know very little of (though many of us need them) that at a glance we say the Montrealers are foreigners. Montreal is the gayest city on this continent, and I have often thought that the clothing there is largely responsible for that condition.

A New-Yorker disembarking in Montreal in midwinter finds the place inhospitably cold, and wonders how, as well as why, any one lives there. I well remember standing years ago beside a toboggan slide, with my teeth chattering and my very marrow slowly congealing, when my attention was called to the fact that a dozen ruddy-cheeked, bright-eyed, laughing girls were grouped in snow that reached their knees. I asked a Canadian lady how that could be possible, and she answered with a list of the principal garments those girls were wearing. They

had two pairs of stockings under their shoes, and a pair of stockings over their shoes, with moccasins over them. They had so many woollen skirts that an American girl would not believe me if I gave the number. They wore heavy dresses and buckskin jackets, and blanket suits over all this. They had mittens over their gloves, and fur caps over their knitted hoods. It no longer seemed wonderful that they should not heed the cold; indeed it occurred to me that their bravery amid the terrors of tobogganing was no bravery at all, since a girl buried deep in the heart of such a mass of woollens could scarcely expect damage if she fell from a steeple. When next I appeared out-of-doors I too was swathed in flannel, like a jewel in a box of plush, and from that time out Montreal seemed, what it really is, the merriest of American capitals. And there I had come again, and was filling my trunk with this wonderful armor of civilization, while the artist sought advice as to which point to enter the wilderness in order to secure the biggest game most quickly.

Mr. W. C. Van Horne, the President of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, proved a friend in need. He dictated a few telegrams that agitated the people of a vast section of country between Ottawa and the great lakes. And in the afternoon the answers came flying back. These were from various points where Hudson Bay posts are situated. At one or two the Indian trappers and hunters were all away on their winter expeditions; from another

a famous white hunter had just departed with a party of gentlemen. At Mattawa, in Ontario, moose were close at hand and plentiful, and two skilled Indian hunters were just in from a trapping expedition; but the post factor, Mr. Rankin, was sick in bed, and the Indians were on a spree. To Mattawa we decided to go. It is a twelve-hour journey from New York to Montreal, and an eleven-hour journey from Montreal to the heart of this hunters' paradise; so that, had we known at just which point to enter the forest, we could have taken the trail in twenty-four hours from the metropolis, as the artist had predicted.

Our first taste of the frontier, at Peter O'Farrall's Ottawa Hotel, in Mattawa, was delicious in the extreme. O'Farrall used to be game-keeper to the Marquis of Waterford, and thus got "a taste of the quality" that prompted him to assume the position he has chosen as the most lordly hotel-keeper in Canada. We do not know what sort of men own our great New York and Chicago and San Francisco hotels, but certainly they cannot lead more leisurely, complacent lives than Mr. O'Farrall. He has a bar-tender to look after the male visitors and the bar, and a matronly relative to see to the women and the kitchen, so that the landlord arises when he likes to enjoy each succeeding day of ease and prosperity. He has been known to exert himself, as when he chased a man who spoke slightly of his liquor. And he was momentarily ruffled at the trying conduct of the artist on this hunting trip. The artist could not find his overcoat, and had the temerity to refer the matter to Mr. O'Farrall.

"Sir," said the artist, "what do you suppose has become of my overcoat? I cannot find it anywhere."

"I don't know anything about your botheration overcoat," said Mr. O'Farrall. "Sure, I've trouble enough kaping thrack of me own."

The reader may be sure that O'Farrall's was rightly recommended to us, and that it is a well-managed and popular place, with good beds and excellent fare, and with no extra charge for the delightful addition of the host himself, who is very tall and dignified and humorous, and who is the oddest and yet most picturesque-looking public character in the Dominion. Such an oddity is certain to attract queer characters to his side, and

Mr. O'Farrall is no exception to the rule. One of the waiter-girls in the dining-room was found never by any chance to know anything that she was asked about. For instance, she had never heard of Mr. Rankin, the chief man of the place. To every question she made answer, "Sure, there does be a great dale goin' on here and I know nothin' of it." Of her the artist ventured the theory that "she could not know everything on a waiter-girl's salary." John, the bar-tender, was a delightful study. No matter what a visitor laid down in the smoking-room, John picked it up and carried it behind the bar. Every one was continually losing something and searching for it, always to observe that John was able to produce it with a smile and the wise remark that he had taken the lost article and put it away "for fear some one would pick it up." Finally, there was Mr. O'Farrall's dog. A ragged, time-worn, petulant terrier, no bigger than a pint-pot. Mr. O'Farrall nevertheless called him "Fairy," and said he kept him "to protect the village children against wild bears."

I shall never be able to think of Mattawa as it is—a plain little lumbering town on the Ottawa River, with the wreck and ruin of once grand scenery hemming it in on all sides, in the form of ragged mountains literally ravaged by fire and the axe. Hints of it come back to me in dismembered bits that prove it to have been interesting: vignettes of little school-boys in blanket suits and moccasins, of great spirited horses forever racing ahead of fur-laden sleighs, and of troops of olive-skinned French-Canadian girls, bundled up from their feet to those mischievous features which shot roguish glances at the artist—the biggest man, the people said, who had ever been seen in Mattawa. But the place will ever yield back to my mind the impression I got of the wonderful preparations that were made for our adventure—preparations that seemed to busy or to interest nearly every one in the village. Our Indians had come in from the Indian village three miles away, and had said they had had enough drink. Mr. John DeSousa, accountant at the post, took charge of them and of us, and the work of loading a great portage sleigh went on apace. The men of sporting tastes came out and lounged in front of the post, and gave helpful advice; the Indians and clerks went to and from the sleigh laden

with bags of necessities, the harness maker made for us belts such as the lumbermen use to preclude the possibility of incurable strains in the rough life in the wilderness. The help at O'Farrall's assisted in repacking what we needed, so

shoe made of heavy blanketing and worn outside one's stockings, to give added warmth to the feet.

"You see, this is no casual rabbit hunt," said the artist. The remark will live in Mattawa many a year.



"GIVE ME A LIGHT."

that our trunks and town clothing could be stored. Mr. De Sousa sent messengers hither and thither for essentials not in stock at the post. Some women, even, were set at work to make "neaps" for us, a neap being a sort of slipper or unlaced

The Hudson Bay Company's posts differ. In the wilderness they are forts surrounded by stockades, but within the boundaries of civilization they are stores. That at old Fort Garry, now called Winnipeg, is a splendid emporium, rather



ANTOINE. FROM LIFE.

more like the establishment of Whiteley, "the universal provider" of London, than anything in the United States. That at Mattawa is like a village store in the United States, except that the top story is laden with guns, traps, snow-shoes, and the skins of wild beasts; while an out-building in the rear is the repository of scores of birch-bark canoes—the carriages of British America. Mr. Rankin, the factor there, lay in a bed of suffering and could not see us. Yet it seemed difficult to believe that we could be made the recipients of greater or more kindly attentions than were lavished upon us by his accountant, Mr. De Sousa. He ordered our tobacco ground for us ready for our pipes; selected the finest from among those extraordinary blankets that have been made exclusively for this company for hundreds of years; picked out the largest snow-shoes in his stock; bade us lay aside the gloves we had brought, and take mittens such as he produced, and for which we thanked him in our hearts many times afterward; planned our outfit of food with the wisdom of an old campaigner; be-thought himself to send for baker's bread; ordered high legs sewed on our moccasins—in a word, he made it possible for us to say afterward that absolutely nothing had been overlooked or slighted in fitting out our expedition.

As I sat in the sleigh, tucked in under heavy skins and leaning at royal ease against other furs that covered a bale of hay, it seemed to me that I had become part of one of such pictures as we all have seen, portraying historic expeditions in Russia or Siberia. We carried fifteen

hundred pounds of traps and provisions for camping, stabling, and food for men and beasts. We were five in all—two hunters, two Indians, and a teamster. We set out with the two huge mettlesome horses ahead, the driver on a high seat formed of a second bale of hay, ourselves lolling back under our furs, and the two Indians striding along over the resonant cold snow behind us. It was beginning to be evident that a great deal of effort and machinery was needed to "make a hunter" of a city man, and that it was going to be done thoroughly—two thoughts of a highly flattering nature.

We were now clad for arctic weather, and perhaps nothing except a mummy was ever "so dressed up" as we were. We each wore two pairs of the heaviest woollen stockings I ever saw, and over them ribbed bicycle stockings that came to our knees. Over these in turn were our "neaps," and then our moccasins, laced tightly around our ankles. We had on two suits of flannels of extra thickness, flannel shirts, reefing jackets, and "capeaux," as they call their long hooded blanket coats, longer than snow-shoe coats. On our heads we had knitted tuques, and on our hands mittens and gloves. We were bound for Antoine's moose-yard, near Crooked Lake.

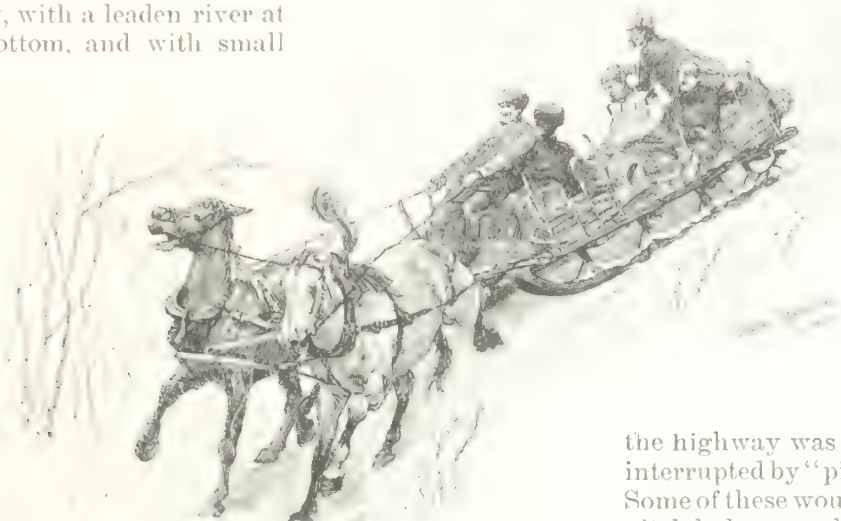
The explanation of the term "moose-yard" made moose-hunting appear a simple operation (once we were started), for a moose yard is the feeding-ground of a herd of moose, and our head Indian, Alexandre Antoine, knew where there was one. Each herd or family of these great wild cattle has two such feeding-grounds, and they are said to go alternately from one to the other, never herding in one place two years in succession. In this region of Canada they weigh between 600 and 1200 pounds, and the reader will help his comprehension of those figures by recalling the fact that a 1200-pound horse is a very large one. Whether they desert a yard for twelve months because of the damage they do it in feeding upon the branches and foliage of soft-wood trees and shrubs, or whether it is instinctive caution that directs their movements, no one can more than conjecture.

Their yards are always where soft wood is plentiful and water is near, and during a winter they will feed over a region from half a mile to a mile square. The prospect of going directly to the fixed home of

a herd of moose almost robbed the trip of that speculative element that gives the greatest zest to hunting. But we knew not what the future held for us. Not even the artist, with all his experience, conjectured what was in store for us. And what was to come began coming almost immediately.

The journey began upon a good highway, over which we slid along as comfortably as any ladies in their carriages, and with the sleigh bells flinging their cheery music out over a desolate valley, with a leaden river at the bottom, and with small

made by merely felling trees through a forest in a path wide enough for a team and wagon. All the tree stumps were left in their places, and every here and there were rocks; some no larger than a bale of cotton, and some as small as a bushel basket. To add to the other alluring qualities of the road, there were tree trunks now and then directly across it, and, as a farther inducement to traffic,



THE PORTAGE SLEIGH ON A LUMBER ROAD.

mountains rolling all about. The timber was cut off them, except here and there a few red or white pines that reared their green, brush-like tops against the general blanket of snow. The dull sky hung sullenly above, and now and then a raven flew by, croaking hoarse disapproval of our intrusion. To warn us of what we were to expect, Antoine had made a shy Indian joke, one of the few I ever heard. "In small little while," said he, "we come to all sorts of a road. Me call it that 'cause you get every sort riding, then you sure be suited."

At five miles out we came to this remarkable highway. It can no more be adequately described here than could the experiences of a man who goes over Niagara Falls in a barrel. The reader must try to imagine the most primitive sort of a highway conceivable; one that has been

the highway was frequently interrupted by "pitch holes." Some of these would be called pitch holes anywhere. They were at points where a rill crossed the road, or the road crossed the corner of a marsh. But there were other pitch holes that any intelligent New-Yorker would call ravines or gullies. These were at points where one hill ran down to the water-level and another immediately rose precipitately, there being a watercourse between the two. In all such places there was deep black mud and broken ice. However, these were mere features of the character of this road—a character too profound for me to hope to portray it. When the road was not inclined either straight down or straight up, it coursed along the slanting side of a steep hill, so that a vehicle could keep to it only by falling against the forest at the under side and carroming along from tree to tree.

Such was the road. The manner of travelling it was quite as astounding. For nothing short of what Alphonse, the teamster, did would I destroy a man's character, but Alphonse was the next

thing to an' dat. He made that dreadful journey at a gallop! The first time he upset the sleigh and threw me with one leg th'igh deep between a stone and a tree trunk, besides sending the artist flying over my head like a shot from a sling, he reseated himself and remarked: "That makes tree time I upset in dat place. Hi, there! Get up!" It never occurred to him to stop because a giant tree had fallen across the trail. "Look out! Hold tight!" he would call out, and then he would take the obstruction at a jump. The horses were mammoth beasts, in the best fettle, and the sleigh was of the solidest, strongest pattern. There were places where even Alphonse was anxious to drive with caution. Such were the ravines and unbridged waterways. But one of the horses had cut himself badly in such a place a year before, and both now made it a rule to take all such places flying. Fancy the result! The leap in air, and then the crash of the sled as it landed, the snap of the harness chains, the snorts of the winded beasts, the yells of the driver, the anxiety and nervousness of the passengers!

At one point we had an exciting adventure of a far different sort. There was a moderately good stretch of road ahead, and we invited the Indians to jump in and ride awhile. We noticed that they took occasional draughts from a bottle. They finished a full pint, and presently Alexandre produced another and larger vial. Every one knows what a drunken Indian is, and so did we. We ordered the sleigh stopped and all hands out for "a talk." Firmly, but with both power and reason on our side, we demanded a promise that not another drink should be taken, or that the horses be turned toward Mat-tawa at once. The promise was freely given.

"But what is that stuff? Let me see it," one of the hunters asked.

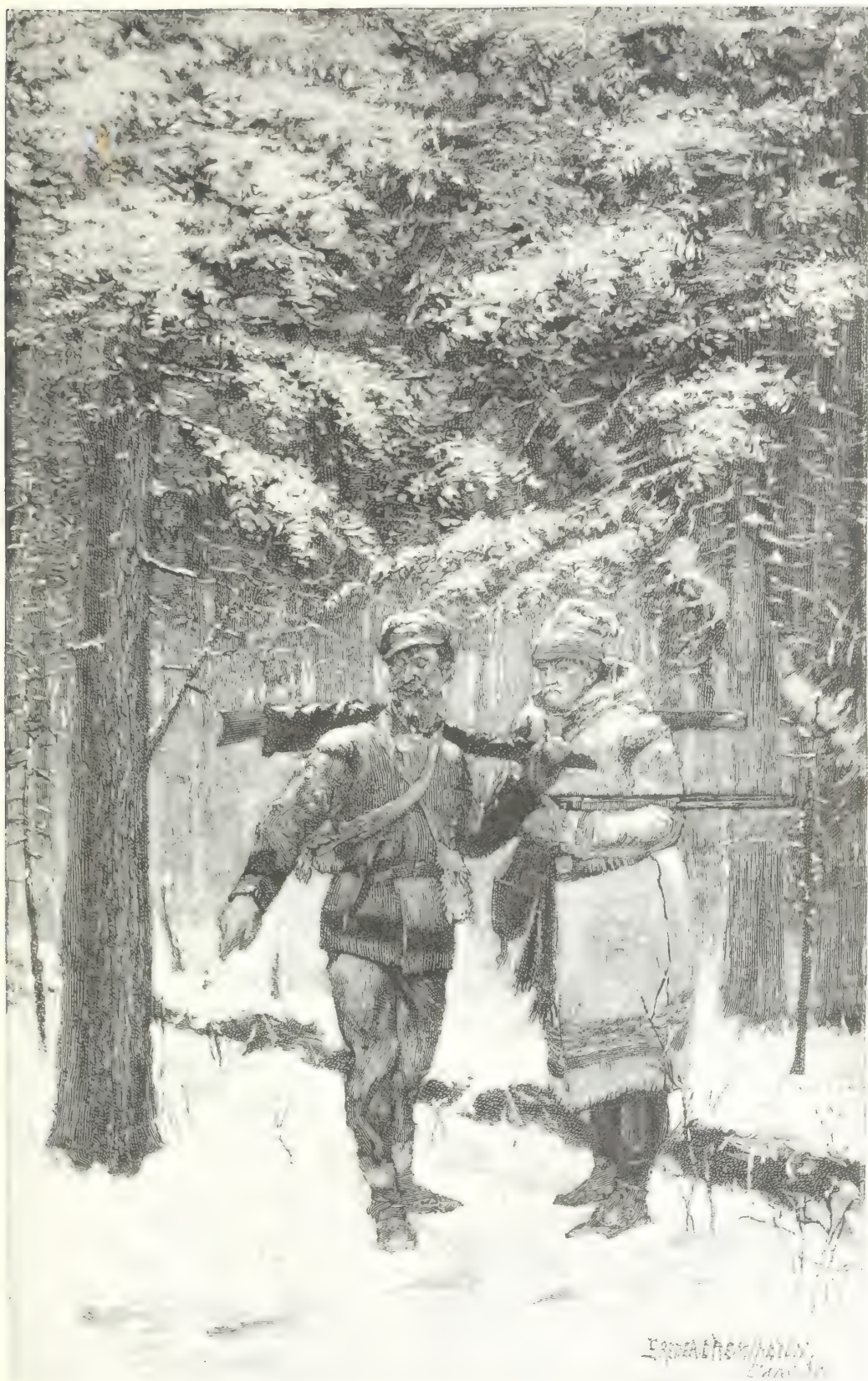
"It is de 'ligh wine," said Alexandre.

"The 'ligh wine? Alcohol?" exclaimed the hunter, and, impulse being quicker than reason sometimes, flung the bottle high in air into the bush. It was an injudicious action, but both of us at once prepared to defend and re-enforce it, of course. As it happened, the Indians saw that no unkindness or unfairness was intended, and neither sulked nor made trouble afterward.

We were now deep in the bush. Occa-

sionally we passed "a brulè," or tract denuded of trees, and littered with trunks and tops of trunks rejected by the lumbermen. But every mile took us nearer to the undisturbed primeval forest, where the trees shoot up forty feet before the branches begin. There were no houses, teams, or men. In a week in the bush we saw no other sign of civilization than what we brought or made. All around us rose the motionless regiments of the forest, with the snow beneath them, and their branches and twigs printing lace-work on the sky. The signs of game were numerous, and varied to an extent that I never heard of before. There were few spaces of the length of twenty-five feet in which the track of some wild beast or bird did not cross the road. The Indians read this writing in the snow, so that the forest was to them as a book would be to us. "What is that?" "And that?" "And that?" I kept inquiring. The answers told more eloquently than any man can describe it the story of the abundance of game in that easily accessible wilderness. "Dat red deer," Antoine replied. "Him fox." "Dat bear track; dat squirrel; dat rabbit." "Dat moose track; pass las' week." "Dat pa'tridge; dat wolf." Or perhaps it was the trail of a marten, or a beaver, or a weasel, or a fisher, mink, lynx, or otter that he pointed out, for all these "signs" were there, and nearly all were repeated again and again. Of the birds that are plentiful there the principal kinds are partridge, woodcock, crane, geese, duck, gull, loon, and owl.

When the sun set we prepared to camp, selecting a spot near a tiny rill. The horses were tethered to a tree, with their harness still on, and blankets thrown over them. We cleared a little space by the road-side, using our snow-shoes for shovels. The Indians, with their axes, turned up the moss and leaves, and levelled the small shoots and brushwood. Then one went off to cut balsam boughs for bedding, while the other set up two crotched sticks, with a pole upon them resting in the crotches, and throwing the canvas of an "A" tent over the frame, he looped the bottom of the tent to small pegs, and banked snow lightly all around it. The little aromatic branches of balsam were laid evenly upon the ground, a fur robe was thrown upon the leaves, our enormous blankets were spread half open side



"THE TRACK IN THE WINTER FOREST."



PIERRE, FROM LIFE.

by side, and two coats were rolled up and thrown down for pillows. Pierre, the second Indian, made tiny slivers of some soft wood, and tried to start a fire. He failed. Then Alexandre Antoine brought two handfuls of bark, and lighting a small piece with a match, proceeded to build a fire in the most painstaking manner, and with an ingenuity that was most interesting. First he made a fire that could have been started in a teacup. Then he built above and around it a skeleton tent of bits of soft wood, six to nine inches in length. This gave him a fire of the dimensions of a high hat. Next, he threw down two great bits of timber, one on either side of the fire, and a still larger back-log, and upon these he heaped split soft wood. While this was being done, Pierre assailed one great tree after another, and brought them crashing down with noises that startled the forest quiet. Alphonse had opened the provision bags, and presently two tin pails filled with water swung from saplings over the fire, and a pan of fat salt pork was frizzling upon the blazing wood. The darkness grew dead black, and the dancing flames peopled the near forest with dodging shadows. Almost in the time it has taken me to write it, we were squatting on our heels

around the fire, each with a massive cutting of bread, a slice of fried pork in a tin plate, and half a pint of tea, precisely as hot as molten lead, in a tin cup. Supper was a necessity, not a luxury, and was hurried out of the way accordingly. Then the men built their camp beside ours in front of the fire, and followed that by felling three or more monarchs of the bush. Nothing surprised me so much as the amount of wood consumed in these open-air fires. In five days at our permanent camp we made a great hole in the forest.

But that first night in the open air, abed with nature, with British America for a bedroom! Only I can tell of it, for the others slept. The stillness was intense. There was no wind, and not an animal or bird uttered a cry. The logs cracked and sputtered and popped, the horses shook their chains, the men all snored—white and red alike. The horses pounded the hollow earth; the logs broke and fell upon the cinders; one of the men talked in his sleep. But over and through it all, the stillness grew. Then the fire sank low, the cold became intense, the light was lost, and the darkness swallowed everything. Some one got up awkwardly, with muttering, and flung wood upon the red ashes, and presently all that had passed was re-experienced.

The ride next day was more exciting than the first stage. It was like the journey of a gun-carriage across country in a hot retreat. The sled was actually upset only once, but to prevent that happening fifty times the Indians kept springing at the uppermost side of the flying vehicle, and hanging to the side poles to pull the toppling construction down upon both runners. Often we were advised to leap out for safety's sake; at other times we wished we had leaped out. For seven hours we were flung about like cotton spools that are being polished in a revolving cylinder. And yet we were obliged to run long distances after the hurtling sleigh—long enough to tire us. The artist, who had spent years in rude scenes among rough men, said nothing at the time. What was the use? But afterward, in New York, he remarked that this was the roughest travelling he had ever experienced.

The signs of game increased. Deer and bear and wolf and fox and moose were evidently numerous around us. Once we

stopped, and the Indians became excited. What they had taken for old moose tracks were the week-old footprints of a man. It seems strange, but they felt obliged to know what a man had gone into the bush for a week ago. They followed the signs,

With a glance they read that two teams had passed during the night, going toward our camp. When we returned to camp the teams had been there, and our teamster had talked with the drivers. Therefore that load was lifted from the



ANTOINE'S CABIN.

and came back smiling. He had gone in to cut hemlock boughs; we would find traces of a camp near by. We did. In a country where men are so few, they busy themselves about one another. Four or five days later, while we were hunting, these Indians came to the road and stopped suddenly, as horses do when lassoed.

minds of our Indians. But their knowledge of the bush was marvellous. One point in the woods was precisely like another to us, yet the Indians would leap off the sleigh now and then and dive into the forest, to return with a trap hidden there months before, or to find a great iron kettle.



THE CAMP AT NIGHT.

"Do you never get lost?" I asked Alexandre.

"Me get los? No, no get los'."

"But how do you find your way?"

"Me fin' way easy. Me know way me come, or me follow my tracks, or me know by de sun. If no sun, me look at trees. Trees grow more branches on side toward sun, and got rough bark on north side. At night me know by see de stars."

We camped in a log hut Alexandre had built for a hunting camp. It was very picturesque and substantial, built of huge logs, and caulked with moss. It had a great earthen bank in the middle for a fireplace, with an equally large opening in the roof, boarded several feet high at the sides to form a chimney. At one corner of the fire bank was an ingenious crane, capable of being raised and lowered, and projecting from a pivoted post, so that the long arm could be swung over or away from the fire. At one end of the single apartment were two roomy bunks built against the wall. With extraordinary skill and quickness the Indians whittied a spade out of a board, performing the task with an axe, an implement they can use as white men use a penknife, an implement they value

more highly than a gun. They made a broom of balsam boughs, and dug and swept the dirt off the floor and walls, speedily making the cabin neat and clean. Two new bunks were put up for us, and bedded with balsam boughs and skins. Shelves were already up, and spread with pails and bottles, tin cups and plates, knives and forks, canned goods, etc. On them and on the floor were our stores.

We had a week's outfit, and we needed it, because for five days we could not hunt on account of the crust on the snow, which made such a noise when a human foot broke through it that we could not have approached any wild animal within half a mile. On the third day it rained, but without melting the crust. On the fourth day it snowed furiously, burying the crust under two inches of snow. On the fifth day we got our moose.

In the mean time the log cabin was our home. Alexandre and Pierre cut down trees every day for the fire, and Pierre disappeared for hours every now and then to look after traps set for otter, beaver, and marten. Alphonse attended his horses and served as cook. He could produce hotter tea than any other man in the world. I took mine for a walk in the

arctic cold three times a day, the artist learned to pour his from one cup to another with amazing dexterity, and the Indians (who drank a quart each of green tea at each meal because it was stronger than our black tea) lifted their pans and threw the liquid fire down throats that had been inured to high wines. Whenever the fire was low, the cold was intense. Whenever it was heaped with logs, all the heat flew directly through the roof, and spiral blasts of cold air were sucked through every crack between logs in the cabin walls. Whenever the door opened, the cabin filled with smoke. Smoke clung to all we ate or wore. At night the fire kept burning out, and we arose with chattering teeth to build it anew. The Indians were then to be seen with their blankets pushed down to their knees, asleep in their shirts and trousers. At meal-times we had bacon or pork, speckled or lake trout, bread and butter, stewed tomatoes, and tea. There were two stools for the five men, but they only complicated the discomfort of those who got them; for it was found that if we put our tin plates on our knees, they fell off; if we held them in one hand, we could not cut the pork and hold the bread with the other hand; while if we put the plates on the floor beside the tea, we could not reach them. In a month we might have solved the problem. Life in that log shanty was precisely the life of the early settlers of this country. It was bound to produce great

characters or early death. There could be no middle course with such an existence.

Partridge fed in the brush impudently before us. Rabbits bobbed about in the clearing before the door. Squirrels sat upon the logs near by and gormandized and chattered. Great saucy birds, like mouse-colored robins, and called mid-birds, stole our provender if we left it out-of-doors half an hour, and one day we saw a red deer jump in the bush a hundred yards away. Yet we got no game, because we knew there was a moose-yard within two miles on one side and within three miles on the other, and we dared not shoot our rifles lest we frighten the moose. Moose was all we were after. There was a lake near by, and the trout in those lakes up there attain remarkable size and numbers. We heard of 35-pound speckled trout, of lake trout twice as large, and of enormous muskallonge. The most reliable persons told of lakes farther in the wilderness where the trout are thick as salmon in the British Columbia streams, so thick as to seem to fill the water. We were near a lake that was supposed to have been fished out by lumbermen a year before, yet it was no sport at all to fish there. With a short stick and two yards of line and a bass hook baited with pork, we brought up four-pound and five-pound beauties faster than we wanted them for food. Truly we were in a splendid hunting country, like the Adirondacks eighty



years ago, but thousands of times as extensive.

Finally we started for moose. Our Indians asked if they might take their guns. We gave the permission. Alexandre, a thin wiry man of forty years, carried an old Henry rifle in a woollen case open at one end like a stocking. He wore a short blanket coat and tuque, and trousers tied tight below the knee, and let into his moccasin-tops. He and his brother François are famous Hudson Bay Company trappers, and are two-thirds Algonquin and one-third French. He has a typical swarthy angular Indian face and a French mustache and goatee. Naturally, if not by rank, a leader among his men, his manner is commanding and his appearance grave. He talks bad French fluently, and makes wretched headway in English. Pierre is a short, thickset, walnut-stained man of thirty-five, almost pure Indian, and almost a perfect specimen of physical development. He seldom spoke while on this trip, but he impressed us with his strength, endurance, quickness, and knowledge of woodcraft. Poor fellow! he had only a shotgun, which he loaded with buckshot. It had no case, and both men carried their pieces grasped by the barrels and shouldered, with the butts behind them.

We set out in Indian-file, plunging at once into the bush. Never was forest scenery more exquisitely beautiful than on that morning as the day broke, for we breakfasted at four o'clock, and started immediately afterward. Everywhere the view was fairy-like. There was not snow enough for snow-shoeing. But the fresh fall of snow was immaculately white, and flecked the scene apparently from earth to sky, for there was not a branch or twig or limb or spray of evergreen, or wart or fungous growth upon any tree, that did not bear its separate burden of snow. It was a bridal dress, not a winding-sheet, that Dame Nature was trying on that morning. And in the bright fresh green of the firs and pines we saw her complexion peeping out above her spotless gown, as one sees the rosy cheeks or black eyes of a girl wrapped in ermine.

Mile after mile we walked, up mountain and down dale, slapped in the faces by twigs, knocking snow down the backs of our necks, slipping knee-deep in bog mud, tumbling over loose stones, climbing across interlaced logs, dropping to the

height of one thigh between tree trunks, sliding, falling, tight-rope walking on branches over thin ice, but forever following the cat-like tread of Alexandre, with his seven-league stride and long-winded persistence. Suddenly we came to a queer sort of clearing dotted with protuberances like the bubbles on molasses beginning to boil. It was a beaver meadow. The bumps in the snow covered stumps of trees the beavers had gnawed down. The Indians were looking at some trough-like tracks in the snow, like the trail of a tired man who had dragged his heels. "Moose; going this way," said Alexandre; and we turned and walked in the tracks. Across the meadow and across a lake and up another mountain they led us. Then we came upon fresher prints. At each new track the Indians stooped, and making a scoop of one hand, brushed the new-fallen snow lightly out of the indentations. Thus they read the time at which the print was made. "Las' week," "Day 'fore yesterday," they whispered. Presently they bent over again, the light snow flew, and one whispered, "This morning."

Stealthily Alexandre swept ahead; very carefully we followed. We dared not break a twig, or speak, or slip, or stumble. As it was, the breaking of the crust was still far too audible. We followed a little stream, and approached a thick growth of tamarack. We had no means of knowing that a herd of moose was lying in that thicket, resting after feeding. We knew it afterward. Alexandre motioned to us to get our guns ready. We each threw a cartridge from the cylinder into the barrel, making a "click, click" that was abominably loud. Alexandre forged ahead. In five minutes we heard him call aloud: "Moose gone. We los' him." We hastened to his side. He pointed at some tracks in which the prints were closer together than any we had seen.

"See! he trot," Alexandre explained.

In another five minutes we had all but completed a circle, and were on the other side of the tamarack thicket. And there were the prints of the bodies of the great beasts. We could see even the imprint of the hair of their coats. All around were broken twigs and balsam needles. The moose had left the branches ragged, and on every hand the young bark was chewed or rubbed raw. Loading our rifles had lost us a herd of moose.



Back once again at the beaver dam, Alexandre and Pierre studied the moose-tramped snow and talked earnestly. They agreed that a desperate battle had been fought there between two bull moose a week before, and that those bulls were not in the "yard" where we had blundered. They examined the tracks over an acre or more, and then strode off at an obtuse angle from our former trail. Pierre, apparently not quite satisfied, kept dropping behind or disappearing in the bush at one side of us. So magnificent was his skill at his work that I missed him at times, and at other times found him putting his feet down where mine were lifted up without ever hearing a sound of his step or of his contact with the undergrowth. Alexandre presently motioned us with a warning gesture. He slowed his pace to short steps, with long pauses between. He saw everything that moved, heard every sound; only a deer could throw more and keener faculties into play than this born hunter. He heard a twig snap. We heard nothing. Pierre was away on a side search. Alexandre motioned us to be ready. We crept close together, and I scarcely breathed. We moved cautiously, a step at a time, like chessmen. It was impossible to get an unobstructed view a hundred feet ahead, so thick was the soft-wood growth. It seemed out of the question to try to shoot

that distance. We were descending a hill-side into marshy ground. We crossed a corner of a grove of young alders, and saw before us a gentle slope thickly grown with evergreen—tamarack, the artist called it. Suddenly Alexandre bent forward and raised his gun. Two steps forward gave us his view. Five moose were fifty yards away, alarmed and ready to run. A big bull in the front of the group had already thrown back his antlers. By impulse rather than through reason I took aim at a second bull. He was half a height lower down the slope, and to be seen through a web of thin foliage. Alexandre and the artist fired as with a single pull at one trigger. The foremost bull staggered and fell forward, as if his knees had been broken. He was hit twice—in the heart and in the neck. The second bull and two cows and a calf plunged into the bush and disappeared. Pierre found that bull a mile away, shot through the lungs.

It had taken us a week to kill our moose in a country where they were common game. That was "hunter's luck" with a vengeance. But at another season such a delay could scarcely occur. The time to visit that district is in the autumn, before snow falls. Then in a week one ought to be able to bag a moose, and move into the region, farther west and north of the great lakes, where caribou are plenty.



"THE DRAGONESS."

BY GEORGE A. HIBBARD

I

"**R**EALLY," said Mrs. Abernethy, helplessly, as she sat at the dinner-table one evening, so long after Christmas that the character of the winter could be definitely determined as decidedly "gay," but yet so far removed from Lent that many events of importance were still to come off, and there was much that might make anticipation vivid. "I don't know what I am to do about Ruth. If we go South next week," she continued, gazing at so much of her husband as was visible through the spaces left by the intervening objects. "I cannot, worn out as I am, undertake to look after her in St. Augustine, and I am sure I don't see how we can leave her here."

"Oh," said Abernethy, with a certain after-dinner indifference, "she'd do well enough, I've no doubt, if she staid in the house all alone."

"But think how highly improper!" exclaimed Mrs. Abernethy, thoroughly shocked; "she certainly must have some older person with her. She is so thoughtless; and there is Mrs. 'Tom'; and then there is Harold Redmond."

Abernethy nodded abstractedly. He had already, and it was only Thursday, used up the three excuses that regularly gave him three nights a week at the club, and was very busy trying to devise some scheme that might serve to give him freedom on this evening as well. As he was not an imaginative man he was having rather a hard time of it.

"I cannot think of any one," went on Mrs. Abernethy, not conscious of her husband's extraordinary mental efforts. "I wouldn't mind if Andros was the place that it used to be, but it has changed so that you never can tell what is going to happen. Since Mrs. 'Tom' Dallison and the fast set have sprung up, I consider that society has very much deteriorated. Think how different it once was!"

"In the dark ages," said her husband.

"You may call them the dark ages if you like, but society was respectable then at least. I consider that Mrs. Dallison has been a most evil influence. Of course we cannot do anything, for she was Virginia Rereton, and we were all most intimate with her dear mother. But if she

were not a Rereton I certainly would not receive her; and I often wonder how that little girl, whom I can remember perfectly as the quietest, shyest little thing, can have become the fast, absolutely fast, woman she is."

"Oh, come, now; everything makes faster time than it used to do, from horses and ocean liners to —"

"She need not be so excessive," said Mrs. Abernethy, decidedly. "I have been always opposed to letting Ruth have anything to do with her, and have steadily discouraged the intimacy."

Abernethy said nothing.

"But this doesn't help me to determine what I am to do with Ruth. I wish every day that she hadn't been left in my care. Poor Fanny might have made Clara her guardian; perhaps she might know how to manage a young woman that was *émancipée* and an heiress."

"Why not have Maria here?"

"Why, yes," began Mrs. Abernethy, slowly. And then she went on briskly: "The very thing! How clever of you to think of it! You know I always said that your common-sense did at times amount to brilliancy. I have always wished to have her here, but I have never had a chance before. I received a letter only to-day from her mother—"

Before Mrs. Abernethy could proceed, the sharp, quick bark of a dog was heard in the next room; the quick rustle of a dress became distinctly audible, the half-open door was thrown wholly back, and a young girl, dressed evidently for a ball, and very much out of breath, entered, in pursuit of a fox-terrier puppy.

"Ruth," exclaimed Mrs. Abernethy, looking up, "what is the matter?"

"He's got my slipper," said the girl, continuing the chase around the table, "and I can't get it away from him."

Mrs. Abernethy continued to gaze with unconcealed disapproval upon the animated pursuit, and when the terrier, finally driven into the recess formed by the window, had yielded up his prize with a short yelp, she spoke with some stiffness.

"Ruth," she said, "I wish you could give us your attention for a moment."

"Yes, auntie," said the girl, thrusting back her bright light hair, and glancing

with brilliant eyes at the clock. "But they'll be here for me in five minutes. We must get the fire before the dance to-night. Mrs. 'Tom's' party, you know."

Mrs. Abernethy visibly shuddered. "We have just come to a conclusion that may interest you," she went on.

"If it isn't nice, please don't tell me," exclaimed her niece. "I've made up my mind to have a particularly good time to-night."

"As you know, we are obliged to go South next week on account of your uncle's health," explained Mrs. Abernethy, "and we think it best that you should remain here. We hope that we are not unwise in our decision."

"I devoutly hope not," said the niece, with a strange look in her eyes.

"I am unwilling to do this, but really I see no other way," continued Mrs. Abernethy.

"But," began Ruth.

"Of course we cannot leave you alone in the house."

"I suppose not," said Ruth, mournfully.

"And," went on Mrs. Abernethy, "at the excellent suggestion of your uncle, I have decided to send for a near relation of his, a lady whom I have often desired to ask here, who will remain with you during our absence."

"Is she very old?" asked Ruth.

"I believe about thirty," answered Mrs. Abernethy.

"About thirty?" sighed her niece. "And will you please tell me her name?"

"Miss Maria Kittridge."

"Miss Maria Kittridge," repeated Ruth, slowly.

"She is a most superior person," said Mrs. Abernethy, "and has always been held in the highest respect; indeed, in her native place she is quite a power."

"And what is her native place like?" asked Ruth, desperately.

"It is called Hasbrook Centre, and is one of those New England villages which, though small in size, are rich in intelligence and culture."

"And has she always lived there?"

"Always," replied Mrs. Abernethy. "Indeed, though not absolutely obliged to do so, I believe Maria has always supported herself—"

"—and on her own merits, I might say, by teaching school. Very early in life she entertained the most serious views in regard to our responsibilities, and when she could have been hardly older than

you now are, through her unaided exertions she had established a charity organization society in Hasbrook, and had caused the erection of a coffee-house for the operatives in the great mills."

"How does she look?"

"I have no clear memory of her personal appearance, as I have not seen her since she was a child; but, if I remember rightly, she was somewhat small and insignificant. I have, however, always watched her career, as it has been unfolded to me in her mother's letters, with the greatest interest and admiration. Let me read you something she has just written to me," and Mrs. Abernethy opened the paper she had in her hand. "'With her regular hours for teaching, and the time devoted every day to the furtherance of her charitable schemes, you might suppose Maria is sufficiently employed, but to one of her temperament any time unimproved is irksome. She has of late been interesting herself in the various socialistic questions of the hour, and has written a number of articles for the more serious periodicals that have called forth praise from the most distinguished authorities. Of course, with such a character as hers, she will always find something to do, wherever she may be—some grievance to right, some error to correct, some reform to introduce; but still, were she in another place, she would be amid other surroundings, and I am sure that some change would do her good.' You see," said Mrs. Abernethy, suddenly suspending her reading and glancing at her niece, who was thoughtfully crumpling the terrier's soft flat ears, "how exceptional a person Miss Kittridge really is."

"Yes, auntie," said Ruth. "But cannot I have Betty Frew to stay with me?"

"Oh, better have her," interrupted Abernethy, glancing at his niece by marriage. "She might profit too by the society of this New England Minerva—this blue-stocking Pallas."

"Very well," said Mrs. Abernethy, reluctantly.

At their very first interview, Ruth and Miss Frew took the situation into serious consideration.

"Do you think she will be so very formidable?" asked Ruth, after she had imparted to her friend the facts gathered from Mrs. Abernethy.

"I should think," responded Miss

Frew, "that she could hardly be worse. I have no doubt that she will, very early, set about improving our minds, and immediately undertake to show us the frivolity of our lives. Now I, for one, am perfectly conscious of my own triviality, but I like it. I feel very much about such high moral elevation as I do about Greek draperies, they may be very becoming in another, but they are not for me. I am not Antigone; I am *article de Paris*."

"But what shall we do?"

"Treat her kindly but firmly; from the very outset let her see that she cannot impose upon us. Everything will depend upon the way we first meet her. I should advise extreme reserve."

"Oh," exclaimed Ruth, "it is frightful to have such a—such a—" She paused.

"Dragoness," suggested Miss Frew.

"Yes, that's it—"dragoness," went on Ruth, eagerly, "always about. I was really cruel to get you to come here."

"A friend in need," said Miss Frew. "I will stand by you to the last sentence in the last discussion in the last number of the *North American*, and I will not even desert you when I see that Browning is imminent and inevitable."

II

The through express had just arrived, and long before the dusty, tired-looking cars had come to rest, the passengers began to jostle each other on the platform and jump from the moving train. Almost like an ungovernable mob, the liberated travellers surged through the station, while the cries of the porters, the rattle of passing trucks, the jar of heavy baggage, and the deafening and pervading roar of the escaping steam added to the turbulence.

"But how," said Ruth, anxiously, "shall we ever know her?"

"Eye-glasses," answered Miss Frew, "and a dress that would be an excellent fit for somebody else."

The throng in the waiting-room thinned, but still no one resembling the ideal that the watchers had formed of the "dragoness" appeared.

"I don't believe she's come, after all," said Ruth.

Almost as she spoke she heard herself addressed in a low, sweet, shy voice. "I think perhaps you may be looking for me."

Ruth turned quickly, and saw a little feminine figure, clad in worn but well-fitting gray. She stared with a surprised and curious intensity, while the person upon whom her eyes were fixed stood before her somewhat embarrassedly, and evidently not quite sure what to do next. In her right arm she carried a large bundle, which with difficulty she changed to her left, and then almost timidly held out her hand.

"My name," she said, gently, "is Maria Kittridge."

"The 'dragoness,'" murmured Miss Frew to herself; but Ruth, for some reason, seemed unable to speak.

"I hope," went on the "dragoness" for she it certainly was—with greater assurance, "that you have not had to wait long for me. I think that we are a little late."

"No—no, indeed," exclaimed Ruth, rather brokenly, realizing that she must say something. "But let Jackson take your bundle and your checks."

The "dragoness" yielded up her parcel with evident solicitude; then obediently delivered a single brass token to the waiting servant, and meekly followed her future charges through the waiting emigrants, and along the sidewalk, past the ravening hackmen, to the carriage.

The lengthening winter day was drawing to an end, but the sun had not yet set, and still shone redly along the westward-running streets, brilliantly lighting up the great glass windows of the big shops, falling with warming glow upon the crowds of work-people hastening along the walks, and glittering on the rattling harness of the impatient coach-horses. The slight dust that rose from the frozen but snowless streets was glitteringly golden, and a thin haze, warmly violet, dulled the sharp lines of the distances. The "dragoness" looked through the windows of the carriage, and almost with delight seemed to feast her eyes upon the city sights, to drink in the harsh city sounds.

"I have never been away very much from home," she explained. "Only in Boston a few times a year on business, and once in New York long ago."

She looked very small, leaning back among the cushions, but not at all insignificant. Indeed there was an air of determination, of self-reliance, about her that made it impossible on most occasions to overlook her. Her eyes, which were certainly unnaturally large—or perhaps

they were made to appear so by her thick, curling eye-lashes, were not turned from the panorama of the streets, and her lips, which were very warmly red, remained slightly parted, as if in excitement, showing her white, small, regular teeth. However, if her eyes were large, they were not like most large eyes, dreamy, and perhaps a trifle dull; on the contrary, they were very bright and wide-awake. And if her mouth was wide, it certainly was only made thereby the more expressive.

"I hope you will not mind me," she said, suddenly, "but I am confident that I am staring."

Ruth had begun to explain to the "dragoness" that Mrs. Abernethy had been obliged to start "immediately," when the hollow rumble of the victoria that could be so distinctly heard on the smooth asphalt was lost as the wheels ground on the gravel of the driveway and the carriage swept up to the house. It was one of the latest and best specimens of our modern American architecture, in which fantastic form is so often allied with dignified simplicity, in which studied rudeness is carefully blended with nice elaboration, in which extreme comfortableness is not inconsistent with rich magnificence. Standing on the broad flagging under the *porte cochère*, the "dragoness" glanced along the western front, where the broad windows flashed with orange glow in the light of the low sun, with the expression of one who is a little overawed. Silently she passed through the doors, which swung open so noiselessly and mysteriously on their bronze hinges, and entered the dim hall, where the warm air was heavy with perfume of noisette flowers. She glanced, with what really seemed almost reverence, at the heavy polished panelling and the dull harmonious portières that only half hid the luxurious vistas beyond. She only seemed to arouse herself, to awake from what appeared a pleasant revery, as the big clock with the "cathedral chimes" struck half past five, for as the sweet jingle languished away she slightly trembled, and looked up at Ruth, with a half-apologetic, half-grateful smile.

"I cannot understand her," said Miss Frew, excitedly. "She's an enigma—a perfect sphinx."

"Except," suggested Ruth, "that enigmas are stupid and that sphinxes are not

at all pretty. And she is pretty—awfully pretty."

"There's no doubt about it," assented Miss Frew.

As they passed along the hall they saw a small piece of baggage with yellow sides and strange black rulings carried up the stairs.

"How fearfully in character!" said Miss Frew. And then she thought of her own huge trunks, covered with the labels of the steamers, the railroads, the hotels of half of Christendom.

"But," said Ruth, suddenly, as if a clearer realization of the terrors of the situation had been vouchsafed to her—"but what shall we do this evening?"

"Discuss the latest theory as to the site of Troy, touch lightly upon the probable nature of the solar 'coronæ,' casually consider the advisability of taxing church property, incidentally mention the realistic tendencies of modern literature, and then plunge with absorbing interest into an inquiry into socialism—past, present, and to come," answered Miss Frew.

Ruth sighed deeply.

"Now I don't believe you have the least idea of what 'nationalism' is," continued Miss Frew, "or could find a word to say upon the tariff as a home topic; while in European politics you do not even possess such essential and elemental knowledge as what were the date and nature of the treaty of Kuchuck-Kainardji—the key of the Eastern question!"

"No," answered Ruth, "I don't; but I know the date of the battle of Hastings."

"That, my child," observed Miss Frew, "is a drug in the market. There never was a girl who didn't know that; besides, the 'dragoness' would call it 'Senlac.'"

The room to which Miss Kittridge had been taken was charming with the frilled and ruffled crispness of its fittings up, where all values of blue were to be found, from the dark deep blue of the polished tiles to the faint azure of the shadowed dressing-table. The "dragoness" hesitated a moment on her entrance, and only when she found herself alone, sank somewhat stiffly into one of the long, broad, abysmal chairs. The smouldering fire fell in with a gentle sound, and the freshly mounting flames crackling cheerfully sent flickering lights frolicking over the place, to be scattered and to glitter in a

hundred reflections and deflections as they fell upon shining porcelain and gleaming metal. Perhaps the "dragoness" was weary from her ride. At all events, for some reason, she sighed deeply, and with what seemed almost relaxation of her whole being, settled herself more comfortably in the yielding cushions of the long, low lounge. It is unquestionable that she was lost in meditation upon some very serious subject, for she sat quite still for a long time, gazing curiously at the leaping flames.

"We had better send for her," said Ruth, when dinner was announced and the "dragoness" had not yet appeared.

Still Miss Kittridge did not come; and it was only after Ruth had said, "I'm sure she won't want to have us wait for her," and Miss Frew and herself were passing through the hall, that she appeared, descending the main stairs with great rapidity, but with an evident effort not to have her heels click too loudly upon the hard, polished wood.

"You see I am always late," she said, checking herself in her onrush, and bringing up before them.

She was dressed very much as she had been upon her arrival. The gown was no longer gray; it was black. It was no longer cloth; it was silk; but it bore unmistakable evidence that its origin was the same as its predecessor's. No two creations of Corot or of Redfern were ever more unquestionably from the same hand, and Ruth and Miss Frew did not for an instant hesitate to believe that the fingers that had shaped both were the white, soft, firm fingers of the "dragoness" herself. There was the same evident effort of good taste to assert itself in spite of insufficient knowledge, inadequate skill, and unworthy material that had been manifested in the other production. That the "dragoness" looked as pretty as she did was certainly not owing to the splendor or even perfect adjustment of her attire; indeed, that her dress was at all endurable was wholly owing to the fact that it was the "dragoness" who happened to wear it. If, however, her raiment was simple and severe, there was a great elaboration about her hair, and had not the sages of antiquity decided—a decision corroborated by the wisdom of the ages—that it is utterly impossible to explain the action of a pretty woman, it would be unhesitatingly assert-

ed that the care she had taken in the arrangement of her locks was what had made the "dragoness" late for dinner.

Ruth took the head of the table—"for that time only," she explained—and then constituting herself a forlorn hope, bravely attacked the position.

"I hope you found everything you wanted?" she said.

"Oh, everything!" answered the "dragoness," effusively.

"I am afraid," continued Ruth, "that you will find but little here that will interest you. However, you will have a great deal of time for your writing and studying and—and all that sort of thing."

"I suppose I might," answered the "dragoness," doubtfully; "but I don't think I shall do very much in that way."

Ruth, greatly puzzled, was debating in her own mind whether it would be fitting to ask the reason of such unaccountable abstinence, when Miss Frew, who had been eying the "dragoness" with that critical interest with which we are given to understand the earlier occupants of the Mansard are wont to receive the latest feline intruder, suddenly broke out, in the manner of one whose curiosity cannot longer remain unsatisfied,

"Can you really read Greek?"

"Oh yes!" said the "dragoness," looking up and smiling a little; "it is really not so hard. I began when I was quite young, with a professor in Harvard College who spends the summer in Hasbrook."

"Shades of Heloise and Abelard!" murmured Miss Frew.

They questioned her about the management of her school, her libraries, her charities. They tried her on more general subjects. Music—she played a little, and acknowledged that she sang in the choir; but though she knew that musical Italy had found an Attila, she would not have recognized a Wagnerian "motif" if she had met one. Art—she knew the histories of the old masters, and had read Ruskin "for the style." Literature—They were about to fall upon literature as a topic upon which she could certainly be induced to say something, when suddenly she looked up pleadingly, and spoke with more decision than had hitherto been apparent in her tone.

"It is very good of you," she said, "to ask me so many questions about myself, and about things that I know do not inter-

est you, for what can you care whether we introduce manual training into our public schools, admit the works of the positive thinkers to the shelves of the library, or advocate co-operation among the poor? I wish you would talk to me about yourselves, you do so many things."

"Why," said Ruth, in surprise, "I never thought of myself in that way. I only do what every one else has done."

"Except myself," said the "dragoness," with a grim little smile, and almost as humiliated an aspect as she might be supposed to wear if some one had asked her what the digamma was and she had not known it.

"I wonder," observed Ruth, in her embarrassment, "if there will be any one here to-night? I hope that Uncle Sig will come."

"Who is that?" asked the "dragoness."

"The dearest old imbecile that ever walked—or rather rode, for that's about all Uncle Sig ever does. But you wouldn't care for him, he isn't learned in the least, unless as to the pedigree of a débutante or a race-horse; isn't clever at anything except leading a cotillon, playing a hand at whist, or driving a tandem."

"Really," said the "dragoness," and Miss Frew, closely as she watched her, could not detect whether the rising inflection indicated scorn or not. "I don't think I ever saw any one just like that."

"He's always in love with everybody, including himself, and will do all the nice things for you that only a thoroughly selfish man would know how to do."

"But he's at the Dallison dance," said Miss Frew.

"No; for that's put off because—because"—she hesitated, for she did not like to say that it had been postponed because of the arrival of the "dragoness" and her own inability to be there—"Mrs. 'Tom' thought it would be better later in the evening."

The "dragoness" glanced at Ruth inquiringly.

"Oh, Mrs. 'Tom,'" she said, in reply to the mute question, "is the friend of the unrighteous; the leader of the army of the 'New Order of Things'; the brightest, prettiest, most extravagant married woman in all Andros; my greatest friend, and auntie's pet *bête noire*."

"You forget Harold Redmond," suggested Miss Frew, maliciously.

"In that case translate *bête noire* black sheep," answered Ruth, calmly.

"I am sure," said the "dragoness," with what, if she had been one who would have been likely to have felt any sympathy with such personages, could have been thought only a tone of respectful consideration, "I should like to see them."

Dinner ended, and as Ruth rose from the table and passed into the library she was brought face to face with the fact that there was an evening before her. Eight, nine, ten, eleven—one could not reasonably expect to seek a well-earned rest before that time. Three hours! As she took up some sewing—some "plain sewing," which she had prepared "for a first effect"—she glanced despondently at Miss Frew, who had seated herself at the piano, and had already begun to play the "Fire Music" as if she could sympathize with the encircled and imprisoned Brünnhilde.

"And how," said Sigourney Fales, as he entered the room, "do I find my burdens? Your uncle's last words were that I should look after you, and I come to fulfil my trust."

"If," answered Ruth, "we are as burdensome to you as we are to ourselves, I pity you. As we know no possible way of killing time, we were about to kill ourselves. You have saved our lives." Then, turning to the "dragoness," she added, "Miss Kittridge, I want to present to you our very dear friend Mr. Fales."

Ruth and Miss Frew gazed at the "dragoness" with unconcealed amazement. She had looked small, dowdy, insignificant, as she sat in the chair near the fire, and looked helplessly about the strange room; but now her hand had sought a large scarlet fan that lay on a table near her, and with this carefully interposed between her face and the blaze, she glanced slowly up at Sigourney Fales. A brighter light had come into her eyes, a warmer flush was upon her cheeks; about her mouth played an enigmatical smile, half challenging, half appealing. Her body seemed to stiffen and yet to relax; to straighten and yet to droop, her every motion was more swift and yet more assured. The "dragoness" seemed to cry "Ha! ha!" and to scent the fray from afar.

"We have just been talking of you," she said.

There was something in her voice, some new, vibrant ring that caused her

charges to glance at each other with renewed astonishment. It was hardly noticeable, but there was certainly an animation, an alertness, that had not been discoverable in her tones before.

"Oh," said Fales, "this is ungenerous. We are only expected to leave our characters behind us, as you know. We should not be subjected to a sort of anticipatory vivisection. I hope you were merciful."

"I didn't say anything," answered the "dragoness"; "and really I am very much surprised, for it was something I didn't know anything about."

"I am relieved," said Fales. "Of course when you know something then you will say nothing; I am safe."

She laughed lightly.

"So," he said, looking complacently around, "the 'dragoness' didn't come after all."

Ruth glanced helplessly at Miss Frew, who in bewilderment was watching the unconscious Fales, and the extremely conscious "dragoness."

Miss Kittridge blushed deeply—"She must have gone to bed at ten o'clock every night of her life to have that complexion at her age," Miss Frew had said—Miss Kittridge blushed deeply, as indeed she had a way of doing upon all extraordinary and some ordinary occasions, and spoke up bravely, before Ruth succeeded in finding that most elusive object of search—something to say.

"Oh," she observed, pleasantly, "I suppose I am the 'dragoness'; but, please, why did I not answer to your idea of the character?"

Ruth cast on her a glance of unquestionable thankfulness.

"Why, you—you're too young," stammered Fales, utterly disconcerted.

"What a subtle compliment!" laughed Miss Kittridge.

What Fales answered and what the "dragoness" said that evening are of no particular consequence, or would only aid in a slight degree in forming any conception of the remarkable character thus unexpectedly introduced to Andros, or would tend only slightly to promote an understanding of the singular events that took place during Mrs. Abernethy's absence—events over which she is to this day puzzled. Sufficient it is to say that Sigourney Fales and the "dragoness" seemed to find inexhaustible subjects for conversation; that soon Miss Frew re-

turned unnoticed to the piano, and Ruth slipped unperceived into the adjoining room to finish a book she had begun before Christmas. At first neither of these gave great heed to the flight of time, but as the more rapid minute-hand had overtaken and passed once and again his staid and serious fellow-wayfarer, they gradually became aware that they were getting sleepy. First the onyx and gilt clock in the drawing room struck the hour trippingly; then the quarter was sounded by the old timepiece on the landing, that had come down from another generation, when they took account of such trifles; then the half rang out faintly from some remote region above; and then again came the hour.

"He is telling her his very oldest story," whispered Ruth to Miss Frew, as she joined her in the music-room; "and she is actually laughing as though she enjoyed it."

Another sixty minutes passed, and the situation was becoming serious.

"She is begging him to tell her," repeated Miss Frew, "how he got out of Paris during the siege, and if he once begins upon that we are lost."

Another hour dragged on, and finally Fales, with visible reluctance, managed to rise.

"Did he ask her to drive with him?" whispered Ruth.

"I think so," replied Miss Frew, drowsily.

"What did she say?"

"I think she said that she would."

III.

When Miss Frew and Ruth came down the next morning they found the "dragoness" already in the breakfast room. It transpired long afterward that she had arisen when the day was still so new as not to be recognizable by good society, and had patiently awaited their appearance.

"Well," she said, brightly, "what are you going to do this morning?"

Before Ruth could answer, a servant announced that Mrs. Dallison wished to speak to her.

"I'll bring her in," exclaimed Ruth.

"Do," said the "dragoness." "I want to see her so very much."

"Are you still alive?" asked Mrs. Dallison as Ruth met her in the hall. "And are you already prepared to adopt dress

reform? Do you feel an overpowering desire to do so?"

"Come," answered Ruth, mysteriously.

Mrs. Dallison, with her light, rapid tread, crossed the threshold of the breakfast-room, and stopped short. Certainly the "dragoness" was no gorgon, but she seemed to have an astonishingly petrifying effect upon those who beheld her.

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. "Tom," involuntarily.

"Mrs. Dallison wishes to see you," said Ruth, rushing to the rescue, and looking at the "dragoness," who stood up nervously clasping and unclasping her hands.

"Yes, Miss Kittridge," said Mrs. Dallison, recovering from her too evident astonishment. "I am going to have a little dinner and dance at the Country Club to-night, and I want you all to come."

Now, if ever, was the chance for the "dragoness" to prove herself the true duenna; now was the time for her to exhibit that firmness of character and promptness of resolution that would in future assure to her unquestioned obedience and respect. But she did not seem particularly determined, or at all certain what she would do. Indeed, she looked helplessly at Ruth, and only asked, mildly,

"Do you think that we could?"

"Of course," assured Ruth, joyfully; while in instantaneous process she thought: "Of all things, the Country Club, Mrs. 'Tom,' and probably Harold. What would auntie say?" and her heart glowed with sudden warmth for the "dragoness."

"We will have the greatest pleasure in accepting your kind invitation," said that personage, a little primly.

"If," said Mrs. "Tom," as she stood upon the door-step, whither Ruth had accompanied her, "the rural districts contain any more like that, I hope that they will stay there. I am generally quite a self-satisfied person, but a complexion such as that is alone enough to make one perfectly emerald with envy!" and entering her coupé, she viciously slammed the door.

When Ruth returned and took her place at the table, she found Miss Kittridge in evident distress, and clearly possessed with something she found extremely difficult to say.

"I feel so queer," she murmured. "I want to ask you something. About—you know—what ought I to wear to-night?"

"Oh," exclaimed Ruth, "almost anything will do."

"But," exclaimed the "dragoness," hopelessly, "I don't seem to have even anything. You see I never have cared very much about—my things." Then she added, in a sudden burst of confidence, "I wish now that I had."

"I think," interrupted Miss Frew, "that you might, if you wouldn't mind, take something of mine."

"Oh! would you let me?" cried the "dragoness," with an expression of the deepest gratitude in her tone. "Do you think they would fit?"

"We can try," answered Miss Frew.

Miss Kittridge advanced before the great mirror, while Ruth and Miss Frew fell back to get a better view of the result of their labors.

"It is simply perfect," said Ruth, impressively, in irrepressible admiration.

The "dragoness" looked up with a short, excited laugh, retreated a step, and then gazed silently at the reflection in the glass. For a long time, motionless, wordless, she stood contemplating the small, slight, modish figure the mirror revealed to her, studying it as one might some interesting stranger; then she sighed deeply, and turning, made a swift, positive gesture with her right hand, such as one makes when he puts something from him.

"I feel so strangely," said the "dragoness": "there don't seem to be so much of me. I suppose that is because it fits."

"Yes," assented Miss Frew.

"But then," continued the "dragoness," turning her head, and vainly trying to look straight down her back, "it seems as if I were acting a part. I must have a rehearsal, or I shall disgrace myself."

"Come down stairs and walk about," suggested Ruth.

"Now," said the "dragoness," as she stood before the drawing-room door, "I will now imagine that I am about to encounter for the first time an assemblage of my fellow-beings whom I wish to impress."

Drawing herself up to her full height, and bearing herself with a dignity not unworthy of the stateliest presence, the "dragoness" advanced through the doorway, swept into the darkened apartment beyond, and suddenly finding herself face

to face with a startled young man, who had just risen from a chair, retreated ignominiously and in utter confusion.

"Oh, Harold," exclaimed Ruth, hastening forward, "I had no idea you were here."

"I just sent word," he answered, without once looking from the "dragoness," who, blushing furiously, and evidently on the point of flight, stood just within the room.

"I'm so glad you've come," continued Ruth. "I want to present you to Miss Kittridge."

"I am afraid," said Redmond, at length recovering from the hardly restrained laughter that had almost prevented speech, "that I have disturbed you."

"You have," said the "dragoness," sharply; "very seriously. I never felt more disturbed in all my life."

The strong, morning light streamed in through the window, and falling on the yellow and gold of the decorations, spread in a sallow flood over all the place. It was a severe test, but the "dragoness" stood it—stood it gloriously.

"Now," said Ruth, "I know that Miss Kittridge is going to ask you to stay to luncheon."

"Are you?" begged Redmond, pleadingly.

"Yes," answered the "dragoness."

The pretty ballroom of the Country Club was well filled, but the crowd was not so great as to spoil the dancing. There was not that crush and swirl of humanity that is found so often in even larger rooms—compacted masses where individual motion is almost impossible, and the dancers flow along in a human current. But the floor, so smooth as to reflect the lights in blurred, bright blotches, as a dancing floor should, was well covered, and along the walls, hung with hunting "prints," in which the "pink" coats afforded brilliant color, were thick rows of chaperons. It was a charming room at any time, simple and tasteful in its adornment, but now it seemed particularly attractive, as the "buds" of the winter, in a state of semi-beatitude, and the "veterans," married and unmarried, of other seasons, with a more critical and contained enjoyment, sped onward in the dance.

Ruth, pausing as the last bars of the last waltz lingered on the air and then

gently sank away, looked about anxiously.

"What can have become of her?" she thought. "I haven't seen her for half an hour."

Those who had hurried over the floor in the wild rout of the dance, now, like rallied soldiers, had fallen into more regular order, and Ruth walked onward in their ranks.

"Where can she be?" she asked, with her lips only, as she passed Miss Frew.

Miss Frew shook her head.

"It is very strange," thought Ruth. "Can it be that she isn't having a good time?"

The slow onward march had brought her opposite Mrs. "Tom," who stood by the door, as radiant as a *débutante*, and as sagacious as a dowager.

"Have you seen the 'dragoness' anywhere?" asked Ruth, eagerly.

"The 'dragoness'?" answered Mrs. "Tom." The name had in some way escaped from custody, and forever and aye as the "dragoness" Miss Kittridge was to be known. "Why, yes, I think I saw her a few moments ago."

"I hope she is enjoying herself," said Ruth, anxiously.

"I rather thought she was," replied Mrs. "Tom," with a slight air of maliciousness. "I think you'll find her somewhere down-stairs."

Ruth descended the steps that led to the floor below, followed by Sigourney Fales, with whom she had been dancing. From the lower landing she was able to obtain an immediate and comprehensive view of the large but cozy apartment, with its broad fireplace and great, low divans, that formed the main room of the club-house.

In one corner, with all the cushions in reach gathered for the more comfortable support of her small person, sat the "dragoness," leaning back languidly, her small, slippered feet peeping out from under

"Symphonies in needle-work

Where dimpled pearly shadows lurk,"

while Harold Redmond leaned eagerly over her.

"Oh!" said Miss Kittridge, in a surprised, slightly injured tone; "were you looking for me?"

IV.

And now what follows is wild, incomprehensible, inconceivable. No one ever exactly understood it all; no one certain-

ly ever attempted to give any account of it. It seemed as if something had happened to spur the not-lagging life of Andros to still greater speed—as if some new influence more potent even than Mrs. "Tom" herself had arisen and was powerfully at work. Andros had been "gay" before; it was giddy now.

Many marvelled at the change, Mrs. "Tom," as incapable of jealousy as of any other meanness, was radiant.

"I cannot conceive," she admitted, "what has come over the spirit of our dreams—or rather the spirit of our ways—~~—we were never before in such a state~~ of wide-awakeness."

Sigourney Fales, who had heard the remark, happened that night to take Miss Kittridge in to dinner.

"I know," he said, referring to Mrs. "Tom's" speech, "what has made the change."

"What?" asked the "dragoness," innocently.

"You," he answered.

She looked directly at him, as she had a way of doing with those to whom she was talking.

"What perfect nonsense!" she said. "The idea that it would be possible for one person to affect a whole society, and that person myself!"

She paused.

"If you can change the world for one," he murmured, "why not for all?"

The "dragoness" laughed merrily.

It must have been the "dragoness." She had become the rage; all men extolled her fairness, her manner, her gowns, and most women envied her their praise; but, mastered by her careless, fearless, unconscious carriage, they forgot any bitterness they might feel, and liked and admired her too.

The "dragoness" drove and dined and danced. No duckling—ugly or otherwise, and the "dragoness" was distinctly "otherwise"—ever took to the swim more kindly than did this strange, unaccountable being. From luncheon she went to "teas," from "teas" to dinners, and from dinners to dances. Indeed, there was little to which she did not go—nothing at which she did not stay, once having gone.

"I hardly know you," said Harold Redmond, as he led with her the Harpending's cotillon.

"That is not strange," she answered; "I hardly know myself."

She traced with her foot a mysterious figure on the white, duck-covered floor, and looked up.

"Come," she said, impatiently, "one more turn before the music stops."

It was very strange; she seemed to breathe with stronger, freer lung; to revel as if in the expanse of a more ample life.

"I must have been frivolous all my life," she confided to Ruth, "and never have known it. Is not that tragic? Then she laughed, and added, "I feel as if you were bringing me out."

And it did seem as if the "dragoness" were some open-eyed *débutante*, just realizing the possibilities of a life dreamed in dull school-rooms over dreary exercises—a longed-for life where all the world would be as it was between the pages of hidden novels—distracting and delicious.

The Abernethy library is no pretence. The large book-cases rise on three sides from the floor to the ceiling, filled on the lower shelves with many "tall copies," and on the upper with lighter volumes that seem to have risen naturally to the top. It is a large and handsome room, with heavy wood-work and a massive fireplace. Here and there are serious-looking bronzes, and in one corner a marble shows in ghostly whiteness.

On this dull February afternoon it seemed particularly dark, the gray light of the waning afternoon only illumining a narrow space about the windows, and leaving the shadowed depths of the room in an obscurity broken only by the occasional and fitful gleams of the fire. If Mrs. Abernethy, if Ruth, or even Miss Frew, could have looked within its book-lined walls at that particular time of the winter day, they would have beheld a scene that would have surprised and perplexed them.

The "dragoness," with her hands behind her and her back toward the embrasure of the deep window, stood like one at bay; while before her, in evident agitation, with pale cheeks and flashing eyes, was Harold Redmond, utterly unconscious of the absurdity of his own appearance. Whether the "dragoness" was aware of it or not was uncertain, for though at times she seemed inclined to laugh hysterically, there were moments

when it was evident she was quite as near bursting into tears.

"No, no, no!" said the "dragoness," with steadily increasing emphasis.

"But why not?" urged Redmond, vigorously.

"Because—because you are crying for the moon," she said, "and that, you know, is very silly."

"But if I want it, I want it," said Harold, stoutly.

"How absurd you are!" said the "dragoness." "Science will tell you that the moon is only an old, cold, dead star."

"It is my star," he said, sullenly.

"You should wish for some fair young planet," observed the "dragoness," glancing out of the window into the bare brown garden, where the great spongy snow-flakes melted as soon as they fell, "that is just swinging out into space and life."

"I love you; I do; and I cannot say or think anything else," said Harold, evidently reverting to some former stage of the interview.

"Oh!" exclaimed the "dragoness," with a little start, "it is very wrong of you to say this."

"Why?"

"There are a great many whys," she answered, seriously; "so very many." She paused for a moment, and then went on, more slowly and sadly: "I know that you believe that you feel what you say, but how long do you believe you would feel as you do now?"

"Always."

"I think not," went on the "dragoness," and then for a moment she did not speak. "I have not treated what you have said with the seriousness that it has deserved, with the respect that I have really felt for it. I thought that perhaps we could get along the best in that way. Harold"—she put out her hand, but as Redmond made a movement as if to take it, she swiftly placed it again behind her—"do not think that I do not prize what you have said. I prize it too highly, perhaps." She again paused. "No, no! You must not make me say anything, for anything that I would want to say I would be sure to regret."

"But can't you—won't you—"

"What I may feel or think," interrupted the "dragoness," "you must not ask me, and I must not ask myself. I must

not, cannot feel any thing. I am an old woman."

"You are only six months older than I am," urged Redmond.

"At my age that is a very great deal," said the "dragoness," firmly.

"But I love you," said Redmond again, who, with a lover's instinct, knew that in that sentence all is said, that in those simple words lies his strongest argument.

"Yes, you do now," responded the "dragoness," still more seriously. "But you have loved others, and you will again. Before I came here—I must tell you all the 'whys'—you know you cared for Ruth; you had all but told her so."

"But I had not seen you."

"I am only the fancy of the moment. You love her, and she loves you. You are hers by right of youth, of beauty, of love, and you shall not—I shall not let you—make a mistake. If she suspected what you have told me, she would be very miserable. You must love her, and you must marry her."

"But—"

"You do not think now that you will do it, but you will, and the time will come when you will bless me for what I have done; when you will laugh at yourself for thinking that you ever could have been in love with an old woman like me. Yes, Harold, that time will come, and you will thank me for saving you from yourself. No one shall ever know what you have said to me; not Ruth, for she might imagine that this meant more to you than it really has; you will forget all about it; and I—"

"And you?" said Redmond, as the "dragoness" paused.

"Kneel down," she said; and as Redmond sank on one knee at her feet, she brushed back an errant lock of his hair, and bending over, kissed him on the forehead; "and I will forget too," she murmured.

V.

Mrs. Abernethy, under the graceful arches of the Ponce de Leon, opened her letters, one after another, with that complete calm which is the product of an easy conscience, an assured position, and the knowledge that the most elaborate *menu* has held no terrors for you in the past, and is not likely to do so even in the future.

"It's very singular that Ruth does not

write more frequently," she said to Abernethy, "and more fully."

Abernethy glanced up from his paper, growled pleasantly, and went on with his reading.

"Good gracious!" said Mrs. Abernethy, suddenly.

Like an experienced husband, Abernethy had come to read with readiness that strange code of signals known to man and wife—that private system of matrimonial communication, swift as telegraphy, secret as a cypher—and he looked up quickly as he caught the rising inflection of his wife's voice.

"Hear what Mrs. Everingham writes to me," continued Mrs. Abernethy, excitedly. "You know I asked her to look out a little for what was going on. And now just listen to what she says: 'My dear Sarah,'" she read, "'you remember with what reluctance I always speak of all that concerns others, but your parting injunctions and the interest I take in you and yours in a manner will account for what I am about to say. We, of course, agree perfectly in our ideas as to certain demoralizing conditions that have lately displayed themselves in Andros, and as to those who are chiefly responsible for their existence. I know what you think and feel in regard to certain matters, and I am sure you will fully endorse my opinion as to a number of facts that have come to my notice. I hesitate to write it, but Miss Kittridge, I fear, is not a proper person to be intrusted with the guidance of two girls in the society of Andros. I need only mention to you the fact that she is seen almost daily in the park with Mrs. 'Tom'—how I hate these odious and undignified appellations that have now become only too common!—and that Harold Redmond is a constant visitor at the house. We all know how unhappy Mrs. 'Tom' has made her poor mother—our school-girl friend—and we must accept her for that mother's sake; but Harold Redmond, though entitled by family and fortune to the highest consideration, has forfeited by his heedlessness the consideration of all self-respecting people. The latter part of the season has been very gay, and the girls and the 'dragoness,' as she is commonly known here, have been everywhere. Sigourney Fales is most attentive to her, and rumor says that they will soon become engaged, if, indeed, they are not engaged already. Report is also equally

busy with the names of your niece and Harold Redmond. If you do not wish to see—'" Mrs. Abernethy paused. "We must start for the North at once," she said, sternly.

VI.

How it came about no one ever exactly knew: the matter was as much wrapped up in mystery as the whole of this strange affair. But before the autumn Ruth's engagement to Harold Redmond was formally announced. That "love conquers all things" is an old saying that, although not entitled to rank perhaps with the brand-new truths of scientific investigation, may still find some advocates and adherents. Many have believed that it was the steady persistence of love that finally conquered Mrs. Abernethy. It is certain that if it was so, it was no mean victory.

After a brief betrothal, the wedding took place. And one morning in late autumn, when the yellow leaves brushed lightly across the carpet on which the two walked from the church door—beneath a shower of rice and blessings, Ruth and Harold Redmond went out into life together man and wife.

"I owe it all to you," wrote Ruth to the "dragoness" from Algiers, whither the wedding trip had taken her. "If you had not come, we would not have seen each other so constantly and loved each other so much. . . . It was very cruel and very kind of you to send that great dragon with the jewelled eyes for my wedding present. Gorgeous as it is, and magnificent as it will look in the centre of the table on state occasions, you must know that I want to forget that even for a moment I ever thought of you other than as I do now—the dearest, kindest, wisest being in all the world. . . . There is no one in the universe like Harold, I am sure, and I know that I do not deserve such bliss as this. I am afraid that I have been very vain and thoughtless and selfish. I must get you to help me to improve myself—to help me not to waste my life as I have in the past. . . . You must marry Sigourney Fales. He loves you passionately, and I know that you like him very much. I am sure that is what it must come to at last. Nothing could possibly be nicer, and I am sure you would be very, very happy." . . .

THE STRANGE TALE OF A TYPE-WRITER.

BY ANNA C. BRACKETT.

I HAD a favorite type-writer—I will not say of whose manufacture—with which, through much use of it, I became very intimate. That expression I use boldly, because everybody knows already that many among modern machines have a definite character, and that even individual character is observed in those of the same sort. The engine-driver, for example, will tell you that each locomotive of a lot made to be precisely similar will be found to have, so to speak, its own temperament and manner, and that he becomes attached to his own engine as to a person.

So my type-writer became to me individual, and even intelligent. It had moods, capacious or sunny, and sometimes it seemed even humorous. And as for intelligence, even before the really wonderful thing happened that I am about to relate, I had from time to time a strange though slight feeling that the machine was acquiring that faculty; that the currents of thought passing through it were stimulating its powers, developing its slight individuality, and making orderly its fitful, irregular motions of quasi-intelligence. The machine, through much speaking, seemed to be learning to think. In what I may call its highest moments, it seemed to meet or even to anticipate my action; outrunning the pressure of my fingers, and recording sometimes, as I thought of its own motion, the next following letter—not always the designed one, but never, I believe, a letter which, taken with the preceding ones, failed to spell correctly some word, though, perhaps, not the word that I intended. These appearances I took for accident compounded with idle whimsies of my mind, since naturally I did not suspect the truth.

But at last, when the type-writer had been for a good period in very hard use, and had acted, I know, more than ever as if it had a dæmon of its own, I was compelled to leave town for a few days. On my return, coming into my house with the comfortable feeling which possesses one always on getting again among his own belongings after any absence, it was, perhaps, the indulgence of this feeling, as I made my way after a few min-

utes toward my work-room, that at first hindered me from noticing a slight clicking sound, which, however, presently became clearly audible. Upon entering the first of two rooms, the second of which was the work-room, it was plain to me that some person was at work on my beloved type-writer—a vast impertinence, since the rule of the house was that no hands but mine should touch it. But my vexation did not make me incautious. I advanced across the first room too quietly to afford notice of my approach, and looked through the half-open door into the interior apartment. I know myself to be very steady in face of danger—the presence of anything to be done or to be avoided is a tonic to me—and I am as far removed as most men from craven fear, but I should not like to feel again the cold sensation that came upon me when I discovered nobody in the room, and nothing peculiar, save the type-writer working diligently by itself.

I should mention, before I go any farther, that just before my departure I had been experimenting with an invention of mine which is intended to obviate the necessity of stopping to change the sheets of paper when one has reached the bottom of a page. It will be evident that I cannot go into particulars on this invention, as I have not yet secured the patent, and I might by so doing lose the reasonable certainty of becoming at least a United States Senator in a few years by a judicious use of the large fortune which I shall, no doubt, have poured into my hands when the patent has been once acquired. Suffice it to say, then, that before being summoned away, I had arranged a number of sheets of paper in my type-writer, all ready for a little novelette which I had planned after the old style of fairy stories, and I had already written the words, "Once upon a time," when the telegram which called me away was put into my hand. My papyropositor, as it is to be called, was not attached to the machine when it began to write, and consequently the sheets had not been gathered up as they would have been had that been the case, but had dropped off as they were written, and were lying loosely scattered on the floor and the table, just

where they had happened to fall as they had reeled off from the type-writer.

As I fairly caught sight of what was going on in the room, I saw one of the sheets gradually slide off from the rack and fall slowly to the table. I have no idea for how long a time I stood, but at last another partly written sheet fluttered to the floor, and the machine ceased its motion. In time—some time; I cannot say how soon it was—I gathered up the scattered pages. They contained the following matter of the type-writer's own composing—a sketch, a story, a little fantasy—one may name it as he pleases; but there is nothing mechanical about it. It has little breaks here and there, as though for a moment the machine had been out of order; but as to the substance of it, it shows invention, constructive power, and delicate satire, with an airy audacity entirely charming.

When afterward, with some awe, I returned to use of the machine, I found in it a distinct change of manner. No less intelligent or tractable than before, it was more quiet, less impatient. I have not known it once since to outrun my own motions, nor has it ever again undertaken the task of original production. I think it is waiting to see its matter in print, and when that occurs, I shall look with keen expectation for another effort at composition, and shall give days and nights to watching for this. What now is troubling me is the question how, if the type-writer should produce perhaps a masterpiece of literature, could it get copyright, even in America?

Here is the story which I found on the paper:

"A TYPE-WRITER FANTASY.

"Once upon a time there lived in a little house on the edge of a thick wood an old woman who never had read any of Balzac's novels. It was not because she had not learned to read, for when she was young she had gone for five weeks to the public schools of New York; and that time, as everybody knows, is quite enough to gain any branch of knowledge, since the schools are, as one may say, absolutely perfect, so that even the children who try not to learn are really compelled to absorb knowledge through the atmosphere which has been successively diffused through all of them by the high character of the Boards of Education. I

should have said 'Education,' but such a trivial mistake is of no consequence. The main reason why this old woman never had read Balzac's novels was, to tell the truth, because there were absolutely none in the country in which her house was situated. And the reason for this strange fact, which nevertheless was a fact, was that in the said country there was a high protective tariff, so high as to be really prohibitory. And the highest duty of all in this tariff was, strange to say, on French novels. But this old woman had a cousin on her mother's side who had been in France and Germany, and although he could not remember whether it had been in France or Germany that he had read Balzac, yet he was sure that it was in one of the two. The reason why he could not be sure was because he spoke and read both these languages perfectly, so that he never knew which he was reading or speaking. This is one danger in learning any language perfectly, even your own; and though this last remark may seem absurd, it really is not so. If we only reflect a moment, we shall readily see that the more difficulty any one has in saying anything the less likely is he to forget what he has said. This is why all good teachers always insist upon having a child hunt for the places mentioned in his geography.

"Though the young man could not remember, as I have said, whether he had read Balzac's stories in French or in German, yet he had been profoundly impressed by them; so profoundly, in fact, that he could talk of nothing else after his arrival at his cousin's house, and as the old woman was very anxious to make herself agreeable, being naturally of a kind disposition, she became convinced that if she was to maintain any part in the conversation she must know something about the famous French writer. But how to find out, in the first place, to what country to go in order to purchase the books? That was the great question. However, she considered that a man is more likely to dream in the language that he knows best, so she went to the police station and hired a policeman for a year. She did this because she knew that it is always dangerous to generalize too hastily, as men generally do, and that she should therefore be obliged to have reports from a large number of dreams. Moreover, her cousin being a thoroughly healthy man,

and having no business, might not dream every night; and besides, she found she could get a policeman much cheaper by the year than by the day. (This is the reason why Tammany keeps the New York policemen in its pay all the year round.)

"The experiment began, and every night the constant policeman sat patiently at the bedside of the unconscious man, watching for his slightest utterance. At his side he had pen and paper, and every syllable was carefully taken down. At the end of the year all the utterances were carefully examined, but when they came to make out the required statistics, they could find nothing but English words, and even those were much confused and broken, so that it became necessary to send to New York for the services of one of the public-school teachers there, who was accustomed to making sense out of nonsense, and to calculating percentages, in order to derive any benefit from the experiment.

"The teacher came, and for the space of about five weeks spent her entire time tabulating and calculating. At the close of her investigations she announced it as the profound conviction of her mind, fortified by a long experience in the schools, that under the supposition that the gentleman had spoken in German and French instead of in English, as he had, he would have used fifty per cent. of German words and fifty per cent. of French words. She had gone through this difficult calculation because the old woman had especially desired her not to leave out of consideration any possible element which might, under any circumstances, affect the outcome. There was naturally a little disappointment at this somewhat ambiguous result, and disappointment was by no means confined to the house where the experiment had taken place, for by this time the whole village on the edge of which was the above-mentioned thick wood had become interested in the solution of the question, so much so, indeed, that it had become necessary to engage the services of an additional person to write off a bulletin every hour as the calculation of the percentages progressed, in order to satisfy public curiosity. In fact, many of the wealthier citizens of the village combined together and sent to the neighboring city for the best electrician then known, and had him construct a telegraph line from the old woman's house to their homes in

the village. In this way they kept themselves informed at every minute just how the calculations stood. Those who could not afford such a luxury used to send a special messenger at a given time, when they were sure to find a bulletin hung up on the door of the house, for the rings at the bell became so incessant that the whole time of the old woman's servants was occupied in going to the door to answer inquiries. After the bulletin became an institution, things grew a little better. The old woman employed a small boy whose whole duty it was to take care of the bulletin-board and to answer the questions of those who came to the door, and so the servants could go on with their work.

"Now, however, it had become evident that, if she was to find out about Balzac, she must employ some other way. She turned it over and over in her head, for the difficulties she had encountered had by no means diminished her desire to read the famous writer about whom she had heard so much. At last she said, 'I will go and find out for myself.' So she went to the city to buy a steamer ticket; but when she was obliged to tell the ticket agent her destination, she was not at all able to say where it was that she wanted to go. The ticket agent was polite but firm, so, in despair, at last the old lady exclaimed, 'I will take a ticket for both countries, and settle the matter that way.' At this happy solution of the difficulty the agent beamed with satisfaction, and the old lady went home in comparatively a comfortable frame of mind. When she came to get ready for the voyage, she began to wonder how she was to go on two steamers at once; or if not, how she was to decide. The whole matter seemed to be still involved in difficulties, and she began almost to wish that her mother had never been born at all, because then she never should have had a cousin on her side, and never should have heard of Balzac. But this thought seeming somewhat impious, she banished it from her mind, and confined herself to the milder wish that her cousin had gone to visit some other relative than herself. That did not seem so wrong.

"But as the interest on the two tickets she had bought kept mounting up, she decided that she must do something; so she went to see the agents of the two steamship lines, and at last succeeded in indu-

cing them to start on the same day and at the same hour.

"The day came at last, and the two steamers swung out from their berths. The pier was black with people, among whom were all the newspaper reporters of the neighboring city, and many from other places in the country, who looked on with wonder, not unmixed with admiration, as the ponderous vessels slowly went on their way, bearing between them, suspended in a rude but strong steel hammock, the woman to whose desire for knowledge, persistence, and indomitable courage the whole idea was due. It was feared by some of those who are always ready to raise objections to any scheme, however desirable, that some difficulty might arise at the opening of the English Channel, where it would become necessary, according to the usual order, for the two vessels to separate; but by this time the community had acquired such abounding faith in the ingenuity of the old woman, and such admiration for her pluck, that they waited, not without doubt certainly, but without any real fear, the outcome of the arrangements which they were sure she would be able to make when the proper time should come. One result of the plans already carried out was that the old woman did not suffer at all from sea-sickness, for it was found, to the great astonishment of the passengers, that the motion of one vessel completely neutralized the motion of the other; so that while the other passengers suffered much from the tossing of the sea, which was unusually rough for that time of year, the indomitable old woman voyaged in the most perfect calm. At this sight many of the more wealthy of them, who were also some of the more sea-sick, ventured to ask if she would not rent a few feet of her hammock to them, and as the old woman had more room than she absolutely needed for herself, except at meal-times, she gladly acceded to their request, and by that means gained more than enough to pay for the expenses of her voyage, laying up sufficient at the same time to purchase a complete edition of Balzac's works. There was one little difficulty here, because she was not sure whether to lay up this money in napoleons or in gulden. But she finally decided to wait till she arrived at her destination before doing this, because, as she remarked to one of her tenants,

'You see, I don't really know positively where I am going.'

"As the ships approached the English Channel, expectation deepened into a state of feverish anxiety, and the steward found that the passengers did not eat so much as formerly. But they might have saved themselves any trouble, and the old lady had been quite right in waiting to change her extra money, for just as they sighted the Scilly Islands they perceived a large vessel bearing down upon them. The flag that she carried was unknown to the captain, who therefore regarded her with considerable anxiety. It represented, as well as they could make it out, a large eagle, hovering in a ground of different colors, and was of enormous size. The captain ran up a signal of distress, which was soon answered by the strange vessel's coming alongside. The excitement was at its highest pitch when an officer, dressed in a uniform like the flag, leaped from one deck to the other, and at once proceeded to the captain's state-room. Here he remained for but a short time, when both officers relieved all anxiety by returning with smiling faces, smoking amicably one cigar, which was lighted at the middle.

"After a short pause, full of an uncertain joy on the part of the passengers, the captain announced that France had been so impressed with the character of the young German Emperor that she had thought herself probably safer under his rule than under that of any Frenchman. She had accordingly made an offer of herself to the Germans, who had joyfully accepted the offer, and the two countries were formally united under the name of 'The Franco-German Republic.' Everybody was pleased at this news, especially the old lady, all of whose difficulties had thus been happily removed, and the wisdom of whose course in not changing sooner her spare cash was now fully manifest. Of course, as the two countries had become finally one, it made no practical difference to her whether Balzac had written in French or German, especially as now she happened to remember that she could read neither language. She returned safely home in the next steamer, much improved by her trip, and a full account of the whole affair was printed in a large octavo volume, which appropriately bore for its motto, 'Always read an author in his own language.'"

PORT TARASCON :

THE LAST ADVENTURES OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS TARTARIN.

By ALPHONSE DAUDET, TRANSLATED BY HENRY JAMES



BOOK THIRD.

I.

OF TARTARIN'S Reception by the English on the *Toma-hawk*.—Last Farewell to the Island.—The Governor's Conversation on the Main-deck with his little Las Cases.—Costecalde found again.—The Commodore's Lady.—Tartarin has his first Shot at a Whale.

TTARTARIN'S dignified mien as he stepped on the deck of the *Toma-hawk* was not lost upon his captors. They were especially impressed by the grand ribbon of the order—pink, with the embroidered Tarasque—with which he had the odd idea of scarfing himself, as if it had been a masonic symbol, as well as with the red and black mantle of Grandee of the first class, in which Pascalon was draped from head to foot.

The English have, in fact, beyond everything, a respect for constituted order, and even for constituted eccentricity. To be very queer, among them, is a title to esteem—it is only a question of being queer enough.

In our Algerian dependency persons

animated by this respectable oddity are called *ma-boul*—cracked.

Half-way up the side, Tartarin was received by the officer on duty, and conducted with the greatest consideration to a first-class cabin.

Pascalon was then rewarded for having followed his kind master into captivity, inasmuch as he had a room near the Governor's assigned him, instead of being thrust between the forward decks like the rest of the Tarasconians, who were huddled together as if they had been a herd of wretched emigrants. With them, in degrading promiscuity, was confined the whole of the former staff, punished in this manner for its weakness and cowardice.

Between Tartarin's cabin and that of his faithful secretary was a little saloon furnished with ottomans, embellished with panoplies and great exotic plants, and opening into a small dining-room, in which perpetual coolness was diffused from two great blocks of ice, placed in vases in the angles.

A butler and two or three footmen were attached to the person of his Excellency.

Tartarin accepted these honors without surprise, and when the officer who showed him about remarked to him in French that if he should be in want of anything he had only to ask for it, the hero replied with the "Quite so, quite so," of a sovereign accustomed to every deference, to the anticipation of his every wish.

At the moment they weighed anchor he ascended to the deck, in spite of the rain, to take a supreme leave of his island.

It rose there dimly in the broth of mist, but it was sufficiently distinct under its gray veil to yield a glimpse of King Nagonko and his ruffians engaged in pil-



DANCING A FRANTIC FANDANGO.

laging the big house and dancing a frantic fandango on the shore.

All Brother Bataillet's catechumens, with the departure of missionaries and constables, returned to the sweet spontaneity of nature.

Pascalon even thought he recognized, in the maze of the dance, the graceful silhouette of Likiriki; but of this he was not quite sure.

Leaning on the bulwarks, the hero of Tarascon looked at it all in perfect calm. The resemblance of his fate to Napoleon's had given him a kind of alabaster attitude.

This resemblance was often in his mind; he often recurred to it.

"Yes," he said to his little Las Cases, "there are strange communities between us." Like the great Emperor, he was fond of representation, of platforms and costumes. He admitted it quite frankly. "It's true, I confess, I am impressed by feathers and flourishes, by the noise and glitter of great reviews of armies, and, like him, I have been perhaps too fond of glory."

He recalled Napoleon, too, by the familiar, traditional side—a resemblance that cropped up even in little things, such as the taste for sweet dishes. He was conscious of some of its higher manifestations—the lofty and luminous eloquence; the bursts of anger, terrible and short.

For instance, that time at the Café de la Comédie, when I had the quarrel with Costecalde. Don't you remember, Pascalon?

And to the anecdote of the tray of Sèvres, broken one day at Tarascon, he compared the cup of coffee that he himself, in a moment of temper, had smashed at the club.

But the great point in common was the existence in each of the characteristic imagination of the South. Napoleon had it on the grand scale, and so had he; witness, on the part of his predecessor, the Egyptian campaign, all done on a camel's back, the Russian campaign, and the dream of the conquest of India.

On his own side, had not his whole existence been a fabulous dream of lions and mountains, the conquest of the Jungfrau, the administration of an island five thousand leagues from France? Certainly he didn't deny that the Emperor, from a particular point of view, was his superior; but *he* at least had not shed blood on such a scale, nor caused such terror to mankind.

Meanwhile the island disappeared in the distance, and Tartarin, still with his elbow on the bulwarks, continued to play to the gallery—to the sailors who were removing the cinders scattered on the deck, to the officers of the watch, who had drawn nearer.

At last, as Pascalon began to have enough, he asked his protector's leave to go forward and mingle with the Tarascenians, whom they perceived, in a few frightened groups, in the rain, removed from them by the length of the ship. The young man pretended he wished to learn what they were saying about the Governor; but his real hope was to catch a glimpse of his dear Clorinde, and be able to drop into her ear a few words of encouragement and consolation.

An hour later, when he came back, he found Tartarin stretched on the couch in the little saloon, airing himself in his drawers, quite as if he had been at home at Tarascon, in his little house on the Long Walk, while he finished a pipe and sipped a delicious sherry-cobbler.

In a smiling mood, not the least morose, he inquired, "Well, and what do you find those good people say about me?"

Pascalon couldn't conceal from him that it had struck him their backs were rather up.

Huddled together between the forward

decks like cattle, ill fed and harshly treated, they reproached him with their principal misfortunes.

But Tartarin shrugged his shoulders. "Bah! that will all evaporate the first time the sun comes out."

He knew his people, you may well believe.

"I don't mean they really want to do anything bad," rejoined Pascalon. "But they are worked up by that scoundrel of a Costecalde."

"Costecalde! How is that?"

Tartarin was somewhat disturbed by the mention of this name. Pascalon explained to him that Costecalde, whom the *Toma-hawk* had come across in mid ocean and picked up out of a drifting boat, in which he was dying of hunger and thirst, had mentioned to the Commodore the presence of a Tarasconian colony upon English territory, and guided the ship even into port.

The eyes of the Governor flashed. "Ah, the traitor! Ah, the reprobate!"

Then Pascalon, to soothe him, related the dreadful adventures of Costecalde and his companions.

Truphénus had been drowned! The three other militia-men, going ashore somewhere to look for water, had fallen into the jaws of the anthropophagi! Barban had been found dead of starvation in the bottom of the boat! As for Rugimabaud, a shark had eaten him up.

"Come, I say, a shark! It's Costecalde who ate him up!"

"But the most extraordinary thing of all, your Ec-ec-Excellency, is that Costecalde pretends to have encountered in mid-ocean, in the midst of a storm, in the glare of the lightning—guess what!"

"What the deuce do you expect me to guess?"

"The Tarasque—the dear Old Granny!"

"Cracky, what a fraud!"

But, after all, the thing was not impossible. The *Tootoopumpum* might have been wrecked; or else the Tarasque, roped to the deck, might have been washed away by a great sea.

At this moment a steward brought his Excellency the bill of fare, and some moments later Tartarin, in the best of humor, found himself at table with Pascalon before an excellent champagne dinner—a dinner consisting of certain splen-



BETWEEN DECKS.

did slices of salmon and some wonderful roast beef, done to the turn, quite pink, with a delicious pudding to follow. Tartarin relished his pudding so much that he requested a substantial portion might be carried to Brother Bataillet and Franquebalme. As for Pascalon, he manufactured with the roast beef and the salmon a few delicate sandwiches, which he placed on one side. Is it necessary to say for whom, lackaday?

On the second day of the trip, as soon as the island was out of sight—it was as if its function in the archipelago had been to be an isolated reservoir of rain and

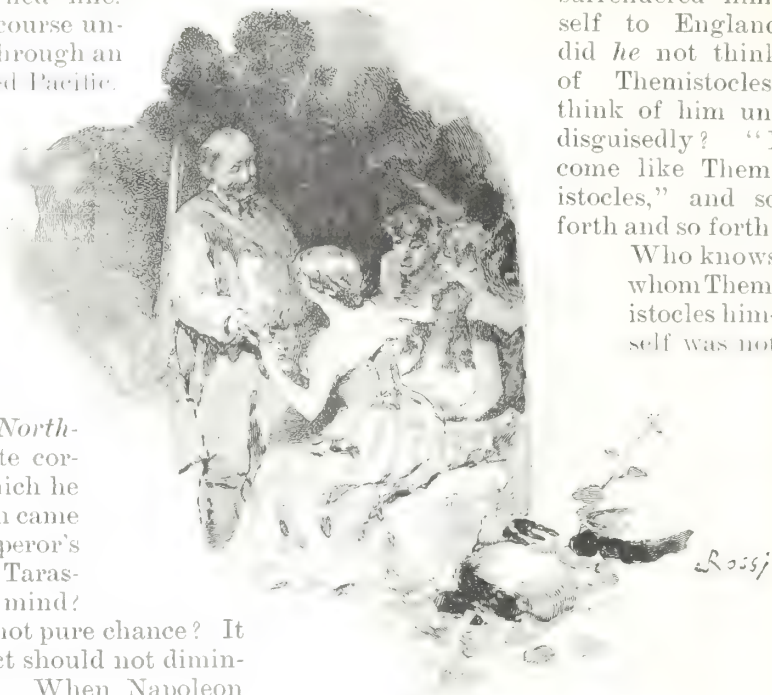
fog—the weather turned fine. The ship pursued her course under a bright soft sky, through an ocean deservedly called Pacific.

Every day after breakfast Tartarin went aloft and settled himself in his place, the same place on the deck, to converse with his little Las Cases.

Here was still another point of resemblance. Had not Napoleon on the *Northumberland* his favorite corner, the cannon on which he used to lean, and which came to be called the Emperor's gun? Had the great Tarasconian this incident in mind? Was the coincidence not pure chance? It may be so; but the fact should not diminish him in our eyes. When Napoleon

surrendered himself to England did he not think of Themistocles, think of him undisguisedly? "I come like Themistocles," and so forth and so forth.

Who knows whom Themistocles himself was not

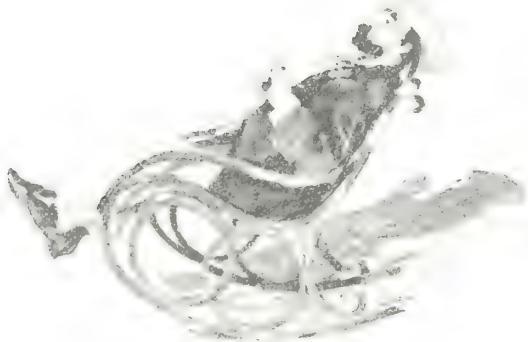


THE GYPSY EXAMINES TARTARIN'S HAND.

thinking of when he came to sit by the hearth of the Persians? Humanity is so old that we are always treading in somebody's footsteps. As a matter of fact the anecdotes furnished by Tartarin to his little Las Cases, his backward glances over his career, had but a scant similarity to what is known of Napoleon, and were quite personal to himself—Tartarin of Tarascon.

His childhood in his native city figured in this retrospect: his precocious adventures; the way that, as quite a little boy, he had had the love of arms and of the chase—the love of the very smell of wild beasts. Then how, in his rashest pranks, his Latin good sense had never forsaken him, a sane inner voice saying to him: "Mind you go home early. Mind you don't take cold."

He sat on the deck in the pleasant sun, lolled in his great rocking-chair, with a smile on his lips and his eyes dim with memories, while at the other end of the ship peeped out the captive heads of the wretched Tarasconians. He summoned back far off things, such as a visit one day to some gypsies who had encamped near the Pont du Gard.



"The sunshine played over the red masonry, touched the great arches with fire. It was so hot, I remember, that a bottle of lemonade that I had put to cool in the river began to boil as if it were on a gas-stove. The gypsies had taken refuge in the shade of a cavern. When we were near them, a ragged old crone came out to us, and after having studied the lines of my hand to tell my fortune, she said, 'Some day you'll be a king!' For a long time afterward I attached no importance to this prophecy. I had quite forgotten it. But see how in fact it has come true!" Then, after a moment's silence, he added: "You see I drop these reminiscences helter-skelter just as they come to me, for I think they may be useful to you for the *Memorial*."

Pascalon drank in his hero's words, but he was not the only one to drink them. Half a dozen young midshipmen, collected round Tartarin, listened open-mouthed to his stories. Not far from them, stretched upon a bamboo couch, a young married woman, the Commodore's lady, listened as well. Of Anglo-Indian stock (Calcutta was her home), much out of health, and travelling to recover it, her warm pallor—a cheek like the petal of a magnolia—her great black eyes, gentle, pensive, profound, gave her a languid charm, the effect of which was deepened by the way a great negress in a red turban behind her waved over her head a big feather fan. The Desdemona of the ship, she slaked her thirst in the eloquence of the captive Othello.

Pascalon, very proud to see his master with such an audience, showed him off, drew him on to talk of his lion hunts, of his ascent of the Jungfrau, of the memorable siege of Pampérigouste; while Tartarin, expanding, let them have the whole thing, turn his pages like a book—some fine picture-book, illustrated by his expressive Tarasconian habit of acting whatever he said, and by the "bang! bang!" of his hunting stories.

The Anglo-Indian, in her extension chair, as drooping as a plucked flower, and curled up in her laces to keep warm, shivered when his voice rang out, and betrayed her emotions by the pink flush in her cheek, as delicate as a faint shade of carmine in a wash of water-color.

When her husband, the Commodore, a kind of Hudson Lowe, with the head of a tiger and the cold eye of a jackal, came to say it was time to go down, she supplicated, "No, no! not yet! not yet!" edging a glance toward the great Tarasconian, who, as you may suppose, had not failed to remark her, raising his voice for her benefit, and giving another flourish to his noble attitude and accent.



THE COMMODORE'S WIFE.

Sometimes when they went down to dinner, after one of these sittings, he questioned Pascalon.

"What was the Commodore's lady saying to you? It seemed to me that she was talking of me."

"Well, she was, mum-mum-master. Her ladyship was saying to me that she had already often heard you spoken of."

"That doesn't surprise me," said Tartarin, simply. "I'm very popular in England."

Still another analogy with Napoleon!



TARTARIN FIRES UPON THE WHALE.

One morning, when he had gone on deck rather early, he was surprised not to find his Anglo-Indian there as usual. She had probably been kept below by the bad weather, the chill in the air that happened to have come that day. Delicate, nervously sensitive, she had shrunk from the mist and spray.

The agitation of the ocean seemed to pervade the deck itself.

There had been an excitement about a whale, an animal rare in those seas. This one had no blow-holes, and spouted no water, which led some of the sailors to declare that it was a female, and others to affirm that it was a particular species. They couldn't agree.

As the creature remained in the course of the ship, sticking close to it, a young midshipman asked leave of the Commodore to go and try to get hold of him. A surly dog as usual, the Commodore refused, on the pretext that they had no time to lose; but he authorized the young man to try the effect of a few shots.

The presumed whale was from two hundred and fifty to three hundred yards away, now showing, now diving, rising and falling with the sea, whose perverse undulations made it very difficult to hit him.

So a few shots were taken, of which the sailors in the shrouds announced the result, or rather the absence of result, as the animal had not yet been touched. He continued to play upon the surface, while every one watched, even the poor Tarasconians shivering in the forecabin, drenched, soaked, far more exposed to wind and weather than those who were quartered aft.

Standing near the young officers who were trying their skill, Tartarin pronounced on the different shots: "Too far! Too short!"

"Mum-mum-master, if *you* were to try!" bleated Pascalon.

Immediately, with a quick young impulse, one of the midshipmen turned to Tartarin.

"Would your Excellency like a shot?"

He offered his rifle, and the way Tartarin took the weapon, weighed it, and shouldered it, was something to see, as well as the way Pascalon asked, blushing, yet proud:

"How many times do you count for the whale?"

"I haven't often tried this kind," answered the hero, "but I think it's about eight."

He took aim, counted eight, fired, then returned the rifle to the officer.

"I think she has got it," said the midshipman.

"Three cheers!" cried the sailors.

"I knew it," said Tartarin, modestly.

But at this moment the air was rent with dreadful howls, frantic cries that brought up the Commodore, who seemed to fancy his ship had suddenly been boarded by pirates. The Tarasconians in the bows rushed about wringing their hands and brandishing their arms, all babbling together in the noise of wind and waves.

"Heaven help us, the Tarasque! He has shot the Tarasque! He has shot the dear Old Granny!"

"Cracky! what are they saying?" asked Tartarin, turning pale.

About ten yards away from the ship the Tarasque of Tarascon, the monstrous idol, reared above the green billows her slimy, scaly back, her chimera's head,

with bloodshot eyes, and a ferocious laugh on her vermilion lips.

Made of some very hard wood, with a solid skeleton, she had kept afloat with wonderful cleverness ever since the moment, as was afterward learned, a big sea had washed her off Scrapouchinat's deck. She had been rolling hither and thither in the great tides and currents, tumbling and shining, stuck all over with sea-weed and shells, outliving the typhoon and the cyclone, never sick nor sorry, indestructible, in short; and now her first, her only wound, had been inflicted by Tartarin of Tarascon.

To come from him—and to come to her!

The great fresh gash stared at them all from the middle of the poor Old Granny's forehead.

One of the midshipmen cried: "I say, look there, Lieutenant Swift! What extraordinary beast can that be?"

"That extraordinary beast is the Tarasque, young man," said Tartarin, solemnly. "The great ancestress, the venerated grandmother, of every good Tarasconian."

The officer stared in bewilderment, as well he might, to learn that the quaint monster was related by ties of blood to the strange, swarthy, mustachioed tribe they had picked up on the shore of a desert island.

Tartarin had uncovered, humble and respectful, but the venerated grandmother was already far, tumbling through the wide swell of the Pacific. There she must wander still, an unsubmergable waif, mentioned here and there, from time to time, in travellers' tales, now as a gigantic polypus, now as a huge sea-serpent, and ever the terror of crews and the stupefaction of whalers.

As long as she was within sight, Tartarin followed her, in silence, with his eyes; and only when she became at last a little black spot on the white surge of the

horizon he murmured, feebly, to Pascalon, "Remember I have told you, my child, that's a shot that will bring me bad luck!"

And all the rest of the day the hero was uneasy, full of remorse and of a kind of sacred dread.

II.

A Dinner at the Commodore's.—Tartarin takes a Step or Two of the National Road.—Lieutenant Swift's Definition of the Tarasconian.—In Sight of Gibraltar.—The Vindictive Tarasque.

They had been sailing for a week, and were approaching the fragrant shores of India, under the same clear and creamy sky, on the same soft, oily sea, that Tartarin had enjoyed on his first voyage, when, on a fine afternoon of heat and light, he was dozing in his cabin, in linen pantaloons, his dear old head done up in his spotted bandanna, knotted like the peaceful ears of a ruminant.

Suddenly Pascalon tumbled into the room.

"Eh? What is it? What's the matter?" the great man broke out, pulling off his bandanna, which he was not fond of exhibiting.

"I th-th-think she's done for!" answered Pascalon, out of breath, rounding his eyes and stammering more than ever.

"Who's done for? The Tarasque? Devil take her, I know it too well!"

"No, no," said Pascalon, below his breath; "I speak of the Commodore's lady."

"Mercy on us! poor little thing—she too? What makes you think so?"

For all answer Pascalon held out to him an engraved card, nothing less than an invitation to dinner that very evening from Commodore Lord William and Lady William Plantagenet, an invitation including his Excellency's secretary.

"Oh, the old story—woman, woman!" Tartarin cried; for evidently this invitation must have proceeded from her ladyship. The idea could not have been the husband's; he didn't deal in such delicate attentions. "However, ought I to accept? Doesn't my position of prisoner of war—"

Pascalon, who had chapter and verse, reminded him that on the *Northumberland* Napoleon ate at the Admiral's table.

"Yes, that settles it," Tartarin instantly rejoined.

"Only the Emperor used to retire



A DINNER WITH THE COMMODORE

tion of their tigerish host, who rolled suspicious eyes, green eyes injected with blood, and not rendered more human by albino brows and lashes. This had not the least effect on Tartarin: it was easy to see he was used to creatures of the jungle. He talked to Lady William with high courtesy, he chatted and ges-

with the ladies when the wine came on," Pascalon added.

"Perfectly; that settles it still better. Reply, in the third person, that we shall have the pleasure of going."

"And we dress, master, don't we?"

"Certainly we dress!"

Pascalon would have liked to drape himself in his mantle of Grandee of the first class, but Tartarin did not favor this measure, not intending himself to assume the ribbon of the Order.

"The invitation is not to the Governor; it is to Tartarin," he said to his secretary. "Don't you see the shade?"

There was nothing that the deuce of a fellow didn't himself see.

The dinner was truly princely; served in a great glittering saloon that was furnished in the rarest woods, and ceiled and wainscoted in that deft and delicate English panelling in which the fitting of the firm thin plates is like goldsmith's work.

Tartarin was seated in the place of honor, on Lady William's right. There were few guests—only Lieutenant Swift and the ship's doctor, both of whom understood French. A footman in nankeen livery, stiff and solemn, stood behind every chair. Nothing could have been richer than the decanters and flagons and wine-coolers, the massive plate with the Plan-tagenet arms. In the middle of the table was a magnificent piece of silver overflowing with the choicest flowers. You might have thought you were dining with a *Commodore*.

Pascalon, naturally bashful in all this splendor, stuttered the more that he always happened to have his mouth full when he tried to speak. He admired the easy grace of Tartarin under the observa-

ticated, while his hostess scarcely made an effort to conceal her sympathy for the hero, looking at him with such orbs of her own, extraordinary orbs that seemed at once to laugh and to languish.

"The unfortunates! The husband will see it all!" Pascalon said to himself every moment.

Her ladyship desired to know all about the wonderful Tarasque.

So Tartarin told her the old tale of St. Martha and her blue ribbon; told her of his people, the history of the Tarasconian race, its traditions, and its exodus. Then he gave her a sketch of his administration, his projects, his reforms, the new code of law that he had drawn up. It was an odd thing, but it happened to be the first time he had ever spoken of his code of law.

He was profound; he was bantering; and, grazing as he went the things of the heart, he sang a few of the airs of his country—about John of Tarascon, for instance, taken by Corsairs, and his romantic amours with the Sultan's daughter.

Leaning over Lady William, with what eyes he devoured her as he sang the verse:

"They say that when he became general of the army,
With laurels on his brow, the laurels of the victor,
The daughter of the king, the daughter sweet and shining,
Said to him, for she was smitten," etc.

He amused and delighted them all; they all relaxed and thawed under the influence of his warm, sonorous voice.

Her languid ladyship, usually so pale, turned quite rosy.

She asked him about the national reel, the famous *farandole* that he was always talking about.

"Dear me, it's simple enough. I'll see if I can't show you."

And wishing to monopolize the effect, he said to his secretary, "No, Pascalon; don't get up!"

He himself got up, striking out as he hummed the air—*ra pa ta, pa ta pa!* Unhappily at this moment the ship gave a lurch, so that he presently found himself in a sitting posture on the floor; but he picked himself up good-humoredly, and was the first to laugh at his misadventure.

The Englishry were tickled to death. The banquet at this moment was drawing to a close—poor Tartarin had scarcely tasted it—and as the decanters had been ranged on the board, her ladyship rose and rustled out.

At this the Tarasconian instantly tossed away his napkin and followed her, without explanation or excuse—conform-

ogize for his master; put forward the plea that his Excellency, who scarcely drank any wine, was never in the habit of sitting long.

Then, as Tartarin was out of the way, it became his turn to let himself go. Pascalon took the floor and kept it. He told a series of stories of his own, and on the question of claret was quite a match for his entertainers. You wouldn't have recognized these starched gentry under the contagious, humanizing, Southern influence of the two Tarasconians.

Shrewdly suspecting that his kind master had gone to rejoin her ladyship on deck, Pascalon, as soon as they rose from table, offered to take a hand with the Commodore, whom he knew to be a devotee of chess.

Their companions conversed round about, and at a given moment Mr. Swift said something to the doctor that made him laugh aloud.

The Commodore raised his head: "What is Swift saying that's clever?"

Swift repeated what he had said, and the pair laughed again.

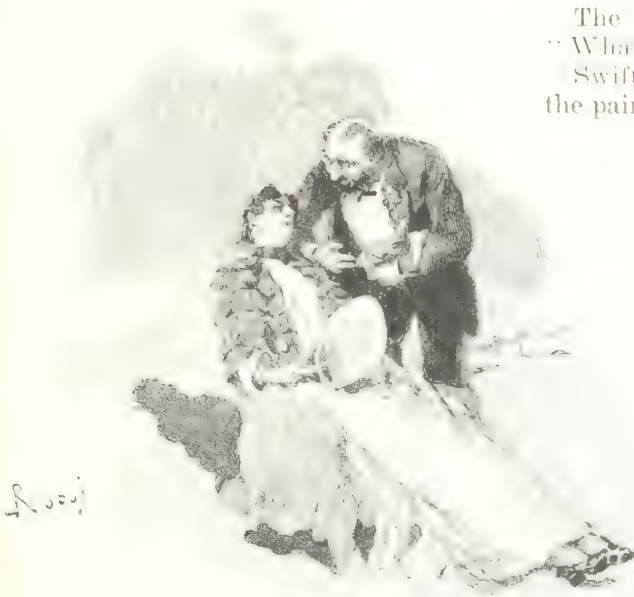
Pascalon easily made out that they were talking of Tartarin, but he could only catch a few words: the sense was lost to him.

Meanwhile, what was Tartarin up to?

He was on the deck, close to his hostess, and the minutes elapsed for him with a charm and a sweetness of their own. They drew an irresistible poetry from the warm, scented breath

of the trade-winds, and from the rich glow on sky and sea, and all over the deck of the ship, of a great sunset that made all the ropes and spars seem to

trickle with gooseberry juice. Leaning against Lady William's chair, our gallant friend, who habitually wore his heart slung over his shoulder, took advantage of the hour for reverie, the hour for love; he bent toward his companion, and murmured low. Knowing how women like to comfort and console, he related, in a voice muffled with emotion,



HE BENT TOWARD HIS COMPANION."

ing thus, in every particular, to the Napoleonic tradition. This was what Napoleon did; so why shouldn't *he* do it?

The English looked at each other in stupefaction, and exchanged in their language a few remarks that Pascalon only vaguely understood: such as "original," "awfully queer," "off his head."

The good secretary did his best to apol-



PASCALON PLAYING CHESS WITH THE COMMODORE

the door was ajar, he noticed Pascalon seated at a table, with his head in his hands, and the appearance of turning with great intensity the leaves of a lexicon.

"What are you doing there, my Pascalon?"

The faithful secretary, following him into his cabin, apprised him of the scandal caused by his abrupt withdrawal from the table. He spoke of the phrase dropped by Lieutenant Swift and overheard by the Commodore, who had made him repeat it, to the general amusement.

the romance of his relations with the little dusky princess. Pulling off the plaster, as it were, from the sore of his grief, he drew a picture of their heart-rending separation.

I won't declare to you that the picture was very exact, that he didn't compose and arrange it a little; but, at any rate, he painted the scene as he would have liked it to be. The "poor child" had been dragged one way by family duties, and the other by conjugal love; so that, with his crushed heart, he could only bid her remain with her old father, who had no one else left. As he told these things he shed real tears, and it seemed to him there were tears, too, in the fine Anglo-Indian eyes that rested on him while the sun slowly sank into the sea, leaving on the horizon a kind of violet bloom.

But shadows approach, and the freezing voice of the Commodore suddenly breaks the spell:

"It's getting late; it's too cool for you, my dear. You must go down."

She got up, and bowed slightly. "Good-night, Monsieur Tartarin."

He was infinitely moved by the softness with which these words were uttered.

He remained a few minutes longer on the deck, walking to and fro, alone with his thoughts; but night was rapidly coming on. The Commodore was right; the air was beginning to freshen; so he thought it best to go to bed.

In passing the little alcove, of which

"Although I understand English tolerably well," said Pascalon, "I didn't quite catch the meaning of it. I only understood that they were talking of something like a garden globe—one of those big balls, silvered over, you know, that stand on a lawn, and reflect surrounding objects. But I remembered the words, and I've just been trying to reconstruct the sentence."

While these explanations went on, Tartarin had lain down and stretched himself out in his bed, quite at his ease, with his head done up in his bandanna; and he asked, while he lighted the pipe that he smoked every night before he went to sleep, "And how, then, does your translation come out?"

"This way, my dear master—this is it: On the whole, the Tarasconian is the Frenchman magnified and exaggerated—seen, as it were, in a garden globe."

"And you tell me that was what they found to laugh at?"

"All of them—the Lieutenant, the doctor, the Commodore himself. They could scarcely stop laughing."

Tartarin shrugged his shoulders with a grimace of pity. "It tells the story of how rarely the English have occasion to laugh, if that sort of rubbish amuses them. Come, good-night, my child; go to bed yourself."

And soon they were both lapped in dreams—dreams in which one communed with his Clorinde, and the other with the

Commodore's lady—for Likiriki was already of the past.

The days followed the days and made up weeks, and the voyage stretched out, adorable, divine—an episode to count in Tartarin's life.

Ah! they were unforgettable hours, such hours as one wishes to keep forever, to fix there with a golden pin, as you fix a butterfly in a glass case: made up of long talks on the deck, and of unexpressed affection for a charming listening woman, of whom one asked nothing more than the sympathy she had already shown.

Add to this the natural attraction that he exercised on all round him, officers and sailors alike having nothing for him but kind smiles. It was he who might have said, as Victor Jacquemont* said in his correspondence: "How odd is my fortune with the English! These men who seem so inexpressive among themselves, always so cold and dumb, my communicativeness never fails to make them unbend. They become affectionate in spite of themselves, and for the first time in their lives I make capital kind people—I make Frenchmen—of any Englishmen with whom I spend twenty-four hours."

If an ordinary Frenchman could effect this magical transformation, only think what a Tarasconian might have done, being a Frenchman multiplied by ten!—what Tartarin, above all, could do, being a complete compendium of Tarascon!

He was adored by every one on the ship—that is, by every one in the cabin. There was no more talk of his being a prisoner of war; of his taking his chance with an English jury. It was quite settled that he was to be set free as soon as they should reach Gibraltar.

As for the fierce Commodore, delighted to have found an adversary as redoubtable as Pascalon, he passed half his days

* The celebrated French traveller.

before the chess-board, leaving Tartarin in full liberty to make a certain degree of love to Lady William.

The poor secretary was the only one who was not perfectly happy. He found these interminable games of chess a dreadful bondage, so that he was even sorry to have betrayed his skill. He was much disconcerted in the evening, in particular, when he found himself, through having to give the Commodore his eternal *re-vanche*, prevented from going forward to



TARTARIN LOADED WITH CHAINS.

take a look at his dear Clorinde, for whom he never failed to put aside some delicate morsel, some tidbit purloined from the Governor's dessert.

For our poor Tarasconians, on their side, continued to be treated as prisoners and huddled far forward in their galley; so that it was the only sadness Tartarin knew, the wrinkle in his bed of roses, when he was perorating on the poop, or making a certain degree of love in the



PASCALON WRITING IN PRISON.

pensive glow of the sunset, the fact that over against him there, below the level of the lifted stern, he had a glimpse of his compatriots jammed together like vile cattle, under the guard of a sentry, and that they averted their eyes from him in horror, especially after the baleful day when he pointed a rifle at the *Tarasque*.

They could never forgive him this crime, nor could he himself ever forget the fatal shot that was to bring him bad luck.

They had passed the Strait of Malacca, the Red Sea, and had rounded the Sicilian cape; they were getting on to Gibraltar.

One morning, as land had been sighted, Tartarin and Pascalon were putting up their luggage with the help of one of the footmen, when suddenly they became conscious of the little lurch given by a ship when it stops. The *Tomahawk* was stopping, in fact, and at the same moment was heard a sound of oars.

"See what it is, Pascalon," said Tartarin. "Isn't it probably the pilot?"

A row-boat had hailed them indeed, but it was not the pilot, as the boat carried the French flag and was manned by French sailors, among whom were visible two men dressed in black and wearing high hats.

The soul of Tartarin thrilled. "Ah, the French flag! Let me see it—let me see it, my child."

He made for the port-hole, but at this moment the door opened, admitting a flood of light, and two constables in plain clothes, with brutal voices, armed with warrants, with a writ of extradition, with all the tackle, in short, laid their base hands on the unhappy State of Things and on his secretary. The State of Things turned pale and retreated. "Take care what you do! I'm Tartarin of Tarascon!"

"That's just why!"

There was not a further word of explanation; not a word of reply to his multiplied ques-

tions. It was impossible to learn what either of them had done, why they were arrested, and where they were to be conducted. It was impossible to learn anything, to become conscious of anything but the shame of passing laden with chains—for they had been handcuffed—before the midshipmen and the sailors, and through the laughter and jeers of hooting compatriots, who leaned over the sides of the ship, and applauded, and cried, "Bravo! well done, zou, zou!" as the captives were let down to the boat.

At this moment Tartarin would have liked to sink to the bottom of the sea.

To change from a prisoner of war like Napoleon to the condition of a vulgar swindler! And the Commodore's lady looked on!

Decidedly he was right—the *Tarasque* was avenged, was even cruelly avenged.

III.

Continuation of Pascalon's Memorial.

July 5th. Prison of Tarascon-on-the-Rhone.—I'm just back from the preliminary inquiry. I know, at last, of what we are accused, the Governor and I, and why, brutally seized on the *Tomahawk*, in the midst of bliss, like a pair of eels

plucked out of the clear depths, we were transferred to a French ship, and brought in handcuffs to Marseilles, whence, under the pressing attentions paid to accomplished criminals, we were forwarded to Tarascon, and placed in solitary confinement in the city jail.

We are accused of gross fraud, of manslaughter through criminal neglect, and of violating the laws on emigration. Ah, most certainly I must have violated them, the laws on emigration, for it's the very first time I've ever heard of them, even by name, confound them!

After two days of solitary confinement, and being forbidden to speak to any one whatever—that's the sort of thing that's terrible for one of *us*—we were dragged to the police court, and planted there before a magistrate.

This magistrate, Monsieur Bonicar by name, began his career at Tarascon some ten years ago, so that he knows me perfectly, having been more than a hundred times at the shop, where I used to prepare him a dressing for a chronic eczema that he had on his face, and that he still has.

This didn't prevent him, however, from asking me my surname and my Christian name, my age and my profession, as if he had never seen me in his life. I had to tell him everything I knew about the Port Tarascon business, and to talk two hours without drawing breath. I went so fast his clerk couldn't follow me. Then, without good-morning or good-evening, "Accused, you may step down."

In the lobby of the court I encountered my poor Governor, whom I had not seen since the day we were put under lock and key. He struck me as terribly changed.

As I passed, he managed to say to me, in that voice of his that thrills: "Courage, my child! The truth is like oil; it always rises to the surface."

He couldn't add another word: the constables hustled him away.

Constables for him! Tartarin in irons

at Tarascon! And this anger, this hatred of a whole people—*this* people!

I shall always have in my ears their howls of fury, the hot breath of the Rabblebabble when the police van brought us back here, each of us padlocked in his compartment.

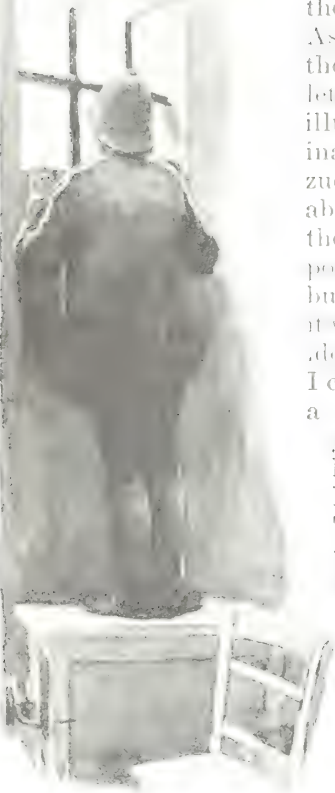
The lowered hood of my kennel prevented me from seeing, but I could hear all round me the uproar of a great crowd. There was a moment when the van



KING RENÉ'S OLD CHÂTEAU.

stopped in the middle of the market-place. I knew this by the smell that came in through the cracks, by the little gleams of sweet light; it was the very breath of the city, an odor of love-apples, egg-plant, melons of Cavaillon, pepper-plant, and great sweet onions. Oh, how it made my mouth water to smell all the good things that I haven't touched for such an age!

There was such a dense crowd that our horses couldn't get on—a Tarascon crammed full enough to make you believe that nobody had ever been killed, or drowned, or devoured by the anthropoph-



PASCALON LOOKS OUT.

agi. Didn't I even seem to recognize the voice of our Assessor of Taxes, the late Cambalalette? It was an illusion, certainly, inasmuch as Bézuquet himself is able to testify to the taste of the poor man's flesh; but all the same it will give you an idea. One thing I certainly heard, a most familiar jabber: "Duck him! drown him! Zou, zou! To the Rhone! to the Rhone! Let's make a noise! To the river with Tartarin!" Escourbanies was not to be mistaken; he was yelling louder than any one.

To the river with Tartarin! What a lesson in history! What a page for the *Memorial*!

I forgot to say that our examining magistrate gave me back my diary, which had been seized on the *Tomahawk*. He had found it interesting; he even urged me to continue it; and in regard to a few of our local idioms which have slipped in here and there, he said to me, as he smiled in his red whiskers, "You shouldn't call it the *Petit Mémorial*; you should call it the *Petit Méridional*."

I pretended to laugh at his wretched joke.

July 5th-15th. The city prison at Tarascon is an old historic castle, the former castle of King René, which you may see any day from a distance on the bank of the Rhone, flanked with its four towers.

We have not had much luck with old historic castles. That time in Switzerland when my illustrious friend was taken for a Nihilist leader, and we were all taken with him, didn't they throw us, at Chillon, into the dungeon of Bonivard?

Here, it is true, it is a little less miserable: the sunshine pours in, tempered with the breeze of the Rhone; it's not perpetually raining, like Switzerland and Port Tarascon.

My place of confinement is of the narrowest: the four bare stone walls, with a few inscriptions gouged out, an iron bedstead, a table, and a chair. I get my sun through a barred window—anything but "big"—that hangs high over the Rhone.

It's just from here that during the great Revolution the Jacobins were chucked into the river—those for whom they made our famous popular song.

Dear me, how the populace never changes! They favor us in the evening with that terrible catch. I hear their voices come up from below. I don't know what they've done with my poor Governor, but the horrid chorus must reach him as well as me, and he must make some singular reflections.

My dearest master! how, with his expansive nature, he must miss me! And I miss him too, though I confess I feel a certain relief at being alone and able to think things over.

In the long-run it's rather fatiguing to be intimate with a great man. He talks so much about himself! That was why, on the *Tomahawk*, I never had a minute of my own, never an instant to take a look at my Clorinde. So many a time I said to myself, "She's over there!" but I could never get away. After dinner I always had the Commodore's confounded chess, and the rest of the day Tartarin never let go of me, especially after I confessed to him that I was busy with the *Memorial*. "Write down this. Don't forget to make a note of that." He poured out anecdotes about himself and his relations, and they were not always particularly interesting.

To think of poor Las Cases! Of his having driven such a trade for so many years! The Emperor used to wake him up at six in the morning to carry him off to walk, to drive, and as soon as they had started, used to begin: "Have you got the place, Las Cases? When I signed the treaty of Campo-Formio—" The poor confidant had his own affairs—his sick child, his wife in France—but what was this for the other, who thought of nothing but describing and explaining himself to Europe, to the universe, to posterity, every day and all day, every night and all night,

for years and years together? The truth is the real victim of the English was not Napoleon, but Las Cases.

At present, however, I'm spared this tribulation. Heaven bear me witness that I've not worked for my independence. It is only that they keep us apart, and I take advantage of it to think of myself, of my infinite misery, and of my beloved Clorinde.

Does she believe me guilty? She—never! But her family does—all the Espazettes and the Escudelles de Lambesc. For all that set, a man without a title is always guilty. In any case I've given up all hope of ever being accepted as a candidate for the dear girl's hand, fallen as I am from earthly grandeurs. I shall have to go and take up my work again among Béquet's bottles and jars, in the pharmacy on the bit of a square. Such is glory!

July 17th. A thing that troubles me much is that no one comes to see me. They include me in the hatred that they cherish for my master. As the proverb says,

"When the wind is straight, the tree bends;
When a man's poor, he lacks friends."

My cell affords me no other recreation than an occasional perch on my table. In this way I can reach my window, from which, through the iron grating, I catch a wonderful view.

Between its little pale green islands, brushed up with the breeze, the Rhone is shot with scattered sunshine, while the sky is all streaked with the dark flight of the martens, rushing about with little cries, almost grazing me, or dropping from ever so far up. Far below me is the great suspension-bridge, so long that it swings like a hammock; you expect to see it whisked away like somebody's hat as soon as the mistral blows, as indeed you might have seen it once upon a time.

On the banks of the river rise the ruins of old castles—Beucaire, with the town at its feet, and Courtezon too, and Vacqueiras. Behind their thick walls, crumbling with age, were held of old those courts of love in which the troubadours, the national bards of those days, enjoyed the favor of the princesses and queens they sang. How everything changes! The old manors are now but heaps of stone smothered in briars, and the national bards of to-day may sing about the fine ladies and the damsels as they will, the damsels and the

fine ladies don't trouble their heads about them.

A glimpse that makes me rather less sad is that of the Beaucaire Canal, with all its boats massed together, and on its borders the red legs of the little soldiers whom from my casement I see strolling about.

The good people of Beaucaire must be delighted with all our misadventures, and especially with the collapse of our great man. It must be a joy to them to know he's in prison and treated like a thief fit for hanging or drowning, for our proud opposite neighbors have long been exasperated by his renown—ever since they have ceased to be heard of themselves, and their famous fair has ceased to be talked about.

When I was a boy I remember what a rumpus they still used to make with that great invention. People flocked from all over (except from Tarascon—the bridge is so dangerous); it was a tremendous course, half a million of souls at the least, crammed in between the booths. But from year to year the thing has gone off; it's nothing to speak of now. Beaucaire still holds her great fair, only no one comes to it. You see nothing but placards up in the place: To Let; To Let; Furnished Apartments; so that if some traveller does turn up, a stray bagman or so, the people all rush out and overwhelm him, rend him limb from limb. The Town Council comes to meet him with a band of music. In a word, Beaucaire has lost every sort of credit, while Tarascon has grown more and more celebrated. And thanks to whom, pray, if not to Tartarin?

Perched on my table, just now, I was looking out and thinking of these things. The sun had gone down, it was twilight, when suddenly, on the other side of the Rhone, a great light was kindled on the tower of their castle. It burned a long time, and a long time I watched it; for it struck me it was rather mysterious, this arbitrary blaze, casting a ruddy reflection on the Rhone in the deep silence of the night, stirred only by the heavy flight of the buzzard. What could it be meant for?—was it a signal?

Is there some one, some admirer of our great Tartarin, who wants to help him to escape? It's so extraordinary, such a blaze lighted on the very top of a ruined tower, just opposite to his prison!

July 18th. To-day, as we came back from the court, while the police van was passing before St. Martha's, I heard the still imperious voice of Madame des Espazettes call out, with the familiar nasality of these parts, "Clöreinde! Clöreinde!" and a soft, angelic voice, the voice of my beloved, reply, "Mamma-a-a!" She's so lamb-like that she seemed to ba-a it.

I dare say she was on her way to church to pray for me, for the issue of the trial.

Returned to prison greatly touched. Wrote a few verses in our graceful dialect on the happy presage of this encounter.

In the evening, at the same hour, the same fire blazes on the tower of Beaucaire. It shines over there in the darkness like the bonfire always kindled on St. John's Eve. Evidently it's a signal.

Tartarin, with whom I have been able to exchange two words in the lobby, has also seen the mysterious flame through the bars of his dungeon, and when I told him what I thought of it, suggested that it may be the work of friends who wish, like those of Napoleon at St. Helena, to get him away, he seemed greatly struck by the parallel.

"Ah, really, when Napoleon was at St. Helena they tried to rescue him?"

But after a moment's reflection he declared that he would never consent to this.

"It's not the descent from the tower—the descent of three hundred feet by a rope-ladder—that would frighten me. Don't think that, my child! What I should dread much more is looking as if I were afraid to meet the charge. Tartarin of Tarascon will never flee."

Ah, if all those who keep howling as he passes, "To the river, zou! to the Rhone!" could have heard with what sincerity of accent he spoke! And they accuse him of gross fraud; they pretend to believe him an accomplice of the infamous Duc de Mons! Oh, come, you don't mean it!

It's none the less true that he no longer stands up for his Duke; he now estimates the Belgian scoundrel at his true value. This will clearly appear from his defence, for Tartarin is to plead his own cause. For myself, I stutter too much to speak in public; so my case has been undertaken by Cicero Franquebalme, the incomparably and inveterately close texture of whose reasoning is a secret to nobody.

July 20th. Evening.—The hours that I pass before the magistrate are dreadfully painful. The difficulty is not to defend myself, but to do it without too utterly giving away my poor master. He has been so imprudent, has had such blind confidence in his abominable Duke. And then, with the intermittent eczema of the worthy on the bench, one never knows whether to fear or to hope; for his affection rides him like a mania—he is furious when it "shows," though he lets you off easier when it doesn't.

An individual on whom it "shows," on whom it will always "show," is our unfortunate Bézuquet, who, over there on our far isle, used to get on well enough with his pictorial punctures; but here, under the sky of Provence, is so sorry for himself that he never goes out; buries himself in the depths of his laboratory, where he mixes herbs and makes messes, serving his customers in a velvet mask, like a conspirator in a comic opera.

It is noticeable that men are much more sensitive than women to these cutaneous affections—eruptions and pimples and blotches. I dare say this is at the bottom of Bézuquet's rancor against Tartarin—the cause of all his woes.

July 24th.—Summoned before M. Bonicar again. I think it must be the last time. He showed me a bottle that had been found by a fisherman on one of the islands of the Rhone, and made me read a letter that the bottle contained: "Tartarin, Tarascon, City Jail. Courage. A friend is looking out for you at the other end of the bridge. He will cross it when the moment has come.—A FELLOW-VICTIM OF THE DUC DE MONS."

The magistrate asked me if I remembered to have seen this handwriting before. I replied that I didn't know it; but, as one must always tell the truth, I added that an attempt had once been made to correspond with Tartarin on some such system. I spoke of the similar bottle that before our great exodus reached him with a letter to which he had attached no importance, judging it only a rather vulgar joke.

The magistrate said, "Very good," and thereupon dismissed me.

July 26th.—The inquiry is over, and the case is expected to come on very soon. The town is in high fermentation. The case will be opened about August 1st. There will be little sleep for me till then.

It's long, moreover, since I have really slept in this roasting little oven of a cell. I'm obliged to leave the window open, so that the mosquitoes come in in clouds. I also have the pleasure of hearing the rats crunching in the corners.

During these last days I have had several interviews with my counsel. He speaks of Tartarin with infinite bitterness. I feel that he doesn't forgive him for not having intrusted him with his case. Poor Tartarin! he has no one on his side.

It seems that the whole composition of the court has been altered. Franqueballe has given me the names of the judges: Mr. Justice Mouillard, with Van Iceberg and Roger du Nord for assistants. There's no local influence at work. I'm told these gentlemen don't come from

here. For some reason unknown to me the charges of manslaughter through criminal neglect and violation of the laws on emigration have been withdrawn from the indictment. A warrant is out against our precious Duke, but I shall be surprised to see him turn up; so that Tartarin will have beside him in the dock only Pascal Testanière, known as Pascalon.

July 31st.—A night of fever and anguish. It comes on to-morrow. Lay very late in bed. Had only strength to jot down this Tarasconian proverb that I used to hear repeated by Bravida—he knew them all:

"To stay in bed and not to sleep,
To wait and yet see nothing peep
To live and yet have no defect—
Are things to kill a man outright."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NEW MONEYS OF LINCOLN'S ADMINISTRATION.

THEIR ORIGIN, GROWTH, AND VALUE.

BY L. E. CHITTENDEN.

THE generation which elected President Lincoln had known only two kinds of money—the notes of the State banks and the coins authorized by Congress. There were many varieties of the State bank-notes, variable in appearance as in value. The policy of Secretary Chase destroyed the circulation of the State bank-notes, and substituted for them the notes of the national banks, under which the holder was absolutely secured against loss. The necessities of war created several new kinds of paper money, and in some cases invented new names for them, such as "demand notes," "seven-thirties," "postage currency," "fractional currency," and finally "legal tenders," popularly known as "greenbacks."

The "Treasury notes," authorized by statutes in force on the 4th of March, 1861, did not circulate as money. They bore interest at the rate of six per cent., were payable one year after date, and issued in denominations of not less than fifty dollars. Before the extra session of Congress on July 4, 1861, the Secretary had contrived to sell six and a half million dollars in these notes at par by offering with them a like amount in bonds on twenty years' time at six per cent. inter-

est, at rates varying from 85 to 92 per cent. of their par value. These amounts relieved the wants of the Treasury in a very slight degree, and made no impression upon the circulation of the country.

DEMAND NOTES.

As the 4th of July approached it became apparent that some provision for the pay of the army and navy and other pressing demands must be made without waiting for the negotiation of a loan. The Secretary accordingly recommended in his first report, and Congress by the act of July 17th authorized, the immediate issue of Treasury notes to the amount of fifty, afterward increased to sixty million dollars, in denominations of not less than ten dollars, payable on demand without interest. On the 5th of August a supplemental act was passed authorizing the issue in denominations as low as five dollars, and making these notes receivable for public dues. They were required to be signed by the Treasurer and the Register, or by some persons authorized by the Secretary to sign for each of said officers.

As soon as the plates could be engraved and the notes printed, a force of clerks was detailed to sign them, and their issue

1. *Phragmites australis* (Cav.) Trin. ex Steud.

shinplasters upon all kinds of paper, from white writing to brown wrapping, would now be an interesting memento of the war, but in a pecuniary sense absolutely worthless.

The credit of devising a lawful and adequate remedy for this inconvenience belongs to General Francis E. Spinner, Treasurer of the United States. He found it impossible to facilitate as he desired to do the payment of the soldiers and sailors and to conduct the business of the Treasury with the small coins at his command. He therefore arranged with the Post-office Department to redeem in unused stamps such postage-stamps as might be used for currency. In a short time his department manufactured and introduced a new issue. All the denominations were of uniform size. A piece of paper with one stamp pasted on it was five cents; one with two stamps, ten cents; five stamps, twenty-five cents; and ten stamps, fifty cents. In this way, at the cost of a little labor, a considerable amount of small change was manufactured. This currency became so popular that, instead of using stamps, plates were engraved for each denomination, in imitation of the manufactured notes, the impressions from which had the same legal qualities and were used for the same purposes. These impressions were called the "postage currency." They were afterward authorized by the Act of July 17, 1862, which directed the Secretary to furnish to the Assistant Treasuries "the postage and other stamps of the United States to be exchanged by them on application for United States notes." These stamps were receivable in payment of all dues to the United States of less than five dollars, and could be exchanged for United States notes when presented in sums of not less than five dollars. The same act put an end to the further issue of shinplasters by making the issue or circulation by private persons or corporations of notes or tokens for less than one dollar punishable by fine and imprisonment.

The convenience of the postage currency was great, and the amount called for increased to an extent which became troublesome to the Post-office Department, and the Secretary decided to take it into the Treasury, where it legitimately belonged. Accordingly an act was passed which suspended its further issue, and substituted in its place currency of another description.

THE FRACTIONAL CURRENCY.

The act of March 3, 1863, authorized the Secretary of the Treasury to issue "fractional notes," in such form as he deemed expedient, in lieu of postage and revenue stamps and of the fractional notes commonly called postage currency, and to provide for the engraving, preparation, and issue thereof in the Treasury Department building. Such notes were exchangeable for Treasury notes in sums of not less than three dollars, were receivable for postage and revenue stamps and in payment of any dues to the United States less than five dollars, and were redeemable at the Treasury under regulations to be established by the Secretary. The amount of the issue, including postage and revenue stamps issued as currency, was limited to \$50,000,000.

No currency issue of the government has ever accomplished so much public convenience in proportion to its amount as the fractional currency. Its use was uninterrupted until May 16, 1866, when the coining of five-cent pieces of copper and nickel was authorized, the further issue of fractional notes of a less denomination than ten cents was prohibited, and the five-cent notes outstanding were directed to be redeemed and cancelled. The act of the 14th of January, 1875, authorized the coinage of silver coins of the value of ten, twenty-five, and fifty cents, to be issued in redemption of the fractional currency until the whole of it was redeemed. The whole amount issued, including the reissues in the place of worn and mutilated notes, has reached the enormous aggregate of \$368,724,079 45. In other words, the amount authorized of \$50,000,000 has been reissued more than seven times. The act of June 21, 1879, provided for the redemption of the fractional currency then outstanding with any money in the Treasury, and for its destruction. Under this act there was carried into the statement of the public debt, as fractional currency lost or destroyed, \$8,375,934. This amount has proved far below the actual loss or destruction. On the 31st of May, 1890, after making this deduction, the amount still outstanding was \$6,912,010 97. Of this amount it is safe to assume that seventy per cent., or \$4,838,407, has been so far lost that it will not be presented for redemption. There is thus shown a clear profit to the United

States on the issue of the fractional currency of more than \$13,000,000, or more than twenty-six per cent. of the \$50,000,000 to which the issue at any one time was limited.

Why has this large proportion failed to be returned for redemption? The answer is necessarily speculative. Collectors of stamps and other memorabilia of the epoch have absorbed some of it. But it has happened in the experience of many that each has become possessed of a fractional note so worn or mutilated that it was declined by the person to whom he offered it. The name of the person from whom he received it was forgotten, the amount was too small to pay for the trouble of sending it to Washington for redemption; he laid it aside in some corner of his pocket-book, where it remained to be further worn, until, tired of seeing it, he at length threw it away. Such has been my own experience. It has been multiplied by that of others possibly in instances numerous enough to account for the loss.

If the public convenience were alone in question, there would be a reissue of the fractional currency. It was and would still be universally preferred to small silver coins. So long as it could be had in a cleanly condition, institutions were willing to incur expense to obtain it, especially for their lady customers. If the silver, instead of being coined, could be deposited in some out-of-the-way place in bars too heavy for asportation, and the cost of coinage applied to the cost of issuing fractional currency, the public would be better accommodated, and the silver bars could rest undisturbed until some convulsion should subvert all existing financial conditions.

There was much complaint at the time, and the reputation of the Secretary suffered, from his persistence in allowing the engraving, printing, and complete manufacture of the white paper into the money of the fractional currency, ready for issue, to be done in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing without any oversight or supervision. The bureau itself had grown from nothing to very large proportions, as an annex or convenience to the office of the Secretary. It was subject to none of the checks which the Treasury system imposed upon other bureaus, and an unauthorized issue of currency was quite possible, which might never be detected if it

was not greater than the percentage of notes not returned for redemption. There was so much criticism of the Secretary's action that he appointed a commission, which reported the danger and earnestly recommended that the bureau should be brought under the general Treasury regulations. But no change was made by Secretary Chase. His view of the matter was that naked stealing could not be prevented by checks; that confidence must be reposed in somebody; and it was safer to trust one man than a greater number. One of the first acts of his successor, Mr. Fessenden, was to comply with the recommendations of the commission. Since that time checks have been added which now make the bureau safe, and render any fraud as nearly impossible as it can be under human management.

Justice to all at any time concerned in the management of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing requires the statement that neither investigation, lapse of time, nor the subsequent redemption of its issues has produced any evidence whatever of fraud or wrong in that bureau down to the close of the war. On the contrary, the very large amount now outstanding indicates that there has been no unauthorized issue. Such, I am glad to know, is the opinion of experienced officers still remaining in the department.

There is an act of Congress which prohibits the engraving upon any of the Treasury issues of any portrait the original of which is living. It originated in the fact that the head of the Bureau of Engraving in 1864 placed his own portrait upon the plate of the five-cent note. It was a presumptuous act, so fiercely denounced by the press that only a single issue from the plate was made. To prevent its repetition, the act was afterward passed. This five-cent note is much sought after by collectors, and is much the scarcest of the Treasury issues during the war.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE GREENBACK.

The fight of legal tender had been won, and won on the ground stated by Thaddeus Stevens in the opening sentence of his speech: "This bill is a measure of necessity, not of choice." The act had been passed and approved. We could issue \$150,000,000 in currency at once, \$50,000,000 would pay the demand notes, leaving \$100,000,000 to pay our soldiers and carry on the war for some months to come.

We had also gained our first military success. Grant had captured Forts Henry and Donelson, and was pushing for Nashville. The clouds seemed to be breaking away, and the future to look more hopeful.

I was therefore surprised when one afternoon late in February, 1862, President Lincoln entered the Register's room with as sad a look as I ever saw upon his careworn face. He dropped wearily into a seat he had previously chosen, and after a short silence exclaimed:

"What have you to say about this legal-tender act? Here is a committee of great financiers from the great cities who say that, by approving this act, I have wrecked the country. They know all about it—or they are mistaken."

"You have done nothing of the kind," I said. "The time for argument has passed. Legal tender is inevitable. The gentlemen you mention have made it a necessity. The people would take our notes without the legal-tender clause. The banks and the copper-heads will not. We cannot risk the country in their hands. You have followed your own good judgment in signing the act. The people will sustain you and Secretary Chase and Congress."

"I do not see that I am exclusively responsible," he continued. "I say to these gentlemen, 'Go to Secretary Chase; he is managing the finances.' They persist, and have argued me almost blind. I am worse off than Saint Paul. He was in a strait betwixt two. I am in a strait betwixt twenty, and they are bankers and financiers."

"You are right in signing the act," I said; "that point has passed debate."

"Now that is just where my mind is troubled," he continued. "We owe a lot of money which we cannot pay; we have got to run in debt still deeper. Our creditors think we are honest, and will pay in the future. They will take our notes, but they want small notes which they can use among themselves. So far I see no objection, but I do not like to say to a creditor you shall accept in payment of your debt something that was not money when it was contracted. That doesn't seem honest, and I do not believe the Constitution sanctions dishonesty."

"No more do I," I replied. "I do not claim that legal tender can be upheld as an abstract right under the Constitution.

But self-preservation is a right higher than the Constitution. We are warranted in making any sacrifice of property or political right to save the Union. Gold and silver are beyond our reach; our soldiers must be paid and fed and clothed. We can issue Treasury notes, and circulate them as currency. It is right and honest that we should give them the quality of legal tender, provided we return to specie as soon as the necessity has passed. I have watched the debates in Congress. I have read the opinion of your Attorney-General. There are those who hint and suggest that legal tender is provided for in the Constitution. I have read no speech in which that right is broadly asserted. I believe it safer to defend our position on the ground of necessity."

"I understand that is Chase's ground, though he does not put it so strongly. We shall see. We will wait to hear from the country districts, from the people."

He again relapsed into silence, which I did not interrupt. Then he said, "When the old monks had tired themselves out in fighting the devil, did they not have places to which they retired for rest, which were called *retreats*?"

"They did," I answered; "though I understand they were for spiritual rather than bodily recuperation."

"I think of making this office one of my *retreats*," he said. "It is so quiet and restful here. Do you never get discouraged?"

"I shall be delighted to have you," I said, ignoring his question. "I only wish I could say of it, as Father Prout sang of the Groves of Blarney,

"There's gravel-walks there for speculation,
And conversation in sweet solitude."

"Tell me more of that ballad," he exclaimed, cheerily. "I like its jingle. What an Irish conceit that is—'conversation in sweet solitude.'"

"I fear I cannot. I must send you the book. I only remember,

"There's statues gracing this noble place in,
All heathen goddesses so fair,
Bold Neptune, Plutarch, and Nicodamus,
A-standing naked in the open air."

"I must have that book to-night," he said. "A good Irish bull is medicine for the blues."

He left the office actually to the sound of his own musical laugh. He sent for the book—a copy of Crofton Croker's

Popular Songs of Ireland. It is before me now; priceless almost, when I remember that it once gave Abraham Lincoln some pleasure, some respite from his cares.

I have several reasons for this prelude to a sketch of the greenback. It suggests what every American ought to know—that it was resorted to in a very dark period of the war; that it was accepted by the President on his faith in the financial policy of Secretary Chase, who advocated it not as a constitutional right *per se*, but as a right, like the proclamation of freedom to the slaves, founded upon military necessity. The story may possibly be regarded as trivial, but it tends to show with what intense earnestness the President bore his grave responsibilities, and that he seized upon an amusing story or volume because it diverted him for the moment, and strengthened rather than weakened his capacity for his graver duties. I think it tends also to illustrate the simple honesty of his mind. Had Mr. Lincoln been preserved to the republic I do not believe that the question of legal tender would have been carried into the Supreme Court of the United States. The weight of his influence, never so powerful as on the day of his death, would have been thrown in favor of commencing the retirement of the legal-tender notes at the close of the war, and the return to a specie basis at the earliest date consistent with prudence and discretion.

WHAT IS A GREENBACK.

A "greenback" is a statement engraved and printed in the similitude of a bank-note that "the United States will pay to the bearer — dollars." It bears on its face the engraved signatures of the Register and Treasurer of the United States; a memorandum that it is issued under the act of March 3, 1863; and that it is a legal tender for — dollars. A fac-simile of the Treasury seal is printed upon it in red ink and by a separate impression. In an open space on the back is a statement that "this note is a legal tender at its face value for all debts public or private, except duties on imports and interest on the public debt," with a note of the punishment denounced against its counterfeiting or alteration. Originally it bore a certificate of its right to be converted into bonds of the United States bearing interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum.

This right was withdrawn by the act of March 3, 1863, as to all notes not presented for exchange before the 1st day of July in that year.

The greenback, then, is the naked promise of the United States to pay the bearer a certain number of dollars, unsecured except by the national credit, without date or time of payment, which, for all ordinary purposes, is money, equal to the gold and silver coins authorized by law.

WHY IT WAS CALLED A GREENBACK.

The alteration and counterfeiting of bank-notes, crimes almost unknown to the present generation, were common when the State bank issues existed. The bank-note companies owned a patented green ink, which they claimed was a protection against photography, that it was difficult to erase, the composition of which was a secret unknown to the criminal classes. Secretary Chase decided that the backs of the legal-tender notes should be printed with this patented green ink, giving to such notes literally green backs. The soldiers, quick to seize upon an appropriate name, on the first visit of the paymaster with these notes, gave them the name of "greenbacks." This name was universally adopted, and became as permanent as the notes themselves.

THEIR VOLUME.

The authority for the issue of greenbacks was conferred by three acts of Congress, passed respectively on February 25 and July 11, 1862, and March 3, 1863. The first act authorized the issue of \$150,000,000; but \$50,000,000 of these were to be in lieu of the \$50,000,000 of demand notes authorized by the act of July 17, 1861. Each of the other acts authorized the issue of \$150,000,000, making the whole amount authorized \$450,000,000.

The largest amount of greenbacks outstanding at one time was on the 3d of February, 1864, less than one year after the passage of the last act. The aggregate then reached was \$449,479,222, or within a little more than half a million dollars of the full amount authorized.

The act of June 30, 1865, restricted the amounts of greenbacks issued and to be issued to \$400,000,000, and "such additional sum, not exceeding \$50,000,000, as may be temporarily required for the redemption of temporary loan" (sic). The

aggregate in circulation on the 31st of August, 1865, which may be taken as the close of the war, was \$432,553,912, and on the 1st day of January, 1866, \$425,839,313.

This large amount, however, was not an addition of so much money to the circulation of the country. Had it been, the inflation of prices and the activity of speculation would have been greater. The net increase of the circulating money at any time during the war would require a computation more complicated than is suited to this sketch. It may be mentioned, however, that the circulation of the State banks, estimated in the loyal States at \$150,000,000, had been withdrawn, and that issued to national banks was not large enough to take its place. The difference between these two amounts, with the whole amount of coin, had disappeared. The outstanding fractional currency must be added to the greenbacks, and the loss of State bank circulation and coin deducted, in order to ascertain the net increase. It affected values, no doubt, but probably not so much, as the value of greenbacks was diminished by depriving them of the right of exchange into interest-bearing bonds under the act of March, 1863.

At the close of the war there was a worthy successor of Secretary Chase at the head of the Treasury. Republics are fortunate which in periods of financial difficulty are able to secure the services of such men as Salmon P. Chase and Hugh McCulloch. We had, by the bullet of the assassin, lost the potential personality of Abraham Lincoln. His Secretary, McCulloch, in the true spirit of the legal-tender legislation, as soon as the necessity had passed, turned his energies toward a return to a sound specie basis, and to the retirement of the greenbacks as the first and proper step toward that desirable goal. The national debt had then reached the gigantic amount of more than \$2,800,000,000. To form an accurate judgment of the progress of which the republic was capable when it was relieved of the incubus of slavery and permitted to expand under the influences of peace; to preserve the national credit; to provide for and pay the debt due to the soldiers and sailors who had crushed the rebellion; and promptly, without delay, to lay out and enter upon the shortest safe road to specie payment—required not only a man able to comprehend the financial

situation, but who had the boldness and courage to act upon his convictions. They have an expression on the Pacific coast which conveys a world of meaning. They say of a man who has shown great abilities whenever he has been placed that he is a "scopy" man. Secretary McCulloch was evidently a "scopy" man. In his first report to Congress after the close of the war, on the 4th of December, 1865, he declared in plain terms that the legal-tender acts were war measures passed in a great emergency, that they should be regarded only as temporary, that they ought not to remain in force a day longer than would be necessary to enable the people to prepare for a return to the gold standard, and that the work of retiring the greenbacks which had been issued should be commenced without delay, and carefully and persistently continued until all were retired. Such words were powerful because of their sense and justice. By the act of April 12, 1866, Congress authorized the Secretary to commence the withdrawal of the greenbacks from circulation, to retire \$10,000,000 within six months from the passage of the act, and thereafter to continue the process at the rate of \$4,000,000 per month. The unanimity with which the Secretary's policy was supported was shown by the vote in the House of Representatives on the passage of this act. There were 144 votes in the affirmative, and only 6 in the opposition.

Secretary McCulloch immediately instituted the process of retirement, and conducted it with quiet and eminent discretion. By the end of the year 1866 he had reduced the greenbacks outstanding from \$425,000,000 to \$380,000,000, and was proceeding quietly to continue the process at the rate of \$4,000,000 per month.

But suddenly there was a change in the political atmosphere. A multitude of impecunious patriots scattered over the North and West discovered that they were being oppressed and afflicted beyond endurance by the contraction of the currency. They made the country resound with their moanings of distress. The speculators of the "bull" party joined in the cry. Together they organized a political party called the Greenback party. It attracted the same class of recruits that went down to David in the cave of Adulam. Every one that was in distress and every one that was in debt and every one

that was discontented joined the party, and began to cry out with a loud voice against contraction, against the dreadful tyranny of Secretary McCulloch. Then it was that the republic wanted Abraham Lincoln. Had he been alive to support his Secretary there would have been no such weak yielding to noisy clamor as then occurred. That tower and stronghold no longer existed. The Secretary continued his work until he had reduced the volume of the greenbacks to \$356,000,000, when, on the 4th of February, 1868, Congress suspended further reduction. The amount in circulation has since been subjected to some variation, in 1875 rising as high as \$382,000,000, and in 1879 being reduced below \$347,000,000. But it is accurate enough for all practical purposes to say that since the suspension in 1868, a term of more than twenty-two years of profound peace, the amount of legal tender notes in circulation has been \$356,000,000.

If the republic shall again be involved in war there are many facts in the history of the currency issues here briefly described which will be useful to its financial minister. Secretary Chase had no experience of the past for his guide. The continental currency of the Revolution was made a legal tender by State laws only. His judgment devised, Congress authorized, and the people loyally accepted the novelties in currency to which this article refers. In his financial policy he had the confidence and the support of President Lincoln. His policy was criticised; in one or two respects it may have been erroneous. But he was a statesman and a great financier. He was stationed at the weakest point in the national defences, where defeat or retreat would have been ruin. He preserved the credit of the republic; he was supported by a patriotic people; and by his administration of the Treasury he fairly earned the gratitude of posterity.

TEA-TIME IN AMITY.

An Episode.

BY A. B. WARD.

I.

A RUSH of summer rain in the streets of Amity had changed the dignified *allegro* to which the town customarily timed its movements into a brisk *crescendo*. There was slamming of doors and windows; there was hurried bringing in of clothes from the line, of calves, sheep, and babies from under the trees. All who could, ran to shelter, no matter where.

"Come right along in, Mrs. Howard, even if you wasn't going to," called a rosy-cheeked matron from her doorway on Far-View Street to a woman who passed the gate and then stood irresolute.

"Well, I wasn't just meaning to stop to-day, Mrs. Richards," confessed the other, "but I don't know but I will," as another douche from the skies put in an imperative plea.

"Here, nice you look!" she said, amiably turning to either side of the family sitting-room, where the tidied liveries of the capable housewife divided the honors of the establishment with innumerable

handsome cologne bottles, naïvely advertising the occupation of Mr. Richards.

"What have you been doing, Mrs. Howard?" asked Mrs. Richards, confidentially.

"*Everything*," replied that individual, comprehensively. "Sewing, cleaning, baking; and not a soul to help me."

"You'd ought to have a girl."

"A *girl*! You tell that to Hiram Howard. He'd think I was taking him straight to the poor-house down at South Amity."

"He can afford it just as well as Sam Richards."

"No; drugs are an awful good business."

"No better'n groceries."

Here was a chance for argument, but Mrs. Richards had something else on her mind.

"By-the-way, speaking of help, did you know Mrs. Stubbs was going to work for those parties that have rented the old Briarly house?"

"No. What parties?"

"Why, some old gentleman from down New York way, and his daughter. I

haven't seen him, but they say he was up last week to look at the place, and that she was with him."

"Well, that *is* news. I didn't suppose Deacon Jones would ever rent that house. Did you?"

"Well, I dun'no'. good location—central, and not too much so. Do you know how much he asked?"

"No, I don't. It's a big house for two. What else did Mrs. Stubbs say about them?"

"Nothing, except that she's hired for a month, to stay longer if all hands were suited."

"Mrs. Stubbs is a good cook," remarked the visitor, rubbing the bridge of her nose with her forefinger, an indication of deep reasoning on her part. She was wondering how, in the name of all that was ever heard and told, Mrs. Richards managed to pick up so much more news than she herself did. "I am spryer on my feet," she said, mentally, "and I go round more; but everything seems to come to her." "Mrs. Stubbs is a good cook," she repeated; "and makes the very best doughnuts of any woman that I ever ate," she added, with unconscious cannibalism.

"Yes; but she's no washer and ironer," put in the hostess, quickly; "and I'd as lief have a fog-horn in the house as that voice of hers."

"I suppose you knew Mr. Wilson's going to marry the widow Barrett?" Mrs. Howard ventured.

"Lor', yes; that's old. I can tell you something newer than that. Professor March's daughter's engaged to Tutor Myers."

"So I heard yesterday." Mrs. Howard's manner said, plainly. "You don't get ahead of me again, Elizabeth Richards."

"Don't go," urged Mrs. Richards. "I've got raised biscuit for supper; you'd better try them."

"Oh, I can't possibly. What would Hiram think? Come over."

"Yes; *you* come over."

"I will," and the departing guest tilted her petticoats and tiptoed among the puddles, shooing before her a crowd of fat, frowsy hens that took life as easily as their mistress, and indeed were not unlike her in general appearance.

"I'll bet I astonished Julia Howard some about the Briarly House folks," that mistress was saying, as she watched

her visitor from her station in the doorway. "She'd have given all her old shoes to have found out how I knew."

But Mrs. Howard, unconscious witness to the duality of thought, was pondering another important subject along with that of the new arrivals. "That's the same old Henrietta cloth dress she's been wearing for the last ten years. I'd rather do my own work, and have something to put on my back." Cheered and strengthened by this conclusion, she hurried home to get Hiram's supper.

Making use of a privilege which the gossips of Amity would have undoubtedly envied us, we will look into the Briarly house, and learn what its inmates were doing that warm July afternoon when it rained in Amity. The three days since their arrival had been time enough for the new tenants to add the personalities of their own belongings to the plain, inexpressive furnishings which went with the house. Though there were a great many books, there were few pictures and almost no bric-à-brac, but the Turners felt that they had set their seal upon the new dwelling and made it theirs as soon as they had placed the dictionaries in a row, and given them the bronze Homer for a sentinel. The novel comfort of their new situation impressed both father and daughter. He sat smiling to himself and neglecting the pamphlet upon his knee.

She, more impulsive, threw down the paper-cutter she had been wielding, and came to his side with an ecstatic little cry. "Papa, I never was so happy in my life. I've been gradually expanding ever since I came into this big, lovely house, until I fit every bit of it, even to the chimney-corners," and she knelt down on the cushion before him, as if it were impossible to sustain such a weight of happiness in a standing posture.

Her father said nothing, but his shadowy smile grew warmer, and he lifted his hand to stroke her hair. The resemblance between them was startling. They had the same high forehead, the same deep-set gray eyes, the same straight nose and determined mouth. But where the face of the elder was cold as a statue's, that of the younger was brightened by ruddy cheeks and golden locks, the latter saved from a possible charge of untidiness by being of so fine a color.

"Papa, aren't you intensely grateful to me for dragging you by main force to this delightful spot?"

"I'll tell you later." The crow's feet deepened around his eyes as he spoke.

"Papa," in a tone of entreaty, "you're *not* going to anticipate anything gloomy or disagreeable?"

"No—of course not," speaking in slow, measured tones. "But allow me to suggest that our limited experiences hardly warrant."

"Yes, they do, papa dear. You don't know that I've met the butcher, the baker, and the grocer with satisfactory results. No one else in Amity will consider us worth minding."

Another deepening of the crow's-feet and a quizzical curve to the corners about the mouth gave the face which Miss Turner watched an almost cynical aspect.

"See here," she said, authoritatively. "You were desperately tired of New York?"

"Yes."

"You were as much in love as I with the picture of this charming old place when we saw it in the real-estate office?"

"Yes."

"And you decided with me that Amity would be a peaceful refuge, where there would be no horrid people to criticise every belief and opinion that differed from their own?"

"Not so fast, Tea Tephi," returned her father. "I said that the inhabitants of a country town were often narrow-minded and curious, but that the atmosphere of Amity College ought to induce liberality and refinement. Didn't I say that?"

"Why, yes; that's what I meant," agreed the owner of the peculiar name. "And that the libraries and reading-rooms would be a help; that you would have leisure and encouragement to continue your work."

She put a warm embrace at the end of the sentence, and remained with her arms about his neck and her head on his shoulder. Presently she commenced to shake with suppressed laughter, which after a while refused to be suppressed, and asserted itself in a ringing peal. She lifted her eyes on a level with his own, so that he saw the mischief lurking in those same dark orbs like the fabled pixy at the bottom of the well.

"You can't guess what Mrs. Stubbs calls me," she said. "*Miss Teethy*. My

poor abused name never suffered such wholesale slaughter. When she has known me longer, and has laid aside her best manners, she will ask me what it means."

"If she does, you must tell her patiently," said Mr. Turner, gravely. "Who knows what new aspirations it might waken in her to learn that she too was an inheritor of the wonderful prophecies, a daughter of forgotten Israel?"

"I don't believe she'd care much," murmured the girl, softly, as if under protest. "She'd say as the rest do, 'Of what use is it?'"

"Alas!" sighed the old man, "it must be so. That is another proof, another identification. 'Thou shalt speak all these words unto them, but they will not hearken unto thee.'" His voice grew low and sad. He had gently removed himself from his daughter's embrace, and sat with a far-away look on his face, clasping and unclasping his thin, pallid hands.

"He is thousands of miles from here, in Assyria or Palestine. Poor father!" said Tea Tephi, and slipped unnoticed from the room.

She found Mrs. Stubbs standing with arms akimbo, examining the weather. "Never knew such a spell," she shouted, as the girl entered the kitchen. "Miss Teethy, you won't think much of Amity if it serves you like this. But I tell *you* it's fine when the sun *doos* come out—to stay, I mean. It's been 'open and shet, sign o' wet,' for three days. Seems as if I hadn't done nothin' but lug these dried apples in and out," glancing sorrowfully at a trayful of peeled and sliced apples still in the jaundiced state of complexion betokening incomplete exposure. "I want ter make some Shaker apple-sauce," she continued. "Think your pa'd like it, he's so fond of sours."

Tephi assented with a smile.

"And Miss Teethy," went on the tremendous voice, while its owner looked keenly at her mistress and then stopped. She was measuring the chances of a repulse, and probably found the odds against it, for she continued—"Miss Teethy, I'd like to know if that's your real name. He"—indicating by a jerk of her elbow the scholar in the study—"said you's Miss Turner; but he said, too, you's his daughter; so I pricked up my ears, and when he called you that, I took it up. Bible?"

"Not exactly; but it has to do with Bible history." Tephi remembered her father's injunction, and went on: "When the prophet Jeremiah left Jerusalem he did not remain in Egypt, as people thought. He came to Ireland, bringing with him the ark of the covenant and the princess, 'the young and tender plant,' Tea Tephi. In Ireland the prophet buried the ark, and after a time married Tea Tephi to the Crowned Horseman of Ireland. Queen Victoria was descended from them."

"Sho!" cried Mrs. Stubbs, in wide-eyed astonishment. Then recovering herself, and becoming argumentative in consequence, she demanded, "How do you know?"

"It is all in the Irish histories. They tell the story themselves."

"Well, now, see here," and Mrs. Stubbs brought her huge fist down on the table with a thump which made the windows rattle, "if I was you I wouldn't believe all that them Irish say. They ain't reliable."

Her manner, a mixture of the confidential and the oracular, brought a twinkle into Tephi's eyes, but she controlled herself, saying, "There are other proofs too, Mrs. Stubbs, which I don't believe you'd care for; but that is all about my name; and it's T-e-p-h-i, not Teethy."

"Oh, *Tephi*!" responded Mrs. Stubbs, making use of a long *i* and a tremendous accent. "That's something like Haggai and Shimmei. But seems to me I'd rather be called a name more like folks—Susan, for instance. That's my name," with evident pride in its euphony and pity for the girl less fortunate in her christening.

But the namesake of the Hebrew princess had no room in her present mood for anything like repining, as may be seen from the letter which she began as soon as she had exchanged the kitchen for the parlor:

"July 10, 1885, Amity

"DEAR MR. WILSON. In spite of the grain of foreboding which you persisted in throwing into my cup as we parted, I have tasted nothing but sweetness as yet. Although it has rained almost ever since we left New York, I am persuaded that Amity is the loveliest place in the world. Midsummer has no parching effects on the lawns and on the parks—*Common* they call it—which stretches along the middle of Main Street. The people are as refreshing as their background—the

kindest, most polite creatures I ever saw.

"I know what you want to say about Ithuriel's spear and my power of idealization, but I am too happy to hear it now.

"Why should I change that part of my disposition? Indeed, I cannot spare it. You may call it what you will—a hallucination, a foolish dream—its sunny forces still conquer me: this faith in human hearts; this sympathy which brings the tears into my eyes; this tender hope for better things.

"So you must go elsewhere than to my letters for that flavor of cynicism with which you like to take your experiences. I am determined to enjoy everything, even Mrs. Stubbs's voice, though that organ has more volume than sweetness.

Mrs. Stubbs is our *dea ex machina domestica*, and she is what you would call an 'original.'

"Papa sends love, and asks if you will please see that the *Banner of Light* is forwarded to us here. You were kind to write so soon. Please continue to be equally amiable.

Always your friend,

TEPHI TURNER."

II.

"Amity's noted for widders, old maids, and broken-down ministers," said Mrs. Stubbs, the next morning, kneading the bread between each enumeration. Tephi had come out to give an order for dinner, and had lingered, partly because it was impossible to get away without leaving Mrs. Stubbs in the middle of a sentence, and partly because the kitchen itself attracted and held her, it was so bright with sun and scrubbing, to say nothing of its belonging to a realm hitherto unexplored in a parasitic boarding-house existence.

"Dear me!" thought the girl; "Amity is a refuge with a vengeance! Broken-down ministers," she faltered. "I suppose you mean they are invalids?"

"No, they ain't sick," returned Mrs. Stubbs. "They've stopped preaching, or else they never begun. Sometimes one or another supplies here, or you see 'em goin' off of a Saturday with a little bag o' sermons, and comin' back of a Monday. Some folks that's counted says there's upward of forty of 'em right here in the centre, to say nothin' of the eends of the town." She tucked the fat white

loaves cozily into the pans, and gave them an affectionate pat before she went on. "There ain't so many old maids as there was, and widders are scourser; but my! there seems to be more broken-down ministers every year. A good many live up on Marshall Street, this side of Far-View. You've heard of the Far-Viewers? You *hain't*! Biggest set of gossips in Amity. There's Mis' Richards and Mis' Howard and Mis' Doolittle, and a lot more. They're awful thick among themselves—aunt and uncle to each other's children all around—but they give it to the rest of the Amityites!"

"Where is Far-View Street?" asked Tephi, cherishing a feeble hope of its distance.

"Right up here, two streets back of you; and it's high land, so't they can see all over. There *was* a story that some of 'em had a telescope to turn down into Main Street; but that must ha' been only an aggravation; they couldn't hear nothin', 'twas said."

Poor Tephi! Her flourishing ideas of Amity had been plucked up by the roots. She felt a vague inclination to go somewhere and plant them over again. Mrs. Stubbs was doubtless a coarse-minded woman, looking at this idyllic little town through the medium of her own vulgar thoughts. Thus she argued within herself while she rose with gentle dignity and moved toward the door.

"You understand about dinner?" she said, sweetly but coolly. "I am going for a walk."

"Land, yes," replied the unimpressible Stubbs, ignoring the change in her mistress's manner. "I would. It'll do you good."

Tephi drew a long breath as she left the quaint brown porch of the Briary House and picked her way over the uneven mosaic of bricks which paved the path to the gate. There was something pleasing to her in that primitive pavement. It harmonized well with the wild flowers growing among the grass on either side, and with the soft gray-greens in the bark of the old sycamore overhead. Who cared what was being done up in Far-View? thought the young enthusiast, revelling in the freshness which followed the rain. Falling into the quick long step which she had learned from walking with her father so much, she was swinging rapidly down the street, when she became

suddenly aware that some one was trying to overtake her. It proved to be a thin dark woman dressed in black. She came smoothly forward, and put out a limp gloved hand, saying:

"Miss Turner? I am Mrs. Jones—Mrs. Deacon Jones. I took the liberty of speaking, knowing that you were a stranger here."

"Thank you," replied Tephi, trying to be appreciative.

"Your father well?" asked the new acquaintance, making several vain skipping attempts to fall into step with the long-limbed young woman.

"Yes, thank you, very well," answered the girl.

"He doesn't go out much?" queried Mrs. Jones.

"He walks a great deal," said Tephi, puzzled by the interest of the stranger; "but he is occupied this morning."

"It must be lonesome for you when he is busy," suggested the lady.

"Not very. I am used to it," was the sturdy response.

There was a pause, made necessary to Mrs. Jones by the rate at which she had been forced to travel since joining our heroine. But the matter of breathing comfortably becomes an unimportant trifle when it conflicts with larger issues. The catechist soon gasped out her next question:

"Ever been in New England before?"

"Never until now."

"You have lived in New York?"

"Part of the time."

Mrs. Deacon Jones indulged in several sidelong glances at her non-committal neighbor. Was this the simplicity of girlhood or the self-protection of the sphinx?

Tephi felt the searching eyes traverse her person from bonnet to boots, and resisted a strong inclination to shrug her shoulders and throw off the inquisitive look, as one dislodges an offending fly. But a diversion was fortunately effected. The defensive armor in which the New York tailor equips his patrons arrested the investigations of Mrs. Deacon Jones. "How finely her gown does fit, to be sure!" she said, inwardly; and outwardly, with increased graciousness: "I'll send my boy and girl around to call this afternoon. He goes to Amity College, and she is one of Miss Hansom's pupils. Do you cross here? Well, good-morning."

"Good-morning," and they separated, Tephi wondering, as she hurried in the direction of the post-office, why an interview which contained so many elements of cordiality should affect her so unpleasantly.

The postmaster stood behind a narrow grated window, which, however, suggested no idea of restraint, rather the reverse. He eyed her sharply as he pushed a big bundle of letters through the bars into her waiting hands. Many of them were in blue and yellow envelopes; several bore imposing seals, and a number, forwarded from New York, were conspicuous for foreign postage.

"Did you see that?" asked Hiram Howard of Jo Doolittle, as they lounged together at the doorway of the office. "That's the daughter. Did ye see her mail? Queer lot of stuff."

Tephi heard and colored warmly as she turned swiftly from the step. Every one she met seemed to show a like concern for the heavy mail she carried. "Is it such an unusual occurrence to get letters here, I wonder?" she thought, with some petulance, and hurried on so fast that she nearly upset an urchin squatted in the path, his grimy knuckles bent into prominence by the marble which he held.

"Ye inched, ye did!" was the cry that instant arose from his companions.

"I didn't!"

"Ye did!"

"Ye lie!"

And they proceeded to settle the dispute in a fashion approved by gamins the world over.

Faster flew Tephi, hardly stopping for breath until she dropped her armful of letters and papers on the study table by her father's side.

"You seem to be in a hurry." The old man smiled serenely into her troubled face.

"Yes," and the frown changed to a feeble smile. "Papa, it isn't *Amity* at all. It's *Discord*! A custom-house officer in the form of Mrs. Jones—Mrs. *Deacon* Jones, she said—met me on the way, and examined me from head to foot. I felt like proclaiming the darn in my glove and the last year's ribbon on my hat. When she left me, the postmaster arrested me, with his eye, and asked, still with his eye, if I was a conspirator, or anything of the sort, I had so much mail. Then I walked into a street fight, where two

small boys talked and acted just like the little New York roughs. And—well!"

"Well?" returned her father; the same monosyllable, but with a vastly different intonation. Then they both laughed.

"But *you* like it?"

For answer he showed a roll of closely written manuscript. "I have done more work than in months."

"I thought so," and Tephi nodded sagely. "We'll stay."

III

"Now, my dear sir, I do not wish to intrude upon your private affairs, but don't you think we owe society at large some account of ourselves?"

The speaker was the Rev. Stephen MacPherson, a tall gentleman and fine-looking, in spite of a head too small for his height and eyes that seemed weak and insignificant in conjunction with so prominent a nose. He had undertaken a very delicate business, as became a shepherd of souls, on some one else's account. He was a straightforward old fellow himself, and he had been greatly annoyed by the peering and prying which had occupied the leisure of his parish for the past two months—ever since the Turners arrived in Amity. He had resolved to come out squarely, and ask the stranger who and what he was.

"Certainly," granted Mr. Turner, cordially, while he spread out his fingers to the study fire. "These October mornings are decidedly chilly," he had said on greeting his visitor. "Come into my den; there is a blaze there."

The composure of the defendant embarrassed the plaintiff, who began to feel that he had gotten into an awkward position for a gentleman to hold. "You see," he began again, with some shamefacedness, "you are a stranger here, and people are naturally curious. If you could tell me something about yourself, I could defend you from chance attacks."

Mr. Turner sent a sudden sharp glance out from under his contracted brows. Mr. Turner's eyes were not weak, in spite of the crow's-feet in their corners. "May I ask in what way I have laid myself open to the attacks from which you are to defend me?" The question was related to the glance as thunder is related to lightning.

Mr. MacPherson cleared his throat, and made a tremendous effort to recall some

of the many charges poured into his ears by his excited and voluble parishioners. For the life of him he could remember nothing but the silly gossip about the mail. He hesitated to serve that up with the ceremony which Mr. Turner's manner demanded, but the pause had been stretched to its utmost endurance. "It is only a trifle, to be sure," he said, nervously; "but one thing, your mails excite comment."

"Ah, it is contrary to precedent to receive many letters! To whom must I apologize for this innovation?"

The smile which accompanied the question softened its sarcasm, and the clergyman smiled in turn. "You show me that I have made myself absurd," he said. "But really the country is so full of conspirators and runaways that when a solitary man like yourself receives enormous mails from all over the world, suspicions are aroused." The speaker paused and wiped his brow, feeling that he was making out a case, after all.

"I understand," Mr. Turner said, gravely; and then added, "I shall be happy to give you an outline of the work which I am engaged upon, and which is the cause of my extraordinary correspondence."

Mr. MacPherson bowed, and murmured something about a "great favor." He was really anxious to hear what Mr. Turner had to say.

"When I was a lad in a London counting-house," began the host, while his visitor settled back into his chair expectantly. "I was greatly interested in the study of the Bible."

Mr. MacPherson became conscious of a feeling very like disappointment. He was himself also, of course, greatly interested in the study of the Bible, but at present he had been anticipating a revelation which should be more enlivening than the Law and the Prophets, and more personal.

"There were many things which puzzled me," continued Mr. Turner, too much engrossed in his subject to notice the changed attitude of the listener. "Among others, the seeming contradictions in the prophecies about Israel and Judah—blessings and curses inextricably interwoven. A young Englishman named Hine helped me out of the difficulty, and set me on the right track. He told me to mark all the allusions to Israel with red ink; those which referred to Judah, with blue. The

contradictions disappeared. And in every instance it was Judah who was cursed, and whose wanderings and misfortunes were foretold; it was Israel who was blessed, and promised all manner of good things. Then came the question, if the Jews are identified by prophecy as the children of Judah, who are the children of Israel? Hine was ready again with an answer. Israel, the ten tribes that disappeared at the time of the captivity in Assyria, and who were acknowledged in the time of Josephus to be 'beyond the Euphrates,' reappear, according to the testimony of Strabo, Herodotus, Diodoric, Pliny, and Ptolemy, as the ancestors of what is now *the Anglo-Saxon race*."

Mr. Turner, becoming more and more excited as he neared his climax, fairly sprang to his feet when he said "the Anglo-Saxon race," and threw out his hand with an eager gesture, as if his announcement were fraught with peculiar good fortune for Mr. MacPherson. That gentleman started forward as if at first he shared the delusion, and he opened his mouth once or twice before he said,

"Don't you—don't you think that is a little far-fetched?"

"Not at all," returned Mr. Turner, promptly. "Do you believe the Bible?" he demanded.

"Why, yes, to be sure," answered Mr. MacPherson, surprised; "that is, most of it."

"Then how can you explain the words: 'Israel shall be a nation and a company of nations'; 'The throne of David shall be established upon it forever'; 'All the people of the earth shall be afraid of Israel'; 'No weapon formed against them shall prosper'?"

"I always supposed," said Mr. MacPherson, "that these and similar expressions had a spiritual significance."

"Yes; you have spiritualized the meaning all out of them," said Mr. Turner, warmly. "How, then, do you follow so literally the prophecies concerning the Jews: 'They shall become a byword'; 'wanderers without might'; 'hungry, thirsty, and ashamed'; 'leaving their name for a reproach'?"

"Really I have not considered the matter," answered Mr. MacPherson, "and I must confess that I am not prepared to answer you. But some of your statements appear to me incredible. Now that about the throne of David established for-

ever: do you mean to say that Victoria is descended from David?"

"Undoubtedly. The disappearance of Jeremiah from Egypt, with the ark in his possession, is synchronous with the appearance in Ireland of an aged prophet bearing the *Lia Phail*—the Stone of Destiny, Jacob's Pillow—which, you remember, was among the contents of the ark. He had also with him a young princess named Tea Tephi, a Hebrew name. She married Eochaid, the Heremoun of Tara, and from them Victoria is descended."

"Oh, come, now!" cried the clergyman. "That sounds like a fairy tale."

"So does the story of the *Lia Phail*, upon which the successive kings of Ireland, Scotland, and England have been crowned, and which now rests in the coronation chair at Westminster. And mark this: though *Lia* is an Irish word, *Phail* is a Hebrew word, meaning 'wonderful.' Moreover, it is not the only Hebrew word found in Ireland and dating back to that period."

Mr. MacPherson shook his head incredulously, but attempted no answer to this argument.

"What is meant by dwelling in the isles of the northwest?" continued Mr. Turner. "And—you are a Churchman—what do you mean when you read every pre-Advent Sunday, 'The days come, saith the Lord, that they shall no more say, The Lord liveth, which brought up the children of Israel out of the land of Egypt; but the Lord liveth, which brought up and which led the seed of the house of Israel out of the North country, and from all countries whither I had driven them; and they shall dwell in their own land'?"

"And you think the Anglo-Saxons will go back to, if they ever came out of, the East?"

"Not all. 'Two of a household and one of a city.' There are excavations going on now among the ruins of Tara. I should not be surprised any moment to learn by cable that the ark had been found. Then Victoria would proclaim herself the daughter of David, and would issue a proclamation announcing to her people their birthright—to be called the children of Israel."

"I'd like to have this man's enthusiasm," thought Mr. MacPherson as he shook hands with the scholar; but he only said, "I will talk with you again on this subject," and took his leave. At the

door he met Tephi, but each was too pre-occupied to give the other more than a hasty good-morning. His mind was full of what he had heard; hers, of something she had to tell. She did not wait until she was fairly in the study, but began on the threshold.

"Papa, Dick Jones says he knows that 'the fellows' would like to have you lecture on the Identity in the regular fall and winter course, and he is going to speak about it in the committee meeting to-night." In the progress of her news-telling she had crossed the room, and before she finished had perched herself on the arm of her father's chair. "Why don't you say something?" she asked, tipping up his chin with her hand and scanning his face anxiously. "Why are you so pale and grave? Has anything been troubling you? Oh, I know"—remembering the encounter at the door—"that horrid Mr. MacPherson has been saying something disagreeable. What did he want, anyway?"

"We talked about the Identity, and I think I tired myself," answered Mr. Turner.

"Was that what he wanted to talk about—the Identity?" persisted Tephi.

"No, not exactly, Miss Inquisitive"—pulling her ear. "He would like to know who I am."

"Amity would like to know," corrected his daughter. "They sent him. The ladies of St. John's Parish sent him; take my word for it. What did you tell him?"

"I told him about my work. I am nothing apart from it," said the scholar, humbly.

"You're not!" cried the girl, indignantly. "I wish Mr. Wilson and Mr. Ainslie and Dr. Reynolds were to tell them who you are."

IV.

"The Ladies' Sewing Society of St. John's Parish will meet at the house of Mrs. Fine on Thursday of this week, at three o'clock in the afternoon." There was a rustle of satisfaction among the female members of the congregation, and an exchange of pleased glances. Mrs. Fine was the richest lady in the parish; her house was full of beautiful things, and there was sure to be an elaborate supper prepared. "A full attendance is requested," added the rector, after a pause, as if there were need of such an an-

nouncement. All St. John's, to a woman, would be there.

"We shall see you at the society this week, I hope," Mrs. Howard said, beaming, as she joined Tea Tephi walking down the aisle.

"I thank you, no," replied the young woman; brusquely continuing to herself. "You'll have the better opportunity to talk me over."

"O—h!" said Mrs. Howard, and relinquished her half-formed plan of accompanying Miss Turner up Main Street.

Mr. MacPherson's call had not diminished Tephi's repugnance to the women of St. John's. Whereas before this she had presented a timid reserve to their approaches, now she bristled with positive repulsion. The hare had become a porcupine.

The society met. The handsome parlors of Mrs. Fine's house were filled with women speaking in subdued voices, and fingering surreptitiously the various costly trifles lying about. The meeting was called to order by Mrs. MacPherson, and then the company divided into groups, taking the work assigned them. This was Mrs. MacPherson's chance to throw the apple. "Mr. MacPherson called on the Turners last week," she announced. The information was thrown in the direction of the deputation from Far-View, who were at her elbow, but her voice had a peculiar "carrying" quality, and from the opposite corner of the next room there was a scramble to catch the news.

"You don't say," they murmured, in a more or less distinct chorus, and there was a perceptible gravitation toward the speaker. "Mrs. Mac," as the parish called her familiarly when she was not by to hear, was a born peace-maker. "And Mr. MacPherson thinks," continued the lady, "that Mr. Turner is a harmless old man, given over to extremely odd theories, but perfectly harmless. He says that Mr. Turner became greatly excited over a talk upon the lost ten tribes. He is persuaded—Mr. Turner, I mean—that we belong to them. Mr. MacPherson humored him by listening to his ideas. He says Mr. Turner appears to be a bright scholar. Such a pity that really intelligent minds become so affected by hobbies!"

Mrs. MacPherson went on and on in a conciliatory way, gradually dropping her voice as her audience gradually relaxed their attention.

Scholastic vagaries were below premium in the interest of Amity. The ladies of St. John's had looked for something more startling and picturesque: the discovery of infernal machines, or of books audaciously infidel—infidelity being a vague, terrible something, the disciples of which were to be prayed for once a year along with Jews and Turks. But a bigoted old book-worm! There were enough already of that ilk in Amity, in the persons of the forty broken-down ministers, parading the streets with mild, inoffensive faces and books from the circulating library under their arms, or holding conversations on all the novel phases of the Andover Creed.

Fortunately for the flagging interest in the new-comers, Mrs. Stafford took up the discussion. "The daughter seems dreadfully afraid somebody will speak to her," she said, in a low drawling voice, as if depreciating possible objections to her speaking at all.

"I should say so," chirped Mrs. Sykes, the postmaster's wife, who lived next door to the Briarly House, and who had employed every method within her ken for obtaining the *entrée* of that mansion. "I'd like a neighbor 't I c'd go neighborin' with; but, Lor', she ain't goin' to neighbor with any one."

"Ladies," broke in Mrs. MacPherson, "are you ready to discuss the question of the next missionary box?" This was unquestionably a stroke of statesmanship on the part of the rector's wife, for they had already voted on the number of blankets and flannel shirts supposed to be commensurate with the needs of the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Jejuné and all the little Jejunés. It was the more praiseworthy from the fact that "Mrs. Mac" owed no such interference to any particular friendliness Tephi had shown her. Though driven out by the missionaries, the Turners came in again with the coffee, and seasoned many a cup which graced the hands and met the lips of the ladies of St. John's. If there is anything in signs, a certain small white ear should have turned as red as if the combined fingers of the members of the sewing society had vigorously tweaked it.

In one of the western windows of the Briarly House, Tephi sat bending forward to catch the last glow of the sunset on the letter she was reading. It was from Constant Wilson.

"Poor little girl," he wrote; "it is a hard lesson for you, this rough translation of your ideal language into the harsh gutturals of every-day speech. But if you could never learn to make yourself intelligible, and went on forever missing the meaning of others, you would lose much out of your life. . . . Ah, Tephi dear, soon or late you will see how your tender buds of sentiment and fancy had to be pinched off, in order to permit the fruits of character to ripen."

The light thrown on her recent experiences by this graceful phraseology charmed Tephi into examining them more patiently. Was it possible that she was the poorer for holding aloof from the people of Amity, and refusing to "learn their language"? Could they develop her character, though at the expense of her emotions and her imagination? If they would only leave her one garment of all her heroic wardrobe, and not make her feel so utterly commonplace and ignoble!

V.

Amity Hall was a large square building, with three front doors and one or two side entrances. It was formerly a church—the First Church, so called—and it had maintained a dignified ecclesiastical bearing through all its vicissitudes of caucus and town meeting, prize orations, and Senior dramatics. Here was delivered the Amity College Fall and Winter Course of Lectures, an enterprise undertaken every year with fresh zeal on the part of the committee and hopefulness among the students, but inevitably concluded with a deficit in the treasury and a sense of failure oppressing all concerned. To omit the lecture course would have been as foreign to the purposes of a college as to neglect the organization of a baseball team. No one suggested such a move. Their only effort was in the direction of possible success through popularity, and this became a struggle involving sleepless nights for the committee, and unlimited and lengthy conferences.

Dick, accordingly, found it a difficult matter to persuade his colleagues that "Lost Israel" was a drawing card. It sounded too scriptural to be popular.

However, Dick carried the day. The committee finally concluded to sandwich Mr. Turner in between a well-known humorist and an expounder of Robert Browning's poetry. The invitation was

tendered and accepted. But, by a perversity of circumstances not unlike that which had attended the Turners ever since their advent, a sore throat kept the humorist from fulfilling his engagement, and the lecturer on "Lost Israel" was suddenly called to take his place. The usual blunder, which always seems to its victims a deliberate unfairness, was committed—the change of programme was not made known to the audience until they were in their seats. Here was a disadvantage at the outset. No one who has his mouth made up for a laugh is prepared to relish a dose of reason. Some of the sulkiest of the patrons arose conspicuously and left the hall. There were several Far-Viewers among them. Most of the college boys remained, not from any particular interest in the speaker or his subject, but having come in a body, they were not inclined to split off in fragmentary departures, to say nothing of their disposition, as a body, to stand by the A. C. F. and W. Lecture Course, to get the worth of their tickets, and to "see the thing through." There was another tendency in them—the tendency to get some fun out of the evening's performance. Every student who has been at college in the country knows how October sunshine works on the blood there, and how October moonshine gets into the wits at that unparalleled time of the year, when animal spirits are at high tide, before the winter work has fairly begun, and after the summer rest has augmented health and vigor. The Amity boys had been off in the woods and on the river all the afternoon, and now they came stamping up into the galleries without changing their gymnasium suits, merely adding their ulsters as a compromise. The noise and confusion troubled Mr. Turner. He gathered up his papers absent-mindedly, and let them fall again. Tephi, sitting in the main aisle with Dick Jones and Ethel, noticed her father's agitation, and grew indignant, turning her head involuntarily in the direction of the annoyance. She realized then for the first time how few ladies there were present, and thought, with a pang of regret, how different it would have been if she had more friends. She almost wished that she had tried, at whatever sacrifice, to suit the spiritual and social demands of Amity. Then her father began to speak, and she forgot everything else. He had risen in obedience

to a sign from the young man who was to introduce him, and bowed in response to the feeble applause which followed the few words of compliment, his eyes meanwhile wandering over the audience in search of some one who appeared capable of intelligent and sympathetic attention. Boyish forms and boyish faces he saw everywhere. There was hardly a mature man present except Deacon Jones, and he sat in the shadow of a pillar, so that his strong, kindly features were not discernible by the speaker. Tephi's eyes met her father's, but her anxiety reflected and increased his own. Fie! John Turner, led by heroic ideals all his days, quivering before a troop of youngsters! He shook himself together, and started off in a brave, ringing voice which caught their attention at the outset. He spoke of patriotism, its capture and sway of human hearts, so complete and impetuous that life has no argument with which to meet them, so persistent and far-reaching that centuries of time and leagues of space are crossed by the electric chain which binds us to Thermopylae and Marathon. He spoke of religion, and summoned to pass in a stately procession before them the saints of all ages, the "noble army of martyrs," whose names are still a talisman in danger, defeat, and death. "When these two forces join in one ruling principle," he continued, "nothing can stand against it. When we shall recognize our right, as children of Israel, to a country and inheritance promised to us ages ago, and to a religion which antedates all forms, we shall conquer the world." So far Mr. Turner had the house with him. Dick congratulated himself that everything was going off finely, and wished that he had sent complimentary tickets to the faculty. But the apostle to Lost Israel was far too conscientious a believer in his mission to content himself with merely entertaining his audience. He must convince them. Accordingly he introduced his forty-nine "Identities," and promised to prove every one of them in its application to the Anglo-Saxon race. This was too much for the boys to anticipate with pleasure. They began to grow restive, to make remarks and pass jokes among themselves, presumably at the expense of Israel. There were bursts of laughter, at first stifled, then bolder. Evidently a mine of mischief was only awaiting some chance jar to explode it. The necessary touch

was furnished by poor Mr. Turner himself.

"Ye too are of the lost sheep of the house of Israel," he began, impressively. "Ba-a!" replied a bleating voice from the gallery, and then pandemonium broke loose. All the pent-up devilkins which had been fighting against restraint for the past hour leaped from boyish breasts in calls and whistles and barn-yard cries. Suddenly, to add to the distress of the tormented orator, the lights went out. Dick Jones, who had vainly tried to stem the tide of abuse by cries of "Shame!" in which his father aided him, now started to his feet. He reached for the huge chandelier which swung above his head, and succeeded in turning on the gas, but his lighted match came short of the distance to the burners. Quick as a flash, he whipped out his pocket-handkerchief, and threw it, aflame, as far as his arm could go. The jets of fire sprang up to answer it, and a cheer from the rogues in the gallery told of their appreciation of the dramatic deed. They began to applaud as vigorously as they had hooted. A whisper also went the rounds that Dick Jones was escorting Miss Turner, and "he was a deuced good fellow; too good to treat that way." So, for Dick's sake, and by means of his spirited action, the tumult was quelled. But Mr. Turner, who had retired to the dressing-room with the return of the lights, could not be induced to again mount the platform.

Tephi had started up impulsively when the outcry commenced; and then, realizing her impotence, had sunk back into her seat. She joined her father as soon as Dick could conduct her and Ethel around to the side entrance, and the quartette drove homeward in silence. Dick had said nothing, but the tenderness with which he had helped Mr. Turner into his overcoat and assisted him to the carriage had won a grateful glance from Tephi.

Not a word was said save the good-nights at the door, and Dick's "Can I do anything?" answered by Tephi's quiet "No." She drew her father into the library, and went down before the grate to coax whatever life lurked within the ashes out into a blaze. Then she brought him his glass of milk and some of Mrs. Stubbs's cake.

He drank the milk, and seemed refreshed; broke off a crumb of the cake and nibbled at it. Then he said, "Tephi,

we will go away from here to-morrow."

"Yes, dear."

"You will see Mr. Jones early in the morning?"

"Yes, dear."

That was all. He kissed her gently, took his candle, and went steadily out of the library to his own room.

Out of the unknown had come the scholar and his daughter, and into the unknown they again disappeared. Once only did news come of them, and that was to one who never knew them, present or absent—Professor Leonard. A friend, a brother historian, to whom the unimportant professor of a country college looked up as to an oracle, was visiting Amity.

"By-the-way, Leonard," he said one day, "you had John Turner here awhile, a year ago."

"No?" queried the professor, with a perplexed look which said, "Who under the sun is John Turner?"

"Why, yes; John Turner, the great Bible scholar. He's a fanatic upon one subject, the identification of lost Israel with the Anglo-Saxons; but he's the finest Bible student we have, and eloquent too."

"You don't mean that Identity man?" faltered Leonard. "I didn't meet him."

"What! he was here four months and you never knew him? That is a joke on you! I remember now he did seem reticent on the subject of Amity. I suppose you all gave him the cold shoulder. I declare your New England towns are oysters which only a patented great grandfather can open. We do things better over in Germany. You may hobnob with all sorts and conditions of men there over a bottle of beer." The historian spoke with more complacency of the land of his adoption than a native German would have shown. "But Turner ought to have presented letters," he continued. "I would have been glad to give them to him."

"He has a daughter, I believe?" Leonard hastened to ask, seeking to change the subject, if only by a generation.

"Yes; just married Constant Wilson, the poet. They are a fine pair. Their Thursdays are considered quite the thing in New York. She is a bright woman. But John Turner was here four months and you never met him! Ha! ha! I can't get over that!"

REMINISCENCES OF N. P. WILLIS AND LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

BY GEORGE TICKNOR CURTIS.

I CHANCED recently to read some remarks made by the Easy Chair about Willis. This mention of him awakened in me some recollections of his early days in Boston, and also of Miss Lydia Maria Francis, afterward Mrs. Child, whose literary career began at about the same time as his, and whom I knew intimately until after her marriage. 'Tis sixty years since, but my memory of things happening in my youth is vivid and strong.

I can recall many illustrations of what the Easy Chair calls Mr. Willis's "pleasant audacity," but I can hardly say, with the Easy Chair, that his secret was "tact" at the time when I knew him slightly, and knew a good deal of him. He made himself acceptable to persons of his own age of both sexes, but not to older people. The Easy Chair was quite right in saying that among his contemporaries there was "some impression of the coxcomb," but it was a good deal more than an impression.

I quite agree that he was a good-hearted fellow, and I am rather inclined to rate his talents higher than he ever rated them himself, if we are to judge by the use that he made of them.

After Willis graduated from Yale in 1827, he returned to his father's house in Boston. Some of Willis's scriptural poems had been published while he was in college, and when he returned home he had quite a little reputation as a poet. I am not aware that he had then published anything in prose, but he soon established in Boston, and edited, a magazine, the name of which I do not now recall, and in it he began that marvellously easy, graceful, half flippant, and wholly enjoyable style of prose writing that distinguished him through life. He passed his little judgment upon books with a most amusing gravity; but, according to my recollection, in some part of the magazine he made himself and his social experi-

ences, under a thin disguise, very prominent topics.

At the time of which I am writing, the name, *dude* and the character, were unknown. The character now implies something of a fool; and Willis, fop as he was, was by no means a fool. We had *dandies* in those days, and Willis was a dandy of the first water, in manners, dress, and conversation, while he was also a hard worker, after his fashion of literary work, but he was not a student. Willis at this time drove a square-topped gig, being that two-wheeled vehicle known as a Boston "chaise," but with a square instead of a bellows top, the leather sides of which were rolled up in fine weather, disclosing short green silk curtains on the inside. His horse, which he named Thalaba, was a tall, high-stepping bay, as showy as his master. His whip was the fashionable "bow whip" of the period, common enough now, to be sure, with a long lash, tapering down to a fine silk "snapper" on the end.

The stock of the whip was mounted with bright, silver-plated ferrules, and the harness had a good deal of such ornamentation also. Willis drove this establishment, which was by no means a "vehicle of little ease," as Scott described the stage-coach in which the Antiquary and Lovel took passage from Edinburgh to the Queen's Ferry; and Thalaba was not only well known on the roads leading out of Boston, but figured in the magazine as well, when the young editor drove over the hard flooring of the beach that stretches from Lynn to the rocky peninsula of Nahant.

One Commencement Day at Cambridge—we did not say "Harvard" in those days, we said "Cambridge" when speaking of either the college or the town—I, a boy of fifteen, was standing in front of the old parish meeting-house, in which the Commencement exercises and ceremonies were always held, waiting to see the Governor's procession arrive. It was the custom for the procession of the college dignitaries to be formed in the old library in Harvard Hall, and to move thence to the meeting-house, preceded by a band of music and attended by one or two gouty old constables with long tip-staves. On this occasion the Governor's procession was a little late, and the head of it did not arrive at the door of the meeting-house until just after the college

procession had passed in. The Governor and the Honorable the Council used to start in open carriages from the State-house in Boston, and proceed over Cambridge bridge, escorted by a troop of horse, whose bugles blew a ringing blast as the head of the column entered the village of old Cambridge. The Governor (at this time the Hon. Levi Lincoln, a very dignified person, who on occasions of state always wore black coat and breeches and black silk stockings), was attended in his carriage by his *oracles*, in full uniform, one of whom, I remember, was the late Josiah Quincy, then Josiah Quincy, Jun. After all the dignitaries were seated on the handsomely carpeted stage erected around and in front of the old pulpit, with its sounding-board pending from the ceiling—President Kirkland in the chair (in his academic robes and square official cap, with a silk tassel hanging from the left corner), the corporation, the overseers, the professors and tutors, his Excellency the Governor and his staff, his Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and the Council, the sheriff of Middlesex (in a blue coat and gilt buttons and a high red velvet collar, with his sword at his side), all seated around; the galleries filled with fashionably dressed ladies without bonnets, accompanied by well-dressed gentlemen; the graduating class seated in pews nearest the stage; and the rest of the house packed by the less distinguished multitude—the scene, for a small one, was rather striking, and, at all events, it was dignified, when one remembered that it was the great annual day of "this ancient and venerable university," as the college orators, both in Latin and English, were wont to call it.

As I was saying, the Governor's procession arrived at the front door of the meeting-house, and from each of the carriages successively the solemn officials alighted and walked in. The last vehicle in the procession, and as if a part of it, contained Willis, seated alone in his gig, dressed in a green frock-coat, white waist-coat, buff-colored nankeen trousers, low-cut shoes, and white stockings, all supremely fine; his broad-brimmed Leghorn hat lay on the seat by his side. With an air of supreme nonchalance he tossed his reins to a hostler who stood there waiting for such chances, put a quarter into the man's hand, and told him to take Thalaba to a certain livery-stable. He

then passed up the broad aisle in the wake of the procession, and if he did not ascend the stage and seat himself among the dignitaries, it must have been because there was no room.

This exhibition impressed Willis on my retina and my memory most vividly. The next time I saw him was a week or two afterward at my mother's house in Cambridge, where Lydia Maria Francis was then staying. She had already published anonymously her *Hobomok, a Tale*, and had printed some other things. It was pretty well known, notwithstanding the first concealment, that she was the authoress of that story. Willis called upon her to try and engage her to write for his magazine. I was in the parlor, and heard the conversation. Miss Francis did not make any promise to write. When he entered the house he had his bow whip in his hand, having left his gig at the livery-stable. What on earth he brought his whip for through the streets no one could imagine, unless it was from his inveterate habits of coxcomby. He had the good taste to lay it down on a table in the entry before he entered the parlor. When he went out he resumed it, and as I looked from the window I saw him sauntering by President Kirkland's house, and delicately filliping the leaves of the lilac bushes with his lash, which he handled very gracefully. After Willis went to New York and joined Morris I never saw him but once, and this was on Nassau Street after the slow-consuming disorder which ended his life had begun to settle down upon him. But he was still the same jaunty, easy, gentleman-like person that he always had been. He had wrapped about his neck, in a style that only he could have devised, a long scarf in bright colors.

Having spoken of Mrs. Child, I will give my reminiscences of that gifted lady's youth. Her brother, the Rev. Converse Francis, afterward a Cambridge D.D., was settled (about 1820) as the minister of the old Congregational and territorial parish of Watertown, which adjoins Cambridge on the west. This was my native town, and until her removal to Cambridge, my mother, who was also born there, had always lived there. Mr. Francis was our parish minister, and a most excellent and faithful one he was, besides being a ripe scholar. After his marriage, his sister, who was always call-

ed by her middle name alone, Maria Francis, came to live with him. She was living there when, at the age, I think, of eighteen, she published her *Hobomok*. This book was harshly criticised by some of the old Puritan folk, because the authoress had married the heroine, an English maiden and a Puritan, to a full-blooded Indian, after an English lover to whom she was betrothed had been absent for a long time, and was falsely supposed to be dead. But everybody felt the genius and power of the writer. At this time Miss Francis became very intimate with my mother, and often made visits of weeks at our house. Mr. David Lee Child, who I think was then about thirty, was studying law in a lawyer's office in Watertown. He had been secretary or attaché of legation in Spain, when Alexander Everett was our minister there, under President John Quincy Adams. Mr. Child was a politician, and a very ardent one, on the Adams side, in the contest with General Jackson. At my mother's house he became acquainted with Miss Francis. At first she did not like him; perhaps she distrusted him. Their intercourse was mostly banter and mutual criticism, amounting sometimes to what might be taken as evidence of mutual repugnance. Observers, and my maiden aunt particularly, used to say, "Those two people will end by marrying"; but upon what law of contraries was not quite apparent. My mother said nothing. Things went on in this way until my mother, in 1825, removed to Cambridge. Miss Francis became again an inmate in my mother's house after our removal to Cambridge. She was not a beautiful girl in the ordinary sense; but her complexion was good, her eyes very bright, her mouth expressive, and her teeth fine. She had a great deal of wit, liked to use it, and did use it upon Mr. Child, who was a frequent visitor, but her deportment was always maidenly and lady-like. Mr. Child had been admitted to the bar, and had opened an office in Boston, but he was not acquiring much practice. One evening, about nine o'clock, he rode out of Boston on horseback, and instead of leaving his horse at a livery-stable, he tied him by his bridle rein to a post at my mother's front door, which opened directly on the street, at the top of two or three steps, and then he came into the parlor to see Miss Francis. My mother, who believed that

The *de-nouement* had come, or was coming, retired to her chamber, and sent me to bed. Mr. Child pressed his suit most earnestly. The lady was a long time in making up her mind. Ten o'clock came, then eleven, then twelve. The horse, grown impatient and no doubt very cold and hungry, repeatedly put his forefeet upon the wooden steps and stamped away, as much as to say, "Take me home, or let me go by myself." Mr. Child went out once or twice to pacify him, then returned, and went on with the momentous conversation. At last, just as the clock was on the stroke of one, he went. Miss Francis, when the horse's foot-falls ceased to be heard, rushed to my mother's room, and told her that she was engaged to Mr. Child.

Mr. Child did not remain many years in active practice, being drawn away from it by those philanthropic "causes" in which his wife and he took such strong interest, and to which they devoted their lives and all the money that they could spare, most of it of her making.

Immediately after their marriage they went to house-keeping in a very small house in Boston, most plainly furnished by the little money which Mrs. Child had saved out of her literary earnings. I dined with her once in that very hum-

ble home. She kept no servant, and did her own cooking. She had prepared a savory dish, consisting of a meat-pie, perhaps mutton, baked in a small oven, and there were roasted or baked potatoes, and a baked Indian pudding.

Mr. Child came in to the two-o'clock dinner, breezy, cheerful, and energetic as ever. There was no dessert, and no wine, no beverage of any kind but water, not even a cup of tea or coffee. This was the beginning of the married life of Lydia Maria Child, a woman of genius, who, in a worldly point of view, ought to have had a different lot, but who never faltered or failed in her duty to her husband, and who was, beyond all doubt, perfectly happy in her relations with him through their long lives. I very seldom met her after the first year or two of her married life. As years went on, and I came forward into life, my associations, sympathies, and opinions were with those conservative forces of society which were supposed to be and were antagonistic to those in which Mrs. Child's life became absorbed. But while I have always deplored many of the doings and utterances of the early abolitionists, I can do justice to Mrs. Child, and I like to think of her literary character, and especially of her intellectually brilliant youth.

• A FLAGGIN'.

BY S. P. McLEAN GREENE.

DOWN in the rushes a little bent old form, a pair of ancient silver-rimmed spectacles from which the bows were lost, tied, therefore, with yarn to a silver-gray head.

And a heart happy after endless sorrow.

Much conversation going on there in the meadow between the wind in the flags and the waving field lilies and this same little old soul of a woman. Seemed a lofty tiger-lily to be nodding at her as to a companion in pride.

"Yes," she answered, pausing with her hand on the trowel; "I know it. I'm jes as proud and jes as stuck-up as you be! Seving orders this morning for seving half-pounds of sweet-flag at seving-teen cents. Yes, the world and the riches thereon are a-swallerin' me up. It's a-chokin' out the good seed. I feel it.

I'm a-gittin' jes as bad as them great expectorators onto Wall Street—jes as bad."

The begrimed little woman rose with her basket of flag roots.

"Good-by," said she, turning as usual with punctilious politeness to the waving flags and the nodding lilies—"good-by. I shall be down ag'in to-morrer, if pleasant."

And she walked seriously away with her burden, and a head more bowed than usual from that sore conflict which was going on within her between conscience and pecuniary pride.

Yet she had but eight dollars laid away in her coffers, and that would soon be due for rent. But Mrs. Malvers, whose young husband had died of a fever, leaving her a weakly woman with three children, had not wanted for bread and vegetables all

summer, all through the "little sweet-flag woman," as only she and the little sweet-flag woman knew. And Johnny McGrudy, who had been obliged to turn and face approaching carriages because he was so very ragged indeed in the rear, or to climb up and sit on the fence in case of carriages approaching from both directions—Johnny could now walk bravely along the highway in a pair of whole trousers, all through the little sweet-flag woman, as only he and she knew. And other secrets she held with the outcast of the universe. For she was just as ridiculously improvident as her companions the lilies, that threw their blossoms to the breeze—just as ridiculously improvident.

And now, the road being lonely, she burst into shrill beseeching song:

"Jesus, keep me near the cross!"

Near enough the cross, it would seem, had the little sweet-flag woman ever been kept. All through her youth, from her willingness and simplicity, a drudge fit for imposition and cheap hire; lowly born and ignorant and poor and plain, and so simple in a world all so wise, and now singing plaintively for the worldly heart of prosperity and pride there was in her,

"Jesus, keep me near the cross!"

Other appropriate songs she sang as she was cleansing and preserving the sweet-flag roots, clearly and notably, "Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow"; but the music suddenly ceased as she climbed up the stairs to the bare and lonely chamber of her little tenement. For here she knew she was to meet with a new and graver struggle. The fine ladies of the village, with that convenient inconsequence which often attaches to the notion of charity, had endowed the little sweet-flag woman with a literal plethora of cast-off bonnets: huge antique bonnets of high-born though unfashionable dames, mingled with the jaunty head gear of the summer guests at the Burnham House, of all shapes, styles, and colors. The little sweet-flag woman tried them on before a cracked looking-glass on which the afternoon light shone sickly.

The different combinations of head-dress and countenance reflected there were ludicrous supremely, and would undoubtedly, could she have seen them, have driven Mrs. Delano, of the hotel, into

a fit of the hysterics, even if she had not, as she frequently said, "expired." But the little sweet-flag woman gazed with a sort of awed rapture at each new presentation of herself. For she saw there, not her own deformed and blighted features, but the graciousness which to her mind had crowned each loving gift, until the contemplation proved too much for her.

"Why," she murmured to herself, "should I be made so beautiful and so much thought on above others? I will not!" and she determinedly replaced the bonnets, and selected one of an old hood-like pattern that she had worn for many years. It was newly ornamented with sprays of field grass, colored purple by her own art—so dear, after all, was beauty to her earthly soul. The sprays of grass were arranged in the form of a bouquet at each ear, and the effect was strikingly singular, but none the less was the heart of the little sweet-flag woman touched with an instinct of danger from that overweening tendency to spiritual pride. So, having donned this bonnet, she merely allowed herself the briefest glance of awed admiration in the glass, and turned and walked resolutely away.

She tied up the preserved flag in neat packages, and set out on her afternoon travels. And first she wended her way toward the piazza of the summer hotel, where she had been very successful in her sales hitherto.

Mrs. Delano was sitting, as usual, on the piazza, attended by two or more fashionable young men, not including her husband, but always, it was noticed, including the black eyes and curly brown head of young Arthur Thornley. When she saw the little sweet-flag woman approaching in her grass-spray bonnet, she, with that emotional temper which made her usually so fascinating, gave vent to an ejaculation of delight. "Here's better than the whole Daly company combined," she cried. "I'm going over nearer the steps. I'm positively going to engage the whole of her this afternoon. She sells the most shockingly vile, peppery concoction, do you know. Something she digs originally out of the earth, and adds to it. I buy it, and throw it away. But she is so excruciatingly funny. Come!"

The beautiful woman, in her trailing laces, moved across the piazza, carrying with her the perfume and grace as of some lovely flower. Arthur Thornley carried

her chair, another admirer brought her shawl, and a third watched the opportunity to gather up and bring to her her handkerchief and fan.

"Oh, Miss Deans," she cried—from which it appears that the "little sweet-flag woman" had a name—"I'm so delighted to see you! You must sit down and rest; positively you must. I've got such a large order for your luscious—confectionery."

Joy and that unconquerable spirit of worldly pride surged up again in the heart of the little sweet-flag woman. What was she that this supernal creature should so condescend to her? "Do you know what you make me think on, Mis' Delano?" she said.

"Oh, *do* tell me."

"You make me think o' one o' these here tall lilies as I meets with down in the medders, as it is said thereon, Solom-ing, in all his glory, was not fixed up like one o' them."

"Thank you, Miss Deans," replied Mrs. Delano, with a gurgle of laughter. "And do tell me, how is business?"

"It's jist wonderful," answered the little sweet-flag woman, solemnly. "My goin's in and my goin's out hev ben so prospered that Sating has sometimes took a holt o' my heart and said, 'I will not let thee go.'"

"Mrs. Delano can sympathize with you, perhaps," said one of that lady's admirers, with grave speech and twinkling eyes.

"Not at all," the beauty replied. "He knows that in my case there is no use in assuming a struggle. But, dear Miss Deans, why do you shrink so from prosperity? Do you know, I think it's quite the loveliest thing possible."

"For some it is," said the little sweet-flag woman, lifting her eyes adoringly. "But some," she added, with conscious sorrow, "it lifts up."

Mrs. Delano coughed extravagantly behind her fan. "But do tell me, Miss Deans, your confectionery has medicinal qualities, has it not? You really don't know how extremely I think it bene-ficial."

"Oh it does! it does! To them as needs tonic, it is a tonic; to them as needs bracing, it is a bracer; and to them as is too much toned, it is a slackener and a setter."

"I recommend it—in large quantities,

Mrs. Delano," said the admirer who had before spoken.

"But I don't see," continued the lady, "how under those circumstances you ever dig enough of it up to supply your customers."

"I can't," said the little sweet-flag woman, the demon of speculative pride strong within her; "the demand is so fur exceeding of the supply."

Mrs. Delano counted some money from her purse. "I must have all you have with you to-day at least," she said.

"I must petition for four pounds also, just as soon as you can possibly procure it for me," said Mrs. Delano's admirer. "Allow me to pay you in advance. And if I should be absent during the week, please leave it here at the hotel, securely tied, and distinctly marked with my name."

The little sweet-flag woman's heart was full and swelling. She could not bear it. She burst out impetuously with the pleading strain,

"Jesus, keep me near the cross,"

and continued to the refrain,

"In the cross,
In the cross,
Be my glory ever,
Till my raptured soul shall find
Rest beyond the river."

The cracked and weary old voice died away quite softly at last.

"Oh, how charming!" said Mrs. Delano, presently, her shining eyes reappearing over the disk of her fan. "The religious unrest of the day has not affected you, Miss Deans? You still believe that there is a 'beyond the river'?"

"Believe!" said the little sweet-flag woman with unconscious dignity. "I have not only believed, I have *seen* there-on."

"You shock me!"

"It were not shocking," she continued, simply; "it were most beautiful, exceeding. I were a-diggin' of flag down in the medders, and I were so uncommon overtook o' weariness as I fell asleep. And first it was so plain as I thought it was our own river as I had fell asleep by in the medder; but then I seen that it was not that river, but another. And as I looked I seen that the banks was not them banks, but another. And they was a different light upon them, sech as I cannot find words to tell on; and they led away into

gardings and cyperss groves and palerees; and they was forms there—they was forms there that I knew!"

"But that was a *dream*, Miss Deans."

The little sweet-flag woman lifted her faded eyes without doubt or tremor. "No, Mis' Delano, *that were not a dream*."

"Dear me! I should have been frightened out of my wits. I should have thought I was dead, don't you know?"

"But the Sperrit came and awakened of me, and said, 'Wait—wait a little longer. Fight on a little longer.' Some calls it the wind, but it is also the Sperrit. Flowers knows it, and all sech as is out-er-doors and has neither store-house nor barns. Senet I have been down a-flaggin' so much I have ketched some words of it. It comes down beyent the sun, and it makes a shade, and it blows onto them beautiful tall lilies, and says, 'Be pure—be pure.' And they bows their heads, and says, 'Oh, ef we only might be pure!' And it says, 'His blood cleanseth from all sin. Oh, be pure—be pure!' And some, I have noticed, of the tallest and beautefulest, after the Sperrit has whispered 'em, they never lift their heads agin, mornin' nor evenin', for a-sighin', 'Ef we only might be pure!'"

Mrs. Delano shook herself together with a slight shudder. "Ugh! I'm as *eerie* as a ghou!" she said. "Miss Deans usually enlivens me so. But this evening she has made me a fit subject for a belfry tower. I'm positive I could fly if I should try."

"Angel!" whispered Arthur Thornley, his lips close to the lady's ear.

Instead of the usual blush, a hint of pallor came to Mrs. Delano's cheek.

"It is growing late; it is quite too cold out here," she said, rising. "Dear Miss Deans, do call again to-morrow. You must not neglect me, you know, for I expect to leave Burnham's next week. Will you come in? Ah! well, good-night."

Mrs. Delano, who was society worn, had repaired to Burnham's for a little needed breathing space before the butterfly should spread her wings for a new season.

In going to the station on the morning of her departure she ordered her carriage driven by the way of the river road. She looked. There was the little old bent form at work, as usual, in the flags. She listened. "Jesus, keep me near the cross," came wafted across the narrow stream—a voice all too jubilant, struggling to be kept conscious of its earthly load.

Being alone, Mrs. Delano did not conceal the look of weariness and care that came over her face. She glanced back at the form of the little sweet-flag woman with a strange look of despair, and even of envy, in her beautiful eyes.

For fading charms and swift sorrows, broken pride and worldly loss, and the sure-approaching, the unknown shadow of death—these all might come, should come. And she thought how to the meek soul singing in the flags it would be only as a familiar step to the banks of that river which is not earth's sullen change-ful stream, but another; and of the strain of unbelieving joy which should pierce that simple heart when the Lord himself should say to her, "Thou art worthy."

THE FIRST OIL WELL.

THE BIRTH OF A GREAT INDUSTRY.

BY PROFESSOR J. S. NEWBERRY.

WHEN, in 1860, the first great oil wells were opened in western Pennsylvania, the public were altogether taken by surprise, and it was generally supposed that the "rock oil" which then began to be produced there in such quantity was a newly discovered material. But this was far from being true. Petroleum has been known and more or less utilized by man since the beginning of the historic period. In China, 2000 and perhaps 3000 years ago, wells bored for salt yielded petroleum, which was gathered and used for

lighting and for medicine. So the oil springs on the banks of the Caspian Sea were known to the Persians fully 3000 years ago, and from the frequency with which the gas and oil were there spontaneously ignited, the place was held sacred by the fire-worshippers, and they made pilgrimages to it as the Mohammedans to Mecca. Perhaps the earliest use of petroleum by man was in the vicinity of Babylon, where the fountains of Hit, which are flowing at the present day, yielded a tarry oil, which soon by evaporation formed

an asphalt that was used as a cement in building the walls of the city, as well as those of the Birs Nimroud (Tower of Babel), and many palaces and temples.

Coming down to more recent times, oil wells were sunk hundreds of years ago on the banks of the Irrawaddy, in India, and the "Rangoon" petroleum produced from them was an article of commerce in London at the beginning of the present century. So petroleum as medicine was in use in Europe and this country throughout the last hundred years. It was produced from springs near Haarlem, in Holland, and was called Haarlem Oil. Among my earliest recollections is the remembrance of seeing in a drug store a package of ounce bottles filled with a black, thick fluid which had a nauseous odor. It was the famous Haarlem Oil. The bottles were wrapped in circulars beginning with the title of the medicine, "Medicamentum gratis probatum," etc., and specifying at great length and in the most laudatory terms the many virtues of this panacea.

Nor was petroleum a novelty in this country. Before the whites gained possession of the interior of the State of New York, oil springs were known near the present town of Cuba, from which a small amount of petroleum was gathered by the Indians, and used principally as a liniment. After the purchase of this territory from the Indians, the product of these springs was known as "Seneca Oil," and as such was distributed widely over the country, where it was used by the whites, as before by the Indians, chiefly for burns, bruises, sprains, etc.

Later, oil springs were found in many parts of the Mississippi Valley, and those along Oil Creek, in Pennsylvania, gave the name to this stream. There the oil was collected by the Indians, and afterward by the French *royageurs*, by laying blankets on the pools where the oil formed films, and then wringing them out. Similar springs were also discovered at various places in eastern Ohio, western Virginia, and on the upper Cumberland, in Kentucky and Tennessee.

When the inhabitants of the seaboard migrated to the interior, they left behind them the principal source of that all-essential article in domestic economy, common salt; and one of their first cares was to obtain it in the country to which they had come. Salt springs were common, and their places were marked by the holes

scooped out by the licking of deer, buffalo, etc. These were called "deer licks." The brine these springs yielded was generally weak, being diluted with surface water, and presently efforts were made to secure stronger brine by digging and boring. These efforts were successful, and soon hundreds of salt wells lined the Alleghany, Monongahela, and Kanawha rivers. With the increase of population the wells multiplied, and this was for a long time the most important salt-producing district of the country, yielding annually 1,000,000 barrels of salt. The salt-water obtained from these wells was generally accompanied by natural gas, and often contaminated by petroleum. The gas was largely utilized in West Virginia for the evaporation of the brine, while the petroleum was often excluded, like streams of fresh water, by a packing around the pump tube, or plugging the hole below the source of the salt-water. The packing was done by a simple but ingenious device which afterward was universally adopted in working the oil wells; that is, a sleeve of leather was passed over the tube, and at the right point was tied fast and filled with dry flaxseed. Then, when sunk to the proper place, the flaxseed swelled, making a water-tight jacket.

In the salt wells on the upper Cumberland, about Burkesville, Kentucky, still larger quantities of petroleum were found, and here, in 1829, was opened the first of the great fountain wells which have constituted the most wonderful phenomena in the production of oil. In Niles's Register for 1829 will be found a short notice of this fountain well, which was described as one of the wonders of the world. In boring for salt, at a depth of about 300 feet, a reservoir of gas and oil of great dimensions was struck. By the elasticity of the gas the tools were thrown out of the well, and a jet of oil was produced which rose as high as the tops of the trees. This formed a rivulet, which ran down to the Cumberland River, where the oil covered the surface for many miles. About forty miles below Burkesville the film of oil was accidentally ignited, and for some days the strange and interesting spectacle was there seen of a burning river. The inhabitants were naturally greatly alarmed, for that task of proverbial difficulty, "setting the river on fire," had been there accomplished; and sup-

posing that the conflagration which had attacked the river would naturally spread over the more combustible shores, a general panic was produced, and it was thought that the end of the world had surely come. Fortunately, after about three weeks, the flow of oil stopped, and no more damage was done; but no one regarded the loss of millions of barrels of oil, since it was then entirely valueless. Some years after, an enterprising citizen pumped oil from this well, and sold it over the country as an embrocation. When I was stationed in Kentucky during the war, I still found bottles of it in the drug-stores, where it was sold as "American Oil," and was held to be a valuable remedy.

In and about Tarentum, on the Alleghany River, are many salt wells. In some of them the amount of petroleum rising with the brine has been sufficient to cause serious inconvenience to the salt-makers, and it has been, as far as practicable, excluded by the method already described. Some years ago an effort was made to utilize this oil, and by pumping the salt-water into a tank, and letting it out at the bottom, the oil accumulated at the surface, and could be drawn off. In this way sometimes a barrel a day was collected. This was bottled and sent all over the United States for medicinal purposes, and as "Kier's Petroleum" is doubtless still remembered by many older persons.

To complete the history of the petroleum industry, it should be said that it was sought and used in North America perhaps as early as anywhere else in the world, since it was collected in many places and in large quantity by that mysterious people or peoples whom we know as "The Mound Builders." When, in 1859, I went to Titusville, like thousands of others, called there by the Drake oil well, I noticed that the bottom-lands on Oil Creek below the town, and where covered with a magnificent forest of hemlock-trees, were pitted in a peculiar way; that is, the surface was occupied by a series of contiguous depressions ten or fifteen feet in diameter, and from one to three feet in depth. These were circular and symmetrical, in that respect differing from the pits formed by uprooted trees. Inquiring of Brewer and Watson, who had an oil well there, what was the cause of this series of pits, I received no satisfactory answer from them; but a by-stander an-

swered my question by taking me to his well, just begun in the vicinity. As it chanced, this well was sunk in one of the pits before referred to. It was carried to the depth of about twenty-five feet in the earth when the rock was reached and the drilling begun. Throughout this depth it followed the course of an old well, which had been cribbed up with timber, and in it was a ladder such as was commonly used in the copper mines of Lake Superior by perhaps the same people who worked the oil wells. This ladder was a portion of a small tree of which the trunk was thickly set with branches. These were cut off four or five inches from the trunk, and thus formed steps by which the well-owner could go down and gather the oil as it accumulated on the surface of the water, just as was done by the old oil producers on the banks of the Caspian and the Irrawaddy. Some of the trees which grew over the pits which marked the sites of oil wells were three and even four feet in diameter, thus proving that the wells had been *abandoned* at least 400 or 500 years ago.

At Enniskillen, Canada, and at Mecca and Grafton, Ohio, I found similar ancient oil wells. At Enniskillen the oil was obtained by sinking pits through forty or fifty feet of impervious clay. Beneath this the oil accumulated on the surface of the limestone, and sometimes thousands of barrels flowed out when one of these reservoirs was tapped. In sinking one pit, which was seven by fourteen feet in area, on the banks of Black Creek, the operators found that one corner of their shaft cut into an older shaft which had been filled up with rubbish, twigs, leaves, etc. At the depth of twenty-seven feet from the surface a pair of deer's antlers were taken from this old pit. Here, as on Oil Creek, the surface was occupied with trees three feet in diameter, and some of them were growing immediately over the old oil well.

The progress of the events narrated on the preceding pages brings us down to the year 1850. The most esteemed illuminator then used in the country was sperm-oil. By the activity of the New Bedford whalers, who sought their prey in all seas, the number of whales was so much reduced that sperm-oil had become relatively scarce, and had reached a price of \$2 25 a gallon. A cheaper illuminator was thus a great desideratum, and this was found

Creek, and on all other sides by 'no man's land,' as the territory was regarded as so valueless that it was thought unnecessary to bound it otherwise. The parties owning the leased lands reserved merely the surface for lumber-yards, where the logs which were brought in rafts down Oil Creek to the saw-mill were converted into lumber.

In 1856, after the Pennsylvania Rock Oil Company was organized, all the property which the company owned or had leased was sublet to parties in New York, who were to develop the same vigorously, and to pay a royalty upon all productions. The royalty for oil was twelve cents a gallon.

Before the parties in New York had begun developing the resources of the land the hard times of 1857 came on, which crippled them, and they were unable to fulfil their contracts. Searching for a way to be released, they discovered that the wife of one of the parties from whom the purchase was made had neglected to sign the deed. Taking advantage of that technicality, they surrendered the land on the plea of "defective title." One of the stockholders of the Pennsylvania Rock Oil Company, Mr. James M. Townsend, of New Haven, conceived the idea of examining the property, and, if it was found as reported, of assuming the leases surrendered by the New York parties. Boarding at the same hotel with Mr. Townsend was a man by the name of E. L. Drake, who had been a conductor on the New York and New Haven Railroad, and had been compelled to leave the road on account of ill health. Mr. Townsend informed Mr. Drake of his project, and proposed that he should go to Pennsylvania in his employment. As he was a railroad man he secured passes, and, furnished with money, went directly to Titusville. His instructions were to examine the property, to perfect the title, and report the result of his examination. His report was that he believed a fortune could be made by gathering and bottling the oil, and selling it for medicinal purposes. Encouraged by this report of Mr. Drake, Mr. Townsend organized a new company, which took the name of "The Seneca Oil Company," and assumed the leases surrendered by the New York parties. The Seneca Oil Company employed Mr. Drake to act as its agent at \$1200 a year, and furnished him the necessary

funds to develop the land. At first the oil was gathered by digging trenches, into which oil and water ran. The oil was collected by spreading over the surface of the water woollen blankets and wringing them out. The oil was then worth, as a medicine, one dollar a gallon; but the quantity collected was small. Other ways of securing it were tried, but were no more successful. In these circumstances the managers of the Seneca Oil Company determined to *bore for oil*. The suggestion is credited, and perhaps justly, to Mr. Drake, who had now, after the custom on the frontier, been dignified with the title of colonel. He went to Tarentum, witnessed the methods of boring for salt, and the exclusion by "seed bags" of fresh water and petroleum, thus causing the pump to draw only from the brine-bearing strata. A man familiar with boring was brought from Syracuse, New York, and work was begun at Titusville in 1859, under the supervision of Colonel Drake. This effort to bore a hole in the earth and suck oil out with a pump, as a boy sucks cider through a straw from a barrel, excited universal ridicule, and Colonel Drake was commonly thought to be insane.

The work progressed but slowly, with many hinderances and interruptions, so that having originally not entire confidence in this method for getting oil, the stockholders, having expended in all something like \$50,000, had become discouraged, and refused to advance any more money, all except Mr. James Townsend, who had been the leading spirit in the enterprise from the first, and who now sent to Colonel Drake \$500, with instructions that should he not have "struck oil" by the time the money reached him, he should use it in paying off his debts, and then to pack up and come home. On the day before the reception of this money, that is, on the 29th of August, 1859, suddenly the auger, which was down sixty-eight feet, struck a cavity, and up came a flow of oil which filled the well to within five feet of the surface. A pump was immediately fitted to the well, and pumping began at the rate of about 500 gallons of oil per day. The company then procured a more powerful pump, with which they were able to raise from 1000 to 1200 gallons per day. As this oil was worth a dollar a gallon in the eastern markets, and eighty cents at Titusville, and after

days and weeks of pumping the yield of the well continued to be constant, it was evident that the Seneca Oil Company was making money with fabulous rapidity, and those who had ridiculed Colonel Drake were now the loudest in his praise. The excitement in the community was intense; there was a rush of outsiders from all parts of the country to Titusville; land was leased and bought in every direction, and all the phenomena of the oil fever, which were repeated at so many centres of excitement, were here first inaugurated. Meanwhile Drake's well pumped steadily on day and night. Large tanks were constructed, and these were in succession filled. Great embarrassment was, however, experienced from the difficulty of procuring barrels in which to put the oil. The nearest point where they could be obtained was at Erie, fifty miles distant, and reached by a road that was wellnigh impassable. However, the members of the oil company felt that a great fortune was within their grasp, and they were the envy of all the thousands who had no oil wells. But "the best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft agley." Something being wrong about the pump, the engineer descended with a lighted candle into the pit above the rock to remove the defect. When he entered the pit it was found to be full of gas, which, taking fire from the candle, produced an explosion that wrecked derrick, pump, and engine-house, besides lighting a fire that consumed everything combustible. Here was a shattering most unexpected of the hopes of the company, at least for months, for it was now autumn, and it would be impossible to replace the buildings and machinery before spring. When this had been done, however, the whole aspect of the oil industry had changed. In the autumn, oil, as has been said, was worth eighty cents a gallon on Oil Creek; but during the winter many wells were put down, and some of them were fountain wells, yielding oil spontaneously in large quantities. The supply was soon far in excess of the demand; which was limited by the small number of refineries, the want of good lamps in which to burn the oil, the conservatism of railroad companies and others who hesitated to use this new lubricator, and the opposition and misrepresentations of the manufacturers of other lubricating oils, whose business was threatened with destruction by this new

competition. Hence, in the spring, when the Seneca Oil Company was ready to resume operations, oil that had been worth a dollar a gallon was now sold for a dollar a barrel, and as the royalty stipulated in their leases to be paid to the land-owners was twelve cents a gallon, it was evident that they could make no money. The case was even worse than this. Those who owned their territory and had no royalty to pay found no market for the product of their wells. Oil would not pay for handling, and became for the time absolutely worthless. The oil business was ruined by its own success.

The Seneca Oil Company was so much discouraged by the outlook that they sold out their interests at Titusville, receiving only so much money as, with that realized from the sale of oil in the autumn, about repaid the \$50,000 they had expended. Such was the fate of the pioneers in this as in so many other great and ultimately successful enterprises.

For a year or two the oil business remained under the cloud that was thrown over it during the first winter. The operators along Oil Creek, of whom I was one, found no market for the product of their wells, and thousands on thousands of barrels of oil were permitted to run into the creek. By this the water was spoiled for drinking purposes, and a supply was only to be had from the springs on the hill-sides. This was brought down in barrels upon stone-boats, and each barrel cost in labor perhaps half a dollar, so that for many months a barrel of good water was worth on Oil Creek more than a barrel of oil.

With the subsequent history of the oil industry most persons are familiar, and it is not necessary here to follow it in detail. Gradually the means of producing and refining oil were extended and improved, new lamps were invented, and it became the illuminator in every country household. Now a reaction took place. Many of the oil wells had been abandoned, the production greatly diminished, until it was exceeded by the demand, and the price of oil rose to ten and even twenty dollars a barrel. This did not long continue, however. Work was resumed on abandoned wells, new oil centres were discovered, the method of transportation by pipe lines was introduced, and gradually the industry rose to the giant proportions which we now see. Although the

price of petroleum has been so much reduced that for several years it has not exceeded a dollar a barrel, the quantity has been so much increased that the aggregate value of the product has been fairly maintained. The greatest pecuniary return from the oil production was in 1877, when oil was worth \$2 42 per barrel, and the product sold for \$31,788,565 82. Since then, the price averaging a dollar a barrel, the value of the production has been about \$20,000,000 a year.

Petroleum has been a priceless gift to the American people, not only as a contribution to the public wealth, but it is a great moral force as well. The cheap and excellent illuminator has made life in the country a different thing from what it was in the dark days of the past. Now every farm-house has its kerosene lamps that prolong the day of the house-

wife, the farmer, and the artisan, making the home brighter and more enjoyable and giving to children and parents additional hours of recreation, work, or mental culture in every day, so that it would be almost as great a privation to take from the country homes the lamp about which they gather as to deprive them of the bread they eat.

The experiments in the distillation of oil from coal and shales in the years before the reign of petroleum began, proved that a good illuminating oil can be produced by distillation at a price not greater than double that for which kerosene is now sold. The materials from which oil can be distilled here exist in inexhaustible quantities, so that we may have an assurance that in all future time the place of petroleum will be, if not perfectly, fairly well supplied from other sources.

THE DREAM OF PHIDIAS.

BY RENNELL RODD.

COME in and see these marble gods of mine,
 Finished and fair now, fit to take their place:
 The hand's achievement, if not all the heart's,
 As first it flashed forth in the fever glow.
 Not yet, Aspasia, has the fire of youth
 Died out so wholly: I still try to dream
 The hand must answer to the heart some day,
 Art compass my ideal. Vain, I know,
 The thought, but I must cling to it. If aught
 Of life and might and majesty illumine
 These marble shapes, bethink you how they moved
 Divine and dreadful in the artist's soul!
 Not yet!—though years increase, and age, they say,
 Reveals to man the measure of his might,
 Restrains youth's wild ambitions, so we may
 Grow perfect in the attainable, nor waste
 The pith of manhood pining for the star.
 But while I may I'll wrestle with my dream!
 Oh, there are times I madden at the thought
 Of impotence to render what I know;
 Always this long laborious process, years
 And pains that go to do one small thing well,
 The poor and partial triumph at the best;
 And all the while new visions here in vain.
 So hears the poet in his soul the sounds
 Mystic, divine, and awful; on his lips
 Only confused low murmuring of high things,
 Not one untroubled echo of delight.
 I can conceive a life let go in dreams
 From sheer despair of saving what it sees.
 Why are we made so—to behold at times
 The heavens open, feel the giant's soul

All capable, with man's weak wearying hand
To grope and struggle in its orb confined
After the shape that glorified the dream?

Well, dreams are dreams. I had a dream one day.
I had gone up into the marble hill
To watch the quarrying, mark what blocks might be
Fair-grained and flawless for this work of mine;
And it was sultry on the heights, and noon,
When great Pan sleeps aweary from the chase,
They say, and pause is on the summer world.
There is a little deep-cut rock ravine,
Cooled with fresh water of perennial springs,
Hidden and low under the burning slopes,
Where summer through the oleanders blow
Rose-red among the shadows, and the air
Is lightly scented with the myrtle bloom;
And thither wandering as chance would, alone,
I made the thyme my pillow, and with face
Turned to Pentelicon, I fell asleep.
And sleeping dreamed.

There in my dream I saw
The mighty gable of the mountain brow
Gleam all one marble surface, smoothed and fair,
Huge and refulgent in the summer sun,
Shaped like the pediment of some vast shrine
For heroes' worship; and I saw and felt,
Like a great sweep of music through my soul,
The artist's inspiration. Grandly grouped
Ranged the immortals in an awful line.
A revelation on an arc of sky.
There in the midst arose the unconceived,
The vast and ancient Ouranos, o'erbowed
To snatch the laughing Earth into his breast,
Earth, the new mother, reaching forth her arms
And straining upward her surrendered lips,
Led on by Love, the oldest of all gods,
And evermore the youngest, Love, the life
Of all things living, wedding earth to sky.
And in the wake of Ouranos, the Winds,
An eager rout of lustiness and life,
The Seasons' sequence, and the dance of Hours,
The maiden keepers of the gate of heaven
Kissing the rosy fingers of the Dawn—
All these sprang into being; and beyond
Upcreased the fiery coursers of the sun,
Spurning the æther with immortal feet,
Mounting and mounting. So in Earth's fair train
Followed her sons the mountains, and the brood
Earth-born that haunt the forests and the rills.
And all the streams that issue from her breast—
A living ripple from the rock's white heart—
And all the rivers of the world drew on
To Ocean rising on a marble wave,
Throned on the car that shakes the rooted hills
And girdles round creation. After these
Was hoary Kronos, with the shadowy eyes
Bent down with weight of ages; kneeling o'er

The form of Rhea, and for counterpart
 Night sank at rest into the veiled embrace
 Of Erebos, on the other side of day,—
 The night of time behind the life and light,
 Bounding the term of knowledge, for beyond
 Where Tartaros, the dim unfathomed void,
 Should be, lay Death, and on the other side
 His brother Sleep, with wings about his brow,
 And drooping eyes that watch across a dream.
 All these I saw, each in his proper place,
 Huge and immortal, as a god should stand;
 And every metope showed a glorious form
 Man, in the morning of his youth and strength,
 Under the gods, but not a whit less fair;
 For all this meant the truce of God with man,
 The miracle of life, the glory of the world.

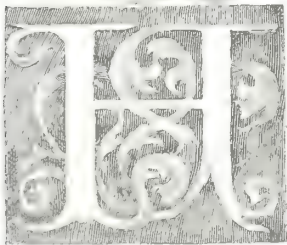
Then a voice cried to me, "Arise, conform
 The hand's achievement to the heart's desire!"
 And I was lifted with a giant's strength,
 A giant's arm against the gleaming wall
 Moving about it on the wings of air;
 And the white marble rained to earth like snow
 Freed by the spring winds as I hacked and hewed,
 Shaping the thoughts that billowed through my brain.
 Time I knew not, nor effort, but the hand
 Answered the spirit as a ship the helm,
 Till all the mountain grew instinct with life
 As at my bidding. When I paused at last
 The sun lay on the crags of Salamis,
 And I surveyed my finished work, the glow
 Gilding the marble foreheads of the gods,
 The realized conception. One great throb
 Of gladness went up through the artist's soul.
 And once on earth dreaming I was content.
 Then lo, I saw how it was lifted up
 On blue pilasters of the evening sky.
 In the sun's face, crowned with the dawning stars,
 Dwarfing mankind's achievement, vast, sublime,
 Worthy of God, and worthy that ideal
 God spurs man ever vainly to pursue.

When I awoke it was all twilight round;
 The misted purple of the mountain-peak
 Looked far ethereal, pointing to a star,
 As though it yearned to reach it, and in vain;
 But near it broadened to the breast of earth
 With long strong arms that gathered in the plain.
 The silent pathos struck me, and I found
 A solace for my vanished dream; for while
 The summit strained toward the unreachèd star,
 Deep in the earth its strong foundations lay.
 And so, Aspasia, will I keep my dreams
 And still aspire, if vainly; but no less
 Perfect this hand within its lowlier sphere,
 Be strong in my own strength, and compass here
 Some part maybe of things attainable
 Before the twilight closes to the night.

PENTELIKON, 1889.

SONNETS BY WORDSWORTH.

ILLUSTRATED BY ALFRED PARSONS



ER only pilot the soft breeze, the boat
Lingers, but Fancy is well satisfied;
With keen-eyed Hope, with Memory, at her side,
And the glad Muse at liberty to note
All that to each is precious, as we float
Gently along, regardless who shall chide
If the heavens smile, and leave us free to glide,

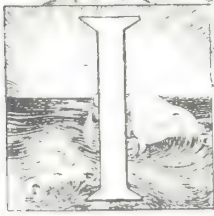
Happy Associates, breathing air remote
From trivial cares. But, Fancy and the Muse.
Why have I crowded this small bark with you
And others of your kind, ideal crew!
While here sits One whose brightness owes its hues
To flesh and blood; no Goddess from above,
No fleeting Spirit, but my own true Love?



SOLE listener, Duddon! to the breeze that played
With thy clear voice, I caught the titful sound
Wafted o'er sullen moss and craggy mound,—
Unfruitful solitudes, that seemed to upbraid

The sun in heaven!—but now, to form a shade
For thee, green alders have together wound
Their foliage; ashes flung their arms around;
And birch-trees risen in silver colonnade.
And thou hast also tempted here to rise,
'Mid sheltering pines, this Cottage rude and gray,
Whose ruddy children, by the mother's eyes
Carelessly watched, sport through the summer day.
Thy pleased associates:—light as endless May
On infant bosoms lonely Nature lies.





It is a beauteous evening, calm and free:

The holy time is quiet as a Nun

Breathless with adoration: the broad sun

Is sinking down in its tranquillity:

The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the Sea.

Listen! the mighty Being is awake,

And doth with his eternal motion make

A sound like thunder—everlastingly.

Dear Child! dear Girl! that walkest with me here,

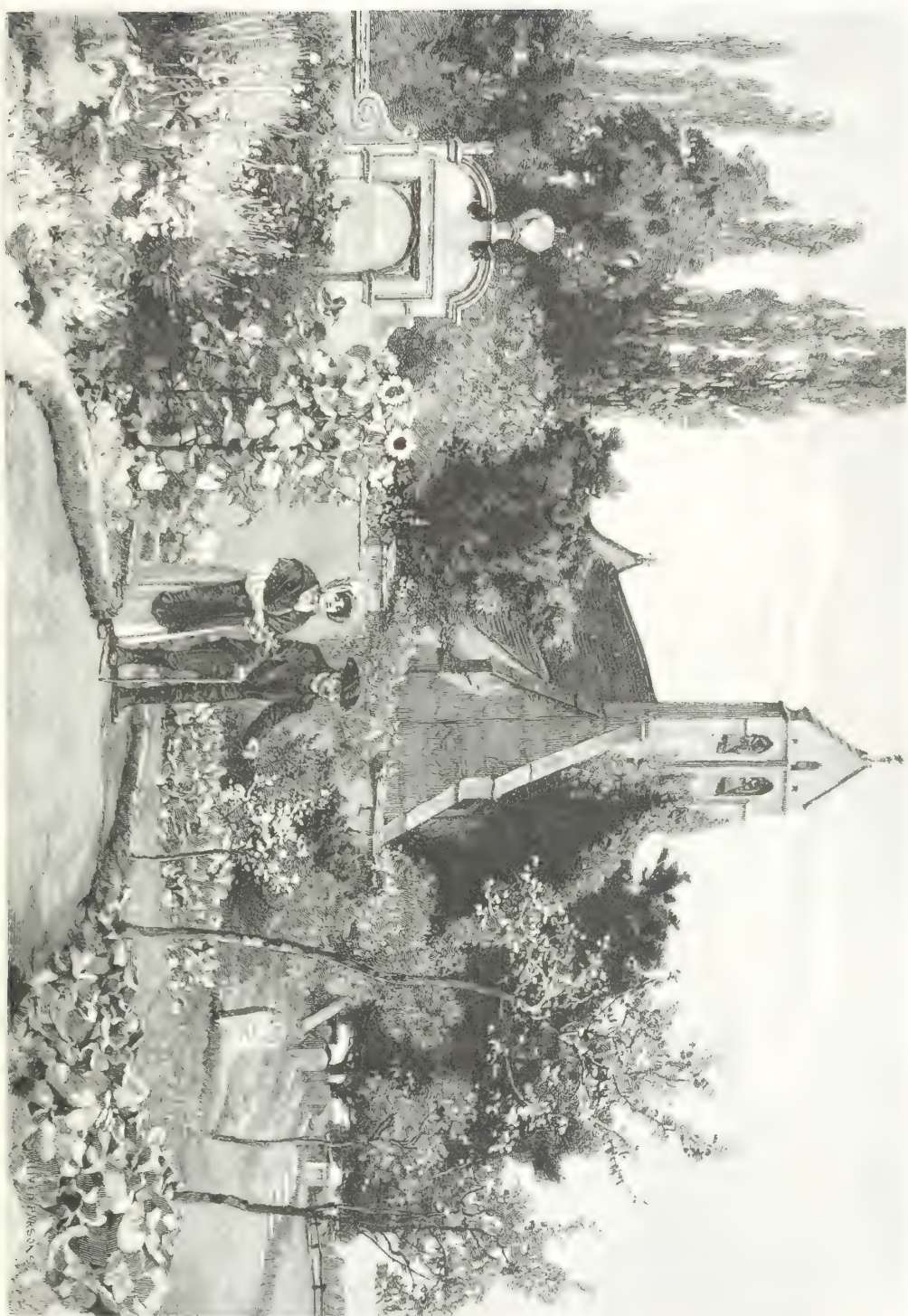
If thou appear untouched by solemn thought,

Thy nature is not therefore less divine:

Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year,

And worshipp'st at the Temple's inner shrine.

God being with thee when we know it not.



BETWEEN NAMUR AND LIEGE.



HAT lovelier home could gentle Fancy choose?

Is this the stream whose cities, heights, and plains,
War's favorite play-ground, are with crimson stains

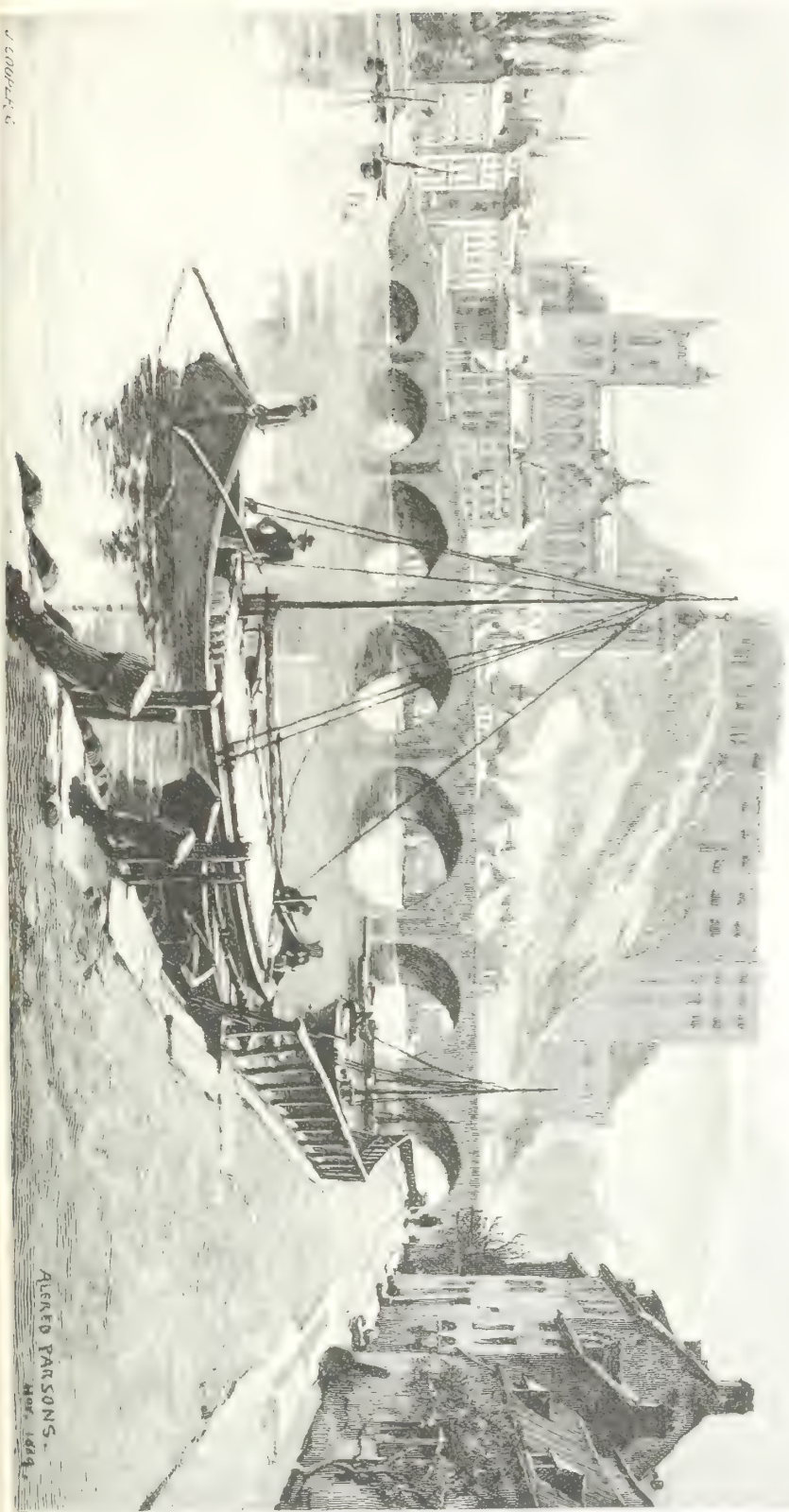
Familiar, as the Morn with pearly dew?—

The Morn, that now, along the silver Meuse,
Spreading her peaceful ensigns, calls the swains
To tend their silent boats and ringing wains,
Or strip the bough whose mellow fruit bestrews
The ripening corn beneath it. As mine eyes
Turn from the fortified and threatening hill,
How sweet the prospect of you watery glade,
With its gray rocks clustering in pensive shade,
That, shaped like old monastic turrets, rise
From the smooth meadow ground, serene and still!



A PARSONAGE IN OXFORDSHIRE.

WHERE holy ground begins, unhallowed ends,
Is marked by no distinguishable line;
The turf unites, the pathways intertwine;
And wheresoe'er the stealing footstep tends,
Garden, and that domain where kindred, friends,
And neighbors rest together, here confound
Their several features, mingled like the sound
Of many waters, or as evening blends
With shady night. Soft airs, from shrub and flower,
Waft fragrant greeting to each silent grave;
And while those lofty poplars gently wave
Their tops, between them comes and goes a sky
Bright as the glimpses of eternity
To saints accorded in their mortal hour.

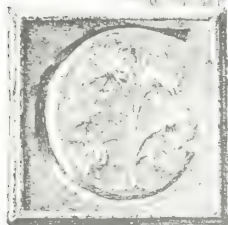


ALBERT PARSONS.

MAY 1844.



Rural Ceremony.



LOSING the sacred Book which long has fed
 Our meditations, give we to a day
 Of annual joy one tributary lay;
 This day, when, forth by rustic music led,
 The village Children, while the sky is red
 With evening lights, advance in long array
 Through the still church-yard, each with garland gay,
 That, carried sceptre-like, o'ertops the head
 Of the proud Bearer. To the wide church door,
 Charged with these offerings which their fathers bore
 For decoration in the Papal time,
 The innocent Procession softly moves:
 The spirit of Laud is pleased in heaven's pure clime,
 And Hooker's voice the spectacle approves!



A WHITE UNIFORM.

BY JONATHAN STURGES.

I.

WHEN, just before he went abroad (in the summer of 1880), he was summoned by his sister Francesca to St. Gertrude's Guild, and when, receiving him in the dark, bare-walled parlor on the ground-floor, what she instantly said to him was: "You are going to Germany? You will remember that the name of the man who ruined your sister Adrienne is Raimund von Werther." Henry Hilary only stammered: "What? Oh yes! Raimund von Werther," and was dazed and taken aback. For really he had forgotten the name of the man who did the thing. He had almost forgotten the thing itself.

And he looked at her with a simple sense of distance. He had hardly seen her since she went to her society, so long ago. She was still the older sister he loved; a tall woman, with something of the barbaric, with bronze hair and great eyes, like their grandmother, the Italian lady. And Henry Hilary was not like that. The impression which her passion stamped on him was only of something dark, unheard of, strange. It left him cold. He could not respond, though he tried. He was not fit to cope with such a fact at all.

And he took after their father's side. His hair was yellow, the color of brass which shines. His face was brown. His teeth were white. His eyes were a bright silverish blue. And now they stared with a kind of gentle wonder at Francesca. Did she remember all that? The old people, their father and mother, seemed to have forgotten; and anyhow they had never felt about it as Francesca did. And the younger children had not even been told.

Then she clutched his arm, and once more told him all the story, and said: "Here is his picture. I found it, and took it off your sister's body. The man was in the Prussian White Cuirassier Regiment of the Guard then. He was a son of the Field-Marshal. You would know him from this, if you saw him—would you not, Henry? Would you not, my little brother?"

But he suggested: "What if he's dead? It's ten years."

She answered: "Oh, be sure he's alive!

Such men never die. You would know him, would you not, Henry? Would you not, my little brother?"

And so he must come out plainly with: "I don't want to. What should I do if I did? Revenge in the nineteenth century? A duel? Good heavens! A murder! And be hung, or tainted the rest of my life. Francesca, I think it's dreadful. But I mean to be free to live my own life, not somebody else's. I want to be happy. As my father said, when he told me all about it: 'The past is dead, and it's always better to bury it when we can. We oughtn't to think or talk about such things.'" And then, however, he added, reluctantly: "Oh yes, I think I might recognize him if I saw him. But I'm not going away positively for that; I'm not going positively to look for him, you know," wishing to soften the blow, kissing her, taking the picture. He never had an idea of putting foot in Berlin, where it had all happened. And, on their own father's warning, he was not going to wilfully tangle up his walk of life with that black hamper.

He was sent to study at Heidelberg; not, as she thought, to look for revenge at Berlin. But he did not tell her that. And as he saw her bitter look, he thought: "Poor Francesca! Poor Francesca!" Glancing at her white, defeated face, "I may run across him somewhere," he repeated, soothingly, aloud.

II.

When, the day of his arrival at his Heidelberg boarding-house, he was about to follow the maid who opened the street door, a sound of trumpets, the sight of soldiers coming round a corner down the narrow street, suddenly arrested him—a regiment of cuirassiers. He turned his head away instantly, with an expression of stubborn and almost sullen gloom upon his face; then, realizing this was not Berlin, smiled, remarked to himself, as he touched her white bare arm to recall her rapt attention from the soldiers, that the maid-servant was very pretty.

He found out who she was an hour after. He had put on his dress suit, having thought it all out gravely to "you never can tell," and he had descended the stone

steps to the floor below, he had gone through the glass door at the head of the landing into the family apartment, where the dining room was discovered. Frau Bülow, the landlady, presented him to the other boarders, and then to "Hedwig, meine Tochter." She was Hedwig, the Fräulein Bülow.

He wondered whether his letting her carry his portmanteau up the stairs like a servant had made her angry, for after they sat down she neglected him, yet showered attentions on a medical gentleman called Pike.

Then he made up his mind that she was not good form, and looking down on every member of the company, except the man named Greenvil, he sat raising his straight blond eyebrows, twirling fiercely with a broad brown hand his blond mustache, straining anxiously with his silverish blue eyes to catch the look of Greenvil for a sympathetic sneer at all those others. For he saw at once that Greenvil was a "very gentlemanly fellow," and he wanted to show him he also knew the Fräulein Bülow was "not a lady." Hilary's courage of mind could manage to maintain this last position even against such facts as are now advanced. Something came out of her eyes when he looked at her carefully which made his heart throb quick and caught his breath. He was obliged to pull himself sharply together.

She had an exciting type of beauty which in Germany is rare, and Czechish ancestry must once have gone with Teuton in her making. Her skin gleamed with the warm whiteness, with the silky purity of pearls, their pale almost green lights; on her straight-stemmed head rested a shining coronal flower of hair, a mass of a strangely sombre yellow; and her eyebrows curved in what is called the "beauty line." Under the lower lids the lashes lay so long and dark that the eyes seemed, as they say, put in with blackened fingers. Men would not want to kiss her mouth, but to kiss the thunder gray of those dark-ringed and drooping eyes. This is what Hilary remarked to himself; in such talks he was very straight. Then, as he sat there listening jealously to find out what there was attractive about Pike, he heard him say to her: "I do not deny that first-class people have a good accent anywhere. I haven't noticed but what even you and your mother talk nearly all right. And still I'd never 'a' come to your

house if I'd known it beforehand that you were from Berlin."

"Say, doctor," broke out a lady who sat at Pike's left hand, "have you seen this photo of Schnorr as Tristan in the opera? You must have seen him, Frowlein; he's sung at Berlin several times."

The Fräulein Bülow answered: "It is ten years since I was in Prussia, at home. Then I did not go to see a play."

Hilary's countrywoman expressed the thought at the bottom of his sensation of relief by crying: "Ten years! Why, you must have been very young. I s'pose that was the reason they wouldn't let you go to the theatre."

The Fräulein, smiling strangely, answered: "Oh no! I was old; quite old enough. I had seen a play already."

"She can't be over twenty," said Hilary to himself.

And, "Well, look at those beautiful legs, Frowlein—look!" whispered his countrywoman, audibly.

And the Fräulein Bülow, responding, laughed aloud.

But it shocked the speaker's mother, a lady who dressed to suit the youth of forty winters, her face, white and small, retreating from a pinkish nose of size. And she said, "Why, Mamie Mott!"

The doctor roared out the wet guttling laugh of the cocktail drinker—a laugh which "to ladies would have been an insult"—leaning back in his chair, settling his blue silk necktie, which was fastened with a death's-head pin, stroking his black mustache, opening his big black mouth. Hilary noticed his hands were hairy. Frau Bülow asked her daughter to translate Miss Mamie's jest.

Mrs. Mott and Mamie plied Hilary with questions in high-pitched, harsh voices, and Mrs. Mott hoped that he would be sociable, and come up to their room (she was sorry they'd only one) after dinner, and play euchre with Mamie and Dr. Pike. "I know you can play euchre," she continued. "Oh! you gentlemen do have such high times at college; much nicer than we ladies at boarding-school. I sent Mamie to one up at Utica so's she shouldn't be tempted to go in society too soon. Still I must confess the young gentlemen were around up there too, and Mamie had lots of attention. Now there's poor Frowlein, I don't believe she's ever had a beau in all her life—I mean except, of course, her *fiancé*."

Hilary, looking furtively across the table at the Fräulein Bülow, who seemed absorbed in Pike, cried under his breath, with some disappointment in his voice, "What! is she engaged to him?"

And: "No, indeed! no, indeed! Not yet. It'll be some time before that. She was to some other feller, though. But it never come to anything," said Mrs. Mott.

"Why? What did he do? Or is he dead? How long is it ago?" asked Hilary.

Mrs. Mott answered: "I don't know anything about him at all. She can't be old enough for't to be more'n a very little while back. The old lady started to tell my Mamie all about it once, but that Greenvil came in and made her stop. And I'd like to know what he's got to do with it, anyhow—wouldn't you?"

Hilary, glancing aside at Greenvil, noticing his strange steely eyes and his delicate and stern smooth face, remarking that, though he seemed only about thirty-five, his hair was nearly white, that he never spoke or looked at the Fräulein Bülow, responded, "Yes, I should."

And Mrs. Mott continued: "Well, I guess either 'twasn't a love-match, or else she's got all over it now if 'twas. Look at the way she's carrying on with Cicero Pike! Ha! *she* knows which side her bread's buttered. Some difference between him and that other feller, hey? *He* was likely only a traveller for a firm, boarding at the house while he did his business. I guess Frowlein didn't cry much when he never come back. Still, about girls on that subject you never *can* tell," she added.

And with her summary of the case Hilary agreed, making one exception—he thought you could.

"What's the matter? What are you shivering for?" Dr. Pike was asking.

"It is cold," replied the Fräulein Bülow.

"Nonsense!" returned the doctor. "Let me feel your hand."

He squeezed it as it lay along the table. The Fräulein Bülow laughed, looking into his eyes, drawing her hand away. She seemed to Hilary like a beautiful and cringing slave.

When at last the meal was over he went up stairs alone and began to unpack his worldly goods, and suddenly among them he came upon a miniature (in those days photographs had not been so true and per-

manent as now), done by some painter at Berlin—two separate half-lengths, an officer in white, a slender maid-eyed girl in a fire-colored dress, set on one pale gold ground above the hair-lined toast, "From R. v. W. to Adrienne, *auf's* *Neujahr*, 1870"—the picture which Francesca had given him. He looked at it a minute gently, coldly, without anger, as one might meet an innocent impertinence, then laid it away at the back of a drawer. In the family no separate pictures were ever shown, and he had never asked for one of Adrienne, his dead sister, whose story he was obstinate upon keeping out of his concerns—upon ignoring, and so forgetting.

III.

He put on a white smoking coat and lit a cigar. He looked into the *Institutes of the Roman Law*, and then he looked out of the window. And doing this he had to push aside stray tendrils of the creeper which covered the window wall. They were being already vexed by an evening breeze. His room was at the back.

It was not on the street, but on the garden. And that is one good thing about the house. A tangle of foliage takes the eye when you look from the rear windows. The green garden is not a flat. It begins at once trying to climb a hill to which the house hugs close. Yet half-way up the terraces grow tired. There is a wall and then a wood of lindens. Over these trees at the hill-top peers a massive and ruined visage—the Thick Tower. A blue sky shone through the staring windows of the red skeleton—the sandstone Schloss along the ridge.

The far rays of the westward sun now streaked the terrace tops, leaving the stone supporting walls in shadow. The place is mostly planted with fruit trees. It has balustrades with statues of fauns and wood-nymphs. But the highest terrace owns a double row of chestnuts in a long alley, after the manner of the pleasaunces of the Great Monarch. The sun was just now filling the arch made by the last two trees of the chestnut alley. Here there is a fine place for looking away over town and plain, and sharp upon the crimson disk Hilary saw two silhouettes, the Fräulein Bülow and a man, under the chestnut-trees, leaning against the parapet. "Pike, I suppose," thought Hilary; but it was Greenvil. "Why, what's all this?" asked he. Close beneath them spread

the red-tiled pointed roofs of the antique town. Blue smoke rose from its many chimneys.

Then the sinking sun turned everything by contrast to an intense black. The sound of jubilee and revelry still came up from the city. It was the 2d of September, which is "Sedan Tag," and the battle anniversary was being kept. But when the sun dropped suddenly out from view, the pair turned and came down to the house, descending from terrace to terrace. They would pause for a moment as they came to the head of each new flight of steps, and then go on. And Hilary, hidden behind his lattice, watched the picture with curious gaze.

A bright white gown went like a glove upon her body. She held in both her hands some large object of metal, of yellow and shining brass, which caught the glinting sunbeams at her waist. She stepped straight out like a little princess. She looked no longer the slave. Greenvil lagged behind, and his slight figure stooped. His gray head was bare. Just behind the shoulder of his companion now and then his mouth would murmur soberly. Hilary might have compared the two as counsellor and quick young queen. They reached the lowest terrace.

Greenvil went on in. But the Fräulein Bülow stood by the balustrade in a gravelled space between two pear-trees. The green gleams of the gloaming bathed her figure. A louder burst of the bands sounded up from the city festive over Sedan. And she looked down, and half unconsciously began to smooth the bright thing in her hand, smoothing it and stroking it again and again. Hilary remembered that if her hands at the table had looked rough, they were small, and the nails were rosy. Her head was bent, and he saw the nape of her warm neck, and her yellow hair, and the large darkness which circled around her eyes. He thought she was about twenty years old. After a while she went down to the court from which

It always seemed as if you never could draw near that dreary dwelling without you suffered a change and a degradation. She stopped to scold the bedraggled maid who was wringing out wet clothes in the corner of the court. They were hung upon a line, and the wind distended them into grotesque shapes. The Fräulein showed the Mädchen with her fingers

where this or that should have been mended. And he saw that her dress was patched and shiny. "Why, what is that she's got?" he thought, half closing and straining his eyes to see. "A brass helmet! What is she doing with such a thing as that? Good heavens! I never saw such a country! You might think the whole place was a camp."

IV.

She had always those eyes.

But after that Hilary never again saw her play the princess as in the garden on the evening of his coming.

And if that demeanor had indeed been devised to take a better gentleman than Pike, he could not tell; no more than whether Greenvil now had broken through the snare and left her. She kept the company of Pike and of the ladies. A mean, squalid influence from the house breathed ever upon her. If she went to the garden, it was but among wet clothes and cabbages, not to the upper terrace. Nevertheless, Hilary thought he once at the table caught looks that stole between her and Greenvil. He felt sometimes pursued by a suspicion of secret understandings. It always provoked him to be in the dark. And he haunted his window to see what he should see. But over lunch one day at last something open and friendly began to beam from Greenvil's eye, and later: "I must know you. Come to walk with me this afternoon," he said.

It may be supposed, though Hilary would never make the first sign of an advance, he was but pleased to go half-way to meet this opportunity. The walk was soon their daily custom. Yet coldness, as it proved, would ever encounter Hilary if he came out with "Hedwig." And he dared not venture a single question. They talked together about other things.

They mostly favored a walk on "Philosophers' Road," which climbs the "Hill of Saints," on the other side of the Neckar. There are golden views of the plain, and the river is greenest late.

And to students who about the hour went that path, "der Graukopf" and his tall companion were very well known figures. Hilary would be speaking most. Greenvil put the questions.

Once (it was the first of all their walkings): "Do you ever wonder," he murmured, "what the brokers and the ladies



C. S. [illegible] 90

"SHE LOOKED DOWN, AND BEGAN TO SMOOTH THE BRIGHT THING IN HER HAND."

"~~Think they mean by 'God' and 'Freedom'~~ and the 'Immortality of the Soul?'"

"Freedom? Brokers?" repeated Hilary, vacantly. And then he smiled, nodding to show he understood. But in reality he did not understand at all.

"Tell me about Cambridge," interrupted Greenvil, impatiently, and went to laughing softly, as if with a kind of scorn of himself. He held on up the road at a faster pace.

And after that he constantly inquired into Hilary's plans, and what he used to do at Harvard. And the other answered frankly as a young gentleman might who had small wrong to confess. Once, observing the air of satisfaction shine in Greenvil's face on being told by him he had not been drunk but twice in all his life, and that as long ago as Sophomore year, Hilary said, laughing, "You talk about my prospects and my principles exactly as if I wanted to marry your daughter."

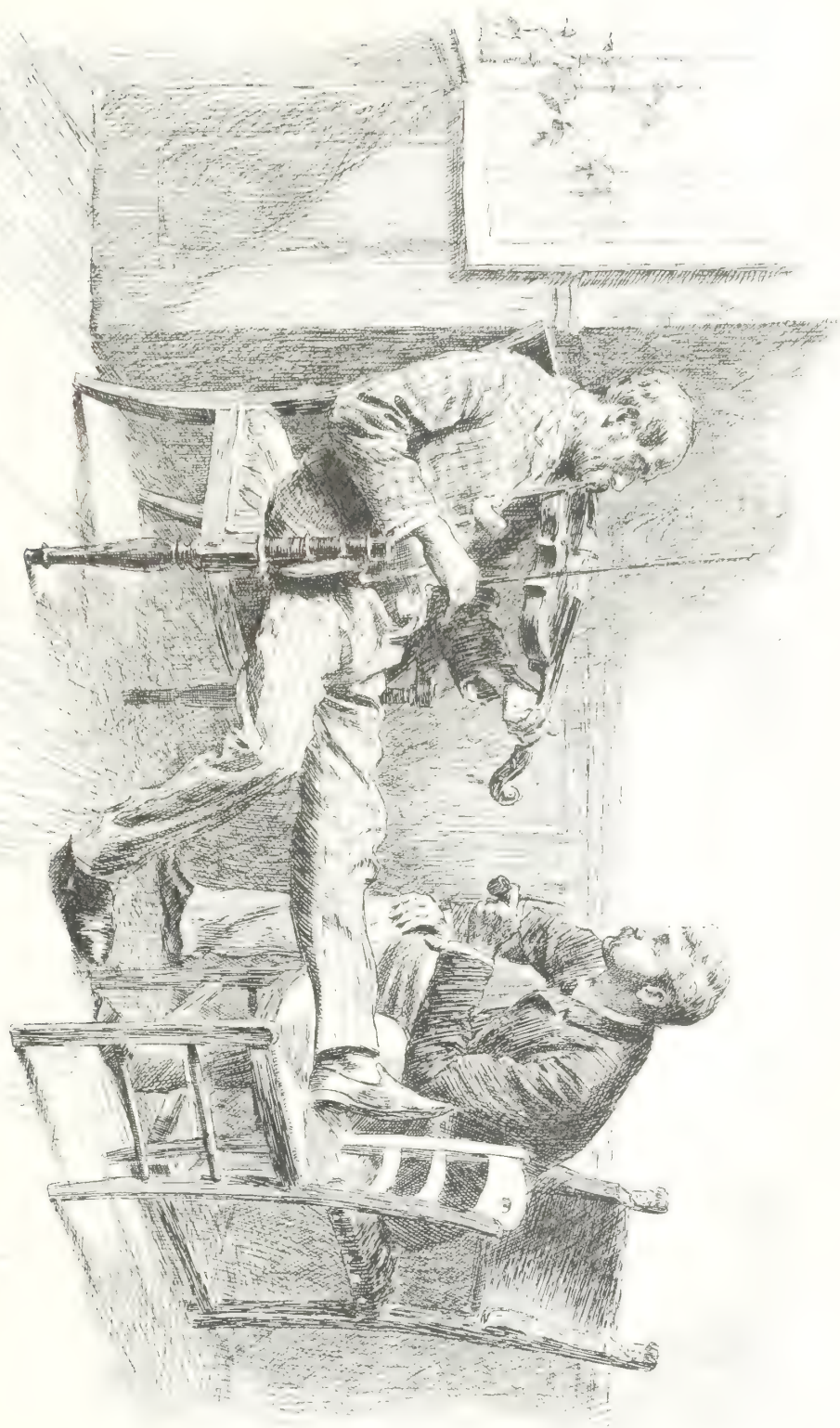
Greenvil must smile at this, but showed a kind of grim embarrassment withal. Indeed it was a capital figure to describe, his sombre manner and the tone of purpose in all his most trivial questions. So, though Hilary did not express it, he gradually ceased to regard him as young and capable of passion. And, having ever a mind to Hedwig, he decided between the two that Pike must be the man. And for three weeks he watched her little ways. He said never a word to her except cold "Good-morning" and "Good-night." But returning from the university one day at last, he heard in the next room the squeak of a violin, and knew the long-expected Englishman, the Hon. Mr. Weale, "the friend of the family," was come. He met a further reminder that he himself had been some time in Heidelberg. He found on his desk a little white note, which showed it was the day for the bills. When he entered the dining-room for lunch, Frau Bülow was not there. Nor did Pauline serve. On table the Fräulein waited. And her body's bending movements were lithe and swift. She used all haste from guest to guest with victuals, their meat, their Sauerkohl. At a passing she could hold but one large platter, which she carried carefully in both hands, the head down, without lifting her eyes.

Bottled beer was given for the price of board. Pike and the ladies drank it.

The corks stuck stiff, beyond her strength; with each she struggled long, and the company looked on. Hilary could never bear the sight of a waitress: at home they had two men. He got up brusquely, fetched his own bottle, and opened it himself. The thirsty Pike breathed loud, moved rustling in his chair, smiled wearily to Mamie and Mrs. Mott, who whispered. The eyes, narrow and bloodshot, of Weale, a red-faced Briton, stared stolidly, ran over suddenly now and then with too much water. Greenvil stared. The Fräulein Bülow held a bottle between her close knees, pulled hard with the other hand; and her frock made crisp, low noises, being freshly starched—a lawn of a true smooth silver gray, high-breasted in a white yoke, with white puffs at the shoulders, sleeveless—to German bourgeois custom a badge, winter and summer, of the common maid. But now this costume showed the muscles straining from the flesh of the beautiful naked arms, which, against the gray, moved cool and round and white. Her hair was saffron, the darkness of chrome orange. She lifted up her head. Then freely and supplely she straightened her back, sighed just audibly as the cork came out. She ran to Pike, and poured the beer into his glass.

Her hair, loosened with her effort, threw out one single yellow thread, which brushed along Hilary's cheek confidently when she leaned low over his shoulder to put a plate. He felt the trembling line it drew. He breathed the warmth of her face, which bent so near his own. From the tail of his eye he spied and saw how the skin burned with a blush, and that her curled lip quivered, rolling up, showing two little white front teeth.

Unnoticed while Pike was eating, she stood with a dish beside him silently. At last, pushing out his elbows, splashing the sauce upon her, making the platter hard to hold, he helped himself to food. Then she came near Hilary, and held out to him the dish, and he saw the green veins beating in the white hollow of her outstretched arm. Her fingers gripped the edge of the plate so tightly that the rosy nails were flecked with bloodless white. He wished this serving was over. She took her mother's place at the head between Greenvil and Mr. Weale. Dulness seemed to have settled down to-day on all. The silence was only forced by the





"HE STRETCHED HIMSELF ON THE GRASS." — See page 74.

ostentatious whisperings of Mamie and Mrs. Mott and Dr. Pike with one another. They shut the others out.

"Mees Mamie," broke in Fräulein Bülow.

"Well?" said Mamie.

"You will walk with our Gesellschaft this afternoon to Dilsberg, will you not, dearest Mees Mamie?" implored the Fräulein, with a voice which trembled finely. In her throat was a white throbbing of cords, a straining to swallow. She continued, "Now, Dr. Pike, you must tell our Mees Mamie to come walk."

Pike made no answer.

"Please come!" said she, and looked at Mamie Mott with a hypocrisy of tears in her great gray eyes.

"Well, I guess we will *have* to—he! he! he!" cackled Mamie, in a crescendo giggle of nervous anger.

The Fräulein Bülow cried out: "Oh, the best of thanks! Thanks! Thanks!" She leaned forward and seized at arm's-length the pudgy palms of Mamie in both her own. A little smile wreathed round her mouth.

"Keep your cold hands off me," shrieked Mamie Mott.

Hilary burst out laughing.

"Verzeihung!" quickly said the Fräulein Bülow, drawing back. "Pardon!"

she added, low, and very red. She looked frightened at the badness of her play.

There was a full silence. Upon which: "This is your first experience, I guess, Mr. Hilary, and I feel it my solemn duty to warn you to take care. Boarding-house keepers in Europe are all low cheats," said Mrs. Mott.

Dr. Pike and Mamie made a great show of nodding. Mrs. Mott was on the point to speak again. Hilary lifted his gray stone beer Krug in the air, and loosened his fingers from it, and let it fall. It splashed upon the floor. By the time the confusion of this was over the meal was ended. Hilary went out, and rushed up stairs. He shut the door of his room, and the couch groaned with his violently down-flung weight. Suddenly he sat up, leaned forward, the hand on his mouth, thinking. Across his face the skin grew hot and red.

Then again from the next room he heard a violin. On that he carefully extinguished his pipe and went out into the hallway. He knocked at the door of the honorable Englishman. "Come in!" was called. The occupant sat by the window. One leg rested on a chair. In his mouth was a great meerschaum, under his neck a violin, which he did not cease playing.

"May I borrow a light? They've forgotten my matches," was the fib which Hilary employed.

"On the table. Stop and have a chat," said Mr. Weale.

And Hilary pulled his chair up closer, and cleared his throat, and, trying not to be breathless: "Tell me about this family. Are they ladies? I *know* they're ladies! Are they ladies?" he said.

Mr. Weale stuttered at the suddenness of this. "What—what—what? Why, of course! That is, the old un used to be. Why, of course! What do you mean? That's the reason I stop at their house. I used to know 'em long ago in Berlin, before they lost their money. They were such nice people too. And of course, in my rank, I've seen the best."

"Brought up to this kind of thing?" insinuated Hilary, with the keenly restrained joy of a lawyer who has not been deceived in his hope of a loquacious witness, but an expert too, the grandson of a duke!

"Brought up to it? No, my dear boy! Swells. Dear me!"

"I didn't know they were swells," cried Hilary.

And Weale continued: "Oh yes! Bülow's not their real name; they've left it off: they were too proud. Why, they pride themselves on having had more officers killed in battle than any family in Prussia! There was a Field-marshal Von Werther (that's their real name) too; some distant connection, I believe. Brought *up* to it!—dear me! dear me! The Von Werthers!—dear me! Von Werther!"

But in a moment Hilary's heart stopped beating so quickly, and he argued, angrily: "Well, what if they are a branch of the same family? I suppose they must be. But that is not going to stop me. There's no reason why it should. Francesca is too absurd. I should think a vendetta was out of date. I *will* be let alone; I *will* be let free. That business has nothing to do with me as long as she's a lady." Weale was going on to speak. "But I *thought* she was a lady. Oh, I *knew* she was a lady! What did they do when they lost their money?" interrupted Hilary. His voice sang, and to give an effect of carelessness, he struck a match and blew it out.

"Oh, at a sort of family council they were given this old house. A great many

Prussians have property down here, you know. And they were wanted as far away as possible, by Jove! So they came here and kept lodgings. But, bless me, how I'm running on! It's time for our stroll, too. Go fetch your cap and stick. I hope I haven't bored you."

And, "You haven't bored me at all—oh no!" said Hilary, with a shining face.

And on the stairs, suddenly, without a reason, without anything said or done, forgetting Werther and Francesca, he laughed, joyously, out loud. The clear sound of it ran like hope and youth in the ears of the old man. For Hilary was going to marry the Fräulein Bülow even if her real name was Werther.

So they descended to the entrance, where they found the rest of the company assembled.

V.

They slowly walked through the crooked gloom of the town. The Carls Gate is a red heap, huge and glum. Then the flat road stretched, a glare-white stripe, along the bank. The Neckar was sea-green. And with a russet rank of fruit trees and with unfenced golden stubbles to its right, the road ran beside the river. The company fell in three.

With Mamie and Mrs. Mott strolled Dr. Pike. Hilary waited for the lagging foot of Weale. He watched their unpaid guide, who with Greenvil led the way. The *Kornblumen* sprang at her small black feet, which underneath the stiffness of her white-gray skirts stole in and out. And she was picking the red poppies.

In her garden, to be sure, there grew no flowers.

Yet now in such a quantity she pulled those road-side plants that her bare white arms were filled with them in heaps. And she did not wait to pick them till she returned this self-same road; and Greenvil as he went also plucked the weeds!

Half her burden he roughly pulled away to himself and carried. Their movements were close and calm. They said nothing. Therefore they knew each other well. Hilary's fear of Greenvil leaped again to his throat. And, "Is he in love with her?" he asked, with a low voice which beat.

"Oh, I mustn't talk! I'm not to chatter. Please don't make me talk," pleaded Mr. Weale, feebly. He stumbled over a stone and fell on his knees in the dust.

Hilary helped him up. The rest of the road he took his arm under his own.

"It is too far for you, isn't it?" he said. He looked down on Weale with a silver smile in his eyes.

"Not a bit. Not a bit. But you're a good boy to trouble."

They walked on.

"Is he?" demanded the strong-purposed Hilary. "Tell me. I want you."

"What? Who? Oh! No! of course not. He was engaged to the other," whispered Mr. Weale. He clapped a hand beside his mouth. His eyes seemed afraid of Greenvil, who was fifty yards away. And just then Greenvil looked back keenly at him, and saw that the pair were going arm in arm. His lips murmured to the Fräulein Bülow.

In a moment her head turned slowly on its neck. Hilary felt her storm-gray eyes sweep over him and pass off.

Again Greenvil spoke to her, and seemed to reason and to plead. His shoulders leaned intently forward. As their two looks met, Hilary observed their profiles. The one had the stamp of cold white steel, but the other was like sun-warmed marble. Then the Fräulein tossed her head away, and surveyed the river. But Greenvil continued moving his lips.

"What other? Oh! A sister?" cried Hilary, finding tongue.

"Hush! Yes. He'd lived with them three years. Sure thing when there are pretty girls in the house. He took his degree, and then he asked her. It was in May, '70. Dear me! Ten years! I was here at the time. In September she died. Typhoid. A sweet creature too, but taller, and maybe not so loving as this little thing. Greenvil's played the elder brother ever since. My word! he wouldn't tell you this. And how he'd row *me*! He's a capital chap; but silent, silent, silent. Absurdly secretive. I can't make out what he's up to."

"Oh, a charming fellow, charming!" answered Hilary, with ringing tongue. He did not heed the last word. His mood instantly grew high. The air appeared to lift. The distances were washed with the haze of the Martin's summer. He saw the constant picking of the flowers by that pair. And when they straightened themselves upon the sky from stooping, the edges of their figures softened off into wavy purple blurs of mist.

For they went now high up on a hillside, and had left the main road and the river. It was the landward slope of a hill which started steeply out of the fields, making the very head of the bend of the stream. And the cap on it was a hamlet with a chapel and a castle of ruins, which they were brought out to see. The peasants worked in the broads below. They traversed a deserted and a silent street. In the castle court the branches of an antique oak threw sunlight-checked shadows on the green mossy stones and growth of grass and weeds.

Near the tree was an opening in the ground, half hid by rubbish and shrubs. The rotted steps of a stair went down. And there was a legend of the place.

The Fräulein Bülow said to them that in the caverns of the castle was a caldron of copper filled with gold, but watched by the Spirit on the Pale Horse, in a long white cloak. You may take one single piece a day; no more. There was once a knight who found the hoard. But he soon grasped at the whole, and so lost even what he had. The spectre seized him and whirled him into the dark. Then she showed them a staircase by which they must mount the battlements to view the Odenwald, the beautiful Neckar, all the land.

Mrs. Mott sat down in a parapet embrasure, turning her back to the wind, pointing her long pink nose at the whistling leaves of a yellow paper novel which she gripped in her knotty fingers. Her daughter had gone a little distance to nudge and giggle with Pike. Weale's eyes seemed vastly stronger after his stroll. He must really begin a sketch. Hilary observed the prospect through his glass—the green wood on the hills; the river flowing in a shining curve below. He talked over Weale's shoulder; criticised the progress which was made. But then he looked up, and found that the other two had gone.

The ruins of the pile were large and full of corners. Hilary ranged over them, penetrating into all sequestered, dusky nooks; hastening breathlessly up all the stairs; hurrying down into all the vaults; revolving many alarms of things before unheeded. Why did Weale say, "I am not to chatter," as though he had been ordered? And he believed from what he saw upon the road that Greenvil had talked against him to the Fräulein Bü-

low. A tearful blackness, a sudden cloud of jealousy of Greenvil, was once more blown up dark all over his face.

Across the gloom in a kind of cavern near a tower foot which he finally entered ran a thread of light. He found his eyes raked through the slit in an embrasure down upon the sunny Friedhof of the castle church. The villagers still used it. He saw many graves. The yard stretched to a low wall at the steep hill brink, where land left off for naked sky. Along the one side waited the castle donjon—gloomy, gray, and huge as Death. Upon another was the church—a monotony of glaring whitened wall. Hilary's coign of vantage closed the square. And out of the church while he looked came Greenvil and the Fräulein Bülow, with their red flowers in their hands.

They stepped straight toward him over the yellow windy sunshine which carpeted the grass, into the shadow of the donjon, then passed from view at an angle under his wall. Hilary got silently up among the stones and rubbish of the embrasure, peered out through the loop, perceived them once again. They were not ten feet below him. And he was now going to stop this constant alternate loosening and tightening in his throat.

He felt so blind-young. He was an outsider. Ah! those two would never take him into confidence, give him a fair show! He was frightened at Greenvil. And he must find out. But he had decided what afterward he would do.

Now he looked down into the churchyard.

They stood beside two graves, made up like beds in this corner, apart from all the rest. And for tester above these was a stunted evergreen tree. But in one there rose no mound, and it might be a cenotaph and empty. At its head a little unhewn stone was badly carved with the letters W. and R., and the date of 1870.

Hilary took no notice of that.

But by the other was set an old white-painted wooden cross, where he made out to read the following words, much worn away by the ten years' wind and weather:

GEB. JANUAR 1849. GEST. SEPT. 1870.

HIER RUHT DAS FRÄULEIN CHRISTIANE VON WERHER.

And Greenvil poured out over this grave the flowers which had so frightened Hilary. He stretched himself on the grass, a pale figure, the hands under the head.

But his companion decked the graves with greater care. She arranged the poppies and corn-flowers in garlands, pulling bits of evergreen to lay between. She must know that the effect of those poor road-side weeds could not be very fine. But she stooped over her labor, and her stormy eyes were piteously keen about all pains for honor to the dead. She supposed that they might be looking down.

For some time Greenvil watched her in silence. Then, "The cross won't last much longer," said he.

The words (and he felt himself to be strangely glad that they were English) rang hollow, and resounded dreadfully around the roof and walls of Hilary's ambush. They seemed to wrap about him; to hold him in their power. The voice was so near and strong, its owner must discover him. He could almost touch those two with his hand. He held his breath as he crouched by the loop in the dusty grayness of the place, and he gazed out at the pair in the sun. He said to himself the "green-eyed monster" was killed in him at last. He meant to go in just a minute.

"I mean the wooden one there," continued Greenvil, always with that air of laughing at himself.

"The other memorial is of stone," said the Fräulein Bülow, lifting her eyes quickly. Something about her voice made Hilary stop.

"There never has been anything in it, though," answered Greenvil. And he seemed to propose some double meaning, as, resting along the grass, he calmly met her look.

If so, the Fräulein Bülow laid it aside. She said: "But the wish was so near to me to have a little sanctuary where I could fancy that both of them slept side by side, and you and I could come together, since I am too poor to go to Berlin, where the real grave is. So I put the stone. You know I cut the letters of it myself with a knife. I could not pay."

"Yes, they *are* vague and shaky, aren't they? The thing never was clear and strong like mine," asserted Greenvil. His tones struck like ice on steel.

Now the Fräulein Bülow took it up. "You are pleased with your double meanings. You don't know. But I can make a double meaning too, and that is: *You* cannot speak in German any more."

Hilary looked down from one to the other while they spoke, half bewildered, and yet struck with awe. Since there was a something fatal in their eyes, a something sombre and ominous, a something very weary about their voices, which slowly roused in this obtuse spectator a muffled excitement, the tragic interest of a semi-blind foreboding, he would not go just yet. He would stay a little longer, just a little.

Greenvil answered the Fräulein Bülow, "I *do* know, very well. Why, you were only a little romantic girl sixteen years old, and I was a grown man. Ten years! Ten years! To think I hadn't another groschen for a stone cross then! I haven't got much more now. Well, a new one would never be the same. No, you are right, I cannot speak in German any more. I'd have brought some hot-house flowers to-day," he added, "but —"

"Oh no!" said she; "the others would have asked what we were going to do. It's hard we couldn't walk here alone on our last day together."

Hilary understood that he was one of those "others."

"Ah, well! The dead do not miss flowers," said Greenvil. "And the poppies are good enough for them. Yes, poppies."

"How can you say that?" answered the Fräulein Bülow, hotly. She went on stooping at her pious offices. When they were ended, she seated herself on the coping of the low stone wall along the hill brink.

It was close by Greenvil's outstretched figure. Her eyes went first around the church-yard. Hilary's gaze followed. The whitewashed walls of the church looked bare and cold.

The donjon towered blackly. Then the grass upon the graves stood long and overgrown with weeds. The crosses of wood or iron were hung with foolish beaded ornaments of black and white, and with gauds and garlands of artificial flowers. A cloud swept by, brushing up the sunlight from the grass, leaving behind it gloom.

She straightened her white arms out. Her clasped hands lay in the lap of her gray gown. They still held some of the crimson poppies. And her head, with its crown of saffron hair, dropped wearily upon her breast.

Hilary had now no heart, no honor, no

mind, no strength that ran against this one desire. His blue eyes were wild. He leaned forward, hushing his panting. He clinched his hands. His throat throbbed. He was ashamed. But he watched.

Up from under her bent-down brows once more her dark wide gaze surveyed the church-yard. Then her eyes fell.

"Yes; isn't it a dreadful place?" said Greenvil, as if to answer her thoughts. "Don't come here when I am gone."

He was looking up at her with a stare which had a strange steadiness. Round his head, as he lay on his back, the tall grass in the stillness could be heard whistling and blowing in the chilly wind. He repeated: "Yes; isn't it a dreary place?"

The Fräulein Bülow answered: "Christiane always thought so. But then it is better than if she were laid in the dark close Friedhof in the town. The wind and the sun are good," said she. And the voice gave the color of violets.

When she spoke she would never lift or turn her head. It was thus the two talked together. And Hilary sat above them in his vault, their voices ringing on the roof, the gray light just glancing in at his anxious, boyish face, upturned and brown.

Greenvil objected: "Yes; but look, there isn't any sun now. And the wind here in the graveyard is like the wind of destiny. It blows whither it listeth, and a man hears the sound of it, but he cannot tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth. And I can't plan any work and I can't plan any future when I look round here on the end. Hedwig, don't come here when I am gone; don't keep on living with the dead."

But she said to him, scornfully, in a deep and sombre voice: "Future? I have no future. Plan? I never plan. Roger, you do not understand at all. I believe that *you* have forgotten." And then she cried out quickly, like a wilful child, "I *shall* keep on living with the dead."

Hilary saw behind her figure, far below, a mile away, the river ribbon gleaming but dully, for the sun was hid; he saw the gloom-green mass on the further forest hills stirring under sudden gusts, heaving like a sad and stormy sea; then along the lowest edge of a cloud-cloaked autumn sky he saw the weather glim, a band of light which was wan and yellow. How her figure came out from this back-

ground! Again, she was absolutely calm, immobile, staring steadily at the ground with her far-visioned, unyouthful eyes. And once more it chilled him, that sudden feeling as if he were really but a little boy, while she sat on the Dilsberg brink.

"No, you haven't got any future," he heard Greenvil saying; "but that's because no woman can walk unaided without another. And so the death of some one else can stop her short much easier than it can a man."

"But I never saw air-castles far ahead. I am not ambitious to be rich, to be cultured. It was not that I wanted to get anything. I was not luxurious. I could work. But I was young and weak—oh, very weak! I needed some one for support. To be so poor! To lose her! To lose him! I think I might have had left me a little. I want what I cannot have, and I want nothing—nothing; not riches nor ease; not friends nor a lover. It's only a passion of longing for the companionship; that which was lost, lost, lost long ago."

The poppies fell from her hands. Hilary thought he understood well enough the meaning of the stone on which the letters W. and R. and the date of 1870 were cut. It was a cenotaph of that lover from Berlin.

And within him a crying despair yawned hollow. But he listened a minute for what was going to be said. Greenvil assumed a stern and sobering note:

"Hedwig, you *do* want something; for that's what keeping on living means. Now here is the last talk I shall have with you, and to sum up what I have said. Hedwig, you *do* want something. You are not at all set free from hope and fear, nor from pleasure, nor from pain. Why, I've seen you blush with joy when they say the soup is good. Ha! ha! And didn't you tell me Pike tried to kiss you in the garden last night, Hedwig?" he added, suddenly, with grim triumph in his voice.

The Fräulein shrunk a little and whispered, "Yes."

Hilary sat amazed, outraged before the mystery of such brutality in Greenvil, who continued:

"And I'm going off to-morrow, and it will be years before I can come back. You can't break away alone. There will be no change. It will go on day after day, year after year, this keeping a boarding-house in a little German town. Good

God! Why, you will grow old—old. And at last?"

With an effect of composure horrid to the listening Hilary, he shrugged his shoulders as he lay there on his back.

The girl begged from him: "Don't go on. I know it all;" stirring her little black feet, crushing the small flowers on the ground.

And the suggestion of the things she had to endure, some of which he himself had seen, pinched Hilary in the throat. He wondered that any one could speak them out. And Greenvil went resolutely forward:

"Yes, it is dreadful. But I'm only summing up. I only want to make you hear reason to win my case. Why, the lash of every insult which you feel is an argument, a point for me. And now I'm coming to my conclusion. Yes, the same old conclusion as ever. And it is, that you can care about finer things just as well as you can about those mean and sordid ones. And you do want something—you want to escape, to get away. And you've got the chance. It won't come twice. You must take it now, now, now."

He stopped short. And he added, sharply, "You *must* marry Hilary, my little sister."

VI.

But Hilary had barely so much as gasped breath before he heard the Fräulein answer, with a flash,

"No, I will not."

He thought all this must be no new thing to them.

Greenvil argued as relentlessly as with a man, making every blow tell, hammering on all weak points again and again, using irony and the roughest sarcasms, tempering them sometimes by a tenderness of his voice.

"So you don't want any escape? You don't want to get away? Ah! So. Didn't you tell me Pike tried to kiss you in the garden last night, Hedwig? Pike, Pike." He kept repeating very softly, "Pike, Pike."

And she began to shiver like a fascinated bird, whispering, in a kind of scream, "No, I won't do it!"

At last Greenvil burst into anger. He cried out: "To think a dead coxcomb of a cuirassier should keep your life shut up in his grave! By heavens, I wish I knew something to tell you against him that was black!"

"Why, he must have been an officer," thought Hilary. Greenvil stretched out his foot and kicked the stone on which those letters W. and R. and the date of 1870 were written.

And the Fräulein Bülow shook herself free as if of some enchantment, and started to her feet. She held up the rose of her hand, so Hilary saw it flowering from its stem-like wrist against the sky which gleamed gray between the fingers. Now she looked so like a young and hunted creature that Hilary felt a man and strong. At the minute he nearly forgot that it was by his own game-beater, Greenvil, and toward himself, that she was being driven.

"Roger, do not dare to strike that grave with your feet!" she cried out, and in her voice rang clear and angry modulations. Then she added: "I know you love me, but you are cruel, you are a brute. I almost believe you are but an American *philister*, after all. Why, if a man should tell me anything against him, I should never believe him, not even if he proved it. And I should say, 'I hate you, you are my enemy, and you lie.'"

"The way she loves that fellow, I don't believe I've got a chance," Hilary thought. The tears stood in his blue eyes, and he swallowed down a rising in his throat.

Hedwig said once again: "It wouldn't do him any good. If he proved it, I should never believe him. And I should say, 'I hate you, you are my enemy, and you lie.'"

Just as these words left her lips a hoarse "Ha, ha, ha, ha!" burst out; and the Fräulein shrunk back before the coarseness of that anticlimax as if she had been scorched by fire. Hilary saw it was the old withered gaffer with the blue stockings and the leather breeches, who had been croaking and mumbling this long time to his helper, a red-haired boy, over the digging of a grave down in the furthest corner of the field. Between those gossips gaped a hole in the ground.

And by what she said Greenvil's confidence was rashly staggered of its composure. For the first time through it all he seemed to falter and doubt success. And he got upon his feet, crying out, with a sharp voice at her unreason, "Oh, Hedwig, Hedwig, you will not throw this chance away!" but then grew gentle, and went to smoothing her hair.

"Here is something, little girl," said he, "that promises to make the road easier, if not so fine and beautiful as you once dreamed. Take it up, as I have taken my work. You must remember I too have loved. Hedwig, my daughter, compromise with life. Accept what it will give you, for there is nothing which is complete; there is nothing absolutely perfect. If you demand that, if you refuse to concede, you're like the knight in your legend there who desired the whole sum of the gold. He lost the crown piece once a day, and for his pains got nothingness and black night. For to live, a man must compromise with life—must compromise with life—must compromise with life. Hedwig, my daughter, we only say that life is perfect when we say that it is finished."

Hilary waited. But the Fräulein Bülow seemed now silenced. She stood quite still, with her head bent, by the low stone wall. The evergreen swayed to and fro in the sighing wind.

Hilary did not half understand all that last. But he felt that Greenvil was upon his side. He listened to Greenvil, who resumed the plea: "You can be cheerful. I've shown you can. Let the joy of earth grow on you. Don't just wilfully hug despair; don't keep only looking away from land out to sea for a ship of desire which can never come in. You know that. But don't imagine you'll ever sail after and find it. Never! There's no shore. The ship is long gone down. Don't be like most women, and believe that a thing is true because you want it, because it would be so beautiful. The wish is mother to the thought; but it's no proof. I must warn you there is going to be no reunion, no marrying or giving in marriage, or anything of that kind, you know."

And he added, taking up his roughness against her repelling gesture of the hands: "Oh well! Suppose there is. I give you that. I grant you a meeting hereafter with a great animal of a trooper of whom you knew absolutely nothing; whom you fancied and idealized when you were a romantic little baby of sixteen; whom you won't be able to idealize in heaven; whom you'll see exactly as he was, because there, I'm told, we're to know the truth of all things; whom even now if he were alive— But even so you're not betraying him; you're not in love with this Hilary.

"That isn't what I ask. Hedwig, you will not refuse a rescue—Oh no! Oh no!"

"I cannot tell," said she. And there was wavering in her voice.

Greenvil continued: "I've been careful he should never know you'd had another affair. I told old Weale not to gossip; but I didn't tell him why. The fact is the boy might be discouraged, or resent it, and draw back."

But though Greenvil now angered him to a pitch, Hilary did not resent it and draw back. And he accepted it that she was "not in love with this Hilary."

"And then how do you know he wants to marry me?" asked the Fräulein Bülow.

Greenvil answered: "Hedwig, Hedwig, don't play a farce with me! Why, you know it as well as I do. Leave a woman alone for that. Why, he watches you when you eat! Ah, ha! There's no doubt. You're very good-looking; and I thought it would be so, the instant he entered the house. I've examined him through and through. He thinks he's a man of the world; but he's a regular lamb; he believes everything he's told;—but that's just what you ought to like;—and he's good; and he's got some money in his own right if his father objects, as at first is extremely likely. You will be 'that dreadful German woman,' you know. And he's honest, and kind, and gentle; worth a dozen of your cuirassier. I love the boy. A good boy. Has he not been kind, Hedwig? Think of the way he acted at lunch to-day. And you saw him helping Weale this afternoon."

"He's been gentler than you, Roger. And if you love him you're ready enough to let me deceive him, to offer him up to me."

"I'm only cruel to be kind, as they say. And I'd sacrifice any one in the world to make you a little happier. And he need never know, anyhow. But it's not a sacrifice for either of you. Why? Tell me yes or no before I go. It would make me so glad. Why not? Why? Answer."

"Oh Roger, you do not understand—you do not understand," said the Fräulein, with a kind of crying in her voice.

"I do understand. But I accept life as it is. And I shall believe, when what I have said sinks in, you'll think better of all that. Time—time. One can't tell; one can't be so sure," said Greenvil, half tauntingly, half tenderly. He seemed to wait. And Hilary held his breath.

But, "I will never do it—never," answered she.

Then a silence fell heavy. Greenvil's hand dropped on her head and rested. The grave-diggers were gone. Only a wind piped always through the grass. And the thin gray clouds went shifting up the sky.

Hilary thought tremblingly that he did not want to listen to them any more, and his case was ended.

So he clambered out of his embrasure carefully, and went down through the ruins to the court. He passed through the castle church into the yard of graves. It happened that the sky's shroud was suddenly rent by the breeze which Greenvil likened to the wind of destiny. Hilary came out toward them over the grass. The sun shot warmly through upon that dreary pair. And all abroad the prospect lightened. Indeed it was but the first fall of the year, and not yet winter. Hedwig noticed that he was "ein hübscher Mensch." He wore a blue serge jacket which fitted his strong figure. And he had white trousers, and a straw hat with a broad brim which shaded his silverish blue eyes.

He made her think of the marble palaces which, so she read, stand by the sea in Italy. Neither she nor Greenvil showed much sorrow in their faces at his coming.

Hilary turned red and white striding upon them between the graves.

He braced himself for a high strain of firmness, and took an unused, youthful dignity, stopping short and standing straight, gnawing his lip, staring strangely at Greenvil, while he said, in English: "Oh, I beg your pardon! A—Greenvil, can I have a word with you?"

The voice of the boy went so near breaking and had such sombre quality that Greenvil started.

"Certainly," said Greenvil. "Gnädige Fräulein, Mr. Hilary has found us just in time. It's very late. Suppose you look up the others." She seemed willing enough to understand. Then he added, in German, using the second person, fixing that curious, tender, yet iron gaze upon her face: "Nimm dich in Acht! Nimm dich in Acht!"

But she did not lift her eyes. Hilary waited till she left them in the churchyard alone. Her beautiful white-and-gray-clad body swayed undulant from the

hips. And as she went, Hilary thought, "*vera necessitas patuit dea*"; for at Exeter school he once committed the verse from *His Virgils*, and would dream of some time finding a girl who walked like that. Far into the church-door darkness he gazed after a last sight of her little figure, the last gleams from her neck and her yellow hair. "Then, 'I've been listening to all you said to her,'" said he. And he panted with relief, feeling himself a gentleman once more.

"What!" cried Greenvil. "Why, you couldn't hear," he added.

"Oh yes, I could. And even if you'd spoken German I should have understood. I've been studying hard these last three weeks. It was really all the time that I wanted to learn to talk to the *Fräulein Bülow*. That's what it was, really."

"Where? Oh! Up there? Yes! yes! I see—I see," Greenvil said, impatient of Hilary's atonement and eager pointing. His face trembled. "I've been a fool, and so here's an end of that," he muttered, harshly, quite to himself, looking absently away from Hilary, beyond the wall. And it gave the strange effect of a simple statement of fact.

What a man he seemed to Hilary! In his voice was now the entire assumption of defeat—some pain, some grating discords, but an acceptance, a schooling to such things, and a calm.

He turned at Hilary, and nearly without a sneer, almost casually, "Ah, so you listened?" said he.

"Yes, I listened. I confess it. But I always meant to own up. And I think I had a right; I think there's something to be said for me, anyhow, after the way you talked, calling me a boy, and a simpleton, and all that. But I don't care. And you haven't been a fool. I'm thankful to you."

"Thankful!" cried Greenvil, stammering.

"Yes. Oh, Greenvil, you needn't have kept it all so dark. I knew she'd been engaged. Mrs. Mott told me. And did you think I would mind her being still in love with him, when he's dead? Ah, ha! I don't mind her not caring for me. Oh yes! But she can take me on any terms; she can buy me cheap. He can have her in heaven. I shall have had her some years. I shall be glad of what I get. Glad? Yes! I want to do something for

her, anyhow—just something. I want her just to let me be so at least I can see her. I want to have her— Oh, I don't know what I want! I don't know what I mean! But I compromise on anything—even less. I ask for very little—very little. Do you hear? I will live in different rooms. I will live in a different house. I will only come once a day or once a week." Then, remembering that this was vain, reproachfully: "And now you've pushed her too hard. You've made her think she'd have to pretend she was in love with me. You were stupid. You've made her angry. Now it's all over—it's all over."

And his arms fell down long on both sides of his body. His hands, palm outward, swung loosely from the wrist. And he sobbed once gratingly, convulsively, abandoning his self-control, coming near unmanly weeping. But Greenvil stood back stark amazed, as if astonished at the speech.

He was. And with sufficient inconsistency. Hilary, dumbly waiting sympathy, half felt the moment's chill, the check from this almost contemptuous wonder.

"Don't you understand what I mean?" he asked.

Then, taking two steps forward, bending near as if to bow, and holding out his hand, Greenvil said, grandly, with the brightness of a respite upon his eyes, and a certain admirable softening and humility in the tongue, keeping Hilary always at a distance, alluding to nothing but what he thought was known, speaking only of her to him as the *Fräulein Bülow*: "Yes, indeed, I do. I've made a great mistake. I beg your pardon." And he laughed, half apologetically. "The fact is, I suppose I don't really care for anything in the world compared to the *Fräulein Bülow*: you understand, whatever I do or say doesn't mean any dislike for you. You see my position; you'll excuse me, I am sure?"

Hilary received his hand in silence, being unable to speak as yet.

"It's not all over," pursued Greenvil, soothingly.

Hilary paid no heed to that; he pushed it aside. "And now I shall go and tell her too that I listened, and get my sneaking off my mind for good and all. I can't stand it any longer," said he, and started like a shying colt.

"Stop! stop!" cried Greenvil, in alarm

Then whispering, catching his arm, holding it all the while: "For Heaven's sake don't do anything of the kind! That *would* be the end of it for a fact! You must go right on, and make love to her as if you heard nothing at all. That's what you must do; and I believe you'll get her to take on with you yet. But if she won't, then play this card, and say, spontaneous, on the spur of the moment, that you're willing to 'accept what she can give,' and so forth, and so forth—all the regular thing. Don't take the bit in your teeth so, you young ass."

And he smiled gently, dreamily, with a certain tenderness as of regretting. For his cold bursts of laughter ran near a cry; he had the softest iron tongue in life, and seemed always (and sadly enough) to be putting a duty upon himself to talk after such a fashion.

Hilary cried: "Oh, Greenvil! Greenvil! Do you really think I've got a chance?"

And Greenvil answered: "Why, of course you have. It's not all over at all. It never is. Read your *Andronicus*. To the end of their lives they're women; therefore may be wooed, and may be won. She's awfully fond of you already. You've been very good. Quite a contrast! Ha! ha! If we'd only something knock-down strong to tell against that great hulking trooper, now, it would be a sure go, of course. She likes you better than any man that's alive. It's a revelation to her. Since she was twelve years old, I think she's seen just about three gentlemen, poor little thing! Oh, if we only had something to tell! But we haven't."

And again he struck with his foot the stone in which the Fräulein Bülow herself had cut the initials of "the Lieutenant Raimund," and the date of 1870. Hilary felt a shock.

Greenvil repeated, "How I wish I had something to tell!"

"Could you do that?" asked Hilary.

"Why, certainly. Couldn't you?"

"It seems so — cruel."

"You don't mean to say you wouldn't hurt her a little to do her good?" cried Greenvil, in a high astonishment.

"I don't know. Somehow it's dreadful. I should be frightened. It would be like knocking down some one she loved right before her eyes, exactly the same as killing a man—to stab his memory in the back."

"Bah! Imagination! Mysticism! For Heaven's sake let's have cold reason! Pulling to pieces a clay idol, you mean, for that's what it would really be, if you insist on poetry and metaphors; or knocking down a lover who'd insulted her, perhaps."

"But, Greenvil, do they—do women like to see you do even that? And I heard her say she'd never believe it, if it was proved even, and that she'd hate whoever told her, and say to him that he lied."

"You young simpleton!"

"Why, I'm in love with her, and you're not, and I thought she meant what she said," cried Hilary, a little angry.

"More occult sympathy, hey? Well, she would believe it," answered Greenvil, shortly.

But: "No, I couldn't do it. I don't believe I could ever do it," murmured Hilary. And Greenvil picked up his slouch felt hat and put it on.

"You won't have the chance, worse luck!" said he. "There *isn't* anything against him except my general impression, and that he's proving such a nuisance after he's dead. Ha! ha! And you can't expect a woman to listen to a general impression. Come along. You know what you have to do. You'll beat the dead man, never fear. I'm sure of it—sure of it."

He had such confidence about him that it put heart of hope into Hilary, as side by side they walked over the graves—Hilary straight and tall in his loose white flannels, his blue jacket; Greenvil, with a gray slouch hat, the well-worn clothes, his over-long gray hair, his delicate shaven face, looked like a beaten actor, one who has never made a hit upon the stage.

"How long has he *been* dead, anyhow?" asked Hilary, looking down at Greenvil.

"Ten years. There's where the perfect absurdity of it all comes in. She was only sixteen years old, a little baby of a girl. How can she tell whether she'd care for him now or not? She wouldn't. Why, my dear fellow, he was simply a great, rosy, handsome, rollicking animal, a typical Unterlieutenant of cuirassiers. And though, being out of Prussia, he couldn't wear his uniform, he'd put it on in the house for her to look at, just as you would for a child. He gave her that old helmet she sometimes plays with yet. But what gives him such a pull, makes him such a confounded hero, is his being killed in battle, don't you see?"

Hilary said, "What! was he killed in

"Yes; at Sedan. I suppose that seems like a kind of prehistoric dead event to you, hey? Well, it is long enough ago."

Hilary laughed: "Ha, yes! Rather. How did he ever come to know them?"

And Greenvil answered: "Come to *know* them? Why, he was one of their own people! Though, to be sure, he and his family had ignored 'em well enough for four years, till all of a sudden, in the middle of the winter of 1870—March—off rushes this youngster to Heidelberg, of all places in the world, to see his dear aunt and cousins. The fact is, I always suspected he'd gotten into some scrape at Berlin, which he wanted to let blow over. Well, he found his cousins pretty, so he stopped on till the war broke out, and then, of course, was off again to join his regiment. But he'd done the business. Then came Sedan, and so good-night."

Just as they reached the door of the church, Hilary said, quite carelessly, "What was his name?"

And Greenvil answered, "Raimund Werther."

VII.

Hilary shouted, "There wasn't any von to it, then—no von?"

"Oh yes, a von. But in German they don't always use it just casually speaking. Von Werther, sure enough; a son of the Field-marshal. Why?"

And Hilary held foot upon the threshold of the church, making, as it were, one last, feeble, passionate gesture of defence, crying, "But that one is not dead, but is

"What!" said Greenvil, stopping sharply. "You never knew him, did you? You must have been only a little boy in 1870." Adding, more gently, with a smile: "Being dead, he yet speaketh, if you like. Ha! ha! Confound him! But he is dead. They found his body on the hill-side at Sedan. He was buried in Charlottenburg. The Fräulein Bülow went there to his funeral."

And Hilary answered, in a voice hollow and pale: "He was at Sedan too. Von Werther, of the cuirassiers. They knew that. Yes. There was no good ground, I know, but we—I always took it for granted he was still alive. Oh, I know a reason why he should run off from Berlin in

the March of 1870, something black, black, black."

Greenvil burst out: "Ha! ha! Now we have it! Why, this is great! Come! come! What was it? What was it?"

But, "I'm afraid it is the same," murmured Hilary, staring at his feet.

"*Afraid* it's the same?" cried Greenvil. "What do you mean? You don't realize. Why, it puts her right in your hand if it is the same. Can't we find out whether it is or not? What—how?"

Hilary stopped him short, pushing out his hands in a great, quick terror. "I sha'n't tell you what it is. I won't tell you how I found it out. I won't tell you anything about it at all."

Greenvil, somewhat surprised, began to laugh a little dryly, raising his eyebrows. "Well, there's no need to tell me, as long as you tell a certain young lady we both know of. Ha! ha! Have you got proof? And you're sure it's something knock-down strong? Were you there when he did it?"

Hilary on a sudden began to remember why he ought to be glad. He looked strangely at Greenvil, answering with calmness, "I've never seen him."

"Good heavens, if it is only hearsay! Why, don't you know she'll never believe you unless you prove it? Ah! you needn't count on that. You must win without it. You'll do well enough, never fear. Come along," said Greenvil, and stepped up into the church.

Hilary called out: "I've a picture of him. The picture's the proof!"

Greenvil stopped short, turning a gray face back at him over his shoulder with a tongue sharp set and quick, "By Heaven, I feel as though something were certain to go wrong, as if it couldn't be the same!"

"Ha! I know it is the same," interrupted Hilary. "The Field-marshal Von Werther had only one son."

"Oh, if it was his son! Why the deuce couldn't you say so? Yes, but, youngster, where's your proof he was ever a black-guard?" muttered Greenvil. He treated Hilary very roughly, never turning completely around, throwing his words back.

Hilary shouted from behind: "I *told* you the picture was the proof. Proof enough if you saw it! Besides that, brothers don't say the kind of things that I shall have to say unless they're true. And what I shall have to say is so cruel.

And she loves him. (Greenvil, it would hurt her awfully. I can't tell her."

Greenvil said "Bah!" to that. Then, looking round quickly, and seeing Hilary's face: "Hilary, I suppose, from the way you talk, he did *you* some personal injury. I should think you'd be glad enough to expose him—to knock him down."

Hilary laughed an odd laugh at Greenvil's innocent "some personal injury." But he never thought of that before. Indeed it was a vengeance; the worst that was his; and he guessed how Francesca (for at all times he must somehow think of her) would cry, "Stab!" But Hilary cared about none of those things, neither for a vengeance nor against it, only so far as the Fräulein Bülow was the desire of his sight. He kept harping on: "It is so hard for her; it is so brutal, so cruel. I don't want to hurt her so—to hit her in the face. And what if, after all, she didn't believe me? She said she never would. How she'd hate me after that! The fact is, I'm afraid."

And Greenvil listened, humoring this faint-hearted strain. "Well, you mayn't have to tell her your 'black, black, black' story; but you may. And, my boy, it's your winning card on the last round, because she *will* believe it as sure as I stand here. You do not know anything of women, and I do. So don't get any different idea into your head. Remember that." He turned round face to face. "For God's sake, Hilary, don't forget that!" He added: "I warn you anyhow, even if she marries you, unless you show up Werther for the scoundrel you say he is, to the end of your days you will be the *philister* American, and he will be the hero who was killed with a uniform on. You will play the second fiddle. I warn you that."

Hilary looked at him in silence.

Greenvil sighed unwillingly, like an owner who has given his last instructions to a young and untried jockey, and must now fain trust him for the proper riding of the race. "Ah, well, boy, I can't say any more. Do as I tell you, and go in to win. Come on; come on."

Their feet clanked along over the stone floor as they crossed the whitewashed chapel, pushing a way through a congregation of little wicker-bottomed chairs. The altar had tawdry furnishings of feathers and gilt. When they came out between the brown, ragged walls of the

castle court, they saw the Fräulein Bülow standing waiting in that sun-green shade of the oak, with clasped hands, staring down the brown-black ruined stairway which led to the earthy cavern where the gold was hid.

She smiled as they came up. The company returned from Dilsberg by the river, taking boat in Neckar-Gemünd, floating down to Heidelberg through the twilight. During this transit Hilary talked to the Fräulein Bülow. Greenvil whispered constantly with Weale.

On the morrow Hilary knew that Greenvil was gone.

And secretly that caused him a fine, guilty, boyish joy and sense of freedom and relief. He intended to play his own game. The little services which he began to do her made the Fräulein Bülow's life much easier to carry. He would keep Mamie and Mrs. Mott in good-humor by his honeyed tongue of flattery, taking Pike away with him for a drink, waiting always on the chance to pick up something which the Fräulein dropped, hanging on all her motions with the dumb observance and devotion of a dog. He was now ever about the house. Lectures, whist at Wachter's in the Market, the Kneipe or the Commers, had none of their anticipated charms for him. The red-capped corps of the Vandalian, with which he at first took on saw nothing of him longer; they called him a "tea-boy," an "apron-string Junge," among themselves. And he never set feet near the Mensur at the Hirschgasse tavern over the river, where the duels are fought. Yet he had revelled once in thinking of such delights. But he was become a gyneolater, a monomaniac, lost to everything save the one plan, the one idea. During all this time he never took out of his drawer the picture which Francesca had given. He wrote short letters home.

One day, about two weeks later, Weale, with curious insistence, began to pester him to come up stairs and see his sketches.

VIII.

Hilary did not want to leave the hall, where he pretended to be in search of something. He had come down there because he knew the Fräulein had a habit of passing through it near this hour, and willingly put no pleasure and no duty before a momentary glimpse of that lady. But Weale said, artlessly enough, with a

manner as though he deemed it absolutely ~~impossible~~ one should view those products of his pencil, "I am off to-morrow for the Riviera, so now or never, you see"; and Hilary, disarmed, could not fight off. It was a dull, late October afternoon. He took the sketches to the window for a better light.

Weale abandoned himself to the fiddle and the weed, chattering confidentially all the while. He had bought a new dressing-case, so convenient that it was as good as a man-servant all to one's self. And he meant to live much better at Nice this winter, because his governor, who was getting an old chap now, nearly eighty-five, had quite lately put his allowance up a hundred pounds. It struck Hilary as so queer that a man of fifty should have a father. Then Hilary surveyed the sketches. He soon perceived Mr. Weale was no beginner upon this line, whatever might be said of his progressions in the art of the musician. For these water-colors showed a touch and a mastery surprising from an amateur. They were chiefly landscapes with figures, most transparently handled, and they gave a very good look of life. He turned them over one by one, and when he had finished, he put them into their portfolio, and laid it away upon the table carefully. He looked up on a sudden and caught himself regarded by a strange, curious, and expectant eye. "They're very good," said he, but was dimly conscious such interest was paid for something more than that.

Weale stared at him a second, then got up quickly from his chair and whipped, limping, over to the table where that portfolio was lying. He seized it in his hands, turned it to see the back, and threw it down, stuttering out "Damn it," and fell to circling on the floor, stamping with his well leg, half crying, sputtering in the most laughable manner in the world, his face purple: "Oh, I'm such an ass! I always do botch everything. To think I should never have put in the very one you were to see! And he was so particular it should happen as if by chance. Oh, dear! dear me!" He trundled back as fast as possible to his desk, drew out another sheet, marched up to Hilary, and shoved it into his hands, saying: "There's the one he wanted you to see. I'm sure I don't understand exactly why. Though it's the best

thing I ever did. But I'm tired of all this secrecy. I'm no confounded conspirator, you know."

But Hilary understood.

The place was one he overlooked from his window at any hour of his pleasure—the upper garden terrace just below the last two trees in that long walk of chestnuts. The time was winter. Sunset, with strange, thin, glowing lights, smoke-streaked, wood-fire reds of the hibernal sky. And the branchery above the straight and solemn trunks was bare, clear-traced, like lace which is black. Over a bit of parapet one looked below, first on Heidelberg, and then out to the plain of the Neckar. And a sharp-eyed sun, not misty, the clear gloom-red sun of winter, was down there in the west, peering over the wall below the black tree branches.

The Fräulein Bülow, in a little coat of smoke-blue fur, stood, both hands high on the shoulders of Von Werther, gazing up to him with wide wet eyes of the deep-sea grayness. Werther, in a smoke-white uniform, stood biting at one long end of his mustache, laughing, and looking down at her, with a flickering flame-blue eye. The sunset cast a steady glare over the two lovers. "Upon going to the Wars" had been written underneath. Hilary stared at the Fräulein Bülow's face. And he understood that Greenvil had planned this subtle reminder, leaving it behind him to say grimly there was no chance of taking her alive unless he stabbed her with the story of the disgrace of Adrienne, his own sister. Only he was in an agony lest the blow should kill. But then (and Greenvil would have had him do it sooner) he stared at "that man Werther!"

"Something I saw with my own very eyes. A fine bit. Just right. I hardly had to compose it at all. Take a cigar," said Mr. Weale.

"No, thank you," said Hilary, faintly. "Weale, would you mind giving me that sketch?"

"Well, I hardly like to part with it; but Greenvil said you'd ask, and he wanted me as a special favor to let you have it. So all right," was the answer.

But Hilary started out of his seat with a stamp upon the ground, crying: "To the devil with Greenvil! Will he never let me alone behind my back? Keep the thing!"

And he rushed from the room, leaving Wende quite speechless.

He went and took the picture which Francesca had given him out of the drawer, looked at it a second, then flung it back, put on his hat in a wild revolt, and left the house, raging with the surprise of a colt who is being mastered, with a sense of impotence against the strong and cruel riddle of all these things.

And he strode with long strides up the Karlstrasse, across the Karlsplatz, through the Market, past the Church of the Holy Ghost, out upon the Old Bridge. He stood there a long time, leaning against the wall, looking down into the water. The October day was dark. They were hanging the bridge arches with fireworks, and only after several angry repetitions of a question to the workmen could he find out in whose honor this illumination was to be. The wind took off his hat, blowing it down the river. And amid the jeers of the boys who played upon the bridge he muttered an execration, and strode back angrily into the town. He bought a hat in a shop near the Bridge Tower Gate. Thence the Fischerstrasse runs to the Market, which was now nearly empty of the women and their booths. They were stout, white-capped, blue-aproned, and they had green stands of fruit. He made out yet a great way off that some of them were left. And standing by one he recognized the Fräulein Bülow, waiting till her basket should be filled. Her face lit up when she saw him, and she broke into a rippling laugh as he came nearer.

"Are you going to sell yourself?" said she.

"No. Why?" said Hilary, starting.

"Well, I see your price-mark in your hat."

He took it off, and saw the green card sticking in the band, half laughed, and tore it out. His rage was waning. And: "The wind's at fault. I have been buying a new one," he explained.

"You do not hold yourself very dear. You are cheap at a thaler," said the Fräulein Bülow. He was glad she seemed to wish to follow out their jest.

In the world there was nothing so quaint, so pretty, so sweet for him to hear as the German accent to her English.

And she added, "I would want much more than that for my own self, if I were for sale."

"Ah! but then you could command much more," he answered, bowing. "I'm so very humble. I'm afraid to ask for too much, for fear I should get less than I expect, and so be disappointed, don't you see."

"Now that is safe, but it is not brave. Lise, the market-woman here, knows better than that. She knows that the more she asks, the more she is likely to get. But you have some justice, I suppose. When the morning is past, and it is well on in the afternoon of the day, Lise must take what is offered, or the night will come, and the vegetables will remain unsold, and she will have no money to take home. Nicht wahr, Lise? My basket is heavy: will you carry it for me?"

He took the basket off her bare white arm, for she always wore that burgher costume; and he thought joyously she would not have asked him to do this three weeks ago.

They walked together side by side along the narrow sidewalk homeward.

"I hate your English proverb about the half loaf being better," said the Fräulein Bülow. "And even if it does not rain, I am angry because the heaven is covered, and we shall have no moon or stars for the illumination. Oh! it will be so beautiful, and I am so excited over it. Do you really think it will rain? I hope not. I have so little pleasure. I should like to see it to-night. No! it must not rain even if there is no moon."

Without reminding her the half loaf seemed of consequence after all, Hilary said the weather would be good. He was certain the sky would never dare to rain in face of the command which she had just laid on it. And she laughed a little at this banter.

"Of course you are certain—of course. The wise gentlemen students are always certain. And if they do not know, they will never confess. But I like them after all. They are good people, those students—are they not?"

He answered that he was acquainted with only one student for whose goodness he could vouch. He said he knew the fellow also counted on a "recommend" from her.

"Oh yes. He is good—to me at least," said she.

And Hilary answered: "I'm awfully glad to hear it; I know I can get a situation if you'll only give it me in writing."

"That's the safest, isn't it? I shan't lose it then, you see."

The Fräulein said: "Yes; I will write it in your book when you go to your next illness."

He told her he had no intention of giving notice. She blushed, and then they both laughed out, looking into one another's eyes.

Then she said: "We have a proverb, 'Uebermuth thut selten gut,' and I fear something will happen, I am so over-happy to-day. Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten dass ich so glücklich bin."

By that time they were standing on the landing of the first floor of the house. She must retire into the kitchen with her provisions. And she bid him good-by.

Mrs. Mott and Mamie and Dr. Pike could not go with them to the illumination; they were going with their friends from the hotel.

"I am awfully glad of it," said Hilary, with a laugh.

The Fräulein Bülow cast a glance around her shoulder, and drew nearer to him, smiling.

"I am also. Hush!" she said, in a whisper. And she laid her finger on her lip, and disappeared from out his sight. Hilary stood stark with a mad joy upon the landing.

"Greenvil was quite wrong," said he. "I shan't have to tell her. She will take me if she talks to me like this."

After dinner they went down to the river-bank. They secured good standing-places for the evening's show.

Three hours he stood beside her in the crowd along the river. Weale looked out for the Frau Mamma. All around them surged the mass of people—students, burghers, peasants, and strangers—talking, laughing, singing, while hither and thither darted the little boys, letting crackers off with colored fire among the crowd. The houses by the river-side were illuminated. And moonlight struggled greenly through the clouds down to the rushing water. Over the river floated little skiffs, which carried party-colored lights.

From these there rose upon his ear the sweet and languorous music of guitars, and the sounds of the students shouting their songs. As he looked through the black, sharply outlined arches of the bridge he saw that the eddying water underneath was dark and troubled. The

night wind kept blowing softly, warm and sensuous, across her perfumed hair into his face. Then, by a sudden violent surge of the crowd, she was lifted off her feet; she clung to him in fear of crushing.

And for an instant her head was roughly flung upon his shoulder, so that he felt her yellow hair, which he could not see, against his face and neck. And at that moment he heard the sound of music. Down the darkness of the river came floating a curtained, canopied barge, hung with the delicately tinted blue and green and pale pink Chinese lanterns, surrounded by an attendant train of little lamp-lit skiffs. The water-fall of Roman candles rushed down over the parapet into the river when the progress once had passed below the bridge.

As the last of the rockets sank, extinguished by the water, illumination on the banks died gradually away. The merry-makers abandoned the night to its natural silence.

On the way that night he asked her to marry him, and he received "No" for an answer.

IX.

Storms of wind and rain broke over Heidelberg upon the morrow, which lasted many days. And it grew cold. Hilary would sit for hours by his window of an afternoon, watching the rooks, who wheeled in the gray sky about the red tower on the hill.

For ten days now he had been quite alone in that dreary house. Weale had long since voyaged southward to sunnier countries. The winter weather drove the Americans off soon after. He knew that she expected him to go also, and yet was hardly able to desire it. No new lodgers had arrived to fill those empty places.

And it did not seem that any could be hoped for, since the university was in full swing now, and any students would already have engaged their rooms. The old Frau Bülow was visibly depressed by this. She sent away one of her two Mädchen, thus throwing more work upon her daughter and herself.

Their faces grew worried with mean cares, anxious, fearful, joyless, being poor. It was going to be a bad, hard winter.

Hilary would often travel down alone to the rococo gardens of the palace of the Duke, at Schwetzingen, and walk along

the melancholy, wintry alleys, stirring the dry leaves with his feet, passing the statue of Pan in the withered formal bower, looking at the Neptune among the sedges of the artificial lake. When a chestnut fell upon the autumnal silence, he thought of how he always used to pick them up in a wood on the place at Quincy, and take them home to play at soldiers by the fire after tea. Sometimes he was afraid; sometimes ashamed of cowardice; sometimes he felt like crying. But he began to carry about in his pocket the picture which Francesca had given him, taking it out at unconsidered moments, looking at those two faces, putting it suddenly back.

On a certain dank, dark afternoon he was sitting in his window at Heidelberg, when (and it was the first time since the evening of his coming) he saw the Fräulein Bülow in that sad-memored place far on the upper terrace, leaning against the parapet under the two black wintry trees, alone and lonely, a little figure staring out at the sky. He gazed at her for a great while; then, all on a sudden, fell to thinking of that scene which Weak had laid before him. But now there was no red sunset.

And a huge wild rage at the author of all this sprang up in him, freeing his will from scruples, making him cruel, and making him as strong as Greenvil could have wished. He put the picture in his pocket. And he went down stairs.

And passing the malodorous kitchen, reaching the malodorous lower hall, hearing the cobbler lodger ever tapping at his work, the memory of his old-time disgust rose in him, with a presentation of the Fräulein Bülow's life. She must have passed this same way and seen these things to reach that upper terrace.

The stones of the court were slippery with green moss, thin and dank; in this dumb month of December it was a gloomy hole enough. Some of that party-colored washing hung there which had made him think she could not be a lady. He laughed. Then he climbed the steps to the first terrace. And he looked back at the house.

All the leaves were driven from the creeper. The bare windows with their whitish paper shades seemed wall-eyes quite askew. From the muddy yellow stucco, plaster had come off in places. Blotches of damp mildew had sweated out upon its face. He climbed the second flight of steps.

The leaves upon the fruit trees had fallen so long ago that they had rotted, and underfoot were silent. There lay a dead wintry stillness over the gray garden which daunted and which oppressed. No breath of wind creaked the branches. And the sky was shut. Hilary rushed to the higher terrace.

Noiselessly as might be he strode down the long walk of chestnuts, his eyes in the distance, at the end of it, on the Fräulein Bülow, drawing nearer and nearer, nursing his hate of Werther to keep it hot, coming up behind her, then laying his hand, as on the day of his arrival so long ago, upon her arm. And at the touch of the soft white flesh (which was cold as snow with the winter weather) a shiver shook him and made him tremble. Something weak within him cried out to "Spare!"

But, "Fräulein!" he said, calling all his courage up.

And she started round, rustling with her skirts the heaps of great brown chestnut leaves, which fall later, and which were dry, gripping the parapet with her hand, staring instantly at his eyes.

"I told you I wouldn't marry you. You ought to have gone before now," said she, with the anger of a princess with whom a liberty has been taken.

"Then why did you treat me so, and lead me on, and make me so presumptuous?"

The Fräulein Bülow had no answer.

"But now listen," said Hilary. And he talked like a timorous man who carries a concealed weapon.

"I do not love you," said the Fräulein Bülow.

"I know it; but—"

"I love my cousin, the Lieutenant Von Werther. He is dead." And then she looked at Hilary.

And he knew that she compared him, Henry Hilary, gentleman, of Boston, with that boorish German Don Juan, whom his own sister too had loved unwisely and very well. It cut him so that he shrunk. And he kept his hand in his pocket, fingering his picture, like a little boy, for comfort when he thought that she despised him for the other one. But he was really the best of her two lovers.

She looked at his face, and very proudly, for the third time, she said, as if that were the conclusion of the matter, "I do not love you."

"That is a coin which would not go far with Greenvil," said Hilary, with a laugh.

"Why, what do you mean?" cried the Fräulein Bülow, starting.

Hilary broke out: "Oh, I know it all! I know all about the Liebes-erant Werther," lowering his voice over that, hastening humbly to propitiate her by a reverent utterance of the name. "It was only for a moment down by the river. The night was warm. There were colored lights. You were so beautiful. I was carried away. I thought I might speak to you as I would to other women. I asked too much. I asked you to love me. That is not what I ask now. Listen! Love is not all. Give me what you can. I am quite willing. Only let me take you away from this dreadful house. I will never come near you until you send. Do you understand what I mean? You need not lose yourself to me at all. Oh, I want very little—very little! Only just to marry me! Oh, why not?—why not? You can't give any reason. No, you can't. You will never have to think of anything that's mean; you will never be in need of money any more. You will be safe from getting lowered. Your life will be before you smooth and certain to the end. And you won't be left alone. Now it looks rough and treacherous and black. Your mother is old. She will soon die. What then? Oh, I can't think of it. No, no! You will grow ugly and withered with work. You—the Fräulein Bülow—ugly! That's what I always call you to myself even. See what a distance I will keep. You know you would not be unhappy with me; you know I am not bad. There's no sense in anything else; there's no reason a man can give against your leaving the cold winter and this horrible house, and coming with me into the spring. Do you know that we could be in Sicily by Christmas?"

And he waited, standing off respectfully, for an answer; having now played his last card but one, the arm bent, fingering his picture tremblingly, pulling it up to the top of his pocket so she could very well see its glittering edges, then letting it fall back, like a man who shows and shoves away the handle of a dagger. And to her his playing gestures with some toy or other made him seem very trivial and very young.

"Do you understand that I am willing—glad? You are not betraying him at

all. You can always think of him and love him yet. Give me a little—just a little. There is no reason why you cannot love him just the same as now," said Hilary.

The Fräulein shook her head, and, smiling sadly, with a little weeping in the corners of her mouth, "It is impossible," said she.

Hilary thought, bitterly, "She pities me because I am so young, when it is really I who am having mercy upon her." He took his picture out of his pocket, holding it in his hand. And at the last call he cried: "No, no! Think of that house. Gnädige Fräulein, come, come!"

They had shifted their positions so that Hilary now stood with his back to the parapet, to the plain, to the sky, humbly facing the Fräulein Bülow as if in audience, looking at her eagerly with his silverish sea-blue eyes. His fine-cut face was brown. On his uncovered head the shining hair glittered. And she pondered on Greenvil's sayings, staring at the ground, yet altogether conscious of that face of Hilary. And he was going to give her time. Up from below to Heidelberg now and then would strike a single cry on this December silence.

It must have been nearly half an hour that they stood there together on that high place, under the livid grayness of the sky dome, in the midst of the gray garden, under the two black chestnuts. She made one lingering step forward. And she paused with averted face.

Hilary watched the working on it. He knew that she was yielding. And as he stood there with his back to the west, it almost seemed as if all the black and white low light which glowered over the garden and round her figure really lifted and grew clearer, even shining, gradually tinted with some pale blush of color. And an evening wind had sprung up, blowing whispers through the branches.

Again she made one lingering step toward Hilary, facing the west, pausing again with bent neck.

But on a sudden from the plain behind him came a loud wail of the wind.

And at the sound, strangely, quite mysteriously to him, as he stood with his back to the west, a great blaze of crimson radiance flared fiercely all over the Fräulein Bülow's body, into her eyes, on her face, reddening the black trees overhead, the whole gray terrace, not falling at all



'I DO NOT LOVE YOU.'

on Hilary. He simply felt the icy shriek of the blast behind his back. The Fräulein shrank together.

She fell to shuddering, starting back as on the verge of a crime, catching a long, sighing breath. And she threw up her head. Then, never looking at him, speaking over his shoulder down into the west, she cried, in a voice that rang like silver: "No! I loved him, and I love him still, and I shall love him into eternity. When I heard that he was dead, it seemed to me that I could not live without his help, or take up the heavy burden which was waiting for me, and carry it alone through the weary years. I remember that. He was strongest where I was weakest, and the world was dark without my beloved. At times my heart seems breaking. Oh, the terror, the awfulness of living on and on! But one of these days, when I have gone the journey as best I can alone, I shall fall asleep, and wake up, and see him again in heaven, where he is now, and together we shall be blessed for evermore. I remember that."

Hilary laughed, and with the laugh part of his youth left him.

Then, with a pitying gesture which he knew must seem to her only the unworthy petulance of a little boy, he dropped his picture from his hand, stamping upon it until all was crushed to unrecognizable fragments. And giving a great sob, he turned and simply threw himself on the chestnut leaves down near the Fräulein's feet, burying his face in his hands. For, after all, he was impetuous and very young.

But, as is ever the case with those sudden dramatic sunsets, the clouds soon closed again over heaven. And the glow faded from the gray garden, from the black trees, from the Fräulein Bülow, who stood there a great while with Green-vil in her mind, looking down at Hilary and the glittering fragments of some picture. All grew dank, dark, cold as ever before. The wall-eyed house stared at her through the shrubbery like a blotched and squalid face. Hilary felt a hand rest on his shoulder.

AGRICULTURAL CHILI.

BY THEODORE CHILD.

THE favorable impression of Chili which I had received in descending the western slopes of the Cordillera was augmented when I reached the village, or perhaps I should say town, of Santa Rosa de los Andes. This was my first experience of a Chilian hotel. As we rode up through clouds of dust the exterior of the one-story "adobe" buildings of the Hôtel del Comercio did not seem inviting. Inside, however, I found a series of court-yards, or "patios," avenues of trellised vines, aviaries, canalized watercourses, and other pleasant features. I hired a room in the first "patio," with an outlook upon the flowering shrubs, the fountain, and the wonderful imitation marble statues which stood around it. Who would have expected to find specimens of Greek sculpture—of the period of decadence, it is true—at the foot of the Andes?

Dusty as I was, and having been wholly deprived of the use of soap and water during my six days' journey across the mountains, the old prejudices of the dweller in

towns asserted themselves, and I asked the landlady, in an off-hand and half-apologetic tone, if it would be possible to have a bath. "*Como no?*" she replied, with the usual Chilian formula of ready affirmation, and added: "Would you like a swimming-bath?" "Is there a swimming bath in the hotel?" I asked. "*Como no?*" The water is not crystalline, but it is clean and fresh, and brought from the Aconcagua River by an "acequia." "*Bueno, vamos á ver,*" said I, and we went to see. And behold at the end of the garden was a tank some fifteen feet square, with water running through it, and overhead, as a protection against the sun, vines laden with pendent bunches of grapes, forming, as it were, a ceiling to the bath. This was delightful, and I bathed with joy. Now after a bath a man needs refreshment of some kind. "*Como no?*" was the invariable reply; and I was shown into a bar-room, where I found a greater variety of deleterious drinks than you would meet with in similar establishments in Europe or the United States.



HOTEL COURTYARD IN LOS ANDES.

and yet Los Andes does not boast 3500 inhabitants. Thus fortified and rejuvenated, I was prepared to dine, and I succeeded in dining very fairly, drank good Chilean wine, had a pleasant talk with my friend Don Honorio and other gentlemen, and after dinner took a walk on the plaza, where there was a zealous but inferior orchestra playing for the distraction of "all Los Andes," represented by a few officers, employés, and shop-keepers, a dozen ladies wearing Parisian hats that were the fashion a year ago, and a few score modest natives, the women wearing black shawls drawn mantillawise over their heads, and the men draped in "ponchos," and sheltered from indiscreet eyes by broad-brimmed white straw hats with black strings tied under the chin.

The next day I explored Los Andes and

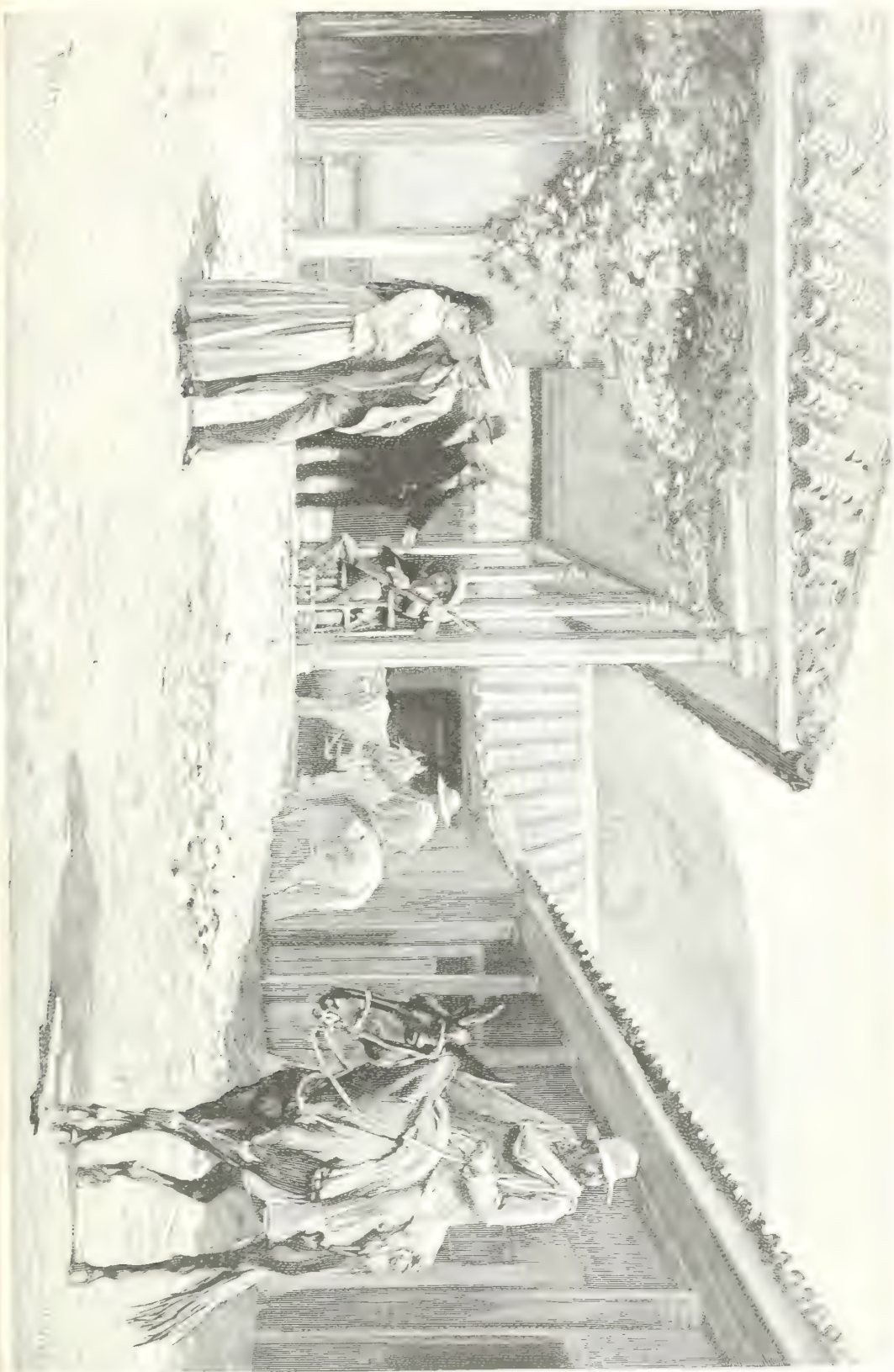
its environs, and found everything pleasant and interesting. I must, however, observe, in justice to Chili and the Chileans, that Los Andes is in reality a miserable little place of no particular importance, but it is precisely on this account that I dwell upon its agreeable features. I might have selected for my observations San Felipe, for instance, the capital of the province of Aconcagua, with 12,000 inhabitants; but the merit of evidences of civilization in San Felipe is less than in Los Andes, and although the former town has nearly four times the population of the latter, it is not relatively more civilized or more agreeable. Indeed, in general aspect all the little towns of the agricultural provinces of Chili are similar, and a description of one will serve for all. The situation of Los Andes is peculiarly charming, and one may imagine that one day enterprise might convert it into an admirable health and pleasure resort. All around the mountains rise with snow-capped peaks and blue mystery. The streets are laid out rectangularly in uniform "cuadras," according to the invariable Spanish custom. With very few exceptions the houses are one story high,

and built of sun dried or "adobe" bricks, with grayish-red-tiled roofs, the walls being stuccoed, and colored rose, yellow, blue, and other shades. The long straight streets are deep in dust; an "acequia," or open channel of water, flows down the middle or the side, and serves for drainage, and even for domestic purposes, while outside the town it forms part of a series of irrigating canals: the sidewalks alone are paved with round pebbles. The shops are general stores for the sale of imported manufactured goods, Parisian perfumery, and "notions"; provision stores: "despachos" for the sale of watermelons, vegetables, aguardiente, pisco, anisado, chicha, and other drinks; butchers' shops of uninviting looks; saddlery and leather workshops; "cigarrerias," at the doors of which you see the employés sitting on stools and utilizing their leisure in rolling cigarettes in the thin fibrous leaf that envelops the corn-cob; these hand-made "cigarrillos de hoja" are a specialty of Chili, where paper cigarettes are very little used. In the centre of the town is the plaza, with the middle carefully railed off and provided with gates, which are closed at night, in order to preserve the flowers and plants from marauders, petty thieving being a weakness of the Chilenos. The plaza is well supplied with benches, and around it are the public buildings, the town-hall and the church, the latter a wooden structure in the Doric style, the mock columns painted white to imitate marble, and the rest of the church painted chocolate-color. This wooden church is not necessarily to be regarded as a sign of poverty, any more than the one-story buildings of sun-dried bricks and mud; these materials are selected because they are light and elastic and resist earthquakes, whereas stone or brick would fall and crush the inmates to death; for Chili, it must be remembered, is still subject to volcanic commotions, and counts a considerable number of active craters. Finally, we must mention a fine alameda and broad-exterior boulevards, lined with splendid trees, under which you see the peasant people in the morning breakfasting before retreating to their farms—the husband in the saddle, the wife, in a gay shrimp-colored dress, riding *en croupe*. In the morning these boulevards are quite animated. Horsemen wearing enormous hats, prodigious spurs, and bright-colored "ponchos" ride to and fro, while wagons of

primitive build and groaning wheels, drawn by two or three yokes of oxen, bring in square bundles of chopped and compressed alfalfa, a sort of lucern, the culture and export of which is one of the principal industries of the province of Aconcagua, being centred chiefly in the towns of Curimon, San Felipe, and Los Andes. The great market for this fodder is the nitrate desert and mineral zone of Chili, between latitude 18° and 27° , where there is no vegetation, and where every green sprig has to be imported. In the evening the town becomes relatively lively. Shops are revealed by brilliant gas-lights when night closes in; dark forms of women swathed in black shawls glide along the streets; there is a subdued hum of conversation, and in the distance the intermittent bass drum of some ambulant circus from the sister republic of the United States.

Los Andes is at present the terminus of the branch line of the Chilian state railways which starts from Llaillai, the junction of the Santiago and Valparaiso line, and will ultimately join the great transandine railway to Mendoza and the Argentine. The ride through the Aconcagua Valley is rich in fine scenery. The grand outlines of the Andes always form the background. In the middle distance are the vast alfalfa fields, marked off with rows of graceful poplars and weeping-willows, and traversed by symmetrical irrigation canals derived from the Aconcagua, whose milky torrent rolls capriciously over a broad, dazzlingly white bed of stones and pebbles. In the foreground is the luxuriant vegetation of vineyards, orchards, quick hedges of gigantic growth, and gardens brilliant with the floral charm of climbing roses, jasmine, and wistaria. In the midst of this rich vegetation, due to an excellent system of irrigation, which renders the farmer independent of rainfall or drought, the towns are dotted here and there, reddish-gray patches of fluted tile roofs in a bouquet of swaying poplars.

Chili, which on the map appears to be 2000 miles long and two inches broad, extends from latitude $17^{\circ} 47'$ southward to Cape Horn, and measures more than 2500 miles in length, while the breadth of the territory from the Andes to the Pacific varies from 100 to 180 miles, thus giving a total area of more than 300,000 square miles. On the east are the lofty summits of the



Andes, while on the west, touching more or less the Pacific Ocean, runs the parallel range of the coast mountains, or Cordillera de la Costa. Between these two chains, like a broad river between high banks, the central valley lies, being prolonged without interruption from latitude 33° to 41° 30', within which space are situated the principal towns and the best cultivated land, from the transverse valleys of the Aconcagua and Quillota down to Port Montt, where the continent proper ends, and the island territory begins. We may again divide this long band of country into four zones, which are:

1. The mineral zone, from 18° to 27°, comprising the provinces of Tacna, Tarapacá, Antofagasta, and the northern half of Atacama.

2. The mineral and agricultural zone, from 27° to 32°, comprising part of Atacama and the provinces of Coquimbo and Aconcagua.

3. The agricultural zone proper, from 32° to 41° 30', comprising the provinces of Valparaiso, Santiago, O'Higgins, Colchagua, Curicó, Talca, Linares, Maule, Ñuble, Concepción, Bió-Bió, Arauco, Malleco, Cautin, Valdivia, Llanquihue.

4. The timber and fisheries zone, including all the southern end of Chili, composed of primitive forests, islands, and lakes, between 41° 30' and 55°.

A glance at the map will show as it were a continuous system of lakes in the centre of this extreme southern zone, suggesting the hypothesis that in former times these lakes reached all up the coast between the two Cordilleras. This supposition is confirmed by an examination both of the northern deserts and more particularly of the second and third zones, where the series of level valleys are evidently old sea-bottoms, the basins of great lakes, whose waters on retiring, through Plutonic action, left more or less rich deposits of soil brought down from the mountains. As you travel along the southern line you can distinguish lake after lake, each with its outlet, and each with its river or torrent, which continues to wash down from the mountains the alluvion that produces such rich crops.

The part of Chili which I first visited was the agricultural zone proper. It was an agreeable surprise with which I beheld the railway train that was waiting for us at Llaillai when we steamed in from Los Andes in comparatively anti-

quated cars. It was a regular American train, with locomotive and rolling stock of the most approved model, including a fine saloon chair car, called here a Spooner car, from the name of the American gentleman, Mr. John A. Spooner, who has introduced these blessings into Chili. I entered this Spooner car with astonishment. What a civilized country this is! I thought to myself. Saloon-cars in Europe are still rare. In country towns in Europe you do not find hotels with statuary in the front "patio" and swimming baths in the back yard. Even in big towns in the United States you will look in vain for a pretty plaza or promenade, such as they have at Los Andes, and, as far as my experience goes, in every Chilean village. And yet here have I been living in the vague belief that Chili is a semi-barbarous country, inhabited by *rastacouères* with blue-black beards, who wear gigantic diamonds and oppress the poor Indian. In fact, I knew nothing about Chili beyond its geographical position, and that, too, only approximately. But here I was actually in Chili, in a saloon-car running between Santiago and Valparaiso. At the door are brown-faced newsboys, with a good deal of Indian blood in their veins, but just as noisy and enterprising as young men in the same profession in more northern latitudes. "*El Ferrocarril, La Union, La Epoca tengo!*" they cry. "*El Mercurio! El Heraldo!*" "Diarios, señor; newspapers! Buy some papers to read on the road, sir!"

There is a ringing of bells and a blowing of whistles, and we are off. Half the passengers are talking English, and the others are so cosmopolitan and correct in aspect and manners that I am inclined to wish for a little local color and a little more character. One blond Englishman is reading a railway novel; another has a bundle of illustrated papers from the old country; a third is reading to his friend a Spanish journal, *El Heraldo*, which prints its telegraphic news in English. The ladies in the car are English or American as well as Chilean, and their costume would not attract attention in Broadway or Regent Street, except for its good taste. The conductors, with their white képis and silk dust coats, are as cosmopolitan and polite as the passengers. All this, especially the predominating Anglo-Saxon element, is rather surprising to the new-comer, who has yet to learn that Val-

paraiso is an English town, and who does not remember that, commercially speaking, Chili has for years been more or less an English province. At Limache we are to get out, our object being to visit the vineyards known as "Lo Urmeneta," situated in a charming valley hemmed in with brown hills, about twenty miles from Valparaiso. As the Westinghouse brake grips the wheels, and the train slows into

next moment in stately Spanish; the swarms of little boys and girls, happy families of ten or fifteen young people, all correctly dressed, well-behaved, and radiant with health and felicity—present a picture of singular animation, and an aspect of complete civilization, which the European traveller contemplates at first sight with unpardonable but none the less real astonishment. At this little



URMENETA VINEYARD.

the station, we see beves of ladies promenading on the platforms, dressed in the gayest of summer costumes and the most coquettish hats that Paris invented—a year ago. Outside the station a score of boys and girls on horseback inspect the new arrivals; for in Limache, as in all Chilian towns, whether they be summer resorts or not, one of the great distractions is to ride or walk down to the station to see the trains come in. The variety of types is great. The olive-skinned creole; the flaxen-haired Anglo-Saxon; the black-eyed Chilian maidens, with oval faces and full puffy cheeks; the blue-eyed English girls, who chatter at one moment in the familiar tongue, and the

town of Limache, which has only 6500 inhabitants, I found myself in telephonic communication with Santiago and Valparaiso, and I staid in a very comfortable and well-kept hotel, with vast gardens, orchards, a park, a river swimming bath, lawn-tennis ground, and other conveniences, all at the free disposal of visitors. However, my visit to Limache had not so much a social as a practical object. Let us get to the point, which is the Urmeneta Vineyard and wine culture in Chili.

In order to reach this vineyard we hired a carriage and a team of three horses; but we strayed by the way-side, and first of all paid a visit to Don Joa-

quin and his brother, who have a small vineyard of some 40,000 plants, and a local reputation as expert makers of "chicha." This is an excellent and wholesome drink, worthy of the attention of Californian and other wine-growers. In Chili it may be regarded as the national beverage, the great popular provoker of merriment, and the source of all that is truly original in that variation of the Spanish "jota" known in Chili as "la cueca." After drinking a certain amount of "chicha," the Chilians must dance the "cueca." This drink is cooked wine. The operation of making it is as follows: the grapes, having been gathered and brought in, are passed through a sieve or net of quarter-inch cord, with three-quarter-inch openings, forming a tray some three feet long, two feet wide, and ten inches deep. This process removes the berries from the sprigs. The tray being placed over a hopper, and the hopper over a press composed of two fluted cylinders of American oak, the berries pass between the rollers, and juice, skins, pips, and all fall into a vat, whence the clear liquid is drawn off with all speed. The sediment may be put into a second press, and more liquid obtained, only this second brewing will give a darker liquid. The final sediment is used for distilling alcohol, or *aguardiente*. The liquid juice is immediately put into a copper or porcelain boiler, which should be shallow and open to the air. Under this boiler a fire should be lighted, and the liquid boiled gently, the foam being carefully skimmed off as it rises. When the whole is cooked, a little vinewood ash is thrown in to clarify it, and the liquid is drawn off by a faucet, and strained through a fine cloth filter. The time of cooking was fixed by Don Joaquin at four hours for forty gallons of juice, and the loss by evaporation at twelve to fifteen per cent. The liquid, boiled and strained, is poured into a vat and left to ferment; and while there still remains a little fermentation the "chicha" is again strained through a cloth, and bottled with good corks, tied down with string or wire. If stone bottles are used, the "chicha" will remain good for a year or two, after which it loses its peculiar foaming and sparkling quality, and becomes mere ordinary white wine; whereas good "chicha," carefully put up in glass bottles, retains its qualities for four and five years, and compares favorably with most

of the champagne in the market nowadays. In making "chicha," skill and experience tell in the boiling, and in choosing the exact moment for bottling the still fermenting liquid. As regards the kind of grapes to be preferred, the Chilians use the black San Francisco or Old Mission grapes, white Italian grapes, pink Spanish grapes, and white French Chaselas. As the great question in making "chicha" is quantity of juice, and not quality, the trailed vines are to be recommended, because the yield of grapes is more abundant and the berry ripens more quickly; while for making wine the dwarfed vines are best, because the quality of the grape is finer. I tried "chicha" at every opportunity while travelling in Chili, and as I found it a harmless, wholesome, and excellent drink, I venture to call attention to it.

Wine-growing, which is daily becoming more and more important in modern Chili, has been practised there on scientific principles only during the second half of this century. The vine seems to have been introduced by the Spanish conquistadores. The white Muscatel grapes grown at Huasco, which date from the old Spanish times, are still famous, and fetch high prices for table use, both green and dried; but all through the country a sort of Spanish or creole grape is grown, and used to make "mosto" and "chacoli," which is simply grape juice for immediate consumption; and "pisco," which is an excellent grape alcohol when well made. The introduction of French vines and French methods of culture and manufacture dates, as far as I can discover, from about 1850, when the Ochagavia Vineyard, in the province of Santiago, was planted with French Burgundy plants. A short time afterward the Totoral Vineyard, in the Itata Valley, near Tome, in the province of Concepción, was planted with Bordeaux vines. The Subercaseaux Bordeaux Vineyard dates from about 1857, and the Urmeneta from 1862. Other notable vineyards are Panquehue (Errázuriz), La Trinidad (Waddington), and Macul (Cousiño). But now the quantity of land being devoted to wine culture is increasing daily, and from Huasco, the extreme northern point, down to Valdivia, in the south, you find vineyards, for the most part well planted and well kept, the plants being Bordeaux or Burgundy. The wine, however, is different



A VAQUERO.

in flavor and quality from French wine. The soil seems to tend to produce a musty taste, and many of the wines are too full and complex in flavor, and too thick, resembling rather varieties of port and sherry than claret or Burgundy. Perhaps of all of the established marks *Panquehue* is the best table wine grown in Chili. As regards the extent of land under grape culture, no statistics are at present obtainable; the production, however, although increasing rapidly, is still inferior to the demand for home consumption, and consequently the price is very dear. The *Urmeneta* Vineyard, for instance, which produces some 240,000 litres of wine per annum, sells in bottles containing 72 centilitres three classes, at the following prices: ordinary red and white wine, \$12 Chilean per dozen; superior red wine, \$16 Chilean. The *Macul* ordinary wines are sold direct at \$8 Chilean per dozen. The *Tome* ordinary red wines of good brands sell at \$6 50 Chilean per dozen. The retail price of the native wines in the restaurants and hotels throughout the country is from \$1 50 to \$2 50. Doubtless when the production increases the price will diminish, and Chili may one day hope to become an exporter of wines, for this industry has evidently a great future, and the country is well adapted to it. We must note that, except in the south, where there is some rainfall, and where it would perhaps be possible to make champagne wines, the vast majority of the Chilean vineyards are artificially irrigated. The vines are planted about 1.30 metres apart, trained on wires and dwarfed as in France. The ploughing between the rows is done by oxen. The managers of all the most important vineyards are Frenchmen, brought out specially and at high salaries. For that matter, we shall have further occasion to notice that all the new industries in Chili are under the direction of foreigners. The out-door hands are paid fifty Chilean cents paper a day, and the cellar hands sixty-five cents, and both categories are lodged and fed, the same as ordinary agricultural laborers throughout the country. The lodging, however, even on the best farms, is primitive, and the food equally so.

At present Chilean wines are pure and unsophisticated, and no fortification is required. The *Limache* wines contain 11 to 12 per cent. alcohol, and the superi-

or *Carbenet*, grown on the hill-sides on poles and not on wires, contain as much as 13½ per cent. A scientific analysis of Chilean wines has, however, not yet been made in any satisfactory manner, and these figures are only approximate. No artificial means are employed for aging the wines, and the whole process of manufacture is executed by hand labor. The ordinary wines are kept usually three years in barrel before being put on the market, and the fine wines as much as six or seven years. The first year of barrel the wine will be drawn off four times, and the following years three times a year. The Chilean grape juice is rich and healthy, and the only treatment it requires is cleanly and careful hand labor. The wine made from French grapes—*Carbenet*, *Merlot*, *Verdot*, *Pineo*, *Côte Rouge*, *Côte d'Estournel*, *Riesling*, *Chasselas*, and other varieties—keeps well in bottle for twelve years. The ordinary Chilean wine made from native creole grapes is vatted, for instance, in May, sold the following January, and will not last more than a year. The "mosto" wines of southern Chili last longer than those of the north, and may be kept as much as two years. These creole grape juices cost infinitely less than the real wine made from French plants. There is no legislation in Chili concerning the manufacture or sale of wines and spirits.

Amongst the many hospitable farms and haciendas that I visited, we may take as a favorable specimen *Señora Isidora Cousiño's* large and beautiful estate at *Macul*, near *Santiago*, which is rather, perhaps, a model farm than a commercial enterprise. The whole hacienda comprises 500 cuerdas irrigated, and 700 cuerdas of mountain land without irrigation. Forty cuerdas are devoted to vines, which produce over 350,000 litres a year; a certain portion is allotted to raising wheat, barley, and oats for home consumption; a considerable space is laid out as a park, with very fine and picturesque ornamental gardens; and the rest is given up to alfalfa and grazing. The stud farm at *Macul* is important, and the stock consists of imported *Clydesdale*, *Percheron*, *Cleveland*, *Anglo-Norman*, and thorough-bred racing stock, including a *Yankee trotter*, in all, about a hundred horses, and nearly two hundred cows, bred from thorough-bred imported French and English *Durhams*. This establishment being rather an



IRRIGATION

exceptional one from many points of view, you might expect to find the farm laborers treated with the same care as the cattle. But no. They receive the usual sixty-five paper cents a day, with food and lodging gratis. The lodging consists of rooms in an adobe building, with a beaten earth floor, or a cane hut plastered over with mud; while the food is composed of a daily ration of two pounds of bread in the morning, and at mid-day an unlimited quantity of beans cooked in grease. That is all; the laborer receives neither tea nor coffee, much less beer or wine. The laborers who work permanently on the farm all the year round, instead of being lodged in barracks, have a cottage and a bit of land, which they are allowed to cultivate for their own profit; but in return for this privilege they have to work at the rate of fifty-five cents a day, or furnish a substitute. The laborers of this class are called "inquilinos," and are considered to be the stand-by of every farm, because their services can always be counted on from year's end to year's end. Their cottages and plots are invariably situated on the outskirts of an estate, at intervals one from the other, so that, together with their families, they form the

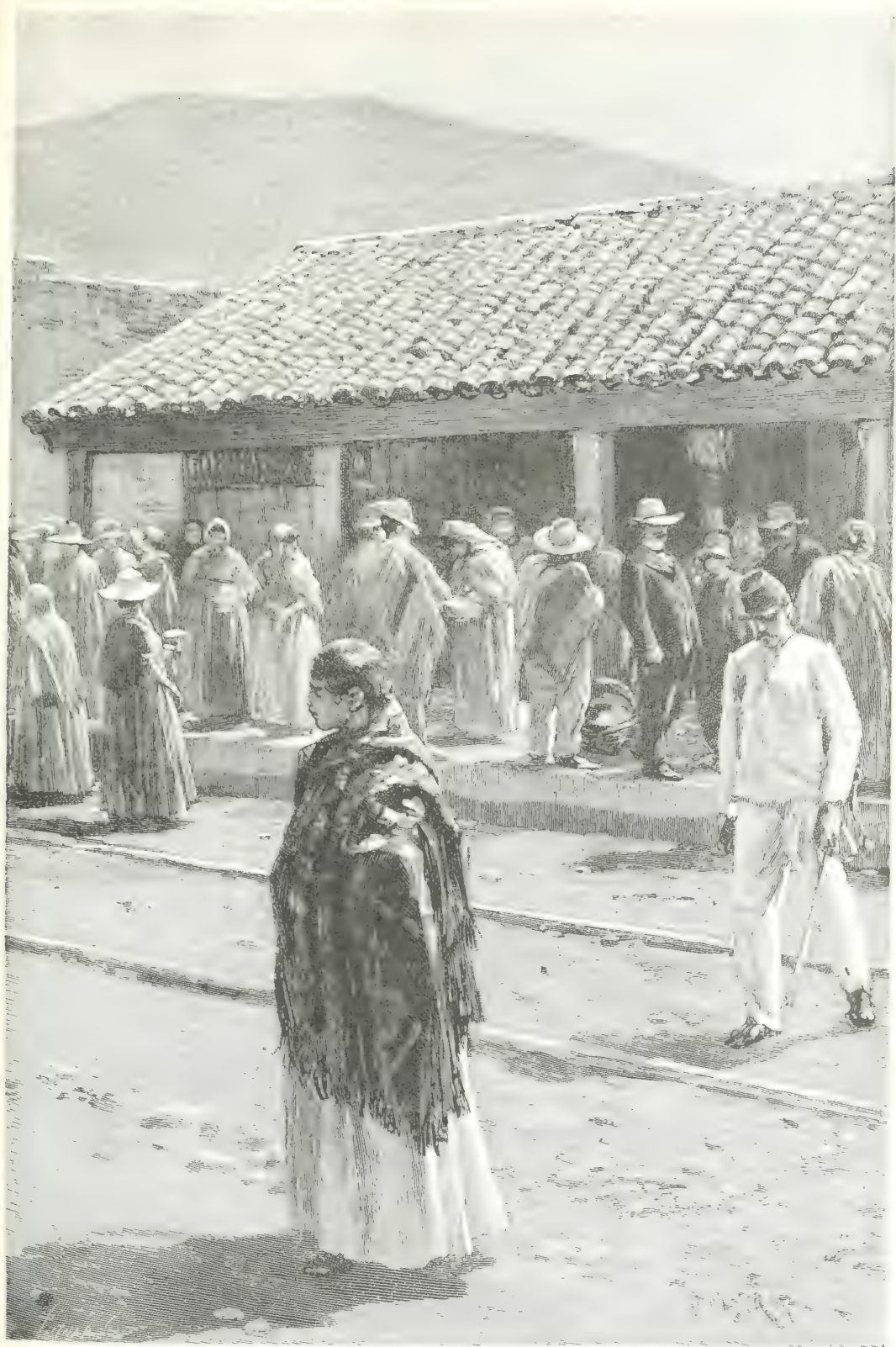
natural guardians and watchmen of the hacienda.

After visiting several vineyards and farms in the central provinces, I started down southward by the express train running from Santiago to Talcahuano, halting *en route* as I thought fit, and continuing by the same train another day. This southern express, composed of locomotive and cars of the best American models, runs 583 kilometres in twelve hours, with eighteen stoppages and seventeen crossings, for the track is single. The time is reckoned at an average of sixty kilometres an hour, and on some stretches even seventy. This train arrives generally to the minute, and in every respect can be compared favorably with European expresses. The journey from Santiago toward the south affords an excellent opportunity of observing the culture of the great central valley and its geological formation, each section being a drained lake, the bed of which is being continually enriched by the alluvial deposit of the mountain torrents. Such torrents, which the railway crosses on important bridges, are the Maipo, Cachapoal, Tinguiririca, Teno, Maule, and Ñuble, whose waters fertilize the land and turn

to mills. In the central section of Chile agriculture depends upon irrigation; where there is no water and no "regadoree" the land is barren, and produces nothing but thorn and scrub; and as the quantity of water which the little Niles of the country contain is limited, there is no possibility of increasing the extent of cultivable land, except, perhaps, by the very costly process of Artesian wells. Hence as you pass through the central valley, generally so rich and luxuriant in vegetation, you reach from time to time vast expanses of sandy waste. From Bulnes, for example, to San Rosendo, for a distance of some forty miles on both sides of the line, there is nothing but acres and acres of arid virgin land, dotted with brush, between which the sandy particles drift and shift at the mercy of the breeze. There are no dews here, no rain except during the winter months, and no means of catching whatever moisture there may be in the atmosphere. Again, where irrigation is possible, the land varies in quality in the different sections of the valley. In the Palmilla Valley, in the province of Colchagua, there is a depth of some twenty feet of the finest black soil, while a little further south, in the province of Linares, there is not more than two feet of soil, and in the region of Traiguén there is often scarcely a foot. The rivers from which the irrigating canals are derived also vary in quality. Some of them, especially the Maipo, the richest in organic matter, roll a torrent of thick brown muddy water, which covers the land with several centimetres of fertilizing matter in the course of each season's irrigation; while other rivers, like the Bió-Bió, have almost crystalline water, and carry in solution scarcely anything but volcanic sand. The finest land in Chile is situated between the Aconcagua and the Maule rivers.

In all these parts the irrigation system is excellent, the water abundant and rich in alluvion, and the vegetation most luxuriant and varied, comprising cereals, alfalfa, vines, fruit, garden produce, and timber, especially poplar. The line passes through the centre of the valleys, touching the principal towns, and the scenery is always interesting and often enchanting. On one side you see the grand summits of the Andes, on the other the lower peaks of the coast range, and between the two chains a level or undulating valley

dotted with farms and blocked out into squares by lines of waving poplar-trees. Where the estates run up the hill-sides the slopes will be covered with grain crops wherever the plough can pass; vines also are planted on favorable exposures. The dividing lines between the haciendas are generally marked not by posts and wires, but by a ditch some six feet wide and deep, which you see running straight up a mountain-side and across the plain. Here you see the various operations of agriculture being performed, often with primitive methods. Though machines are largely used, threshing with horses is still common, and teams of ten, twenty, and thirty animals are driven round and round to tread out the grain. This system is employed not on account of perverse resistance to progress, but because horses are abundant, and because the finely broken straw produced by this method of threshing has a considerable value in the market for fodder, and for mixing with mud to make adobe bricks. At the harvest season you see long theories of ox carts, the sides latticed with green branches, carrying this finely broken straw to the towns. The end of the threshing season is the signal for grand rural fêtes, when floods of "chicha" provoke interminable "cuecas." Another pretext for intemperance and jollification is the "rodeo," or round up, when the cattle in the plain and mountain pastures are driven into corrals and branded. Then the "vaquero," or cow-boy, with his sheepskin leggings, his big spurs, and his inseparable cigarette, ties up his head in a silk handkerchief, pulls his hat over his eyes, and performs wonderful feats of horsemanship in rugged and pathless places. Another operation which interests the traveller is that of irrigation. Each farmer or "hacendado" is a subscriber to or a shareholder in an irrigation canal, constructed generally at very considerable expense, and regulated by carefully elaborated laws. A canal is divided into so many "regadores," a "regador" being an outlet through which nominally thirty-five litres of water can pass per second, this quantity being supposed to be enough to keep one man employed. Each farmer subscribes to a number of "regadores," which he can have united or distributed to suit his convenience, the changing and fixing of the sluices being at the cost of the company.



AT A RAILWAY STATION.



As the train hurries along there is always something of interest to observe: in the distance, the crater of some extinct volcano, with the snow glistening on its flanks: in the foreground, a flight of pure white birds of the stork family settling to fish amongst the pebbles of the broad river-bed: in the fields, the picturesque ox carts with solid wheels, and not a single nail in the whole structure: the peasants, with their huge hats, bright-colored "ponchos," and rough sandals of rawhide laced with thongs. The railway stations are particularly rich in local color.

Still further south men and things begin to look more primitive as we enter the territory only recently conquered from the Araucanian Indians. As far as Concepción the towns that we have passed are rapidly progressive. Such are Rancagua, Rengo, San Fernando, Talca, Chilean, at some distance from which, away up in the mountains, are the famous hot sulphur springs and natural vapor baths, in the flanks of the Chilean volcano, much frequented in the summer months, and destined to great vogue when once the railway renders them easily accessible. Even as it is, the very elementary hotel of the Baños de Chilean is crowded from December to April: but fine as the

intersecting smaller channels connected with the main canal, and the water is directed from point to point as need may be. Our view represents the irrigation of an alfalfa field. The water flowing down a small channel across the field is stopped by a movable dam of coarse canvas on a rough wooden frame, and diverted to a square of land on one side, where a workman with a spade removes small inequalities of surface, and sees that every inch of ground receives water. After this patch has been thoroughly watered the dam will be placed further on, and another patch irrigated with the same care. With their system of irrigation and alluvion fertilizing, the Chileans do not need the artificial manures, such as



irrigation costs money. A "regador" from the Maipo Canal in the province of

scenery is, and wonderful the physical phenomena to be seen, I would not recommend tourists to go there merely on a

peregrinations, instead of going on to Concepción, we change trains at San Rosendo, and follow the line which runs



ARAUCANIAN INDIANS GAMBLING

pleasure trip. For such a purpose the baths of Cauquenes, in the coast Cordillera, are preferable, and more easily accessible. But to continue our agricultural

to Los Angeles, Angol, and Traiguen, which is for the present the southern terminus of the Chilean railways, although now a line is being built through the

provinces of Malleco, Cautin, and Valdivia, down to Osorno, where the great timber region is situated. The train is not quite so luxurious as the southern express which we have just left. In this region there are no saloon-cars, and the third-class cars, in view of rough usage, are provided with sheet-iron windows. Unfortunately these cars are placed at the head of the train, and the first-class car behind them, so that the passengers in the latter receive from the former a perpetual blast of the most pungent odors, in which garlic and onions predominate. Onion pies and watermelons seem to be staple articles of food here, and the whole railway station as well as the train smells of them.

From San Rosendo to Santa Fe the country is dry and uninteresting. Then comes fine river and hill scenery as we approach the great wheat-growing region around the historic town of Angol, one of the seven Araucanian cities which the conquistador Pedro de Valdivia founded in the sixteenth century, when he explored and subdued the whole of Chili as far as the city of Valdivia, which perpetuates his name. But the indomitable Indians revolted, captured the seven cities simultaneously on Christmas Eve, 1553, killed Valdivia near Arauco, and remained masters of the country until within a few years ago. The country about these parts is still spoken of as the "frontier," and civil administration has taken the place of military authority within the past three years only. Civilization is therefore only just making its manifestations obvious. The present city of Angol is beginning to progress; it has 6000 inhabitants, and is a considerable grain centre, but otherwise it calls for no special notice. In the environs of Angol the Araucanian Indians still abound, and people the landscape in the most picturesque manner. These haughty and warlike tribes, which formerly occupied all the territory west of the Andes, from Chiloe up to Copiapó, are now entirely subdued, and only about 50,000 of them remain in a state of semi-independence and with their primitive habits, though recognizing the Chilean republic, under whose protectorate they exist. These Indians live in some of the inner valleys of the Andes, and scattered through the country south of the river Bió-Bió, especially in the provinces of Malleco, Imperial, and Cau-

tin, where they have their cane or brush huts, weave tissues, work on the farms, and get drunk as soon as they have earned a few cents. Like the redskin, the pure Araucanian is destined to disappear from the face of the earth; but, unlike the redskin, he will leave behind him a hardy though hybrid race, which will owe to him its best qualities. I mean the Chilean "peones," or laboring classes, which have a very large admixture of Indian blood, so large, indeed, that a good-looking Chilean peasant woman can often scarcely be distinguished from an Indian woman except by her costume. The Araucanian Indians that I saw were fine-looking and well built, dignified and carefully dressed, and apparently industrious. Some of the silver ornaments that they wear are very artistic. Their manners, too, are independent and indicative of self-respect.

From Angol to Traiguen we pass through the wheat district, composed of low undulating hills and small plains, all yellow with stubble at the time of my visit. Traiguen is a fair specimen of a squatters' town. According to the usual Spanish custom, it is laid out in "cuadras," with rectangular streets, absolutely unpaved except the sidewalks, where the earth is held up by lengths of timber beams along the gutter. The houses are cane huts, adobe cabins, or wooden sheds, with fluted tile roofs. The hotels, of which there are two, each with a bar-room and billiard tables, are likewise wooden sheds, built around an enclosed patch of dust and detritus. The barracks are wooden sheds also. Nevertheless Traiguen is a growing town: it has scarcely four thousand inhabitants, but it boasts four local newspapers, a number of general stores, depots of agricultural machinery, flour-mills, vast wheat warehouses, and innumerable cheap restaurants and grog-shops for the country people and the Indians. Traiguen is the centre of the wheat and timber trade of Chili, and also of the government colonization system. All the wheat, timber, and other merchandise from the departments of Imperial and Temuco is brought to Traiguen in bullock carts to the railway, which carries it to the interior, or to the port of Talcahuano. On the hills and high table-lands around Traiguen you see for miles and miles nothing but wheat, and for miles and miles the eye can follow the red dusty roads that wind like ribbons



LANDSCAPE NEAR ANGOL.

over the slopes leading to the various colonies and to the towns of Victoria and Temuco. From time to time a herd of kine passes, driven along by half a dozen men and boys on horseback, armed with long lassos and a rich vituperative vocabulary. Then you will meet a train of fifty or a hundred ox carts laden with bags of wheat. Then a queer ram-shackle carriage will emerge from a cloud of dust and reveal five wretched horses harnessed abreast, the two outside ones simply attached by a rope, and awaiting their turn to do serious pulling between the shafts, mere galloping at the side being considered rest and not work.

The question of colonization is of the utmost gravity. In December, 1889, the official statistics showed the total population of Chili to be some three millions. When all its productive territory is inhabited, it has been calculated Chili will sustain a population of from sixteen to twenty million people. Whether this estimate be exact or not, it is clear that there is room for immigration, and that the immense resources of the country are still only partially developed. On the other hand, it would be a great mistake to think that gold grows on the trees in Chili, and that people have only to go there in order to pick as much as they want. The development of a country is subject to certain economic laws. Chili doubtless needs immigrants, but the plain truth is that she has no inducements to offer them. I will even go further and say that the actual system of assisted immigration patronized by the Chilean government is a delusion and a snare.

The documents circulated in Europe by Chilean emigration agents are full of misrepresentations of the most culpable kind. One of these pamphlets, for instance, which I now have before me, states the Chilean dollar to be equivalent to four shillings, whereas it is only equal to two shillings. It speaks of gold and silver coins as the current money, whereas such coins are not to be had, the only current money being nickel and notes. The farm laborer's wages are stated to be £7 to £10 sterling a month, whereas the average throughout the country cannot be put safely at more than 50 or 60 Chilean cents a day, or, in other words, 30 to 32 shillings a month, with the food and lodging described on a previous page. Engine-drivers are stated to earn 10 to 16 shil-

lings a day. The payment of drivers on the state railways is as follows: Express trains, \$6; first-class passenger drivers, \$5 50; first-class freight, \$5 25; second-class freight, \$4 80; third-class freight, \$4 20, in Chilean paper. The pamphlet again exaggerates and fails to state that the labor market is overstocked with drivers, mechanics, and artisans of all kinds, who, after having been lured out by the fallacious statements of interested emigration agents, have been glad to get work as waiters, porters, or anything in order not to starve. The same pamphlet affirms that the wages of navvies are from £6 to £8 sterling a month. The wages actually paid to navvies by the state railways are \$1 to \$1 20 a day in Santiago, and 80 cents, Chilean currency, a day in the country, together with the usual rations of bread and beans. We need not enter further into details. In the way of wages Chili has nothing to offer, and as regards farm laborers and navvies, she has her own "peones," who, like their namesakes, the pawns at chess, do a great deal of work and get neither credit nor reward. No European laborers can compete with the native half-Indian Chilean "peones," who live on bread, beans, and water, and sleep on the bare ground, deriving no other comfort or privilege than that of getting drunk on Sunday, keeping up the dream on Monday, recovering their senses on Tuesday, and resuming work on Wednesday. Such is the ordinary routine. As for artisans and skilled workmen, let them beware of going out to Chili, unless they have a written contract before they start; and let both skilled and unskilled reflect that Chili is a Spanish country, and that the first thing they have to do on arriving is to learn a new language, otherwise success is impossible. As for actual colonization, the prospects, as far as my inquiries showed, are poor, and unless the immigrant has at least a thousand dollars capital, he would do better not to risk the attempt. Even if he has a little capital he will meet with many disappointments. In the first place, the land to be distributed on certain conditions amongst colonists is in Araucania, especially in the country around Angol and Traiguén, where there is a very thin coat of black soil on a bed of clay. This soil, after four successive crops, would be absolutely exhausted, and need artificial fertilization, and the only economical way of culti-



ARAUCANIAN INDIAN HUT, AND LOOM FOR WEAVING GUANACO AND OTHER WOOLLEN STUFFS.

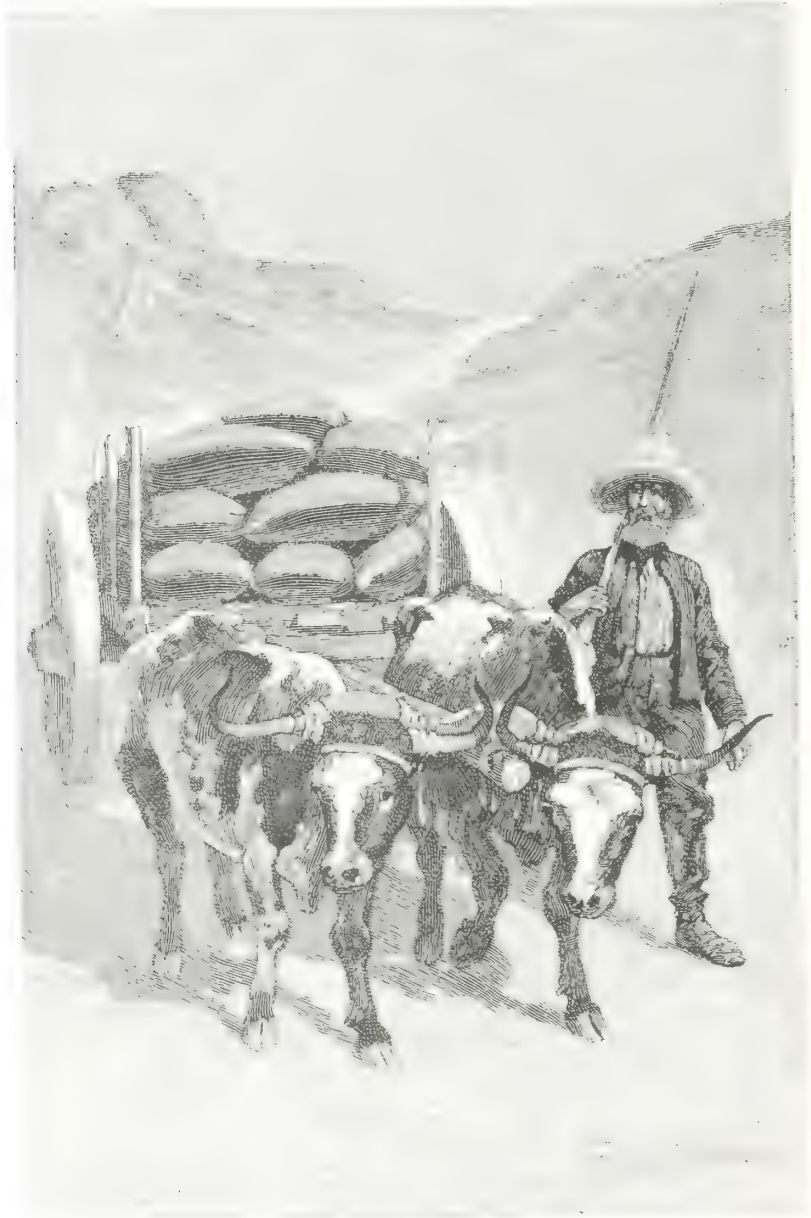
vating it is to grow a crop one year and let the land lie fallow the next. Furthermore, the soil is so light that wherever there is a slope or a plain exposed to the wind, it is necessary to leave the scrub and bushes to hold the land together and prevent it blowing away; hence it is impossible to use machinery, whether for cultivating or harvesting, and hence the persistency of primitive agricultural methods, which astonish the visitor until he discovers the real reason. Supposing that the immigrant is content to struggle against all these disadvantages, he will still find other disagreeable surprises. As we have said above, the territory of Araucania, having been only recently delivered over to civil authority, is still inadequately policed. There are many bands of brigands, and murders, outrages, and robberies are frequent, while justice is rare and hardly obtained. The colonists in these parts have certainly double cause to complain, for they have been brought out on false pretences by the Chilean government, and the Chilean government fails even to assure them unmo-

lested enjoyment of the poor lot which they have been obliged to accept. From conversation with several of the most intelligent colonists, I learned that one mistake made by the government officials is to treat the colonists as if they were ordinary "peones."

The seaport of the new agricultural districts which we have just been visiting, and which have only been opened to culture within the past four years, is Talcahuano, and the commercial centre is Concepción, which promises to become the great town of southern Chili. Leaving Traiguén, we return to San Rosendo, gain the main line, and so reach Concepción, and twenty minutes later Talcahuano. Concepción is a town of 25,000 inhabitants, full of enterprise and local pride. It has a handsome and commodious railway station; the three main longitudinal streets are well paved—a detail of high importance in these South-American cities—the shops are numerous and well supplied; several of the business blocks are relatively fine and solid buildings; and the plaza is one of the

prettiest in Chili, being decorated with marble statues, a bronze central column, tastefully arranged flower beds, and fine shade trees. On one side of the plaza is the cathedral--without a tower, for we are in a land of earthquakes; on the opposite

an elegant platform, decorated with bronze busts and gilt inscriptions recording the names of Rossini, Auber, Halévy, Donizetti, Meyerbeer, etc., where a band plays on certain evenings in the week, when all Concepción turns out in chimney-pot hats



ON CART, TRAIQUEN.

side are the Palacio de Justicia and the Intendencia; while on the remaining sides are banks, arcades, and shops. It may interest capitalists to know that the local Banco de Concepción paid last year a dividend of sixteen per cent. On the plaza is

and Parisian bonnets, and walks round and round with much cap courtesy and obsequious bowing. A detail of no importance is that throughout my stay in Chili I did not see a "dude" wearing a single eye-glass. The young "swells"



PORT AND TOWN OF TALCAHUANO

wear varnished boots, immaculate clothes, and gorgeous cravats; they also curl their mus-

taches, and put brilliantine on their hair, but they have not yet attained the impertinent sublimity of the *monocle*.

Concepción, like most Chilian towns, is overrun with electricity; it has hundreds of telephones, both urban and provincial, and an electric-light company which supplies one of the hotels and a number of shops. The tramway system is considerable, and the conductors, as has been the custom throughout Chili since the Peruvian war took all the men away from the towns, are young ladies with jaunty straw hats and neat white aprons. The local press is represented by two journals, *La Libertad Catolica* and *El Sur*, the latter having a fair circulation in the country. The public buildings, besides those already noticed, are a large new theatre, a practical Escuela de Agricultura, and a large Post-office in construction. There is also a handsome club-house, worthy of notice and well appointed. In the daytime Concepción presents the aspect of an ordinary South-American town, with straight streets lined with white telegraph poles carrying a multiplicity of wires. Much business is done there in corn, wool, and general imports, which latter business

seems to be largely controlled by Germans. It is also the banking centre of an ex-

tensive agricultural district. German enterprise is still more evident at night, when the shops issue from their somnolent half-closed daylight state, and dis-

play in a glare of gas and electricity specimens of European manufactures, with their accompanying chromo-lithographic advertising cards. Then you see in the general stores the strangest medley of toilet soap, patent medicines, agricultural machinery, canned meat, cheap bronzes, gaudy gas fittings, chromo portraits of Bismarck, the Czar, and the Pope, side by side with ideal German heads of sugar-plum women—in fact, all the trumpery and tawdry *bibelots* and counterfeits in which contemporary Teutonic industry excels.

In all the old Spanish colonies the capitals are situated inland, while the ports are comparatively small and unpleasant places. Examples are Lima and Callao, Santiago and Valparaiso, Concepción and Talcahuano. The reason of this separation of the seaport and the business capital is to be found in the fear of pirates and privateers, who in the old days might land, sack and burn the port, and escape with their booty with ease; whereas to march inland and attack a town in the interior of the country was a more serious and dangerous business. Thus Concepción is distant from the sea twenty minutes by rail,

and is a fine and growing town; while Talcahuano, the port, is a picturesque, old-fashioned colonial place with one-story board houses, a few grain *bodegas*, quays, and a mole, and, overlooking the bay, a hospitable and pleasant club, whose members require champagne cocktails on the slightest provocation. The situation of the little town at the head of Concepción Bay is very charming, and the bay itself is the finest harbor on the Pacific coast, with the exception only of San Francisco. At Talcahuano a breakwater, quays, and a dock are now being constructed by a French company at a cost of 13,000,000 francs. The dock will measure 175 metres long, 37 metres broad, and 25 metres deep. The works were begun a year ago, and will require about three years more for their completion. Talcahuano will be the terminus and port of the transandine railway from Buenos Ayres *viâ* the Antuco Pass and Yumbel, and is likely to become a more important as it is already a safer and better port than Valparaiso.

The exports from the bay of Concepción, with its three ports of Talcahuano, Tome, and Penco, will give an idea of its interest. The chief item is wheat, of which 1,500,000 hectolitres were shipped in 1889, mostly to Europe, and the rest to Peru. Wool is sent from here, the coarse kind to the United States, the fine bales to Germany. Other articles exported are barley, oats, linseed, honey, beeswax, and *maqui*, which is a sort of bilberry, used in France to give color to pale wines. From Tome great quantities of Chilean wines are shipped for consumption along the Pacific coast, and some little to Europe. The steamers of five regular European lines touch at Talcahuano, bringing general cargo and agricultural machinery, partly English and partly American, in about equal proportions.

We noticed above the Escuela Practica de Agricultura at Concepción. Similar establishments are found at Santiago, Talca, San Fernando, Elqui, and Salamanca; but the most important are those of Santiago and Concepción, which receive from the state annual subventions of \$40,000 and \$23,000, respectively. Attached to these two last-mentioned schools are agronomic stations for the analysis of the soil and of the irrigation waters of the different agricultural regions of the republic. It is proposed this year to devote some \$200,000 Chilean currency to the im-

provement of these schools and the establishment of new ones, together with a school of pisciculture. It is interesting to note this prudent attention to the cause of scientific agriculture on the part of a country which still possesses thousands of acres of virgin land and primitive forests. In the neighboring Argentine Republic much attention is also given to these matters. Young Argentines go to study in the agricultural schools of France and Belgium, and graduates from these schools are much demanded, both as professors and as managers of estates on the eastern side of the Andes. Still, in connection with agriculture, we must mention the Sociedad Nacional de Agricultura in Santiago, which receives an annual state subvention of \$20,000 Chilean, for prizes in agricultural shows, conservation of the Quinta Normal, cultivation of trees, vines, etc., and for keeping up a small zoological garden. In the Quinta Normal there is an Instituto Agrícola, with professors of rural economy, arboriculture, viticulture and vinification, agricultural chemistry, rural legislation, and a veterinary school with the necessary professors. The pupils of the Instituto Agrícola obtain the diploma of agricultural engineers and agronomos, or simply certificates.

The Sociedad de Agricultura publishes a bulletin of useful and practical information, keeps a register of trade-marks, and has recently opened a stud-book for the registration of thorough-bred horses and cattle.

Agricultural Chili is a pleasant and interesting country to visit. The scenery, suggesting memories alternately of California, Switzerland, and northern Italy, is both grand and charming. Nothing can be seen more majestic and impressive than the main ridge of the Andes, with the volcanic peaks white with snow, while occasionally toward the south some small crater shoots up volumes of smoke and lava, as Villa Rica did about the time that I was at Traiguén. Nothing can be more charming than the scenery along the Rio Bió-Bió, whose sinuous banks the railway follows between San Rosendo and Concepción. In parts this river, the longest and broadest in the republic, having a course of 222 miles, reminds one of the Loire, except that it flows continuously between sloping and often wooded hills. Like the Loire, it is full of shift-



CONCEPCIÓN : THE PLAZA AND WATER-CARRIERS.—CALLE DEL COMERCIO.

ing sand banks, some of clean yellow sand, others of black volcanic sand; and these, as the water varies in depth, give to the surface a *moiré* of violet and yellowish green. As for the rustic population and the incidents of life along the road, they offer plenty of material for the painter and food for reflection to the student of manners. Here indeed is primitive civilization, needing no house furniture, no comfort, very elementary clothing, and only the simplest forms of ceramic ware. What plainer food could

be found than bread, beans, and onion pie? What more natural drinking vessel than a calabash? What less complex vestment than the *poncho*? What shoe more easily made than a bit of cow-hide tied on with thongs? What more refreshing and obvious combination of food and drink than the familiar watermelon, which would seem to be the chief and only nourishment taken by many of the poorer Chilians? In the stations you see whole trains loaded with watermelons. In the

towns watermelons are sold in every shop, and piles of them are stacked in the streets wherever there is an open-air breakfast stall. On the steamers that ply between the ports of the Pacific the decks are encumbered with the inevitable melons, and the water in the harbors is covered with the floating rinds of empty ones. In no other country have I seen such universal consumption of watermelons except along the banks of the Danube, where the peasants are no better lodged and no better fed than those of

Chili. All this I say not in dispraise of the Chilian "peones." On the contrary, I am convinced that they are fine fellows in their way and splendid workers, especially by the piece. No Europeans can surpass them in strength and endurance. Above all, no Europeans could exist in the same conditions of alimentation and habitation. In Chili the "peones" live literally like pigs, both in the country and in the towns, regardless of hygiene or even the most ordinary sanitary precautions. The consequence is that infant mortality is great; the babies die like flies, and those who survive are only the strongest and the fittest. This rural and urban working population is ignorant, though not unintelligent; the "peones" can rarely read or write, but they have a natural talent for imitation, and when once they have been shown how to do a thing they will go on doing it; thus they learn in a few lessons to manage agricultural machinery, and when they have once learned they do not forget. As for morality, it is to be feared that they have but little. They are not afraid of death themselves, and have not much respect for the life of others, and both men and women alike appear to have inherited a fair dose of superstition and many queer beliefs from their Indian an-

cestors, together with a number of silly remedies. The women when they have a headache paste rounds of paper on their temples or the pip of a watermelon. If they feel anything the matter with their eyes they will plaster their cheeks over with leaves. Indeed, you rarely see a woman who has not something stuck on her face. All these defects, all these superstitions, and all this neglect of the laws of hygiene, President Balmaceda hopes to eradicate by education, and therefore, we see, not without surprise, in rustic townships like Traiguen, fine school-houses being built, at a cost of \$90,000, before there is yet a single brick house within the district. This policy of building schools and promoting education is being actively carried on throughout Chili. Wherever you go you see a fine new school being built, and at no great distance from it an equally fine new prison, and the chances are that the cells of the latter will be filled sooner than the class-rooms of the former. However, the education of the masses has been one of the great cards of modern republicanism in Europe and in the United States, and it is therefore not astonishing to find imitative Chili following in the wake, perhaps a little hastily and a little blindly.

NIGHTS AT NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

IN Sherwood Forest Robin Hood roamed with his merry men, and with it has been associated the names of the pious and imperious Henry, Charles the martyr, Nell Gwynne, Lord Byron, and indeed many of the most illustrious of Englishmen. Doubtless in Robin Hood's days one could roam almost from one end of Nottinghamshire to the other "under the green-wood tree." But things have changed. Visiting England some years ago, I saw steam-ploughs rattling over and turning up the very heart of this historical old forest, and heard the click and rumble of reapers to right and left and everywhere; and the owner of Newstead Abbey, who took me out to see his ploughs at work, talked of drainage and fertilization, ploughing, planting, and reaping, on

this classic, almost sacred soil, with all the coolness and composure that might characterize the simplest old farmer who owns any one of the vast wheat fields of Dakota. The mud of the ancient and poetic estate of Newstead Abbey stuck to our boots just the same as it might in Illinois or Oregon. And the rain fell upon us here the same as there, and drove us to the shelter of a red brick farm-house hard by. This farm-house and barn are built on an elevation, and while I stood in the door of the stables, and saw a great flock of green-headed ducks waddle down to a little pond, and waited for the rain to cease, I looked out on the forest, or rather the site of the overthrown forest, and saw only fields—fields of green and yellow grain—as far as the eye could reach. An-

cient Sherwood Forest, too well known to the world to need a word of history here, is no more.

Newstead, or *New Stede* (new place), as its pious founder named it, is to all lovers of books the very heart and core of Sherwood Forest now, and ever has been since the publication of "*Childe Harold*."

dignitaries of the world. Were I going to Europe a stranger, I would not ask to be presented at court; I would not care particularly to be the lion of the London clubs or the favorite for the hour in France; I would exchange all these privileges, could they by any chance be mine, for a week or so at Newstead Abbey



MONKS LAYING OUT GROUNDS.

Right here are woods, indeed: as you look out from the abbey in any direction, your eye meets only forest and lake.

The mossy old abbey which Washington Irving so lovingly and perfectly described is now a private residence. And yet in certain seasons it is the most populous and joyous place possible. For here are then gathered many of the wits and

when all nature is in full feather, and the accomplished host and hostess have gathered their friends about them—clergymen, travellers, wits and philosophers, painters and poets. The monks who built the old abbey have passed away, the sad and sorrowing poet has ended his pilgrimage, and these now reign instead; and what a poem Colonel and Mrs. Webb



NEWSTEAD ABBEY—EAST FRONT.

have made of the place! Colonel Wildman, who bought the estate of Lord Byron, is said to have spent more than a million dollars in restoring the abbey and grounds. One cannot but feel that it is a sort of special providence that brought as his successor this wealthy companion of Dr. Livingstone from Africa to carry on the work of restoration after the generous Colonel Wildman had lost his fortune.

Newstead Abbey from the east side presents not the least appearance of a ruin. Indeed it is filled with the shouts of merry children as they burst from their school-room and storm about the great halls, and up and down stairways wide enough to admit the ascent of a California mule team.

Nearly all sign of the ancient monk has perished from the abbey. There is not even the graveyard left now. Yes, the graveyard and the graves are here still, but the gravestones are gone, and the lawn, level, soft, and smooth as a carpet, covers all. Yet there is one not unknown grave here, and one gravestone. What a sermon! The dead monks are forgotten. Their tombs are down, and

their graves levelled. The dog Boatswain is buried in their dust, and the faithful dog of the poet has a tomb ten times nobler than that of the poet himself. I believe it was in digging this grave that they found the skull of which the Childe Byron made a drinking-cup.

Newstead Abbey is built of imperishable stone, and it is impossible to prophesy what will be its end. It looks as if it might stand forever. On the northwest corner of the old chapel, which is now a ruin covered with ivy, although attached to the abbey, you can see where grape and canister, probably from Cromwell's cannon, have eaten into the sandstone.

It would be idle, of course, to attempt a description of the vast interior of Newstead Abbey, or to make mention of the relics there. The newly recovered portrait of Lord Byron is the most noteworthy of all. This is a beautiful water-color, and was given by his lordship to a college friend at Cambridge. From this picture it seems to me that you can read something of the character, the pride, the pomp, the poetic love of figure and color, and all that marked the future of the immortal poet. The

curious will note that the right foot is partly concealed. When Mrs. Webb heard of this New Picture, as it is called, although older of course than the other, she determined to have it at any cost, and set about to obtain possession of it. On the same wall with this, and that oil-painting of the poet so well known to the world, hangs the most perfect picture extant of Dr. Livingstone. It was here, with his old

I observed that in the original copy of the "Pilgrimage" he wrote "Childe Byron," instead of "Childe Harold"; and it was clearly evident to me that this greatest poem of our language was not at first intended for publication. But in many parts of the interior you are reminded of some great national museum as you pass down the corridors or up the great stairways. The immense hall is a perfect "zoo" of



THE MAJOR OAK, SHERWOOD FOREST.

friend and companion, Colonel Webb, within the walls of Newstead, and out there in the shadows of Sherwood Forest, that Dr. Livingstone wrote his books.

The most interesting relics, of course, are objects relating to Lord Byron—his will (a sorry scrawl in every sense), bits of unpublished poems, unpublished letters—all sacredly guarded by Mrs. Webb. In looking over the papers of the poet

stuffed lions, tigers, hyenas, and indeed all the wild beasts and birds of Africa, which Colonel Webb killed and brought home when he quitted the company of Dr. Livingstone.

The oak which Lord Byron planted, and which was saved by Colonel Wildman, who transplanted it to higher ground, is an interesting feature of the present Sherwood Forest.



LORD BYRON AT CAMBRIDGE.

At the abbey there is a tower—at least it seems like a tower from within, although it does not look it from without—which Lord Byron and others believed to be haunted by a ghostly visitant in cowl and sandals. The poet claims to have seen this ghost a short time before his marriage to Miss Milbanke. Washington Irving says “his mind was tinged with superstition, and his innate infirmity was perhaps increased by passing much of his time in the lonely halls and cloisters of the abbey, then in a ruinous and melancholy state, and brooding over the skulls and effigies of its former inmates.” More than once you find allusion to this ghost in Lord Byron’s poems.

I wanted to see if it was in the power

of any being to bridge over the awful darkness that lies at the end of all earthly journeys, and I determined to seize the first opportunity to take up my abode if possible in Lord Byron’s apartments. The Princess of Wales had recently left the abbey, and as we sat at dinner Mrs. Webb told a comic little incident connected with the Princess’s visit to the haunted tower. The three rooms are reached by ascending a narrow spiral stairway that winds a giddy course around a gloomy column. These rooms have no other egress or ingress, and two maids happened to be in them when the Princess—at the head of her party, parasol in hand, and laughing at the idea of meeting a ghost—unheralded, hastily entered. Passing through the dressing-room, and then the spacious bedroom, furnished as far as possible with the appointments used by the poet, she passed on to the page’s room, and here she poked her parasol into a deep, dark, curtained alcove, saying to the party pressing after her, “But I want to see the ghost.” Horrors! the point of her parasol struck a solid body; there was a screech and a scream, and the Princess fell back into the arms of the “coming King,” while a pretty rosy maid fell forward on her knees before the Princess, pitiously begging her pardon.

“And, do you know, I too want to see the ghost of Newstead.”

I said this with so much earnestness that a man in black, with a clerical air, put up his glass, and looked at me with great emphasis.

“But you would not like to sleep there in the haunted room?” protested a dozen voices, curiously.

“I should like nothing better.”

“Then you shall be moved in there at once. It is the prettiest and pleasantest part of the abbey, else Lord Byron would not have spent so many years in it. But you must sleep there also; for I promise you that the only ghosts you will ever see at Newstead will be those you see in your sleep,” laughed the good-natured lady.

When the ladies left us at our walnuts and wine, so much was said on the subject that I felt pretty certain that others there had an equally deep interest with myself in the ghost. The apartment was made ready for my reception the next

day, and I was to spend that night in the very bed of Lord Byron, waiting for the Black Friar of Newstead Abbey. The man with the clerical look led me aside by the sleeve after dinner, and hooking his glasses over his nose, talked to me long and earnestly about ghosts, from the Witch of Endor down to the modern apparitions which spiritualists claim to be familiar with. He confessed himself to be a firm believer in ghosts, and shaking my hand cordially, said he would await results with breathless interest.

A little before midnight I bade good-night to the few remaining in the drawing-room, and followed the powdered footman, with his two great candles, up and around and on and through the sounding halls of the old abbey, and at last climbed the corkscrew stairs, and stood in the haunted rooms.

The bed, with its golden coronets and gorgeous yellow curtains that are literally falling to pieces from age, was ready to receive me. The man placed the candles on the table and withdrew. I was alone in the haunted chamber at the hour of midnight. I sat down at the table, the very table used by the poet, noted the date, events of the day, and then this item, which I quote from my note-book: "Slight headache; a little nervous; don't think I am afraid, but doubt if I can sleep; don't like this at all, but I am in for it; shall see something; not the Black Friar, but Lord Byron."

After some other trifling notes and a

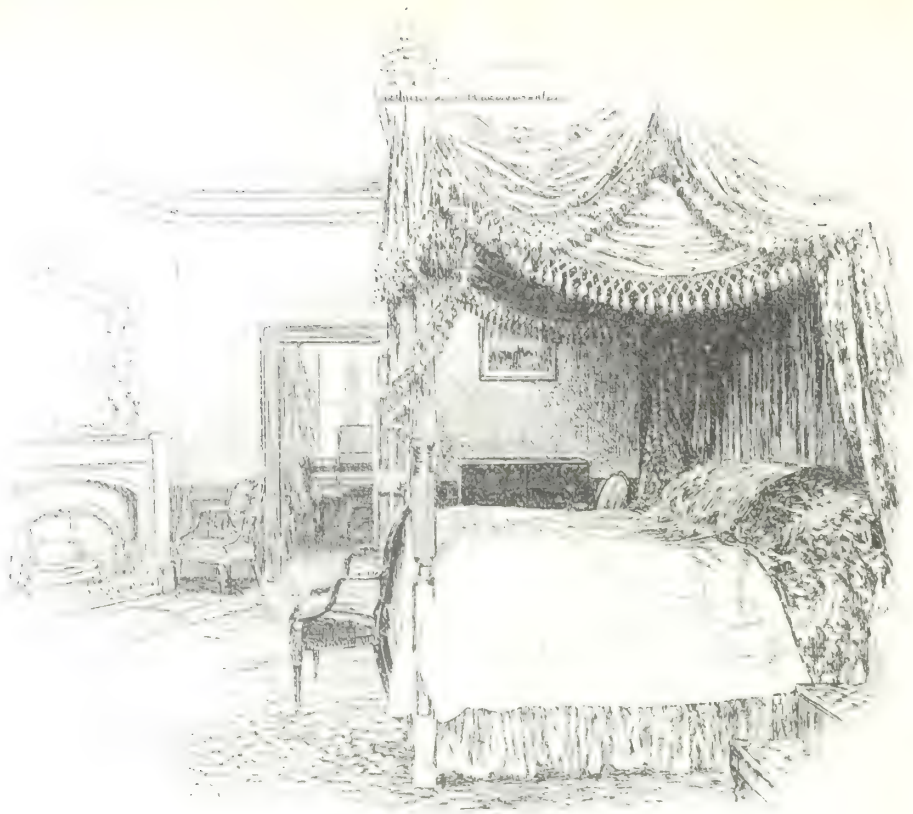
futile attempt to write a poem on the table used by the inspired nobleman, I threw down my pen, and walked to the deep bay-window at the west, overlooking the lake. It was the loveliest night possible. The moon lay on the water like silver. Soon I undressed hastily, blew out one of the candles, and set the other by the bedside as I lay down. I did not dare to blow it out. It takes a great deal of courage to admit this ugly truth. The great, heavy, rich, and tattered curtains of yellow silk were like tinder, and it was a dangerous thing to leave the candle burning, particularly after dinner. But it did not seem to me so dangerous just then as to blow it out; so, I think, I fell asleep.

Suddenly I heard, or rather felt, the door slowly open. I looked straight ahead as I lay there, but did not move. A figure entered from the other door, but I could not see it. I felt it stop at the table. Then I felt it advancing upon me where I lay. I distinctly heard the clink of two candlesticks. Then I felt, or rather saw, that my light was being slowly and certainly withdrawn. I cautiously turned my head, and was just in time to see the patient footman, who had been waiting all the time outside, bearing away the lighted candle. Oh, how ashamed I was!

When I opened my eyes next morning, or rather next noon, what a vision of beauty! Swan on the lake, cattle on the hills beyond, and sunlight and love, peace



NEWSTEAD ABBEY—WEST FRONT.



LORD BYRON'S BEDCHAMBER

and calm delight everywhere. I had never had a more perfectly refreshing sleep in all my life.

The man with the glasses was waiting for me, but I had nothing to say. I could only assure him that I had seen, heard, felt nothing whatever. Still I could not but think that I surely should and would receive some sign from some one beyond the dark before I bade farewell to the haunted rooms.

The next night I was quite tranquil. The same attentive footman led me to my rooms, silently set down his candles, retired, and waited without as before. I wrote a few letters, then two or three pages of memoranda, from which I extract the following: "I have read, revered, followed Lord Byron all about the world, and if he don't come to me now, my faith in the reappearance of the dead will be greatly shaken. Don't want to see the Friar, but I am afraid I shall. No headache; perfectly well. Will now lie down; a few minutes of one."

My lighted candle disappeared from the table, and I soon fell asleep. The same

perfect rest as before. The noonday sun was bright on the lake as I opened my eyes and looked out on the wooded hills beyond, and that is all.

And so many nights passed, and I really came to like my new rooms better than the ones I left. Still I could not write there, further than a few letters, and I somehow felt all the time that I must certainly see something, or get some sign of immortality from the other world.

One night, as the moon settled low over the lake, and looked through the great bay-window straight into the large mirror above the mantel-piece, the level beams shot at sharp angles as they were reflected from the glass into my face. Now eight years before that the old lady who first led me through Newstead Abbey told me that Lord Byron used to see ghosts at night in this looking-glass. I felt that that part of the ghost mystery was explained. I had slept under the open skies too much not to know how the moon will provoke you to see strange signs and sights if you let her beams fall into your face as you sleep.

One night, after I had become not only accustomed but really attached to the haunted rooms, I dreamed—let me call it a dream—that I was in another land—a land that I could not name. I was in great terror, and anxious to escape from the shore. I stole down narrow streets and sought the water-side, when it seemed that some one touched me on the shoulder. “Come with me,” he said; “I have a boat here.” Then it seemed we descended to the water, stepped into a shallow boat, shaped not unlike a sea-shell, and without another word or sign moved swiftly away, and out of the great bay to the open sea. The poet, with his cloak about him, stood looking straight out on

the gray open ocean and the low gathering clouds before us, but never once bent his eyes to mine. Faster and faster we flew, into the open sea, the clouds, and storms, till I could see nothing at all of the noble figure before me, hear nothing but the roar of the storm about us. And that is all I can recall of my dream; for dream it was, I reckon, a meaningless dream. At all events, that is all I ever saw or dreamed, and just exactly what I saw or dreamed, in Lord Byron’s haunted rooms at Newstead Abbey. Yet I must admit that the dream made too strong an impression for me to recount it to the curious at the time, and I made no mention of it until years after.

AN AUTUMN SONG.

BY NINA F. LAYARD

ALL the summer’s worn and old;
 A The sun has ceased a-wooing it.
 Trees are dropping blood and gold—
 Blood for murder of the right,
 And gold to hide it out o’ sight;
 But for all they are so bold
 I think they’ll fail of doing it
 Till the careful sun is cold.

Till the watching stars for dread
 Go out, and cease to lighten it,
 Cruel earth drinks up the red,
 Wrung by lust of greedy gain
 From the broken sweater’s pain,
 From the dying and the dead,
 Till never moon may whiten it
 With her silver pity shed.

Ye who tread a golden way
 With hearts of others paying it,
 Hark! the autumn voices say:
 “The yellow leaves lie ankle-deep,
 But through them still the crimson peep,
 Ruddy drops to stain the day.
 No after rain-drops, laving it,
 Wash the purple from the clay.”



AN INFELICITOUS QUESTION.—Drawn by GEORGE DU MAURIER.
Aesthetic Youth: "I hope by degrees to have this room filled with nothing but the most perfectly beautiful things...."
SIMPLE-MINDED GUARDSMAN: "N. And what are you going to do with *these*, then?"

Editor's Easy Chair.

IT is remarkable that what is called the practical sense of Christendom virtually rejects the Christian ideals as impracticable. Its highest ideal is obedience to the Divine will, and its instinct, therefore, should represent the religious man as the perfection of vigorous manhood. The more manly, the finer the bloom of health, the sounder the body for the sound and purified mind, the truer and more satisfactory the type, the more symmetrically revealed the Christian man. This is the simple and natural ideal among living men of unthwarted and normal Christian excellence.

But so little is this the fact that the oldest traditions of Christian art depict the founder of Christianity Himself not as a blooming man, not as a figure of the inward and outward health that proceeds inevitably from complete and absolute conformity to the Divine will, but as a wan and wasted personality plainly worsted by the world. This conception extends to the constant and organized control of the Church, and the general feeling of Christendom regards the ministers of its religion either as official personages or as excluded from actual knowledge of life; not masters of the arena, but professionally unfit to cope with the world.

It may, indeed, be said that the traditions of Christian art show a misapprehension of the essential character of the Christian faith. But however that may be, it is certainly true that these traditions do not misrepresent the general conception of Christianity which is professed by those who practically reject its ideals. Here goes Solomon Gunnybags to Christian worship on Sunday morning. He "abashiates" himself in his pew, and his confession that he is a miserable sinner is so sonorous and impressive that the hearer sighs sympathetically with Solomon's consciousness of the enormous burden of wrong-doing that he carries.

Now what is Solomon doing in his pew? He is solemnly professing confidence in and reverence for certain principles of faith and conduct, not only as lofty in themselves, but as absolutely essential to his soul's salvation. Then, unless the whole universe is a farce, and religion and the soul impostures, they are the most practical and practicable of all possible princi-

ples, because otherwise the soul's salvation could not be made by beneficent Omnipotence dependent upon fidelity to them. But if some attendant spirit should say to Solomon Gunnybags, as he walks home with the happy consciousness of duty done, "Solomon, the golden rule and the Christian religion forbid you to 'unload' upon David the stock that you believe to be very shaky," he would unquestionably feel, if he did not say: "Stuff! Every man for himself. Of course Christianity is an excellent thing, but it doesn't mean that." Gunnybags does not expressly repudiate Christian principle as impracticable; he only believes it to be so.

The fundamental doctrine of the Christian life is love. The Christian millennium is peace. But it is Christendom that maintains the vast standing armies; and when the International Peace Congress meets in London this summer, and proposes disarmament, the good-natured reply of Christendom is, "Well—yes—perhaps—some time," with a smile of amused incredulity, as when a child seriously asks for the moon. Yet this is Christendom, and the Christian principles are entirely familiar, and every Sunday and saint's day in all the Christian churches we protest that the practice of them is essential to our soul's salvation. Then we wipe our eyes, and smile kindly upon any one who really insists that we should offer the other cheek, and forgive seventy times seven. Oh no, we say; that is an eccentric view. No man in this world—that is, in Christendom—can afford to allow himself to be imposed upon. If we don't look out for number one, who will take charge of that precious numeral?

So it is that on some bright July day, looking in imaginatively upon the respectable Universal Peace Congress in the Hôtel Métropole in London, and hearing the Bishop of Durham offer a resolution for international arbitration, and denouncing the folly, the waste, the woe and wickedness and wrong of war, we hear also, not the immediate and instinctive assent of Christendom, but its wistful prayer and half-despairing hope that some time Christianity may be found to be practicable, and something more than a pretty dream. Yet is there anything more certain than that the Chris-

tendom which actually rejects the Christian ideals and principles as impracticable, denounces most savagely those who practically illustrate them, even if they theoretically reject them?

The moral of this little sermon is altogether Christian, for it is charity. Since Christendom is in practice so universally unchristian, and holds its own fundamental principles in such practical contempt, every member of that vast fraternity should be very modest in judging others. Could there be a more radically unchristian figure in human history than Torquemada? If Christianity be what it declares itself to be, the least throb of sound Christian feeling in his bosom would have held his hand. The Inquisition, the fierceness of sects, the religious wars, offensive wars of any kind, are possible only among Christians who hold Christianity to be impracticable.

Yet when the Easy Chair saw a gentle lady going to morning prayers on a happy saint's day, and heard through the open window the murmuring music of the promise when two or three are gathered together, and marked during all the day and in daily conduct the unselfishness, the sympathy, the courtesy, the kindly care of old and young, the faithful doing of duty, the nameless charm of lofty character, the Christian ideal was no longer the mirage of an unreachèd and unattainable oasis in the desert; it was already come down to earth; it was here, a little heaven below.

It is in some still lingering literary essay of another day that we catch glimpses of social scenes and amusements that do not otherwise survive. The little momentary glimpse restores to us the aspect of that old life. It touches the eye in those enchanted lines as the ear may be reached by a long-forgotten strain in the phonograph. Even no farther back than Elia what scenes of a vanished London rise upon the page! There lives the chimney-sweep, and there he will live forever. There Jem White imprints a tender salute upon the chaste lips of old Ursula at the annual sausage feast in the pens of Bartholomew. There Mrs. Battle, heeding the rigor of the game, rules those charmed evenings of whist in Great Russell Street or elsewhere, where Martin Burrey held such trumps. There also the troops of the shining ones whiten the eastern streets of

the metropolis. It is a London that you cannot find now, except as you turn the page which the modest writer touched with immortality.

Still earlier, on other pages, there are similar glimpses of a remoter London. The actresses, the gardens, the city shows, the contests of rival monsters—they do not survive in newspapers. It was an epoch—*siste, viator!*—when the gentlemanly reporter was not, or rather, as that urbane collaborer of the Easy Chair, the reporter, would himself say, when Addison and Steele brightly reported the doings of the town. Are those persons and incidents, the tattle and the costume of a vanished hour, but flies caught in amber? Do we care for those chronicles of small-beer, or only for the chroniclers? Do we mind the beauties and the princes, or is it only Sir Peter Lely and Vandyck, who painted them, that we heed? The charm is undeniable. We look and go away, but we come again. Elsewhere, and musing on other things, we recall those pretty pictures. But is it to the beautiful Mrs. Bracegirdle at the play, to Mr. Cibber, to Mrs. Oldfield, or to the furbelowed and periwigged company in the little artificial paths lighted by the dingy little lamps that we are drawn?

For, again, is not the individual more fascinating than the crowd? Is not Raphael's Julius II. or Leo a more interesting portrait than that of the unnamed Florentine citizen, although the citizen be limned with the same magic as the Pope? The two spells blend. There is, indeed, an interest in the Leo which we cannot feign in the account of Mr. Cibber. But the scene of which Mr. Cibber is a part has the historical charm, and that is the charm which invests the Julius and the Leo apart from the painter.

But, loitering in these pleasant essays and pictures, we have dropped our text. We must make our way back—and down—from these airy heights of literature and art. We were just about sauntering into the new Madison Square Garden as we were swept into a visionary Vauxhall. Was it on that remarkable Tuesday summer evening of this year when the mercury marked 100° Fahrenheit? However that may be, it was a summer garden, if there can be a garden without flowers; and why not? When the legends of the New York of sixty years ago allude to Contoit's Garden, on Broadway near

Chambers Street, are we to suppose green terraces and parterres of roses, winding walks

"Thridding the sombre boscage of the wood
Toward the morning star."

and nightingales plaining in "fairy-lands forlorn"? Forbid it, Niblo's!—a later garden on Broadway, but which finds no mention in Mr. Frank Howes's delightful essay and collection upon the alluring theme of gardens.

Madison Square Garden is a garden like the Metropolitan Opera-house, or the Produce Exchange, or the largest barn in Dutchess County. It is a huge enclosed space, with innumerable lines of electric lights "high overarched," and rows of boxes at one end of the space, and at the other a stage, and on both sides ranges of seats rising from a broad level floor covered with little tables and chairs, and in the middle a platform, covered above with a sounding-board, for an orchestra. It is an enormous hall, not handsome nor prettily finished, but of a rather cheap and thin aspect.

If you went in this summer at eight o'clock in the evening, you saw the curtain raised at the stage end of the hall, and there was a ballet or a spectacle. Apparently revolving platoons of spangled figures throwing out their feet advanced and retreated, and the upper air was full of strange forms, vast winged insects or birds of prey, and there was the sense of a great moving multitude of persons in a dazzling light. But ballet in the sense of Fanny Elssler or Taglioni there was none. Then it was nine o'clock, and the curtain fell, and people drew back from the stage and brought chairs with them, and sat at the little tables upon the floor, and smoked and drank beer and chatted, while Edward Strauss and his orchestra of forty-three musicians came out from a door at the side of the stage, and walked to the other stage with the sounding-board in the middle of the hall. It was the famous Vienna band, and Strauss, the leader, wore ribbons of honor on his coat, and raising his baton, the second part of the entertainment began.

Strauss is not a magnetic nor a commanding leader, but his orchestra is admirably trained, and he conducts it very effectively. Yet the performance is almost wholly ineffective from the confused reverberation of the great hall. The con-

fusion is augmented by the conversation, the scuffling of waiters carrying refreshments, and other sounds, so that a neighbor of the Easy Chair remarked, truly, "This is a mixture of music and noise." But the characteristic quality of the Strauss orchestra was lost. Its most exquisite quality, its fineness, and its delicate piano and pianissimo, you know, but you do not perceive. You are aware of the pathetic and passionate rhythm of the waltz time. It beats and throbs and weaves its spell. But it is Philomel heard through strident noises, her strain wanting the sacred calm of silence and the unechoing air.

There is a formal *encore* of applause as every piece ends, and the nimble leader promptly bows and responds. But it is ten o'clock, and the programme ends. The company leave the tables, take their chairs, and move toward the curtain. It rises upon more revolving platoons of flashing figures, and there is another hour of dazzling, kaleidoscopic motion. This summer these spangled saltations were the flowers of Madison Square Garden. It was that ill-heard music which distinguished it from Vauxhall, but the dancing figures were plainly another form of Mr. Benbows as the bear. It was easy to see in the array of boxes, every one of which was empty, the plump-faced beauties of Sir Peter and the wigged courtiers of Charles in crimson coats, gazing with pleasure at the platoons. Even Mr. Pepys might have been there and delighted.

But how if some serious hand had been laid upon his shoulder, and a reproving voice had whispered: "Leave these trivial and unworthy joys, and ascend now to the Metropolitan and the trilogy. Art worthy of the Wagnerian exaltation?" Is it a sigh, *ab imo*, that the curled Secretary of the Admiralty hears, and does he murmur, "alack-a-day!"

As You Like It, the most delightful of pastorals, was played this summer in London by the company of Mr. Daly, and the performance was greatly praised. The sylvan charm of the play is perennial, and undoubtedly all the parts were well taken in London, so that the symmetry was not wanting which in this play is peculiarly essential to the effect. This was the excellence of Mrs. Fanny Kemble's reading of the comedy. Her ample person draped in gold-colored silk, her flowing black hair folded and banded in some

large style about her head, her rich and low and exquisitely modulated voice, her queenly presence, her magnificence of self-command—all this fascinating personality made her reading memorable, and like a torch which reveals the perfect detail of great sculpture or architecture, her genius gave the whole value to every character and scene of the play.

If Whitfield's pronunciation of *Mesopotamia* *me-so-pot-a-mee-ah* is in the memory of one rapt hearer, Mrs. Kemble's recitation of the soliloquy of Jaques left one line in the recollection of one hearer, which, like an enchanted fruit, is constantly renewing its freshness and flavor. It is one of the most familiar lines in Shakespeare,

"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players."

The Easy Chair was introduced to Mr. John Gilbert not very long before the death of that delightful actor, who had no sincerer admirer than the Chair. It was in the morning, and Mr. Gilbert was dressed with gentlemanly simplicity and propriety. But as he bowed courteously the good player seemed to have stepped aside for a moment from his real life, and to be not quite at ease when saluted by his own name rather than by that of Sir Peter, or Squire Hardecastle, or Sir Anthony Absolute. Methought, as the characters of the theatre say, that the stage was a more natural life to him. He knew the part of his own personality less familiarly than some other parts. The modest gentleman seemed half anxious to escape, as if he were caught in an undress, and pined for the security of the embroidered coat of a character.

Since Mrs. Kemble's voice not only pronounced the words describing us all as players, but suggested to that hearer the various significance of the words, how the universality of the truth becomes more and more apparent! In all the great interests of life—religion, politics, business—we all have our exits and our entrances, and, in this, unlike Gilbert, we show ourselves to each other not as the men we are, but as players. Here is Sylvanus, most amiable of men if you could happen upon him in some happy undress moment. But they are few. The poor fellow is cast for many parts, and he plays with little intermission.

One of his characters is the politician.

He depicts a furious partisan, and is so lost in his part that while the man Sylvanus speaks the truth and desires it, yet in his character of politician it is not truth or fair play that he wants, but whatever tends to advance and aggrandize his party. He carefully depreciates those with whom he does not agree. He cultivates distrust of every word spoken and every deed done by the other party. Personally he likes many of his opponents. His personal relations show that he does not really think them the rascals and impostors and traitors that in his capacity of politician he declares them to be. It seems often to a dispassionate observer that when he accuses them as politicians of lying, cheating, and stealing, he must estimate them by his knowledge of himself as a politician. He supposes that they would not hesitate to do what, without compunction, he does himself. They are all players together, and this is a kind of stage rant designed to impress the groundlings, who, after all, compose the larger part of the audience.

Sylvanus also plays the part of a religious sectary. As a private person he enjoys greatly the wit and intelligence and stored experience of life which distinguish his neighbor Eugenius. The purity and elevation of his neighbor brighten the days on which they meet, and he is always a better and a wiser man when they part. But these are his off hours, his moments of vacation. He appears on the stage as a sectary, and plays his part with resolute energy. This part again depicts a man not pursuing truth, but so occupied with maintaining his own conception of truth that he has no time to test it. It is a comedy of great humor, because Sylvanus, as a sectary, stands against all comers to protect a spring of deep and clear water, and is so engrossed in guarding the sacred wave from the least pollution that he does not find time to remark that it is not a spring at all, but a dry sand pit.

In the incessant playing of all these parts to which his life and powers are chiefly devoted the charming personality of Sylvanus is quite lost. The man himself, divested of the stage costume and the text of his parts, is almost unknown. Others could play the politician or the sectary or the trader, but nobody could play Sylvanus. He is a modest, intelligent man, who knows that nobody can

pre-empt truth or honesty or urbanity; that good men do not become bad by holding views which he may think to be wrong; and that his friends may be deceived as readily as the friends of others. These things, which he recognizes as the merest commonplaces when he is off the stage, he derides as utter nonsense when he is in the midst of a representation. Then, in the most vehement way, which is the stage tradition of the part, he shouts that everybody who would do well must run to his side, as if we were all passengers on a ship which is capsizing, but would be righted if everybody on board lost his own balance.

It is because even such men as Sylvanus take to the stage that Shakespeare, "sitting pensive and alone, above the hundred-handed play of his imagination," calls all men and women merely players. Like John Gilbert, although we do not play characters so amusing and harmless as his upon the stage, when we are not on it we seem to be a little lost, and secretly crave the theatre. It is remarked that when actors have an off night they go and sit in front at the play.

A charming comedy often arises from forgetfulness of the fact that a play is a play, and not real. One of the finest and not unfamiliar strokes of comedy in this kind is that of a seasoned veteran in the part of a politician who turns upon another veteran with whom he differs upon a question of expediency, and striking an attitude, with an air and tone worthy of the great Folair himself, or Mr. Crumles in his loftier moments, exclaims, "Apostate!" It is conceded that there has been nothing finer on the stage since Dick Turpin pointed his finger at Jonathan Wild and sneered, impressively, "Thief!"

It is well for the peace of mind of the nervously disposed to remember that if we are all merely players, we must not take the play too seriously. A play is a simulation for entertainment, and as we look at Sylvanus and our other friends playing the politician or the sectary, we must constantly bear in mind that it is a play, and only a play. If we really thought he came hither as a man and not a sectary, for instance, it were pity of our life. If the part is played too really, let Sylvanus heed an earlier wisdom. "Let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is Snug, the joiner."

WHEN we read a story of heroism, or see any beautiful illustration of human character and quality, the pleasantest impression is that it is not exceptional. Life is full of these noble instances; it is a many-faceted diamond of the purest lustre. In the same way if we come upon the description of a charming woman or a superior man whose name is not mentioned, our own knowledge supplies the name, and the portrait seems to be drawn from an original that we had supposed to be unsuspected.

A beautiful woman said to a circle of admiring men that when she was a girl she often crossed the street to meet a famous beauty and receive a morning smile and salutation. She spoke with the warmth of happy recollection, but there was not a man who listened who had not crossed the street to meet her as she the older woman. She was the unconscious heroine of her own story, and herself interpreted her words. When the poet sang his song of Urania, a thousand men thought of a thousand star-eyed women whom they knew. When his song was of Cecilia, each one of a throng of hearers said, "I know her." But when he touched the string for the Anonyma of his hope and dream, every Romeo softly whispered to his Juliet, "He means you."

This is the richness of life and experience. The incident that is published and read of all men is the bright point of coral that rises above the ocean level and is seen. But beneath, unseen, there is a coral reef. The consciousness of this great company which is revealed by every story or description, as a host of strings answers to the vibration of a single chord, is a strong moral tonic. The youth is not content not to climb where so many have climbed before him. Goethe's saying that the connoisseur always exclaims upon entering the picture-gallery, "Show me the best," is the instinctive desire of the generous youth. "Give me the best," he says; for every day discloses to him the extent and variety of the best.

The conviction, which is irresistible, that there is always this abundance of goodness in life makes our own time as full and promising as any other. In the cool wind that sings out of the Northern mountains behold Charles the Fifth's day, another yet the same, says our wise man. To suppose that heroism died with Horatius and chivalry with Philip Sidney, that

beauty perished with Helen and valor with Achilles, is to surrender before the battle begins. Humility is an excellent virtue, but the self-reliance that comes from honest conviction is no less excellent. The most independent and courageous of men—the man who instinctively takes command of an ocean steamer in a panic of wreck because of his conscious ability to deal with the emergency—may yet be as humble as Pierce or Sylvester when conducting successfully the abstrusest calculation. To admire Moltke is not to depreciate Marlborough, as to praise Marlborough was not to belittle Julius Cæsar. Humility would not be an excellent virtue if it silenced counsel or paralyzed action. The more just we are to our own day, the juster we shall be to the brave days of old.

Some years ago a tri-mountaineer whispered to the Easy Chair his wish that he might have sat in "the Club" and have heard Johnson and Burke and Reynolds; and then he lamented the changes of time and his belated day in America. But when the Easy Chair told him that he might sit at a more ambrosial feast in Boston than that which he fancied in London, he looked startled either for the Easy Chair's wits or his own, yet, upon the fair presentation of the case, gladly laughed at his own lamentations. In all communities traditions of a genius, of a

beauty, of an accomplishment survive, whose superiority over living genius and beauty is assumed. But loveliness remains. 'Tis only the lovely woman of yesterday whom the lovely woman of to-day laments. Beauty outlived Helen, and patriotism did not die with Washington.

If it were not so, Nature would deny to each generation and every man the opportunity which she granted to all their predecessors. If the golden age seems always to be far behind, that also is but a gentle device of Nature to stimulate us by the happy inspiration that what man has done man may do—and more. That the lesson shall not miscarry we are permitted to see that the illusion is an illusion. Poesy paints the distance as pure gold, but history touches it and the bright wash disappears.

Science tells us of changing seasons, of the world's emergence from a glacial epoch, and of a possible disturbance of elemental forces that would draw the planets into the consuming sun. But the morning that breaks every day with unwasted glory is the type of the exhaustlessness of nature, that instantly caps ancient heroism with a hundred examples, and makes the daily paper the annals of a world more marvellous than the world of Herodotus, the story of modern men as masterful as that of the men of Plutarch.

Editor's Study.

I.

A FRESH instance of the fatuity of the historical novel as far as the portrayal of character goes, is Mr. Harold Frederic's story, *In the Valley*. We do not mean to say that it is not very well written, and all that; it is uncommonly well written, and the whole *mise en scène* has verity and importance, for the valley of the Hudson, at the moment before the Revolution broke out, is new to romance, and it is certainly picturesque. But after we have owned the excellence of the staging in every respect, and the conscience with which the carpenter (as the theatrical folks say) has done his work, we are at the end of our praises. The people affect us like persons of our generation made up for the parts; well trained, well costumed, but actors, and almost amateurs. They have the quality

that makes the histrionics of amateurs endurable; they are ladies and gentlemen; the worst, the wickedest of them is a lady or gentleman behind the scene.

We make the freer to say these things of Mr. Frederic's historical romance because it gives us the occasion to do grateful homage to his novels of contemporary life, which we have hitherto let go by. Perhaps because the Study is getting a little old (it is now doting in its fifth or sixth year), it does not fling its doors eagerly open at the alarm of every new poet or novelist; but sometimes this is a loss to it, as we will allow with our characteristic readiness to confess ourselves wrong. It is a loss not to have known till now two books so robust, so sound, so honest as *Seth's Brother's Wife* and *The Lawton Girl*. They have to do with country, village, and minor city life in

central New York, and they touch it at a great many points, both on the surface and below it. The metaphysics and ethics of the books are very good; the soul and its affairs are decidedly not left out of the account; and Mr. Frederic shows himself acquainted with the deeps as well as the shallows of human nature. But what seem to us the newest and best things in his story of *Seth's Brother's Wife* are his dramatic studies of local politics and politicians. These are rendered as we find them in the field of actualities, and as the newspapers, from which Mr. Frederic seems to have got his training for literature, know them. The Boss of Jay County, with his simple instinct of ruling and his invulnerability to bribes, is an example of Mr. Frederic's fidelity to conditions not much understood by people out of politics, which are managed by ambition rather than by money, as a general thing. Next to this in value is the truth, almost as novel, with which farm life, inside and out, is painted: it is so true that as you read you can almost smell the earthy scent of the shut-up country parlors; and the sordid dullness of those joyless existences lies heavy on the heart. The vigor with which the type of rustic murderer is worked out in the hired man Martin excuses the resort to the grand means for evolving character, which Mr. Frederic is rather apt to permit himself when they are not necessary. He shows a prentice touch in this more than in anything else, in both books; but in *The Lawton Girl* the characterization of the cheap young reprobate Horace Boyce is masterly; and the elder scoundrel, Judge Wendover, who uses him, is quite as satisfyingly good. In its way, the portrait of Mrs. Minster's respectability and mere wealthiness is excellent; and the decayed soldier in General Boyce is finely done.

II.

It is a pathetic fact that with such artistic and important books in our reach, the great mass of us prefer to read the Rider Haggards and Rudyard Kiplings of the day, but it cannot be denied. Of these two the new fad is better than the old fad; but he seems a fad all the same: the whim of effete Philistinism (which now seems the æsthetic condition of the English), conscious of the dry-rot of its conventionality, and casting about

for cure in anything that is wild and strange and unlike itself. Some qualities in Mr. Kipling's tales promise a future for him; but there is little in the knowingness and swagger of his performance that is not to be deplored with many tears; it is really so far away from the thing that ought to be. The thing that ought to be will be vainly asked, however, of the English of Smaller Britain, or of any part of the English race which her bad taste can deprave. We must turn to the more artistic peoples for it, to the Continental writers whose superiority in fiction has often been celebrated here. If the reader will take *The House by the Medlar Tree*, as the American version of Giovanni Verga's *I Malavoglia* is called, and will examine a little its structure and material, he will understand what we mean. We have seldom read a book in which the facts, the characters, and conditions were so frankly left to find their own way to the reader's appreciation, were so little operated or explained. It is very simple life that the story is concerned with, but the fine shades and delicate tones are here as in the most complex life. They are let appear, not made appear; but there is nothing dim or uncertain in their appearance. The whole little fishing village lives in plain day, with all the traits that make it modern Italian in full sight. It is in that transitional state which every place is everywhere in, and the revolutionary priest who represents the past and the revolutionary apothecary who represents the future are the forces that the whole world knows in the various guises of science and religion, as well as delightful personalities. There is sorrow and suffering enough, and deep heart-breaking tragedy, as well as noble duteness and tender passion in the tale, but all is delicately and modestly touched by a master-hand. Let any one contrast the episode of Mena Malavoglia's self-sacrificing love, or that of her sister's ruin, or of her grandfather's heroically simple honesty, or of her mother's long grief and death, with one of Mr. Kipling's jaunty, hat-cocked-on-one-side, wink-tipping sketches, and he will find the difference between painting and printing in colors.

III.

Or, perhaps he will not; it depends very much upon what sort of reader he

is. But it is certain that his preference will class and define him, and that if he should prefer the Kipling sketches, he had better get some sackcloth and ashes and put them on, for he may be sure that his taste is defective. The conviction need not lastingly affect his spirits: bad taste is a bad thing, but it is not sinful. Ruskin observed long ago that the best people he had ever seen knew nothing and cared nothing about art; and Tolstōi noticed among the literati of St. Petersburg that those who had the true theory of fiction were no better men than those who had the false theory. This was one of the things, in fact, that made him despair of all forms of æsthetic cultivation as a means of grace. The moral superiority of good art of any kind is in its truth, but we can have truth without any art whatever. It is well to keep both of these points in mind, the one that we may be good artists, and the other that we may be modest about it. There is danger to man, who is first of all a moral being, in setting up merely an æsthetic standard of excellence, and endeavoring for that, or in making the good of life consist of æsthetic enjoyment, which is really only one remove from sensual enjoyment. It is doubtless his keen perception of this that makes Tolstōi say those bitter things about music, or the worship of music, in *The Kreutzer Sonata*.

We suppose we must accept the sayings in that powerful book as Tolstōi's personal opinions, and not as the frenzied expressions of the murderer in whose mouth the story is dramatized, since Tolstōi owns them his in the deplorable reply he has made to the censors of his story. It is doubly a pity he made any such reply, because it detracts from the impressiveness of the tale, and because it dwarfs a great and good man for the moment to the measure of a fanatic. It does not, indeed, undo the truth of much that is said in the book; it does not undo the good for which the name of Tolstōi has come to stand with all who have hearkened to his counsel; but it does hurt both, and it puts a weapon in the hands of those who hate him. When a man like Poschdanieff, who has lived in the vice that the world permits men, marries and finds himself disappointed in marriage to the extreme of jealousy and murder, every one who looks into his heart, and finds there an actual or a potential Poschdanieff, must feel the

inexorable truth of the story. Such a man, the natural product of our falsely principled civilization, could find nothing but misery in marriage; every one sees that, feels that. But when presently the author of the story comes and tells us that marriage itself is sin, and not merely the pollution in which the Poschdanieff nature steeped marriage, one must listen reverently, because it is Tolstōi who speaks, but one must shake one's head.

Tolstōi alleges the celibacy of Christ for the supreme example to all Christians; but if Christ discountenanced marriage, why was he present at the wedding feast of Cana? If we were to recommend either the novel or the author's gloss of it for the truth it could teach, it must be the novel; for that is true to Poschdanieff, and the other seems to us untrue to Tolstōi; the one is evil crazed, and the other is good gone wild.

IV.

Of Tolstōi there are some good things said in the *Views and Reviews* of Mr. W. E. Henley, whose very honest and vigorous verse we once had the pleasure of praising. More than most English critics he has had the gift to see beyond his own skies, and the field of his vision has included that portentous planet which to some has seemed a star of blessed promise, and to some a malignant comet, but whose splendor none can deny. Mr. Henley comes near summing up the whole of Tolstōi's art, the greatest art that ever was, when he says, "He is one to the just and the unjust alike, and he is no more angry with the wicked than he is partial to the good." When he adds, "He is the great optimist, and his work is wholesome and encouraging in direct ratio to the vastness of his talent and the perfection of his method," he has stated another truth almost as important concerning him, which nothing but Tolstōi's late manifesto could make any one question.

Nearly all the things, in fact, that Mr. Henley says of Tolstōi are good, but not quite all. He is more accurate when he generalizes than when he distinguishes; he notes that "only in the highest and lowest expressions of society is unsophisticated nature to be found," and he adds that Tolstōi loves to portray only these extremes, forgetting that *The Death of Ivan Illitch*, which he so justly praises, is simply a study of the mortal sickness

and last end of a snob, a purely middle-class person, with the Philistine worldling's ideal of appearing rich and great when he was neither. If it were the study of an unsophisticated nature it would be false and meaningless.

It would not be so very unfair to say that a vivid generalization, with a tendency to the brilliant epigram in which that sort of thing culminates, was Mr. Henley's strong point in all these interesting little essays; and that when he attempts to refine and exemplify he weakens. He makes the most satisfying phrases, as, for instance, where he remarks that George Meredith is "not content to be a plain Jupiter; his lightnings are less to him than his fireworks," but when he specifies he is not so fortunate. The paper on Thackeray is the best, all round; but there Mr. Henley's dislike of Thackeray, whom he dislikes for almost the opposite reasons that he dislikes George Eliot, commits him to certain injustices. In fact he is continually beset and often overcome by the peculiar temptations of the literary judgment-seat. It appears that when one sits in judgment upon the works of another, one is apt to be arrogant and extreme and cruel, to say biting and burning things, and to bully the prisoner at the bar in the spirit of the French criminal courts, where the judge helps the prosecution to bring the accused to conviction. It is a curious spectacle, and not gratifying, we think, to the better feelings of our poor fallen nature. We do not mean to say that Mr. Henley's sessions gratify the worst of these feelings; but after reading three or four of his criticisms, and believing ourselves ready to call his little book a very agreeable little book, we were finally unable to do so; not because it was not brilliant and amusing, but because it was critical; and we presently found ourselves questioning the Study, if it were so very much better, or if being of a like critical make, it were not in like manner essentially regrettable.

This doubt rendered us very uncomfortable until it occurred to us to assert our difference if not our superiority by making a mock of those ideals of the passionate and the heroic which Mr. Henley shares with his fellow-islanders, and constantly seeks to find realized in the authors he admires. The love of these, we recovered our self-esteem in reflect-

ing, is what keeps him from being really fine, with all his wit, and from being true, with all his honesty. It is such a crude and unwholesome thing, so deaf and blind to all the most delicate and important facts of art and life, so insensible to the subtle values in either that its presence or absence makes the whole difference, and enables one who is not obsessed by it to thank Heaven that he is not as that other man is.

When we had made up our minds to say this, or something like it, or worse, if possible, we were ready to admit that, leaving this out of the question, Mr. Henley's book was a book worth reading; that the farther off from his own time and place he wrote, the better he wrote; and that where his mistaken ideals were not concerned, he was often both just and generous.

V.

He speaks, indeed, of "the shadow-land of the American novel," and that seems a little unkind; but we do not believe the American novelist need suffer greatly from it, if he understands it aright. Probably in this phrase Mr. Henley meant to be unkind; but it ought to suggest to the philosophical mind some reflections upon the interesting variation of the same race by change of habitat and conditions, which may bring us consolation. There can be little question that many refinements of thought and spirit which every American is sensible of in the fiction of this continent, are necessarily lost upon our good kin beyond seas, whose thumb-fingered apprehension requires something gross and palpable for its assurance of reality. This is not their fault, and we are not sure that it is wholly their misfortune: they are made so as not to miss what they do not find, and they are simply content without those subtleties of life and character which it gives us so keen a pleasure to have noted in literature. If they perceive them at all it is as something vague and diaphanous, something that filmily wavers before their sense and teases them, much as the beings of an invisible world might mock one of our material frame by intimations of their presence. It is with reason, therefore, on the part of an Englishman, that Mr. Henley complains of our fiction as a shadow-land, though we find more and more in it the faithful report of our life, its motives and emo-

tions, and all the comparatively etherealized passions and ideals that influence it.

In fact, the American who chooses to enjoy his birthright to the full, lives in a world wholly different from the Englishman's, and speaks (too often through his nose) another language: he breathes a rarefied and nimble air full of shining possibilities and radiant promises which the fog-and-soot-clogged lungs of those less-favored islanders struggle in vain to fill themselves with. But he ought to be modest in his advantage, and patient with the coughing and panting of his cousin who complains of finding himself in an exhausted receiver on plunging into one of our novels. To be quite just to the poor fellow, we have had some such experience as that ourselves in the atmosphere of some of our more attenuated romances.

But we have just been reading a book with perfect comfort and much exhilaration, whose scenes we are afraid the average Englishman would gasp in. Nothing happens; that is, nobody murders or debauches anybody else; there is no arson or pillage of any sort; there is not a ghost, or a ravening beast, or a hair-breadth escape, or a shipwreck, or a monster of self-sacrifice, or a lady five thousand years old in the whole course of the story; "no promenade, no band of music, no singing!" as Mr. Du Maurier's Frenchman said of the meet for a fox-hunt. Yet it is alive with the keenest interest for those who enjoy the study of individual traits and general conditions as they make themselves known to American experience. A little less apparent partiality for the right side; a little less apparent dislike of the wrong side, would have been better, we think, because we think it is no part of the author's business to be other than the colorless medium through which the reader clearly sees the right and wrong. But although *Miss Brooks* is Miss White's first novel, it is so full of such very good performance that it will not do to treat it as if it were disabled by the openness of its sympathies and antipathies, or to regard it as merely a promise of better things. Some of the best things are already here. As a character, Miss Brooks is a very high achievement. In her nobleness and her narrowness alike, she is perfectly divined: she is a New-Englander, a Bostonian, of that perfectly cultivated, virtuous, self-satisfied, imaginationless, impenetrably ignorant type, which fills

the most charitable witness with despair, and seems to leave him no expression for his feelings but gnashing of the teeth. She is a person who is capable of any sacrifice for what she thinks right; but as her Bostonian criterions have taught her infallibly to know what is right, you feel the fact only a little surcharged when she sacrifices her lover, who has lost his money and has to go and live in Texas, to the duty of remaining in Boston, and being true to its ideals and ties. The rupture of their engagement is a foregone conclusion from its beginning; it is the reason of the story's being; and the novel is nothing more than the gradual evolution of this result. It is for this reason that we think its eventfulness would try the nerves of an Englishman so, used as he is to the robustious suspenses and athletic catastrophes of his native fiction. It is only the American who can taste to its last flavor the delicate pleasure the book purveys, and we suspect that a Bostonian who had come to regard himself objectively is the sort of American who would most delight in it. Such a Bostonian would best appreciate the skill with which the traits of such a good-familied, perfectly circumstanced Boston old maid as Miss McLinton are accented.

It is a phase of Boston, not all Boston, that the book shows, but it seems to us that the given phase has not been better shown. Miss White has at once placed herself with the few who can see truly and record simply; that is, with the artists. As you read, you feel that the head and the heart of the author are right; she loves what is good and kind and high wherever she finds it; but we think she looks a little too much for it toward the West. The West is representative of nothing permanent, but there is still the equality of newness there, and some generous and noble characteristics persist there that are lost to older civilizations. Yet essentially there is nothing grander in getting money than in possessing it; the same economic conditions will accrete the aristocrat and evolve the snob in the West that have produced them in the East; and West and East together, unless something happens to wean us from the love of money for the sake of power and station, we shall go the gait of Europe, whose political tradition we have broken with, but whose social and economical ideals we have clung to and still cling to.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 15th of August. Congress.—The following bills passed the Senate: Sundry Civil Appropriation, July 19th; Indian Appropriation, July 24th; Pension Bureau Appropriation, August 13th.

The following bills passed the House: Land Grant Forfeiture, July 17th; Senate's substitute of the "Original Package," July 22d; Bankruptcy, July 24th; Sundry Civil Appropriation, July 25th; General Deficiency, August 8th; the Senate bill for preventing collisions at sea, August 12th.

The President approved the "Original Package" Act August 8th.

The following nominations for Governor were made in State Conventions: Minnesota, Farmer's Alliance, July 17th, S. M. Owens; Minnesota, Republicans, July 24th, William R. Merriam; Nebraska, Republicans, July 24th, L. D. Richards; Nebraska, People's Independent Party, July 29th, J. H. Powers; North Dakota, Republicans, July 31st, A. H. Burke; Georgia, Democrats, August 7th, W. J. Northern; Delaware, Democrats, August 11th, Robert J. Reynolds; Wyoming, Republicans, August 11th, Francis E. Warren; Democrats, same day, George W. Baxter; California, Republicans, August 13th, Henry S. Markham; Connecticut, Prohibitionists, same day, P. M. Augur; Texas, Democrats, same day, James Hogg. Kansas, People's Party, August 14th, J. F. Willets.

Thomas G. Jones, Democrat, was elected Governor of Alabama August 6th.

The first judicial execution by electricity under the new State law of New York—that of William Kemmer for wife murder—occurred in the State-prison at Auburn August 6th.

The English government, August 11th, refused to receive a Papal Envoy or to send a Minister to the Vatican.

A battle was fought, July 17th, between the forces of Salvador, under General Ezeta, and those of Guatemala, resulting in the defeat of the latter. Two other battles were reported on the 24th, in which the Salvadorians were routed with great loss. On the 28th a new revolution was inaugurated in Salvador by General Rivas, with a force of 2000 Indians. After besieging San Salvador for forty hours, he was defeated and taken prisoner by General Ezeta, and was immediately executed. General Miranda succeeded to the command of the rebel forces, but was soon afterward defeated with great loss.

In Guatemala, August 3d, 3000 revolutionists, under General Estanislao, were defeated by the government forces. The revolutionary movement continued, however, and Chiquimula was captured by the insurrectionists.

An insurrection against the government of the Argentine Republic was inaugurated in Buenos Ayres July 27th, and in the conflicts which followed in that city more than 1000 men were killed and 5000 wounded. Two days later quiet was restored, the insurrectionists agreed to the terms offered by the government, and a general amnesty was proclaimed, although Buenos Ayres was declared to be in a state of siege.—August 7th, President Celman resigned, and was succeeded by Señor Pellegrini. A new cabinet was appointed; a proclamation was issued

raising the siege and declaring the liberty of the press.

In Peru, August 2d, Colonel Morales Bermudez was proclaimed President of the republic.

News received from Mecca, Arabia, August 5th, that 400 deaths per day had occurred in that city from cholera. The cholera was also increasing in Spain, causing great alarm.

A treaty was signed, August 5th, between France and England, giving to the latter the right to establish a protectorate over Zanzibar, and to the former the power to extend the French sphere of influence in Algeria and Senegal.

News received, August 11th, of a conflict in the Caroline Islands between the natives and a Spanish garrison, in which twenty-eight of the latter were killed.

DISASTERS.

July 14th.—An explosion at Keokuk's powder mills, twenty-nine miles east of Cincinnati, resulted in the death of ten persons and the injury of many others.—A fire in Minneapolis, Minnesota, destroyed property to the amount of \$1,000,000.

July 19th.—A fire in the upper floors of the Western Union Telegraph Company's building in New York caused damage to the amount of \$100,000.

July 21st.—Slonni, Russia, was partially destroyed by a hurricane, and nineteen lives lost.

July 22d.—Eight people were burned to death in tenement-houses in Cincinnati.

July 23d.—The steamer *Egypt*, of the National Line, was burned at sea. No lives lost.—News was received of the loss of the American schooner *William Rice*, with the crew of sixteen persons.—An explosion of fire-damp in the Pelissier Pit, St. Etienne, France, caused the death of ninety-eight men and injured thirty-five others.

July 26th.—A tornado at South Lawrence, Massachusetts, wrecking many houses, and causing the death of several persons.

July 27th.—The town of Wallace, Idaho, was destroyed by fire, and 1500 people made homeless.

July 31st.—In a collision between a French fishing bark and the Netherlands-American steamer *Obdam* off Newfoundland, the former sank with four of her crew.—An explosion occurred in the Unser Fritz mine at Gelsenkirchen, Germany. Eight men were killed and several injured.

OBITUARY.

July 18th.—In Cairo, Egypt, Eugene Schuyler, American Consul-General, aged fifty years.

July 21st.—In Cincinnati, the Rev. Dr. Jacob Krehbiel, aged sixty-four years.

July 26th.—Near Salisbury, Maryland, the Rev. Robert Laird Collier, aged fifty-three years.

July 31st.—In Brooklyn, New York, Captain Robert Boyd, Jun., U.S.N., President of the Naval Board of Inspection of Merchant Vessels, aged fifty-six years.—On board the yacht *Electra*, in New London Harbor, George Lee Schuyler, aged seventy-nine years.

August 1st.—In Boston, John Boyle O'Reilly, aged forty-six years.

August 11th.—In Edgebaston, England, Cardinal John Henry Newman, aged ninety years.—At Camper, in the Tyrol, Switzerland, Rev. Charles Loring Brace, of New York, aged sixty-four years.



EITHER we have been indulging in an expensive mistake, or a great foreign novelist who preaches the gospel of despair is *locoed*.

This word, which may be new to most of our readers, has long been current in the far West, and is likely to be adopted into the language, and become as indispensable as the typic words *taboo* and *tabooed*, which Herman Melville gave us some forty years ago. There grows upon the deserts and the cattle ranges of the Rockies a slender plant of the lobelia family, with a purple blossom, which is called the *loco*. It is sweet to the taste: horses and cattle are fond of it, and when they have once eaten it they prefer it to anything else, and often refuse other food. But the plant is poisonous, or, rather, to speak exactly, it is a weed of insanity. Its effect upon the horse seems to be mental quite as much as physical. He behaves queerly, he is full of whims; one would say he was "possessed." He takes freaks, he trembles, he will not go in certain places, he will not pull straight, his mind is evidently affected, he is mildly insane. In point of fact, he is ruined; that is to say, he is *locoed*. Further indulgence in the plant results in death, but rarely does an animal recover from even one eating of the insane weed.

The shepherd on the great sheep ranges leads an absolutely isolated life. For weeks, sometimes for months together, he does not see a human being. His only companions are his dogs and the three or four thousand sheep he is herding. All day long, under the burning sun, he follows the herd over the rainless prairie, as it nibbles here and there the short grass and slowly gathers its food. At night he drives the sheep back to the corral, and lies down alone in his hut. He speaks to no one; he almost forgets how to speak. Day and night he hears no sound except the melancholy, monotonous bleat, bleat of the sheep. It becomes intolerable. The animal stupidity

of the herd enters into him. Gradually he loses his mind. They say that he is *locoed*. The insane asylums of California contain many shepherds.

But the word *locoed* has come to have a wider application than to the poor shepherds or the horses and cattle that have eaten the *loco*. Any one who acts queerly, talks strangely, is visionary without being actually a lunatic, who is what would be called elsewhere a "crank," is said to be *locoed*. It is a term describing a shade of mental obliquity and queerness something short of irresponsible madness, and something more than being temporarily "rattled" or bewildered for the moment. It is a good word, and needed to apply to many people who have gone off into strange ways, and behave as if they had eaten some insane plant—the insane plant being probably a theory in the mazes of which they have wandered until they are lost.

Perhaps the *loco* does not grow in Russia, and the Prophet of Discouragement may never have eaten of it; perhaps he is only like the shepherd, mainly withdrawn from human intercourse and sympathy in a morbid mental isolation, hearing only the bleat, bleat, bleat of the *muzhiks* in the dulness of the steppes, wandering round in his own sated mind until he has lost all clew to life. Whatever the cause may be, clearly he is *locoed*. All his theories have worked out to the conclusion that the world is a gigantic mistake, love is nothing but animality, marriage is immorality; according to astronomical calculations this teeming globe and all its life must end some time; and why not now? There shall be no more marriage, no more children; the present population shall wind up its affairs with decent haste, and one by one quit the scene of their failure, and avoid all the worry of a useless struggle.

This gospel of the blessedness of extinction has come too late to enable us to profit by it in our decennial enumeration. How different

the census would have been if taken in the spirit of this new light! How much bitterness, how much hateful rivalry would have been spared! We should then have desired a reduction of the population, not an increase of it. There would have been a pious rivalry among all the towns and cities on the way to the millennium of extinction to show the least number of inhabitants; and those towns would have been happiest which could exhibit not only a marked decline in numbers, but the greater number of old people. Beautiful St. Paul would have held a thanksgiving service, and invited the Minneapolis enumerators to the feast. Kansas City and St. Louis and San Francisco, and a hundred other places, would not have desired a recount, except, perhaps, for overestimate; they would not have said that thousands were away at the sea or in the mountains, but, on the contrary, that thousands who did not belong there, attracted by the salubrity of the climate, and the desire to injure the town's reputation, had crowded in there in census time. The newspapers, instead of calling on people to send in the names of the unenumerated, would have rejoiced at the small returns, as they would have done if the census had been for the purpose of levying the federal tax upon each place according to its population. Chicago—well, perhaps the Prophet of the Steppes would have made an exception of Chicago, and been cynically delighted to push it on its way of increase, aggregation, and ruin.

But instead of this, the strain of anxiety was universal and heart-rending. So much depended upon swelling the figures. The tension would have been relieved if our faces were all set toward extinction, and the speedy evacuation of this unsatisfactory globe. The writer met recently, in the Colorado desert of Arizona, a forlorn census-taker who had been six weeks in the saddle, roaming over the alkali plains in order to gratify the vanity of Uncle Sam. He had lost his reckoning, and did not know the day of the week or of the month. In all the vast territory, away up to the Utah line, over which he had wandered, he met human beings (excluding "Indians and others not taxed") so rarely that he was in danger of being *locoed*. He was almost in despair when, two days before, he had a windfall, which raised his general average, in the form of a woman with twenty-six children, and he was rejoicing that he should be able to turn in one hundred and fifty people. Alas, the revenue the government will derive from these half-nomads will never pay the cost of enumerating them.

And, alas again, whatever good showing we may make, we shall wish it were larger; the more people we have the more we shall want. In this direction there is no end, any more than there is to life. If extinction, and not life and growth, is the better rule, what a costly mistake we have been making!

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

SOME PAT STORIES.

A RECOGNITION.

"*PHAT* is intilligence, Pathrick darlint?" was the question put to a Celtic brother recently by his devoted wife.

"*Oi dun'no', Norah,*" he replied. "*Oi niver had wain.*"

THE WRONG WAY UP.

The particular Pat of this story had in some manner engaged himself to an American as a butler. One hot summer night his employer, oppressed by the temperature of the dining room, turned to Pat and asked,

"Is the window up, Pat?"

"'Tis, soor."

"What makes it so awfully close in here, then?"

"*Oi think it must be th' windy's bein' up, soor. It's shut up.*"

A LEARNED LIE.

A wayfarer in New York having occasion to use a cab one morning, requested the driver to take him to the Twenty-third Street Station of the Third Avenue elevated railway.

"Th' Twinty-thurd Sthrate Station av the Thurd Avynoo is ut?"

"Yes."

"Just phere is thot?"

"At the corner of Twenty-third Street and Third Avenue."

"Ah yis! *Oi remimber now; oi was thayre wance befoore.*"

A STRONG ARGUMENT.

In the course of the trial of a lawsuit against a horse railway in New York, the leading counsel for the losing side, a robust and witty Irishman, endeavored to work on the sympathies of the jury by calling attention to the ease with which corporations obtained franchises from an alleged corrupt Legislature.

"Whoy, gintlemin uv th' joory," he said, impressively, "in these days *phun franchises* are given away at Albany, ony man can get a franchise to run a harse railway onypheres. Indade, gintlemin, it would not surprhise me to hear at ony toime that me learned fri'nd, the coun-sel for the opposition, had got a franchise to run a harse railway down me spoine, wid th' privilege uv usin' me ribs for switchus."

QUATRAINS.

THE HAZE OF AUTUMN.

THE autumn haze, of which the poets write,
Hangs o'er the land, imparting great delight;
'Tis welcomed by all men, whate'er their lot,
Save callow Freshmen, then—they like it not.

A REVELATION.

MISFORTUNE oft reveals an unexpected good,
As in the case of Dudderson; we find,
Until he lost his senses, none understood
That Dudderson had ever had a mind.

CARVEY L. SMITH.

AY, these be clever folk indeed
That make the pictures in the books,
So he who runs, but doth not read,
May see the story as it looks.
Give praise to each in his degree—
Comparisons, I'm told, are shabby—
I simply say that as for me,
The king of all is one E. Abbey.

I too have somewhat of a taste
In print and cut, in plate and etching;
Had other things been otherwise
I too had turned this hand to sketching.
I've gathered many a sacred scrawl
Of Dürer, Keene, and Rembrandt etc.,

Yes, Hogarth knew a thing or two,
If one may judge from the collections;
Gavarni's store of worldly lore
Was great in much the same directions;
Bayard did well for *L'Immortel*;
Vierge is clever, Parsons able;
I keep them all up on my shelves,
But keep my Abbey on my table.

His is the hand for dimpled chins,
For fresh young cheeks and dainty waists;
And his the eye for shrunken skins,
For wigs and ruffs and old-time tastes.
He draws at will with equal skill,
Nor doubts the lesson that it teaches,
The patch that mars my lady's face,
Or haply mends some bumpkin's breeches.

I never knew a neater touch
For doublets, hose, and peaked shoes,
For parsons, ploughmen, peers, and such,
For milkmaids, and for morning dews;
And when he shows us Julia's "clothes,"
Or Barbara Allen's pretty face,
I pin my faith to furbelows,
And preach the gewgaw's saving grace.

And, Master Abbey, for the rest,
You'll never make me really think
You work on common Whatman's best,
Or Bristol-board, with Indian-ink!
Nay, I do hold there's witchcraft in't,
Nor mean to do you any harm
When I protest that in each tint
You put some private potent charm.

A GRANDMOTHER'S PERHAPS.

THE wit of our grandmothers is not all of it old. Many of our grandmothers are alive to-day, and witty as of yore. One of this cherished race of women is responsible for a retort which should be handed down to posterity as a bit of indulgent humor.

Her grandson, an unfortunate ne'er-do-well, was under discussion.

"He will never amount to anything," said a severe uncle. "His head is always up in the clouds."

"Perhaps the boy is looking for the silver lining," replied the kindly old lady.

WHERE ELSE COULD IT BE?

AS THE WINDY GUY OF THE SPIRIT HAVING RISEN in the British army from the ranks to the post of major was asked on his return from the Asiatic climes if he had ever been bastinadoed, "I have, indeed," was the reply—just as it was expected to be.

"And was it really very painful, major?" was asked.

"It was, madam. Upon my sole it was."

TOO SOFT OF HEART.

A TENDER-HEARTED North Carolina judge of "ye olden time," seeing that the evidence was going strongly against a young fellow who was being tried before him for his life, and dreading to pronounce the sentence which he felt to be inevitable, left the court-room under some pretext, to which he presently returned fortified with several strong drinks.

It chanced that the judge took more than he intended of the intoxicating beverage, and when the jury (greatly to the surprise of every one) brought in a verdict of "Not guilty!" he was slumbering heavily upon the bench, and had to be aroused in order to hear the decision.

With his mind still full of the dread which had overwhelmed him, and utterly unable, in the bewildered state of his brain, to take in the altered condition of affairs, the old fellow slowly erected himself: "Jones," he said, solemnly, speaking in the nasal tone peculiar to him, and brushing an imaginary insect from his nose, as was his custom when under the influence of strong feeling, "it now becomes my painful duty—"

"Your Honor—" put in one of the jury.

"I beg, Mr. Robinson," replied the judge, "that you will not interrupt me. Mr. Jones," he continued, turning to the prisoner, "I knew your father, sir, an eminently respectable and respected citizen, who little thought that his son would come to the disgraceful end which is to be yours, for you are to be hanged by the neck, sir—"

"Your Honor," Robinson said again, almost imploringly, "permit me to explain—"

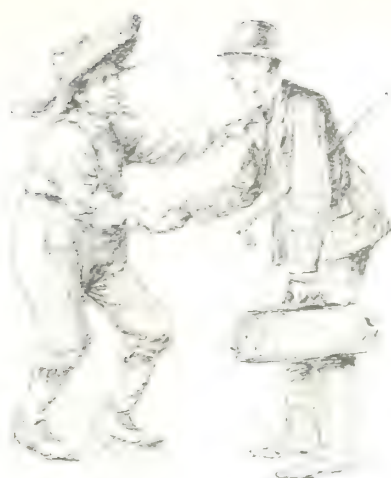
"Mr. Robinson," replied the judge, "I must insist that you do not interrupt me again" (striking at the imaginary fly) "while I am performing the most solemn duty, sir, that belongs to my office. Mr. Jones" (turning again to the prisoner), "I know, sir, that this sentence, which I feel constrained to pronounce, is breaking the heart of your poor old mother there" (pointing to the wife of the murdered man) "for, sir, bringing her gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. For you

"S—," broke in Robinson, unable to contain himself any longer, and dropping the judicial title in his desperation: "you are making a — fool of yourself. The jury has brought in a verdict of 'Not guilty!'"

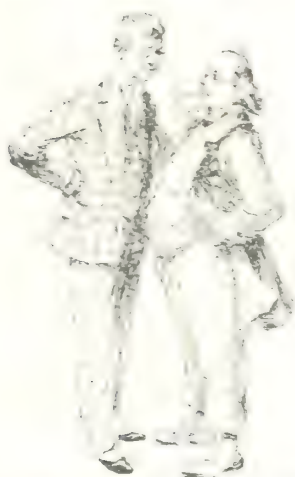
GRACE WILLOUGHBY.



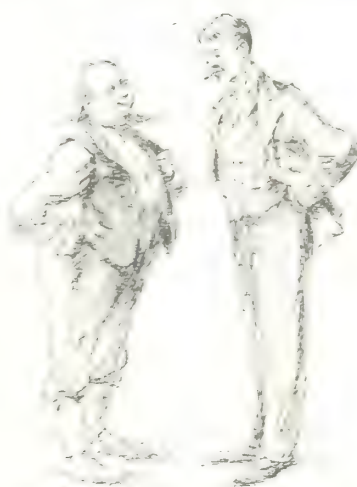
1. Uncle John and his son, Joseph, standing.



2. Joseph and Uncle John standing.



3. A man and woman standing together. The man is wearing a suit and a top hat, holding a cane. The woman is wearing a dress and a top hat, holding a cane.



4. A man and woman standing together. The man is wearing a suit and a top hat, holding a cane. The woman is wearing a dress and a top hat, holding a cane.



5. Acted upon.



6. Acted upon.



fined murder as "a salutary check to over-
 orist in his own way: and so, too, was that
 Waterloo as "a colossal example of un-scientific
 have been completely thrown into the shade
 by a humbler professor of the same school.
 less a person than Sir Walter Scott.

During one of the great novelist's journeys
 through the north of England he was attacked
 by a slight indisposition while halting at a
 small village near the Scottish border, and

to his no small surprise, a former servant of

"Ay, it's me, Sir Walter," answered the

his of yours

much good. But, tell me, John, how came my
 man to bring you here? I sent him out to
 fetch me a doctor."

"Weel," replied John, with quiet dignity,
 "I myself am jist the doctor here."

Sir Walter was thunder-struck, as well he
 might be, knowing as he did that John was

"I should hardly have thought of you turn-
 ing doctor, John," said he at length. "Pray
 what drugs do you use?"

"I hae jist twa o' them, Sir Walter—calomy
 and lodomy," calomel and laudanum.

"But, my good John," cried Scott, shudder-
 ing involuntarily at the idea of such a phar-
 macopœia in such hands, "with drugs like
 those do you never happen to—ahem!—to
 kill any one?"

energy to which no words can do justice. "Kill
 the Englishers? It will be lang ere I can mak'

A SYMPTOM.

"I AM a great author," said a cynical writer
 to a friend: "but I am not what you would

"Indeed?" queried the other, somewhat
 amused at his friend's remark. "And how do
 you arrive at that conclusion?"

"Have you never observed," he replied,



THE THREE SISTERS, CANMORE—photographed by W. J. & S. G. M. 1880.
"One mountain we pass has three jagged summits." See page 861.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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NO. CCCCLXXXVI.

OUR ITALY.

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

THE traveller who descends into Italy by an Alpine pass never forgets the surprise and delight of the transition. In an hour he is whirled down the slopes from the region of eternal snow to the verdure of spring or the ripeness of summer. Suddenly—it may be at a turn in the road—winter is left behind; the plains of Lombardy are in view; the Lake of Como or Maggiore gleams below; there is a tree; there is an orchard; there is a garden; there is a villa overrun with vines; the singing of birds is heard; the air is gracious; the slopes are terraced, and covered with vineyards; great sheets of silver sheen in the landscape mark the growth of the olive; the dark green orchards of oranges and lemons are starred with gold; the lusty fig, always a temptation as of old, leans invitingly over the stone wall; everywhere are bloom and color under the blue sky; there are shrines by the way-side, chapels on the hill; one hears the melodious bells, the call of the vine-dressers, the laughter of girls.

The contrast is as great from the Indians of the Mojave Desert, three types of which are here given, to the vine-dressers of the Santa Ana Valley.

Italy is the land of the imagination, but the sensation on first beholding it from the northern heights, aside from its associations of romance and poetry, can be repeated in our own land by whoever will cross the burning desert of Colorado, or the savage wastes of the Mojave wilderness of stone and sage-brush, and come suddenly, as he must come by train, into the bloom of southern California.

The bay of San Diego is about three hundred miles east of San Francisco. The coast-line runs southeast, but at Point Conception it turns sharply east, and then curves southeasterly about two

hundred and fifty miles to the Mexican coast boundary, the extreme southwest limits of the United States, a few miles below San Diego. This coast, defined by these two limits, has a southern exposure on the sunniest of oceans. Off this coast, south of Point Conception, lies a chain of islands, curving in position in conformity with the shore, at a distance of twenty to seventy miles from the main-land. These islands are San Miguel, Santa Rosa, Santa Cruz, Anacapa, Santa Barbara, San Nicolas, Santa Catalina, San Clemente, and Los Coronados, which lie in Mexican waters. Between this chain of islands and the main-land is Santa Barbara Channel, flowing northward. The great ocean current from the north flows past Point Conception like a mill-race, and makes a suction, or a sort of eddy. It approaches nearer the coast in Lower California, where the return current, which is much warmer, flows northward and westward along the curving shore. The Santa Barbara Channel, which may be called an arm of the Pacific, flows by many a bold point and lovely bay, like those of San Pedro, Redondo, and Santa Monica; but it has no secure harbor, except the magnificent and unique bay of San Diego.

The southern and western boundary of southern California is this mild Pacific sea, studded with rocky and picturesque islands. The northern boundary of this region is ranges of lofty mountains, from five thousand to eleven thousand feet in height, some of them always snow-clad, which run eastward from Point Conception nearly to the Colorado Desert. They are parts of the Sierra Nevada range, but they take various names, Santa Ynes, San Gabriel, San Bernardino, and they are spoken of all together as the Sierra Madre. In the San Gabriel group, "Old Baldy" lifts its snow-peak over nine thousand feet, while the San Bernardino

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"Grayback" rises over eleven thousand feet above the sea. Southward of this, ~~running down into San Diego County, is~~ the San Jacinto range, also snow-clad; and eastward the land falls rapidly away into the Salt Desert of the Colorado, in which is a depression about three hundred feet below the Pacific.

The Point Arguilles, which is above Point Conception, by the aid of the outlying islands, deflects the cold current



from the north off the coast of southern California, and the mountain ranges from Point Conception east divide the State of California into two climatic regions, the southern having more warmth, less rain and fog, milder winds, and less variation of daily temperature than the climate of central California to the north.* Other striking climatic conditions are produced by the daily interaction of the Pacific Ocean and the Colorado Desert,

infinitely diversified in minor particulars by the exceedingly broken character of the region—a jumble of bare mountains, fruitful foot-hills, and rich valleys. It would be only from a balloon that one could get an adequate idea of this strange land.

The United States has here, then, a unique corner of the earth, without its like in its own vast territory, and unparalleled, so far as I know, in the world. Shut off from sympathy with external conditions by the giant mountain ranges and the desert wastes, it has its own climate unaffected by cosmic changes. Except a tidal wave from Japan, nothing would seem to be able to affect or disturb it. The whole of Italy feels more or less the climatic variations of the rest of Europe. All our Atlantic coast, all our in-

terior basin from Texas to Manitoba, is in climatic sympathy. Here is a region larger than New England which manufactures its own weather and refuses to import any other.

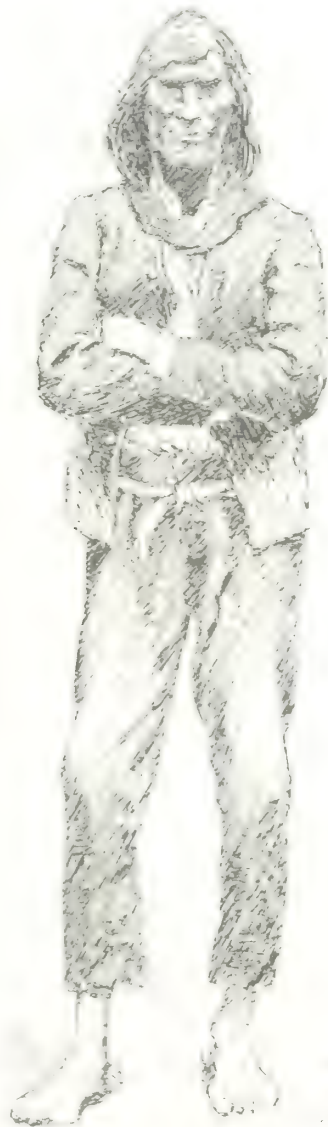
With considerable varieties of temperature according to elevation or protection from the ocean breeze, its climate is nearly, on the whole, as agreeable as that of the Hawaiian Islands, though pitched in a lower key, and with greater variations between day and night. The key to its peculiarity, aside from its southern exposure, is the Colorado Desert. That desert, waterless and treeless, is cool at night and intolerably hot in the daytime, sending up a vast column of hot air, which cannot escape eastward, for Arizona manufactures a like column. It flows high above the mountains westward till it strikes the Pacific and parts with its heat, creating an immense vacuum which is filled by the air from the coast flowing up the slope and over the range, and plunging down six thousand feet into the desert. "It is easy to understand," says Mr. Van Dyke, making his observations from the summit of the Cuyamaca, in San Diego County, 6,500 feet above the sea-level, "how land thus rising a mile or more in fifty or sixty miles, rising away from the coast, and falling off abruptly a mile deep into the driest and hottest of American deserts, could have a great variety of climates. . . . Only ten miles away on the east the summers are the hottest, and only sixty miles on the west the coolest known in the United States (except on this coast), and between them is every combination that mountains and valleys can produce. And it is easy to see whence comes the sea-breeze, the glory of the California summer. It is passing us here, a gentle breeze of six or eight miles an hour. It is flowing over this great ridge directly into the basin of the Colorado Desert, six thousand feet deep, where the temperature is probably one hundred and twenty degrees, and perhaps higher. For many leagues each side of us this current is thus flowing at the same speed, and is probably half a mile or more in depth. About sundown, when the air on the desert cools and descends, the current will change and come the other way, and flood these western slopes with an air as pure as that of the Sahara and nearly as dry.

* For these and other observations upon physical and climatic conditions I am wholly indebted to Dr. P. C. Remondino and Mr. T. S. Van Dyke, of San Diego, both scientific and competent authorities.

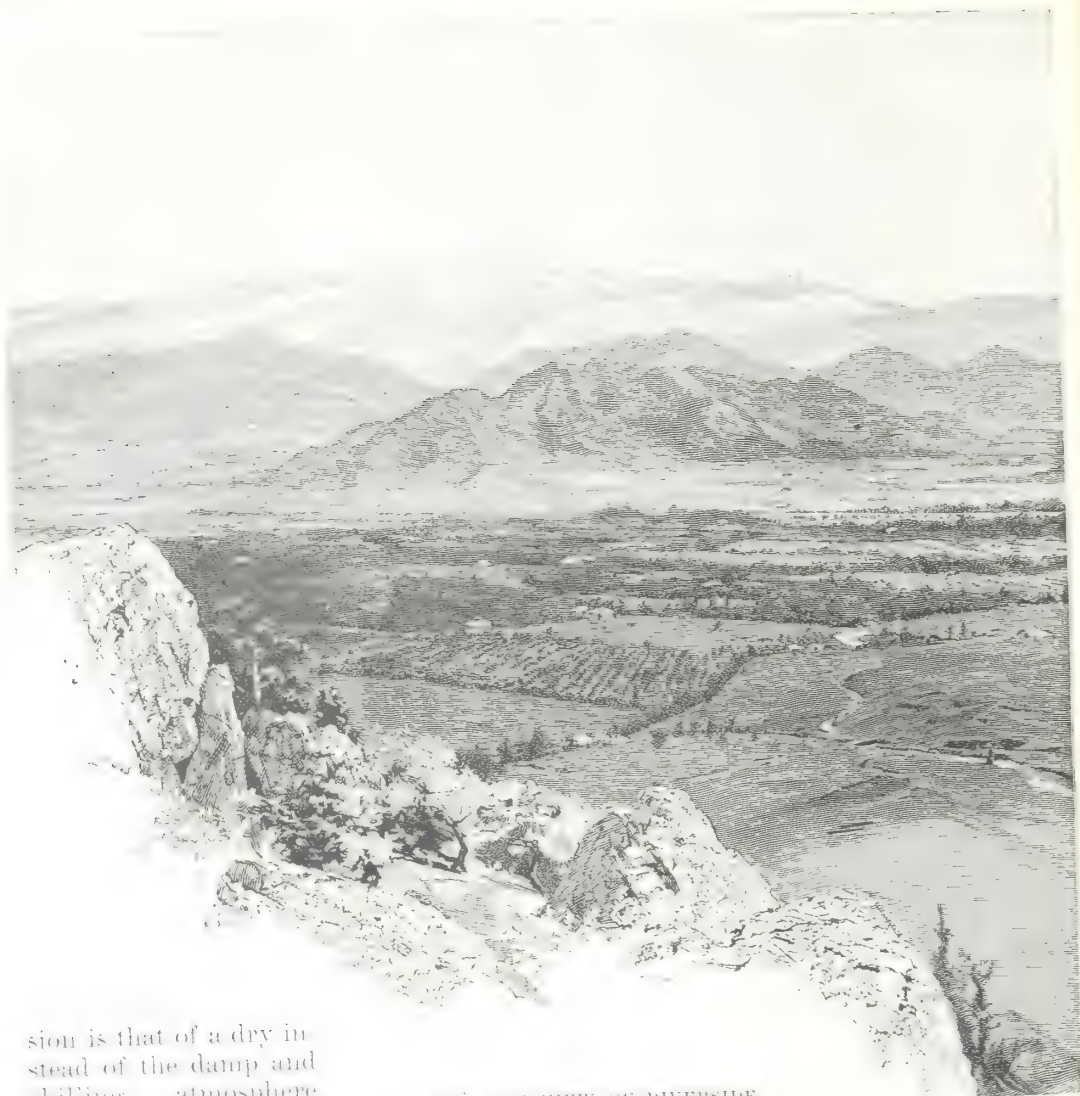
"The air, heated on the western slopes by the sea, would by rising produce considerable suction, which could be filled

will in time be reclaimed by the waters of the Colorado River, but wet spots of a few hundred thousand acres would be too trifling to affect general results, for millions of acres of burning desert would forever defy all attempts at irrigation or settlement."

This desert-born breeze explains a seeming anomaly in regard to the humidity of this coast. I have noticed on the sea-shore that salt does not become damp on the table, that the Portuguese fishermen on Point Loma are drying their fish on the shore, and that while the hydrometer gives a humidity as low as seventy-four, and higher at times, and fog may prevail for three or four days continuously, the fog is rather "dry," and the general impres-



only from the sea, but that alone would not make the sea-breeze as dry as it is. The principal suction is caused by the rising of heated air from the great desert. . . . On the top of old Grayback (in San Bernardino) one can feel it [this breeze] setting westward, while in the cañons, six thousand feet below, it is blowing eastward. . . . All over southern California the conditions of this breeze are about the same, the great Mojave Desert and the valley of the San Joaquin above operating in the same way, assisted by interior plains and slopes. Hence these deserts, that at first seem to be a disadvantage to the land, are the great conditions of its climate, and are of far more value than if they were like the prairies of Illinois. Fortunately they will remain deserts forever. Some parts



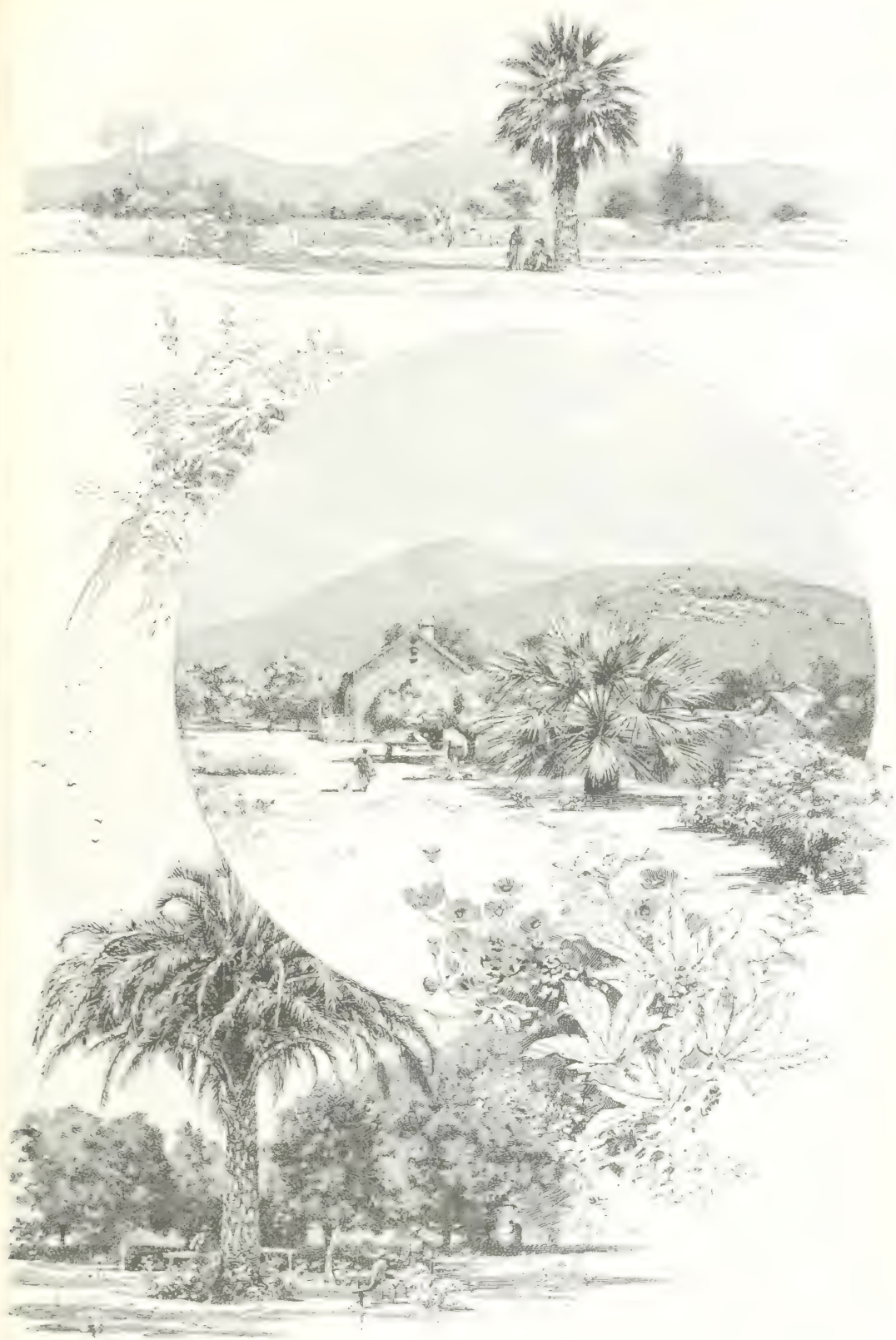
BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF RIVERSIDE

sion is that of a dry instead of the damp and chilling atmosphere such as exists in foggy times on the Atlantic coast. "From the study of the origin of this breeze we see," says Mr. Van Dyke, "why it is that a wind coming from the broad Pacific should be drier than the dry land-breezes of the Atlantic States, causing no damp walls, swelling doors, or rusting guns, and even on the coast drying up, without salt or soda, meat cut in strips an inch thick, and fish much thicker."

At times on the coast the air contains plenty of moisture, but with the rising of this breeze the moisture decreases instead of increases. It should be said also that this constantly returning current of air is always pure, coming in contact nowhere with marshy or malarious influences nor any agency injurious to health. Its character causes the whole coast from Santa Barbara to San Diego to be an agreeable

place of residence or resort summer and winter, while its daily inflowing tempers the heat of the far inland valleys to a delightful atmosphere in the shade even in midsummer, while cool nights are everywhere the rule. The greatest surprise of the traveller is that a region which is in perpetual bloom and fruitage, where semi-tropical fruits mature in perfection, and the most delicate flowers dazzle the eye with color the winter through, should have on the whole a low temperature, a climate never enervating, and one requiring a dress of woollen in every month.

Winter as we understand it east of the Rockies does not exist. I scarcely know how to divide the seasons. There are at most but three. Spring may be said to begin with December and end in



CHARACTERISTIC SCENES.

1. San Bernardino. 2. Montecito. 3. Los Angeles.

April; summer, with May (whose days, however, are often cooler than those of January), and end with September; while October and November are a mild autumn, when nature takes a partial rest, and the leaves of the deciduous trees are gone. But how shall we classify a climate in which the strawberry (none yet in my experience equal to the Eastern berry) may be eaten in every month of the year, and ripe figs may be picked from July to March? What shall I say of a frost (an affair of only an hour just before sunrise) which is hardly anywhere severe enough to disturb the delicate heliotrope, and even in the deepest valleys where it may chill the orange, will respect the bloom of that fruit on contiguous ground fifty or a hundred feet higher? We boast about many things in the United States, about our blizzards and our cyclones, our inundations and our areas of low pressure, our hottest and our coldest places in the world, but what can we say for this little corner which is practically frostless, and yet never had a sunstroke, knows nothing of thunder-storms and lightning, never experienced a cyclone, which is so warm that the year round one is tempted to live out-of-doors, and so cold that woollen garments are never uncomfortable? Nature here, in this protected and petted area, has the knack of being genial without being enervating, of being stimulating without "bracing" a person into the tomb. I think it conducive to equanimity of spirit and to longevity to sit in an orange grove and eat the fruit and inhale the fragrance of it while gazing upon a ~~scenic panorama~~.

This southward-facing portion of California is irrigated by many streams of pure water rapidly falling from the mountains to the sea. The more important are the Santa Clara, the Los Angeles and San Gabriel, the Santa Ana, the Santa Margarita, the San Luis Rey, the San Bernardo, the San Diego, and, on the Mexican border, the Tia Juana. Many of them go dry or flow underground in the summer months (or, as the Californians say, the bed of the river gets on top), but most of them can be used for artificial irrigation. In the lowlands water is sufficiently near the surface to moisten the soil, which is broken and cultivated; in most regions good wells are reached at a small depth, in others artesian-wells spout up abundance of water, and considerable portions

of the regions best known for fruit are watered by irrigating ditches and pipes supplied by ample reservoirs in the mountains. From natural rainfall and the sea moisture the mesas and hills, which look arid before ploughing, produce large crops of grain when cultivated after the annual rains, without artificial watering.

Southern California has been slowly understood even by its occupants, who have wearied the world with boasting of its productiveness. Originally it was a vast cattle and sheep ranch. It was supposed that the land was worthless except for grazing. Held in princely ranches of twenty, fifty, one hundred thousand acres, in some cases areas larger than German principalities, tens of thousands of cattle roamed along the watercourses and over the mesas, vast flocks of sheep cropped close the grass and trod the soil into hardpan. The owners exchanged cattle and sheep for corn, grain, and garden vegetables; they had no faith that they could grow cereals, and it was too much trouble to procure water for a garden or a fruit orchard. It was the firm belief that most of the rolling mesa land was unfit for cultivation, and that neither forest nor fruit trees would grow without irrigation. Between Los Angeles and Redondo Beach is a ranch of 35,000 acres. Seventeen years ago it was owned by a Scotchman, who used the whole of it as a sheep ranch. In selling it to the present owner he warned him not to waste time by attempting to farm it; he himself raised no fruit or vegetables, planted no trees, and bought all his corn, wheat, and barley. The purchaser, however, began to experiment. He planted trees and set out orchards which grew, and in a couple of years he wrote to the former owner that he had 8000 acres in fine wheat. To say it in a word, there is scarcely an acre of the tract which is not highly productive in barley, wheat, corn, potatoes, while considerable parts of it are especially adapted to the English walnut and to the citrus fruits.

On this route to the sea the road is lined with gardens. Nothing could be more unpromising in appearance than this soil before it is ploughed and pulverized by the cultivator. It looks like a barren waste. We passed a tract that was offered three years ago for twelve dollars an acre. Some of it now is rented to Chinamen at thirty dollars an acre;



FAN-PALM, RESIDENCE OF T. C. SEVERANCE, LOS ANGELES.

and I saw one field of two acres off which a Chinaman had sold in one season \$750 worth of cabbages.

The truth is that almost all the land is wonderfully productive if intelligently handled. The low ground has water so near the surface that the pulverized soil will draw up sufficient moisture for the crops; the mesa, if sown and cultivated after the annual rains, matures grain and corn, and sustains vines and fruit trees. It is singular that the first settlers should never have discovered this productiveness. When it became apparent—that is, productiveness without artificial watering—there spread abroad a

notion that irrigation generally was not needed. We shall have occasion to speak of this more in detail, and I will now only say, on good authority, that while cultivation, not to keep down the weeds only, but to keep the soil stirred and prevent its baking, is the prime necessity for almost all land in southern California, there are portions where irrigation is always necessary, and there is no spot where the yield of fruit or grain will not be quadrupled by judicious irrigation. There are places where irrigation is excessive and harmful both to the quality and quantity of oranges and grapes.



YUCCA-PALM, SANTA BARBARA.

The history of the extension of cultivation in the last twenty and especially in the past ten years from the foot-hills of the Sierra Madre in Los Angeles and San Bernardino counties southward to San Diego is very curious. Experiments were timidly tried. Every acre of sand and sage-bush reclaimed southward was supposed to be the last capable of profitable farming or fruit-growing. It is unsafe now to say of any land that has not been tried that it is not good. In every valley and on every hill-side, on the mesas and in the sunny nooks in the mountains, nearly anything will grow, and the application of water produces marvellous results. From San Bernardino and Redlands, Riverside, Pomona, Ontario, Santa Anita, San Gabriel, Pasadena, all the way to Los Angeles, is almost a continuous fruit garden, the green areas only emphasized by wastes yet unreclaimed; a land of charming cottages, thriving towns, hospitable to the fruit of every clime; a land of perpetual sun and ever-flowing breeze, looked down on by purple mountain ranges tipped here and there with enduring snow. And what is in progress here will be seen before long in almost every part of this wonderful land, for conditions of soil and climate are essentially everywhere the same, and capital is finding out how to store in and bring from the fastnesses of the mountains rivers of clear water taken at such elevations that the whole arable surface can be irrigated. The development of the country has only just begun.

If the reader will look upon the map of California he will see that the eight counties that form southern California—San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, Ventura, Kern, Los Angeles, San Bernardino, Orange, and San Diego—appear very mountainous. He will also notice that the eastern slopes of San Bernardino and San Diego are deserts. But this is an immense area. San Diego County alone is as large as Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island combined, and the amount of arable land in the valleys, on the foot-hills, on the rolling mesas, is enormous, and capable of sustaining a dense population, for its fertility and its yield to the acre under cultivation are incomparable. The reader will also notice another thing. With the railroads now built and certain to be built through all this diversified region, round from the

Santa Barbara Mountains to the San Bernardino, the San Jacinto, and down to Cuyamaca, a ride of an hour or two hours brings one to some point on the two hundred and fifty miles of sea-coast—a sea-coast genial, inviting in winter and summer, never harsh, and rarely tempestuous like the Atlantic shore.

Here is our Mediterranean! Here is our Italy! It is a Mediterranean without marshes and without malaria, and it does not at all resemble the Mexican Gulf, which we have sometimes tried to fancy was like the classic sea that laves Africa and Europe. Nor is this region Italian in appearance, though now and then some bay with its purple hills running to the blue sea, its surrounding mesas and cañons blooming in semi-tropical luxuriance, some conjunction of shore and mountain, some golden color, some white light and sharply defined shadows, some refinement of lines, some poetic tints in violet and ashy ranges, some ultramarine in the sea, or delicate blue in the sky, will remind the traveller of more than one place of beauty in southern Italy and Sicily. It is a Mediterranean with a more equable climate, warmer winters and cooler summers, than the North Mediterranean shore can offer; it is an Italy whose mountains and valleys give almost every variety of elevation and temperature.

But it is our commercial Mediterranean. The time is not distant when this corner of the United States will produce in abundance, and year after year without failure, all the fruits and nuts which for a thousand years the civilized world of Europe has looked to the Mediterranean to supply. We shall not need any more to send over the Atlantic for raisins, English walnuts, almonds, figs, olives, prunes, oranges, lemons, limes, and a variety of other things which we know commercially as Mediterranean products. We have all this luxury and wealth at our doors, within our limits. The orange and the lemon we shall still bring from many places; the date and the pineapple and the banana will never grow here except as illustrations of the climate, but it is difficult to name any fruit of the temperate and semi-tropic zones that southern California cannot be relied on to produce, from the guava to the peach.

It will need further experiment to determine what are the more profitable pro-



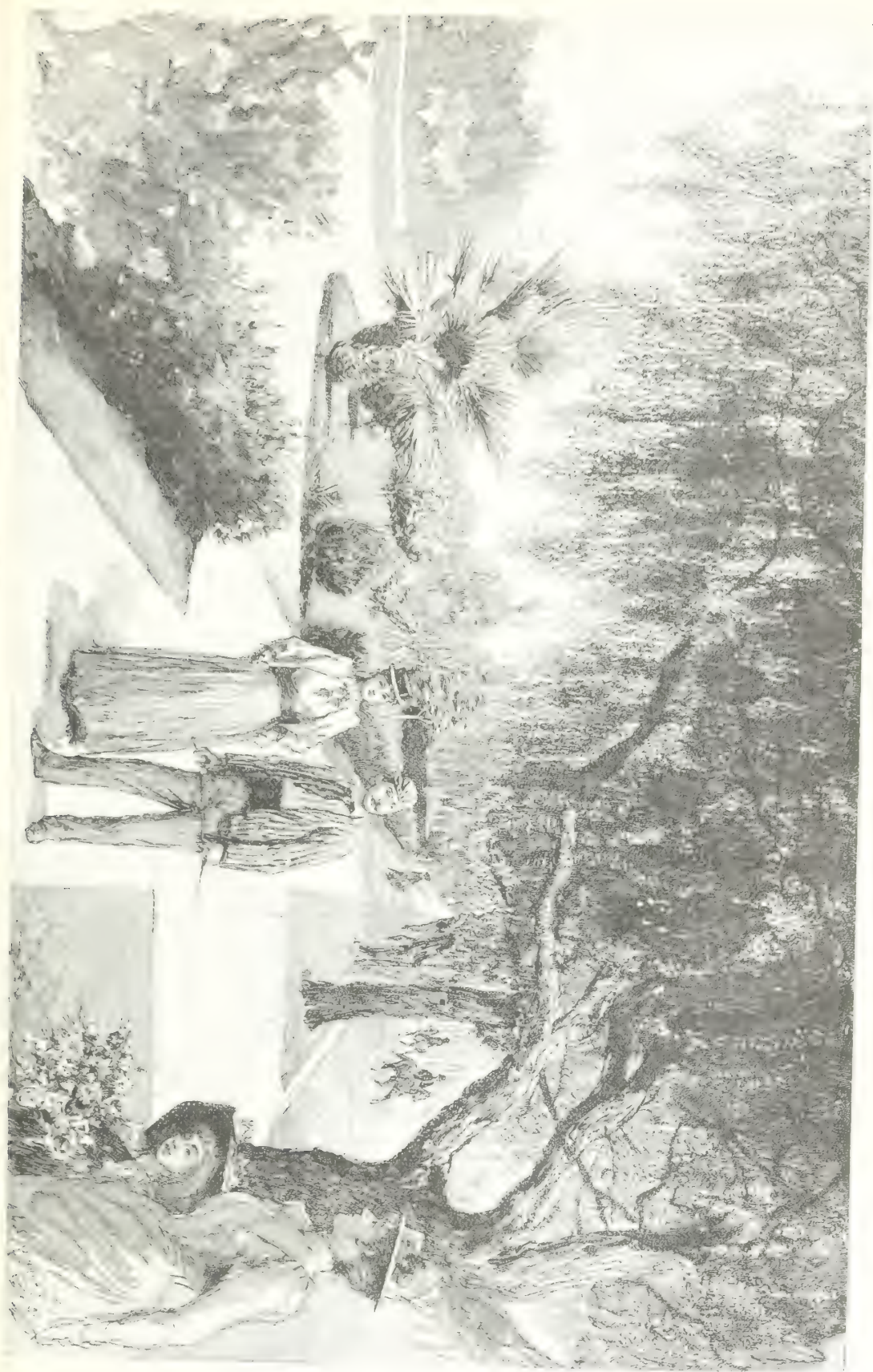
ducts of this soil, and it will take longer experience to cultivate them and send them to market in perfection. The pomegranate and the apple thrive side by side, but the apple is not good here unless it is grown at an elevation where frost is certain and occasional snow may be expected. There is no longer any doubt about the peach, the nectarine, the pear, the grape, the orange, the lemon, the apricot, and so on: but I believe that the greatest profit will be in the products that cannot be grown elsewhere in the United States—the products to which we have long given the name of Mediterranean—the olive, the fig, the raisin, the hard and soft shell almond, and the walnut. The orange will of course be a staple, and constantly improve its reputation as better varieties are raised, and the right amount of irrigation to produce the finest and the sweetest is ascertained.

It is still a wonder that a land in which there was no indigenous product of value, or to which cultivation could give value, should be so hospitable to every sort of tree, shrub, root, grain, and flower that can be brought here from any zone and temperature, and that many of these foreigners to the soil grow here with a vigor and productiveness surpassing those in their native land. This bewildering adaptability has misled many into unprofitable experiments, and the very rapidity of growth has been a disadvantage. The land has been advertised by its monstrous vegetable productions, which are not fit to eat, and but testify to the fertility of the soil: and the reputation of its fruits, both deciduous and citrus, has suffered by specimens sent to Eastern markets whose sole recommendation was size. Even in the vineyards and orange orchards quality has been sacrificed to quantity. Nature here responds generously to every encouragement, but it cannot be forced without taking its revenge in the return of inferior quality. It is just as true of southern California as of any other land that hard work and sagacity and experience are necessary to successful horticulture and agriculture, but it is undeniably true that the same amount of well-directed industry upon a much smaller area of land will produce more return than in almost any other section of the United States. Sensible people do not any longer pay much attention to those tempting

little arithmetical sums by which it is demonstrated that paying so much for ten acres of barren land, and so much for planting it with vines or oranges, the income in three years will be a competence to the investor and his family. People do not spend much time now in gaping over abnormal vegetables, or trying to convince themselves that wines of every known variety and flavor can be produced within the limits of one flat and well-watered field. Few now expect to make a fortune by cutting arid land up into twenty-foot lots, but notwithstanding the extravagance of recent speculation, the value of arable land has steadily appreciated, and is not likely to recede, for the return from it, either in fruits, vegetables, or grain, is demonstrated to be beyond the experience of farming elsewhere.

Land cannot be called dear at one hundred or one thousand dollars an acre if the annual return from it is fifty or five hundred dollars. The climate is most agreeable the year through. There are no unpleasant months, and few unpleasant days. The eucalyptus grows so fast that the trimmings from the trees of a small grove or highway avenue will in four or five years furnish a family with its firewood. The strong, fattening alfalfa gives three, four, five, and even six harvests a year. Nature needs little rest, and, with the encouragement of water and fertilizers, apparently none. But all this prodigality and easiness of life detracts a little from ambition. The lesson has been slowly learned, but it is now pretty well conned, that hard work is as necessary here as elsewhere to thrift and independence. The difference between this and many other parts of our land is that nature seems to work with a man, and not against him.

Southern California has rapidly passed through varied experiences, and has not yet had a fair chance to show the world what it is. It had its period of romance, of pastoral life, of lawless adventure, of crazy speculation, all within a hundred years, and it is just now entering upon its period of solid, civilized development. A certain light of romance is cast upon this coast by the Spanish voyagers of the sixteenth century, but its history begins with the establishment of the chain of Franciscan missions, the first of which was founded by the great Father Junipero Serra at San Diego in 1769. The



fathers brought with them the vine and the olive, reduced the savage Indians to industrial pursuits, and opened the way for that ranchero and adobe civilization which, down to the coming of the American, in about 1840, made in this region the most picturesque life that our continent has ever seen. Following this is a period of desperado adventure and revolution, of pioneer State-building; and then the advent of the restless, the cranky, the invalid, the fanatic, from every other State in the Union. The first experimenters in making homes seem to have fancied that they had come to a ready-made elysium—the idle man's heaven. They seem to have brought with them little knowledge of agriculture or horticulture, were ignorant of the conditions of success in this soil and climate, and left behind the good industrial maxims of the East. The result was a period of chance experiment, one in which extravagant expectation and boasting to some extent took the place of industry. The imagination was heated by the novelty of such varied and rapid productiveness. Men's minds were inflamed by the apparently limitless possibilities. The invalid and the speculator thronged the transcontinental roads leading hither. In this condition the frenzy of 1886-7 was inevitable. I saw something of it in the winter of 1887. The scenes then daily and commonplace now read like the wildest freaks of the imagination.

The bubble collapsed as suddenly as it expanded. Many were ruined, and left the country. More were merely ruined in their great expectations. The speculation was in town lots. When it subsided it left the climate as it was, the fertility as it was, and the value of arable land not reduced. Marvellous as the boom was, I think the present recuperation is still more wonderful. In 1890, to be sure, I miss the bustle of the cities, and the creation of towns in a week under the hammer of the auctioneer. But in all the cities, and most of the villages, there has been growth in substantial buildings, and in the necessities of civic life—good sewerage, water supply, and general organization; while the country, as the acreage of vines and oranges, wheat and barley, grain and corn, and the shipments by rail testify, has improved more than at any other period, and commerce is beginning to feel the impulse of a genuine pros-

perity, based upon the intelligent cultivation of the ground. School-houses have multiplied; libraries have been founded; many "boom" hotels, built in order to sell city lots in the sage-brush, have been turned into schools and colleges.

There is immense rivalry between different sections. Every Californian thinks that the spot where his house stands enjoys the best climate and is the most fertile in the world; and while you are with him you think he is justified in his opinion; for this rivalry is generally a wholesome one, backed by industry. I do not mean to say that the habit of tall talk is altogether lost. Whatever one sees he is asked to believe is the largest and best in the world. The gentleman of the whip who showed us some of the finest places in Los Angeles—places that in their wealth of flowers and semi-tropical gardens would rouse the enthusiasm of the most jaded traveller—was asked whether there were any finer in the city. "Finer? Hundreds of them;" and then, meditatively and regretfully, "I should not dare to show you the best." The semi-ecclesiastical custodian of the old adobe mission of San Gabriel explained to us the twenty portraits of apostles on the walls, all done by Murillo. As they had got out of repair, he had them all repainted by the best artist. "That one," he said, simply, "cost ten dollars. It often costs more to repaint a picture than to buy an original."

The temporary evils in the train of the "boom" are fast disappearing. I was told that I should find the country stagnant. Trade, it is true, is only slowly coming in, real-estate deals are sleeping, but in all avenues of solid prosperity and productiveness the country is the reverse of stagnant. Another misapprehension this visit is correcting. I was told not to visit southern California at this season on account of the heat. But I have no experience of a more delightful summer climate than this, especially on or near the coast.

In secluded valleys in the interior the thermometer rises in the daytime to 85°, 90°, and occasionally 100°, but I have found no place in them where there was not daily a refreshing breeze from the ocean, where the dryness of the air did not make the heat seem much less than it was, and where the nights were not agreeably cool. My belief is that the summer climate of southern California is as desirable



IN THE GARDEN AT SANTA BARBARA MISSION.

for pleasure-seekers, for invalids, for workmen, as its winter climate. It seems to me that a coast temperature 60° to 75° , stimulating, without harshness or dampness, is about the perfection of summer weather. It should be said, however, that there are secluded valleys which become very hot in the daytime in midsummer, and intolerably dusty. The dust is the great annoyance everywhere. It gives the whole landscape an ashy tint, like some of our Eastern fields and way-sides in a dry August. The verdure and the wild flowers of the rainy season disappear entirely. There is, however, some picturesque compensation for this dust and lack of green. The mountains and hills and great plains take on wonderful hues of brown, yellow, and red.

I write this paragraph in a high chamber in the Hotel del Coronado, on the great and fertile beach in front of San Diego. It is the 2d of June. Looking southward, I see the great expanse of the Pacific Ocean, sparkling in the sun as blue as the waters at Amalfi. A low surf beats along the miles and miles of white sand continually, with the impetus of far-off seas and trade-winds, as it has beaten for thousands of years, with one unending roar and swish, and occasional shocks of sound as if of distant thunder on the shore. Yonder, to the right, Point Loma stretches its sharp and rocky promontory into the ocean, purple in the sun, bearing a light-house on its highest elevation. From this signal, bending in a perfect crescent, with a silver rim, the shore sweeps around twenty-five miles to another promontory running down beyond Tia Juana to the Point of Rocks, in Mexican territory. Directly in front—they say eighteen miles away, I think five sometimes, and sometimes a hundred—lie the islands of Coronado, named, I suppose, from the old Spanish adventurer Vasques de Coronado, huge bulks of beautiful red sandstone, uninhabited and barren, becalmed there in the changing blue of sky and sea, like enormous mastless galleons, like degraded icebergs, like Capri and Ischia. They say that they are stationary. I only know that when I walk along the shore toward Point Loma they seem to follow, until they lie opposite the harbor entrance, which is close by the promontory; and that when I return, they recede and go away toward Mexico, to which they belong. Sometimes, as seen from the beach,

owing to the difference in the humidity of the strata of air over the ocean, they seem smaller at the bottom than at the top. Occasionally they come quite near, as do the sea-lions and the gulls, and again they almost fade out of the horizon in a violet light. This morning they stand away, and the fleet of white-sailed fishing-boats from the Portuguese hamlet of La Playa, within the harbor entrance, which is dancing off Point Loma, will have a long sail if they pursue the barracuda to those shadowy rocks.

We crossed the bay the other day, and drove up a wild road to the height of the promontory, and along its narrow ridge to the light-house. This site commands one of the most remarkable views in the accessible civilized world, one of the three or four really great prospects which the traveller can recall, astonishing in its immensity, interesting in its peculiar details. The general features are the great ocean, blue, flecked with sparkling, breaking wavelets, and the wide, curving coast-line, rising into mesas, foot-hills, ranges on ranges of mountains, the faintly seen snow-peaks of San Bernardino and San Jacinto to the Cuyamaca and the flat top of Table Mountain in Mexico. Directly under us on one side are the fields of kelp, where the whales come to feed in winter; and on the other is a point of sand on Coronado Beach, where a flock of pelicans have assembled after their day's fishing, in which occupation they are the rivals of the Portuguese. The perfect crescent of the ocean beach is seen, the singular formation of North and South Coronado Beach, the entrance to the harbor along Point Loma, and the spacious inner bay, on which lie San Diego and National City, with lowlands and heights outside sprinkled with houses, gardens, orchards, and vineyards. The near hills about this harbor are varied in form and poetic in color, one of them, the conical San Miguel, constantly recalling Vesuvius. Indeed, the near view, in color, vegetation, and forms of hills and extent of arable land, suggests that of Naples, though on analysis it does not resemble it. If San Diego had half a million of people it would be more like it; but the Naples view is limited, while this stretches away to the great mountains that overlook the Colorado Desert. It is certainly one of the loveliest prospects in the world, and worth long travel to see.

SCENE AT PASADENA.



Standing upon this point of view, I am reminded again of the striking contrasts and contiguous different climates on the coast. In the north, of course not visible from here, is Mount Whitney, on the borders of Inyo County and of the State of Nevada, 15,086 feet above the sea, the highest peak in the United States, excluding Alaska. South of it is Grayback, in the San Bernardino range, 11,000 feet in altitude, the highest point above its base in the United States. While south of that is the depression in the Colorado Desert in San Diego County, about three hundred feet below the level of the Pacific Ocean, the lowest land in the United States. These three exceptional points can be said to be almost in sight of each other.

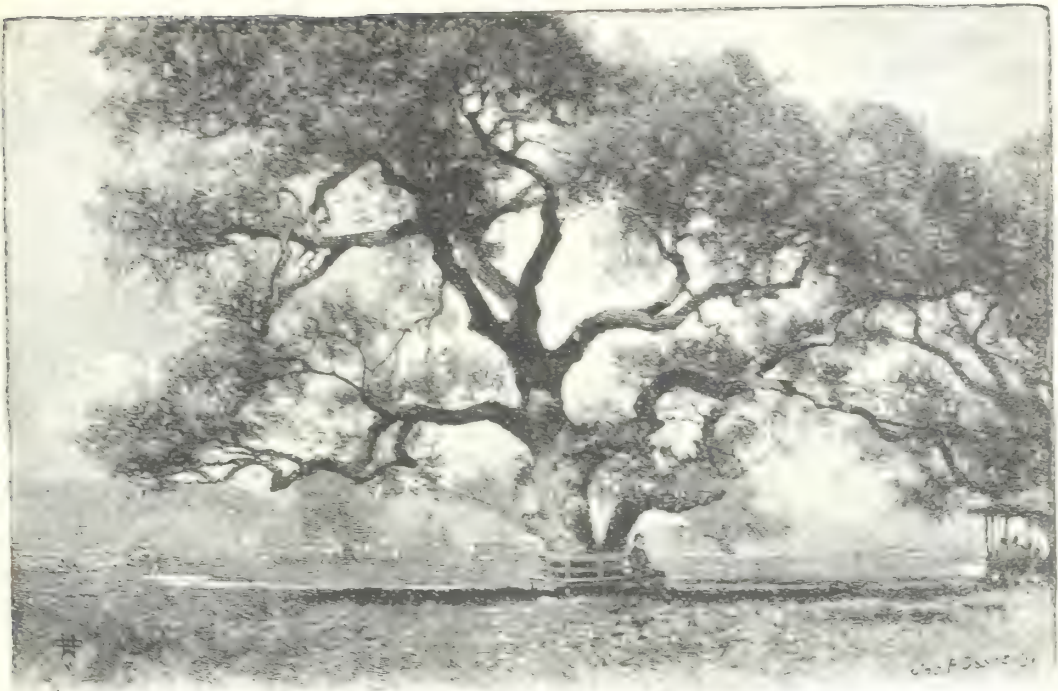
I have insisted so much upon the Mediterranean character of this region that it is necessary to emphasize the contrasts also. Reserving details and comments on different localities as to the commercial value of products and climatic conditions, I will make some general observations. I am convinced that the fig can not only be grown here in sufficient quantity to supply our markets, but of the best quality. The same may be said of the English walnut. This clean and handsome tree thrives wonderfully in large areas, and has no enemies. The olive culture is in its infancy, but I have never tasted better oil than that produced at Santa Barbara and on San Diego Bay. Specimens of the pickled olive are delicious, and when the best varieties are generally grown, and the best method of curing is adopted, it will be in great demand, not as a mere relish, but as food. The raisin is produced in all the valleys of southern California, and in great quantities in the hot valley of San Joaquin, beyond the Sierra Madre range. The best Malaga raisins, which have the reputation of being the best in the world, may never come to our market, but I have never eaten a better raisin for size, flavor, and thinness of skin than those raised in the El Cajon Valley, which is watered by the great flume which taps a reservoir in the Cuyamaca Mountains, and supplies San Diego. But the quality of the raisin in California will be improved by experience in cultivation and handling.

The contrast with the Mediterranean region—I refer to the western basin—is in climate. There is hardly any point along the French and Italian coast that is not

subject to great and sudden changes, caused by the north wind, which has many names, or in the extreme southern peninsula and islands by the sirocco. There are few points that are not reached by malaria, and in many resorts—and some of them most sunny and agreeable to the invalid—the deadliest fevers always lie in wait. There is great contrast between summer and winter, and exceeding variability in the same month. This variability is the parent of many diseases of the lungs, the bowels, and the liver. It is demonstrated now by long-continued observations that dampness and cold are not so inimical to health as variability.

The southern California climate is an anomaly. It has been the subject of a good deal of wonder and a good deal of boasting, but it is worthy of more scientific study than it has yet received. Its distinguishing feature I take to be its equability. The temperature the year through is lower than I had supposed, and the contrast is not great between the summer and the winter months. The same clothing is appropriate, speaking generally, for the whole year. In all seasons, including the rainy days of the winter months, sunshine is the rule. The variation of temperature between day and night is considerable, but if the new-comer exercises a little care, he will not be unpleasantly affected by it. There are coast fogs, but these are not chilling and raw. Why it is that with the hydrometer showing a considerable humidity in the air the general effect of the climate is that of dryness, scientists must explain. The constant exchange of desert airs with the ocean air may account for the anomaly, and the actual dryness of the soil, even on the coast, is put forward as another explanation. Those who come from heated rooms on the Atlantic may find the winters cooler than they expect, and those used to the heated terms of the Mississippi Valley and the East will be surprised at the cool and salubrious summers. A land without high winds or thunder-storms may fairly be said to have a unique climate.

I suppose it is the equability and not conditions of dampness or dryness that renders this region so remarkably exempt from epidemics and endemic diseases. The diseases of children prevalent elsewhere are unknown here; they cut their teeth without risk, and *cholera in-*



THE OLD NEAPOLIS GARDENS

fantum never visits them. Diseases of the bowels are practically unknown. There is no malaria, whatever that may be, and consequently an absence of those various fevers and other disorders which are attributed to malarial conditions. Renal diseases are also wanting; disorders of the liver and kidneys, and Bright's disease, gout, and rheumatism, are not native. The climate in its effect is stimulating, but at the same time soothing to the nerves, so that if "nervous prostration" is wanted, it must be brought here, and cannot be relied on to continue long. These facts are derived from medical practice with the native Indian and Mexican population. Dr. Remondino, to whom I have before referred, has made the subject a study for eighteen years, and later I shall offer some of the results of his observations upon longevity. It is beyond my province to venture any suggestion upon the effect of the climate upon deep-seated diseases, especially of the respiratory organs, of invalids who come here for health. I only know that we meet daily and constantly so many persons in fair health who say that it is impossible for them to live elsewhere that the impression is produced that a considerable proportion of the immigrant population was invalid.

There are, however, two suggestions that should be made. Care is needed in acclimation to a climate that differs from any previous experience; and the locality that will suit any invalid can only be determined by personal experience. If the coast does not suit him, he may be benefited in a protected valley, or he may be improved on the foot-hills, or on an elevated mesa, or on a high mountain elevation.

One thing may be regarded as settled. Whatever the sensibility or the peculiarity of invalidism, the equable climate is exceedingly favorable to the smooth working of the great organic functions of respiration, digestion, and circulation.

It is a pity to give this paper a medical tone. One need not be an invalid to come here and appreciate the graciousness of the air; the color of the landscape, which is wanting in our Northern clime; the constant procession of flowers the year through; the purple hills stretching into the sea; the hundreds of hamlets, with picturesque homes overgrown with roses and geranium and heliotrope, in the midst of orange orchards and of palms and magnolias, in sight of the snow-peaks of the giant mountain ranges which shut in this land of marvellous beauty.

TOO LATE!

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

WHEN I was young, and saw the kings of men
Poise that great lance that none but they could wield,
I said, "Forbear awhile, my soul, and when
Thy strength is full, thou too shalt win the field."
But when the awaited day
Arrived, a stranger gray
Laid hand upon my arm, and said, "Too late!
Vain now thy spear and shield!"

When I was young, I lifted up mine eyes,
And saw austere philosophy achieve
The victories that teach men to be wise.
Then said I to my soul, "Erelong, believe,
Thou too shalt wisdom know!"
But while I waited, lo!
That hoary figure came, and said, "Too late!
Folly hath no reprieve."

When I was young, I saw a maiden sweet,
Whose smiling eyes made sunshine in my breast.
"Build thou a temple without stain, and meet,
O soul," quoth I, "to house this virgin guest."
But when at last I sought
The maid, that graybeard caught
Mine eye, and frowning, said, "Laggard! too late!
Pass on, by love unblest!"

When I was young, God's face upon me shone;
Whereat I veiled mine eyes, and whispered, "Soul,
It was a dream! God dwells in heaven alone."
But when to heaven I came (having paid death's toll),
The voice said, "Know, in Me
Love, Power, and Wisdom be:
I am the Lord! and thou hast learned too late
God only is man's goal!"

A HALLOWEEN WRAITH.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

I.

THE vast bulk of Ben Glebrig was dark
In shadow, but the wide waters of
Loch Naver shone a soft silver-gray in
the moonlight, as Hector Mac Intyre, keeper
and forester in the far solitudes of Glen-
gorm, came striding along the road toward
Inver-Mudal. As he approached the little
hamlet—which consists merely of the inn
and its surroundings and one or two keep-
ers' cottages—certain small points of red
told him of its whereabouts among the
black trees; and as he drew still nearer

he thought he would let the good people
there know of his coming. Hector had
brought his pipes with him, for there were
to be great doings on this Halloween
night; and now, when he had inflated the
bag and tuned the drones, there sprang
into the profound silence reigning every-
where around this wild skirl of the "Hills
of Glenorchy." Surely the sound would
reach, and carry its message? If not, here
was "Gillie, a Drover," played still more
bravely; and again the proud strains of
"The Glen's Mine"! By which time he





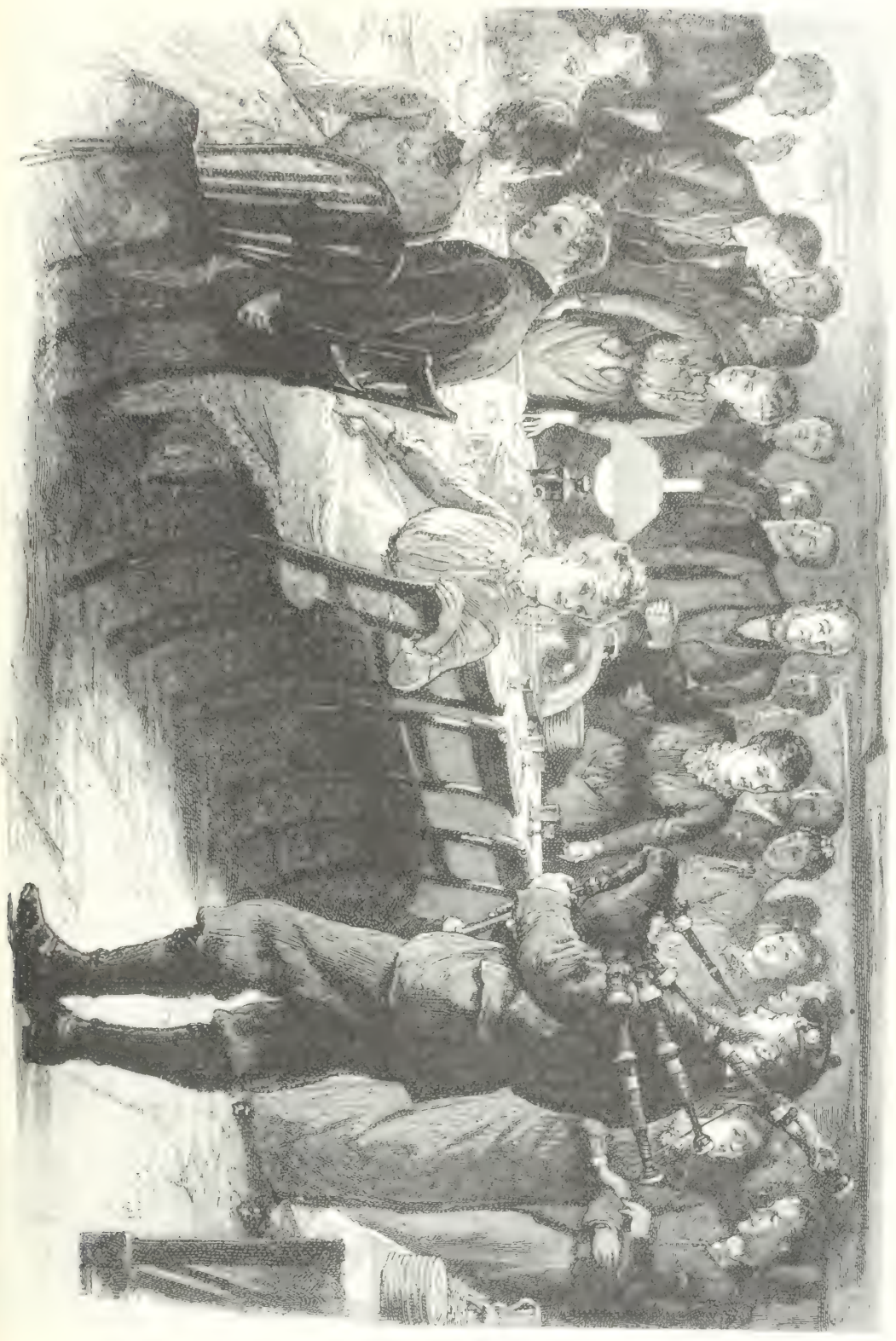
"I WILL SEARCH MY POCKETS."

had got near to the inn, and was about to turn down from the highway by the semi-circular drive passing the front door.

But here he suddenly encountered a fearful sight. From out of the dusk of the wall surrounding the front garden there came three luminous objects—three globes of a dull saffron hue, and on each of these appeared the features of a face—eyes, mouth, and nose—all flaming in fire. On beholding this terrible thing the tall, brown-bearded forester turned and fled, and the pipes told of his dismay, for they shrieked and groaned and made all sorts of indescribable noises, as if they too were in mortal alarm. Then Mrs. Murray's three children, with victorious shouts of laughter, pursued the tall forester, and kept waving before them the hollowed-out turnips with the bit of candle burning within. When he had got up to the corner of the road, Hector turned and ad-

ressed the children, who had come crowding round him, holding up their flaming turnips to cause him still further dismay.

"Well, now," said he, in the Gaelic, "that is a fearful thing to alarm any poor person with. Were you not thinking I should die of fright? And the pipes squealing as well, for they never saw anything like that before. But never mind, we are going down to the house now; and, do you know, Roland, and Isabel, and you, little Shena—do you know, I have brought you some of the fir tops that grow in Glengorm. For it is a wonderful place, Glengorm; and the fir tops that grow on the larches there are not as the fir tops that grow anywhere else. They are very small, and they are round, and some are pink, and some are blue, and some are black and white, and some others—why, they have an almond inside them! Oh, it is a wonderful place, Glengorm! but it



AND WHEN HE GOT A GOOD VIEW

is not always you can get the fir tops from the larches; it is only on some great occasion like the Halloween night; and let me see, now, if I put any of them in my pocket. Here, Ronald, take the pipes from me, and hold them properly on your shoulder—for one day you will be playing 'Miss Ramsay's Strathspey' as well as any one—and I will search my pockets, and see if I put any of those wonderful fir tops into them."

The children knew very well what all this preamble meant; but neither they nor their elders could have told how it was that Hector Mac Intyre every time he came to Inver-Mudal brought with him packages of sweetmeats, though he lived in one of the most inaccessible districts in Sutherland, Glengorm being about two-and-twenty miles away from anywhere. However, here were the precious little parcels, and when they had been distributed, Hector took his pipes again, and, escorted by his small friends, went down to the inn.

Well, Mr. Murray, the innkeeper, had also heard the distant skirl of the pipes, and here he was at the door.

"How are you, Hector?" he asked, in Gaelic. "And what is your news?"

"There is not much news in Glengorm," was the answer.

"And when is your wedding to be?" Mr. Murray said. "We will make a grand day of that day, Hector. And I have been thinking I will get some of the lads to kindle a bonfire on the top of Ben Clebrig—a fire that they will see down in Ross-shire. And there's many a pistol and many a gun will make a crack when you drive up to this door and bring your bride in. For I am one who believes in the old customs; and whether it is a wedding, or the New-Year, or Halloween night, I am for the old ways, and the Free Church ministers can say what they like. Now come away in, Hector, my lad, and take a dram after your long walk; there is plenty of hard work before you this evening, for Johnnie has broken his fiddle, and the lasses have not been asked to stand up to a reel for many a day." And then he paused, and said: "And how is Flora Campbell, Hector? Have you any news of her?"

"No," said the forester, in something of an undertone, and his face looked troubled. "I have had no letter for a while back, and I do not know what it

means. Her sister that lives in Greenock was taken ill, and Flora said she must go down from Oban to see her; and that is the last I have heard. If I knew her sister's address in Greenock, I would write and ask Flora why there was no letter for so long; but if you send a letter to one called Mary Campbell in such a big place as Greenock, what use is it?"

"But no news is good news, Hector," said Mr. Murray, cheerfully. And therewith he led the way through a stone corridor into the great kitchen, where a considerable assemblage of lads and lasses were engaged in noisy merriment and pastime.

The arrival of the tall forester and his pipes was hailed with general satisfaction, but there was no call as yet for the inspiring music; in fact, this big kitchen was given over to the games of the children and the younger boys and girls, a barn having been prepared for supper, and for the celebration of occult Halloween rites when the time came for their elders to take part in the festivities. At present there was a large tub filled with water placed in the middle of the floor, and there were apples in it; and the youngsters, with their hands behind their backs, were trying to snatch out an apple with their teeth. There was many a sousing of heads, of course—an excellent trial of temper; while sometimes a bolder wight than usual would pursue his prize to the bottom, and try to fasten upon it there; or some shy young damsel would cunningly shove the apple over to the side of the tub, and succeed by mother-wit where masculine courage had failed. Then from the roof, suspended by a cord, hung a horizontal piece of wood, at one end of which was an apple, at the other a lighted tallow candle; and when the cord had been twisted up and then set free again, causing the transverse piece of wood to whirl round, the competitor was invited to snatch with his mouth at the apple, failing to do which secured him a rap on the cheek from the guttering candle. There were all sorts of similar diversions going forward (the origin and symbolism of them little dreamt of by these light-hearted lads and lasses) when little Isabel Murray came up to the big, handsome, good-natured-looking forester from Glengorm.

"Will you burn a nut with me, Hector?" she said, kindly.

"Indeed I will, Isabel, if you will take me for your sweetheart," said he in reply. "and now we will go to the fire and see whether we are to be at peace and friendship all our lives."

They went to the hearth; they put the two nuts among the blazing peats, and awaited the response of the oracle. Could any augury have been more auspicious? The two nuts lay together, burning steadily and quickly—a soft love-flame—no angry sputtering, no sudden explosion and separation.

"Now do you see that, lamb of my heart?" said the tall forester, using a familiar Gaelic phrase.

And no doubt the little lass was very highly pleased. However, at this moment up came Mrs. Murray with the announcement that the children might continue at their games some time longer, but that the grown-up folk were wanted in the barn, where supper was awaiting them.

It was a joyous scene. The huge peat fire was blazing brightly; the improvised chandelier was studded with candles; there were a couple of lamps on the long table, which was otherwise most sumptuously furnished. And when Hector Mac Intyre, in his capacity of piper, had played the people in to the stirring strains of "The Marchioness of Tweeddale's Delight," he put the pipes aside, and went and took the seat that had been reserved for him by the side of the fair-haired Nelly, who was very smartly dressed for this great occasion, as befitted the reigning beauty of the neighborhood.

"You'll be sorry that Flora is not here to-night," said the fair-haired damsel, rather saucily, to her brown-bearded companion, "and no one to take her place. I suppose there was no one in Sutherland good enough for you, Hector, that you must take up with a lass from Islay. And there is little need for you to dip your sleeve in the burn and hang it up to dry when you go to bed, so that the fire may show you your sweetheart, for well you know already who that is. Well, well, you will have no heart for the merrymaking to-night; for a lad that has his sweetheart away in the south has no heart for anything."

"You'll just mind this, Nelly," said the forester, "not to carry your merrymaking too far this night. Alastair Ross," he continued, glancing down the table tow-

ard a huge, rough, red-bearded drover who was seated there, "is not the man to be made a fool of; and if that young fellow Semple does not take heed, he will find himself gripped by the waist some fine dark evening and flung into Loch Naver."

"Oh, you are like all the rest, Hector!" said the coquettish Nelly, with some impatience. "Every one of you is jealous of Johnnie Semple, because he is neatly dressed and has good manners and is civil spoken."

"What is he doing here at all?" said Hector, with a frown. "Is it a fine thing to see a young man idling about a place with his hands in his pockets just because his uncle is the landlord? If he has learned his fine manners in the towns, why does he not earn his living in the towns? He is no use here."

"Oh no," said Nelly, with a toss of her head, "perhaps he is not much use on the hill; perhaps he could not set traps and shoot hawks. But he knows all the new songs from the theatres, and he can dance more steps than any one in Sutherland."

"Well, this is what I am telling you, Nelly," her companion said, with some firmness. "I do not know what there is between you and Alastair Ross. If there is anything, as people say, then do not make him an angry man. Let Semple alone. An honest lass should beware of a town dandy like that."

Here this private little conversation was interrupted by Mr. Murray, who rose at the head of the table and called upon the company to fill their glasses. He wished to drink with them, and they did not seem loath. When Hector and his pretty companion found opportunity to resume their talk, he discovered that Nelly was in quite a different mood.

"Well, now, it is a good thing, Hector, that every one knows that you and Flora are to be married, for I can talk to you without Alastair getting red in the face with rage. And when we go out to pull the cabbage stalks, will you go with me? I know the way into the garden better than you, and we can both go blindfold if you will take my hand."

"But what need is there for you to pull a cabbage stalk, lass?" said he. "Do you not know already what like your husband is to be?"

Again the pretty Nelly tossed her head. "Who can tell what is to happen in the world?"



W. S. 1877

"And maybe you would rather not pull a stalk that was tall and straight and strong—that would mean Alastair?" said her companion, glancing at her suspiciously. "Maybe you would rather find you had got hold of a withered old stump with a lot of earth at the root—a decrepit old man with plenty of money in the bank? Or maybe you are wishing for one that is slim and supple and not so tall—for one that might mean Johnnie Semple."

"I am wishing to know who the man is to be, and that is all," said Nelly, with some affectation of being offended. "And what harm can there be in doing what every one else is doing?"

However, not all Nelly's blandishments and petulant coquetries could induce Hector Mac Intyre to take part in this appeal to the divination of the kale-yard, for when, after supper, the lads and lasses went away blindfold to pull the "custock" that was to reveal to them the figure and circumstances of their future spouse, the big forester remained to have a quiet smoke with the married keepers and shepherds, who had no interest in such matters. It was noticed that he was unusually grave—he who was ordinarily one of the lightest of the light-hearted. Naturally they put it down to the fact that among all the merrymaking and sweethearting and spying into the future of the younger people he alone had no companion, or rather not the companion whom he would have wished to have; for Flora, the young girl whom he was to marry, had left Inver-Mudal for the south in the preceding autumn. And when they had asked if Flora was quite well, and when he had answered "Oh yes," there was nothing further to be said.

II.

Now on All-Hallows Eve there is one form of incantation which is known to be extremely, nay, terribly potent, when all others have failed. You go out by yourself, taking a handful of hemp-seed with you. You get to a secluded place, and begin to scatter the seed as you walk along the road. You say, "Hemp-seed, I sow thee; hemp-seed, I sow thee; he who is to be my true love, appear now and show thee." And if you look furtively over your shoulder you will behold the desired apparition following you.

When Nelly came back from consult-

ing the oracle of the kale-yard, it appeared that she had received what oracles generally vouchsafe—a doubtful answer.

"What kind of custock did you pull, Nelly?" Hector asked of her.

"Well," said she, "it is not much one way or the other. No, I cannot tell anything by it. But I am going out now to sow the hemp-seed, Hector, and I know I shall be terribly frightened. I shall be far too frightened to look over my shoulder—and this is what I want you to do for me: you will stop at the door of the inn and hide yourself, and I will go up the road and sow the hemp-seed, and if anything appears, you will see it. Will you do that, Hector? It is a clear night; you will be sure to see it if there is anything."

He did not seem to be in the mood for taking part in these superstitious observances, but he was good-natured, and eventually followed her to the door. The little walled garden in front of the Inver-Mudal inn is shaped like a horseshoe, the two ends of the semicircle touching the main highway at some distance apart. He saw Nelly go up toward the main road, and looked after her absently and without interest. Nay, he was so little thinking of his promised watch that, as she was some time over the sowing of the hemp-seed, he left the shadow of the inn door, and strolled away up to the main road by the other fork of the semicircular drive. It was a beautiful clear moonlight night; his thoughts were far away from these Halloween diversions; he was recalling other evenings long ago, when Clebrig, as now, seemed joining earth and heaven, and when there was no sound but the murmuring of the burns through the trackless heather. The highway up there was white before him; on the other side was a plantation of young firs, black as jet. Not even the cry of a startled bird broke this perfect stillness; the wide world of mountain and loch and moor was plunged in sleep profound.

All at once his pipe, that he happened to be holding in his hand, dropped to his feet. There before him in the white highway, and between him and the black belt of firs, stood Flora Campbell, regarding him with eyes that said nothing, but only stared in a somewhat sad way, as it seemed. He was not paralyzed with terror at all. He had no time to ask himself what she was doing here, or how she had come here. Flora Campbell standing there in

the road, and looking at him in silence. And then the terror came when suddenly he saw that the white highway was empty. He began to shake and shiver as if with extremity of cold. He did not move; he could not move. He knew what had happened to him now. Flora Campbell's wraith had appeared to him. But with what message? The steady gaze of her eyes had told him nothing. If they were anything, they were mournful. Perhaps it was a token of farewell; perhaps it was an intimation of her death. Hardly knowing what he did, and trembling in every limb, he advanced a step or two, so that he could command the whole length of the highway. There was no sign of any living thing there. He could not recall how it was she first appeared; he could not tell in what manner she had gone away; he only knew that a few moments before Flora had been regarding him with steady, plaintive eyes, and that now he was alone with this moonlit road and the black plantation, and Clebrig rising far into the silent heavens.

Then there arose in his heart a wild resolve that whatever this thing might portend, he must instantly make away for the south, to seek out Flora Campbell herself. She had something to say to him surely, though those mournful eyes conveyed no intelligible message. Nay, if she were dead, if this were but a mute farewell message, he must know. He stood bewildered, filled with terrible misgivings of he knew not what, he slowly went back to the inn. He had some vague notion that he must ask Mr. Murray for the loan of a stick if he were to set out now to cross the leagues of wild and mountainous country that lie between Inver-Mudal and the sea. Mr. Murray, as it chanced, was at the door.

"God's sake, Hector, what is the matter with you?" he exclaimed, in alarm, for there was a strange look in his face.

"I have seen something this night," was the answer, spoken slowly and in an undertone.

"Hector, tell me what it is," the innkeeper said. "The heads of the young people are filled with foolishness on Halloween, as every one knows; but you—you are not to be frightened by their stories."

"It has naught to do with Halloween," said Hector, still with his eyes fixed on the ground, as if seeking to recall something. "Do you know what I have

seen this night? I have seen the wraith of Flora Campbell—ay, as clear as daylight."

"I will not believe it, Hector," said Mr. Murray. "You have been hearing all those stories of the witches and fairies on Halloween until your own head has been turned. Why, where did you see the wraith?"

"Up there in the road, and as clear as daylight, for that is the truth. It was Flora herself," the tall forester made answer, not argumentatively, but as merely stating a fact that he knew.

"And did she come forward to you, or did she go away from you?" Mr. Murray asked, curiously.

"I—I am not sure," Hector said, after a little hesitation. "No, I could not say. Perhaps I was not thinking of her. But all at once I saw her between me and the plantation, in the middle of the road, and for a moment I was not frightened; I thought it was Flora herself; then she was gone."

"For you know what they say, Hector," Mr. Murray continued. "When a wraith appears, it is to tell you of a great danger; and if it comes forward to you, then the danger is over; but if it goes away from you, the person is dead."

"Ay, ay; I have heard that too," Hector murmured, as if in sombre reverie. Then he looked up, and said, "I am going away to the south."

"Well, now, that is unfortunate, Hector," the good-natured innkeeper said to him. "For to-morrow the mail comes north, and you will have to wait till the next day for the mail going south, to take you in to Lairg to catch the train."

"I will not wait for the mail," answered the forester, who, indeed, knew little about travelling by railway. "To-morrow is Wednesday; it is the day the big steamer starts from Loch Inver; perhaps I may be in time."

"Loch Inver!" the other exclaimed. "And how are you going to get to Loch Inver from here, Hector?"

"Across the forest," was the simple reply.

"Across the Reay Forest and down by Loch Assynt? That will be a fearful journey through the night!"

"I cannot rest here," Hector said. "You will make some excuse for me to the lads and lasses. I will leave my pipes; Long Murdoch will do very well

with them. And I will thank you to lend me a stick, Mr. Murray, for it will be a rough walk before I have done."

Mr. Murray did more than that; he got his wife to make up a little packet of food, to which he added a flask of whiskey; and these he took out for the young man, along with a shepherd's staff of stout hazel.

"Good-by, Hector!" said he. "I hope you will find all well in the south."

"I do not know about that," the forester answered, in an absent sort of fashion; "but I must go and see. There will be no peace of mind for me—there would not be one moment's peace for me—otherwise. For who knows what Flora wanted to say to me?"

III.

It was an arduous task he had set before him; for nine men out of ten it would have been an impossible one; but this young forester's limbs knew not what fatigue was, and in his heart there burned a longing that could not be assuaged. Nor in ordinary circumstances would the loneliness of this night journey have mattered to him; but his nerves had been unstrung by the strange thing that had happened; and now, as he followed a shepherd's track that led away into the higher moorlands south of the Mudal River, he was conscious of some mysterious influence surrounding him that was of far more immediate concern than the mere number of miles—some forty or fifty—he had to accomplish before noon of the next day. These vast solitudes into which he was penetrating were apparently quite voiceless and lifeless; and yet he felt as if they knew of his presence, and were regarding him. A white stone on a dark heather-covered knoll would suddenly look like a human face; or again, he would be startled by the moonlight shining on a small tarn set among the black peat hags. There was no moaning of wind; but there was a distant murmuring of water, the rills were whispering to each other in the silence. As for the mountains—those lone sentinels, Ben Loyal and Ben Hope and Ben Hee—they also appeared to be looking down upon the desolate plain; but he did not heed them, they were too far away; it was the objects near him that seemed to know he was here, and to take sudden shapes as he went by.

Soon he was without even a shepherd's track to guide him; but he knew the lay

of the land, and he held on in a line that would avoid the lochs, the deeper burns, and the steep heights of Meall-an-amair. The moonlight was a great help; indeed, at this period of his long through-the-night tramp he was chiefly engaged in trying to recall how it was he first became sensible that Flora Campbell's wraith appeared before him. He saw again—surely he would never forget to his dying day the most insignificant feature of the scene—the stone wall of the garden, the white road, the wire fence on the other side, and the black plantation of spruce and pine. What had he been thinking about? Not about Nelly; she was some distance in another direction, busy with her charms and incantations. No; he could not tell. The sudden apparition had startled him out of all memory. But what he was most anxious to convince himself was that the phantom had come toward him, rather than gone away from him, ere it disappeared. Mr. Murray's words had sunk deep, though he himself had been aware of the familiar suggestion. But now all his endeavours to summon up an accurate recollection of what had taken place were of no avail. He knew not how he first became conscious that the wraith was there—Flora Campbell herself, as it seemed to him—nor how it was he suddenly found himself alone again. He had been terrified out of his senses; he had no power of observation left. This phantasm that looked so like a human being, that regarded him with pathetic eyes, that had some mysterious message to communicate, and yet was silent, had vanished as it had appeared, he could not tell how.

The hours went by; the moon was sinking toward the western hills. And still he toiled on through this pathless waste, sometimes getting into treacherous swamps, again having to ford burns swollen by the recent rains. He was soaked through to the waist; but little he heeded that; his thoughts were of the steamer that was to leave Loch Inver the next day. With the moon going down, darkness was slowly resuming her reign, and it became more difficult to make out the landmarks; but, at all events, the heavens remained clear, and he had the guidance of the stars. And still steadily and patiently and manfully he held on, getting across the streams that feed Loch Fhiodaig without much serious trouble,

and eventually he struck the highway running northward from Loch Shin, and knew that so far at least he was in the right direction.

Leaving the Clarskilloch road again, he had once more to plunge into the trackless wilderness of rock and swamp and bogland, and the further he went through the black night the less familiar was he with the country. But he had a general knowledge, and what matters half a dozen miles one way or the other, if only the dawn would show him Ben More on his left, and away before him the silver-gray waters of Loch Assynt? He was less conscious now of the sinister influences of these lonely solitudes; his nervous apprehensions had to give way before this dogged resolve to get out to the western shores in time to catch the steamer; all his attention was given to determining his course by the vague outlines of the higher hills. A wind had arisen, a cold, raw wind it was, but he cared nothing for that, unless, indeed, it should bring a smurr of rain and obliterate the landmarks altogether. How anxiously he prayed for the dawn! If this wind were to bring driving mists of rain, blotting out both earth and heaven, and limiting his vision to the space of moorland immediately surrounding him, where would be his guidance then? He could not grope his way along the slopes that lie beneath Loch nan Scarir, nor yet across the streams that fall into Loch Fionn. So all the more resolutely he held on while as yet he could make out something of the land, dark against the tremulous stars.

Again and again he turned his head and scanned the east, with a curious mingling of impatience and hope and longing; and at length, to his unspeakable joy, he was able to convince himself that the horizon there was giving faint signs of the coming dawn. He went forward with a new confidence, with a lighter step. The horror of these awful solitudes would disappear with the declaring day; surely, surely, when the world had grown white again, he would behold before him not this terrible black loneliness of mountain and mere, but the pleasant abodes of men, and trees, and the western ocean, and the red-funnelled steamer with its welcome smoke. The gray light in the east increased. He began to make out the features of the ground near him;

he could tell a patch of heather from a deep hole, and could choose his way. The world seemed to broaden out. Everything, it is true, was as yet wan and spectral and ill-defined, but the silence was no longer awful; he had no further fear of the mists coming along to isolate him in the dark. By slow degrees, under the widening light of the sky, the various features of this wild country began to take more definite shape. Down there in the south lay the mighty mass of Ben More. On his right rose the sterile altitudes of Ben Uidhe. And at last, and quite suddenly, he came in view of the ruffled silvery surface of Loch Assynt, and the cottages of Inchnadamph, and the gray ruins of Ardvreck Castle on the promontory jutting out into the lake. The worst of the sore fight with solitude and the night was over. He gained the road, and his long swinging stride now stood him in good stead. Loch Assynt was soon left behind. He followed the windings of the river Inver. Finally he came in sight of the scattered little hamlet facing the western seas, with its bridge and its church and its pleasant woods and slopes, looking all so cheerful and home-like; and there also was the red-funnelled *Clansman* that was to carry him away to the south.

IV.

That long and difficult struggle to get out to the western coast in time had so far demanded all his energy and attention; but now, in enforced idleness, as the heavy steamer ploughed her way across the blue waters of the Minch, his mind could go back upon what had happened the preceding night, and could also look forward with all sorts of dark, indefinite forebodings. He began to recall his first association with Flora Campbell, when she came to Auchnavor Lodge to help the old house-keeper there. He remembered how neat and trim she looked when she walked in to Strathie Free Church of a Sunday morning, and how shy she was when he got to know her well enough to talk a little with her when they met, in their native tongue. Their courtship and engagement had the entire approval of Flora's master and mistress; for the old house-keeper at the lodge was now past work, and they proposed to install Hector's wife in her place, and give her a permanent situation. The wedding was to

he in February or March, in April the young wife was to move into the lodge, to get it ready for the gentlemen coming up for the salmon-fishing. When the fishing and shooting of the year were over, Flora could return to her husband's cottage, and merely look in at the lodge from time to time to light a fire or two and keep the place aired. Meanwhile, for this present winter, she had taken a situation in Oban (she was a West Highland girl), and had remained there until summoned away to Greenock by the serious illness of her sister. Such was the situation, and who could tell now what was to become of all those fair prospects and plans? Was it to bid a last farewell to them and to him that the young Highland girl had appeared—saying good-by with such mournful eyes? The small parlor in his cottage—was she never to see the little adornments he had placed there, all for her sake? Well, then, if what he feared had come true, no other woman should enter and take possession. There were dreams of Canada, of Cape Colony, of Australia in his brain as he sat there with bent brow and heavy heart, taking hardly any heed of the new shores they were now nearing.

This anguish of brooding became at length insupportable: in despair he went to the stevedore, and said he would be glad to lend a hand with the cargo as soon as the steamer was alongside the quay in Stornoway Harbor. And right hard he worked, too, hour after hour, feeding the steam crane that was swinging crates and boxes over and down into the hold. The time passed more easily in this fashion. His chum was a good-natured young fellow who seemed rather proud of his voice; at times he sang snatches of Gaelic songs—"Máiri bhiun mheall shuileach" (Mary of the bewitching eyes), or "C'aite 'n caidil an ribhinn?" (Where sleepest thou, dear maiden?). They were familiar songs; but there was one still more familiar that woke strange echoes in his heart; for Flora Campbell was a west-country girl, and of course her favorite was the well-known "Fear a bhata":

"I climb the mountains and scan the ocean
For thee, my boatman, with fond devotion,
When shall I see thee?—to-day?—to-morrow?
Oh, do not leave me in lonely sorrow!
O my boatman, *na horo ailya*,
O my boatman, *na horo ailya*,
O my boatman, *na horo ailya*,
A hundred farewells to you, wherever you may
be going."

That is how it begins in the English; but it was the Gaelic phrases that haunted his brain, and brought him remembrance of Flora's crooning voice, and of a certain autumn evening when he and she and some others went all the way down Loch Naaber to Inver Arad, Flora and he sitting together in the stern of the boat, and all of them singing the "Fear a bhata."

The *Cassiopeia* left Stornoway that same night, groaning and thundering through the darkness on her way to Skye. Hector did not go below into the fore-cabin. He remained on deck, watching the solitary ray of some distant lighthouse, or perhaps turning his gaze upon the great throbber, all the while, as *Cassiopea* sat, throned upon her silver chair. More than once an aerolite sped swiftly across the clear heavens, leaving a faint radiance for a second or so in its wake; but he took no heed of these portents now. In other circumstances they might mean something; but now a more direct summons had come to him from the unknown world; the message had been delivered, though he had been unable to understand it; and he knew that what was to happen had now happened in that far town of Greenock. And as the slow hours went by, his impatience and longing increased almost to despair. The dark loom of land in the south appeared to come no nearer. The monotonous throbber of the screw seemed as if it were to go on forever. And as yet there was no sign of the dawn.

But the new day, which promised to be quite insupportable in its tedium and in its fears, in reality brought him some distraction, and that was welcome enough. At Portree there came on board a middle-aged man of rather mean aspect, with broken nose, long upper lip, and curiously set small gray eyes. He carried a big bag which apparently held all his belongings, and that he threw on to the luggage on the forward deck.

"Where's this going to?" called the stevedore.

"Sure 'tis bound for the same place as mesilf," said the new-comer, facetiously; "and that's Philadelphia, begob!"

"We don't call there," retorted the stevedore, dryly; "and you'd better stick to your bundle if you want to see it at Greenock."

And very soon it became apparent that the advent of this excited and voluble

Irishman had brought new life into the steerage portion of the ship. He had had a glass or two of whiskey. He talked to everybody within hearing about himself, his plans, his former experiences of the United States; and when gravelled for lack of matter, he would fall back on one invariable refrain: "Aw, begob! the Americans are the bhoys!" And in especial were his confidences bestowed on Hector Mac Intyre, the shy and reserved Highlander, listening passively and without protest to Paddy's wild asseverations.

"Aw, the Americans are the divils, and no mistake!" he exclaimed. "But let me tell you this, sorr, that there's one that's cliverer than them, and that's the Irish bhoys, begob! Sure they talk about the German vote—aw, bathershin! 'Tis the Irish vote, sorr, that's the masther; and we've got the newspapers. And where would the Republicans or the Democrats be widout us?—tell me that av ye plaze! In this — ould counthry the Irishman is a slave; in Americay he's the masther, and every mother's son of them knows it! Aw, begob, sorr, that's the place for a man! This — ould counthry isn't fit for a pig to live in! Americay's the place; you may bet your life on it, sorr!"

And suddenly it occurred to Hector that he might gain some information, even from this blathering fool. His thoughts had been running much on emigration during those lonely hours he had passed. If what he dreaded had really taken place, he would return no more to the lone moorlands and hills and lakes of Sutherlandshire. He would put the wide Atlantic between himself and certain memories. For him it would be "Soraidh slàn, le tír mo ghràidh"—a long farewell to Fiunary!

But at present the Irishman would not be questioned; the outflowing of his eloquence was not to be stopped. He was now dealing with the various classes and the various institutions of Great Britain, on each of which he bestowed the same epithet—that of "bloody." The government, the newspaper editors, the House of Lords, the House of Commons, the clergy, the judges, the employers of labor, all were of the same ensanguined hue; and all were equally doomed to perdition, as soon as Ireland had taken up her proper and inevitable position in America. Moreover, the tall and silent Highlander, as he

sat and gazed upon the frothing creature as if he were some strange phenomenon, some incomprehensible freak of nature, could not but see that the man was perfectly in earnest.

"Look what they did to John Mitchel! Look at that, now! John Mitchel!"

Hector had, unfortunately, never heard of John Mitchel, so he could not say anything.

"Dying by the road-side!—John Mitchel—to be left to die by the road-side! Think of that, now! What d'ye say to that, now? John Mitchel being left to die by the road-side!"

There were sudden tears in the deep-sunken gray eyes, and the Irishman made no concealment as he wiped them away with his red cotton handkerchief.

"Well, I'm very sorry," Hector Mac Intyre replied, in answer to this appeal, "whoever he was. But what could they have done for the poor man?"

"They could have given him a place," the other retorted, with a sudden blaze of anger. "All that John Mitchel wanted was a place. But the — ensanguined — government, would they do it? No, sorr! They let him die by the road-side!—John Mitchel—to die by the road-side!"

"Well, I am thinking," said the for-ester, slowly (as was his way when he had to talk in English), "that if the government was to give places to ahl them that would like a place, why, the whole country would be in the public service, and there would be no one left to till the land. And do they give you a place when you go to America?"

"Aw, begob, sorr," said the Irishman, with a shrewd twinkle in his eye, "we get our share!"

Hector could not make out whether his new acquaintance had been to Portree to say good-by to some friends before he crossed the Atlantic, or whether he had been engaged in the crofter agitation which was then attracting attention in Skye. On this latter subject Paddy discoursed with a vehement volubility and a gay and audacious ignorance; but here Hector was on his own ground, and had to interfere.

"I am thinking you will not be knowing much about it," he observed, with a calm frankness. "The great Highland clearances, they were not made for deer at ahl, they were not made for sportsmen at ahl, they were made for sheep, as many

a landlord knows to his cost this day, when he has the sheep farms on his lands and cannot get them let. And the deer forests, they are the worst land in a country where the best land is poor; and if they were to be cut up into crofts to-morrow, there is not one crofter in twenty would be able to earn his living, even if he was to get the croft for no rent at all. Oh yes, I am as sorry as any one for the poor people when they increase in their families on such poor land; but what would be the use of giving them more peat hags and rocks? Can a man live where neither deer nor sheep nor black-cattle can live?—and even the deer come down in the winter and go wandering for miles in search of a blade of bent-grass."

However, the bushman would not accept these representations in any wise. He suspected this grave, brown-bearded Highlander of being an accomplice and hireling of the (ensanguined) landlords; and he might have gone on to denounce him, or even to provoke an appeal to fisticuffs (which would have been manifestly imprudent) had it not suddenly occurred to him that they might go down below and have a glass of whiskey together. Hector saw him disappear into the fore-cabin by himself, and was perhaps glad to be left alone.

Steadily the great steamer clove her way onward, by the islands of Raasay and Scalpa, through the narrows of Kyle Akin and Kyle Rhea, past the light-house and opening into Isle Ornsay, and down toward the wooded shores of Armadale. The day was fair and still; the sea was of an almost summer-like blue, save for long swathes of silver calm; the sun shone on the lower green slopes that seemed so strangely voiceless, and on the higher peaks and shoulders of the hills, where every corrie and watercourse was a thread of azure among the ethereal rose-grays of the far-reaching summits. Even the wild Ardnamurchan ("The Headland of the Great Waves") had not a flake of cloud clinging to its beetled cliffs; and the long smooth roll that came in from the outer ocean was almost imperceptible. Toward evening the *Clansman* sailed into Oban Bay. The world seemed all on fire, so far as sea and sky were concerned; but Kerrera lay in shadow, a cold and livid green; while between the crimson water and the crimson heavens stood the distant mountains of Mull, and they had

grown to be of a pale, clear, transparent rose-purple, so that they seemed a mere film thinner than any isinglass.

V.

There was abundance of time for him to go ashore and make inquiries; but nothing had been heard of Flora Campbell since she had left. However, he managed to get the address of her sister, Mary Campbell, and with that in his possession he returned on board. Thereafter the monotonous voyage was resumed away down by the long peninsula of Cantyre and round the Mull, up again through the estuary of the Clyde, until, at four o'clock on the Friday afternoon, the *Clansman* drew in to Greenock quay; and Hector Mac Intyre knew that within a few minutes he could learn what fate had in store for him for good or irretrievable ill.

He found his way to the address that had been given him—a temperance hotel at which Mary Campbell was head laundry-maid. But Mary Campbell was no longer there. She had been removed when she was taken ill; and, as she would not go into a hospital, according to a familiar prejudice amongst many of her class, lodgings had been found for her. Thither Hector went forthwith, to a slummy little by-street, where, after many inquiries, he found the "land" and the "close" that he sought. He ascended the grimy and dusky stone stairs. When he had nearly reached the top floor he was met by a short, stout, elderly man, who had just shut a door behind him.

"Is there one Mary Campbell luvvin' here?" he made bold to ask in English.

"Ay, that there is," said the stranger, fixing keen eyes on him. "Are you come for news of her? I am the doctor."

"Yes, yes," Hector said, but could say no more; his heart was beating like to choke him. He fixed his eyes on the doctor's face.

"Ye'll be one of her Highland cousins, eh? Ye dinna look like a town-bred lad," said the brusque and burly doctor, with a sort of facetious good-humor. "Well, well, Mary is getting on right enough. Ye might as well go in and cheer her up a bit. The twa lasses dinna seem to have many freens."

"But—but—Flora?" said the forester, with his hungry, haggard eyes still watching every expression of the doctor's face.

"The other one? Indeed, she has had the fever worse than her sister. I wasna sure one night but that she would go—"

Mac Intyre seemed to hear no more. Flora was alive—was within a few yards of him. He stood there quite dazed. His eyes were averted; he was breathing heavily. The doctor looked at him for a moment or two.

"Maybe it's the sister you're anxious about?" said he, bluntly. "Weel, she is no out o' the wood yet, but she has a fair chance. What, man, what's the matter wi' ye? It's no such ill news—"

"No, no; it's very good news," Hector said, in an undertone, as if to himself. "I wass—fearing something. Can I see the lass? I wass not hearing from her for a while—"

But he could not explain what had brought him hither. He instinctively knew that this south countryman would laugh at his Highland superstition, would say that his head had been stuffed full of Halloween nonsense, or that at most what he had imagined he had seen and the fact that Flora Campbell had fallen seriously ill formed but a mere coincidence.

"Oh yes, you can see her," the doctor said, with rough good-nature. "But I'll just go in beforehand to gie her a bit warning. You can talk to her sister for a minute or two. She is sitting up noo, and soon she'll have to begin and nurse her sister, as her sister did her until she took the fever. Come away, lad—what's your name, did ye say?"

"Hector Mac Intyre. Flora will know very well where I am from."

The doctor knocked at the door, which was presently opened by a young girl, and while he left Hector to talk to the elder sister, who was lying propped up on a rude couch in a rather shabby little apartment, he himself went into an inner room. When he came out he again looked at Hector curiously.

"Now I understand why you were so anxious," said he, with a familiar smile. "But how came ye to hear she was ill? She says she did not want ye to ken anything about it until she was on the high-road to getting better."

Hector did not answer him. He only looked toward the door that had been partially left open.

"Go in, then," said the doctor; "and dinna stay ower lang, my lad, for she has little strength to waste in talking as yet."

Timidly, like a school-boy, this big strong man entered the sick-room, and it was gently and on tiptoe (lest his heavily nailed boots should make any noise) that he went forward to the bedside. Flora lay there pale and emaciated, but there was a smile of surprise and welcome in the dark-blue Highland eyes, and she tried to lift her wasted hand to meet his. What they had to say to each other was said in the Gaelic tongue.

"It is sorry I am to see you like this," said he, sitting down, and keeping her hand in his own. "But the doctor says you are now in a fair way to get better; and it is not from this town I am going until I take you with me, Flora, girl of my heart. The Sutherland air will be better for you than the Greenock air. And your sister Mary will come with you for a while, and both of you will take my little cottage, and Mrs. Matheson will give me a bed at Achnaver Lodge. I am sure Mr. Lennox would not object to that."

"But, Hector, how did you know that I was ill?" the sick girl said, and her eyes did not leave his eyes for a moment. "I was not wishing you to know I was ill—to give you trouble—until I could write to you that I was better."

"How did I know?" he answered, gravely. "It was you yourself who came to tell me."

"What is it that you say, Hector?" she said, in some vague alarm.

"On Halloween night," he continued, in the same serious, simple tones, "I was at Inver-Mudal. Perhaps I was not caring much for the diversions of the lads and lasses. I walked up the road by myself, and there your wraith appeared to me as clear as I see you now. When I went back and told Mr. Murray, he said, 'Did she come forward to you, Hector, or did she go away? She is in great danger. It is a warning; and if she went away from you, you will see her no more; but if she came forward, she is getting better—you will see Flora again.' I knew that myself, but I could not answer him, and my heart said to me that I must find out for myself; that I must go to seek you; and I set out that night and walked across the Reay Forest to Loch Inver, and caught the steamer there. What I have been thinking since I left Loch Inver until this hour I cannot tell to you or to any one living."



"SHE TRIED TO LIFT HER WASTED HAND TO MEET HIS."

"Hector," she asked, "what night was Halloween night? I have not been thinking of such things."

"It was the night of Tuesday," he answered.

"And that," she said, in a low voice, "was the night that the fever took the turn. Mary told me they did not expect me to be alive in the morning."

"We will never speak of it again, Flora," said he, "for there are things that we do not understand." And then he added: "But now that I am in Greenock, it is in

Greenock I mean to remain until I can take you away with me, and Mary too; for Sutherland air is better than Greenock air for a Highland lass; and sure I am that Mr. Lennox will not grudge me having a bed at Achnaver Lodge. And you will get familiar with the cottage, Flora, where I hope you will soon be mistress; and then there will be no more occasion for a great distance between you and me, or for the strange things that sometimes happen when people are separated the one from the other."

THE WORLD RUNS ON.

BY ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP.

THE sorrow is when we may not mourn,
When the graves are sere for want of tears,
When no one measures our misery,
And they tell us our grief is drowned with years!

The sorrow is when our laughter goes
About the house while our sobs are still;
When never a word is said of woes
That alight on the heart with a bird's wild thrill!

"DER MEISTERTRUNK."

THE FESTIVAL PLAY OF ROTHENBURG.

BY E. W. MEALEY.



SEAL OF BURGOMASTER.

THE passion play at Oberammergau, in the Bavarian Alps, which is performed every ten years, is widely known, and the talent displayed by these peasants in presenting the moving scenes of this greatest of tragedies has been frequently brought to the attention of travellers and readers. Religious enthusiasm inspired by the teaching of the Roman Catholic Church has been thought to account for the effectiveness of the presentation of the play. This dramatic ability is not confined to the Tyrolese devoted to the Roman Catholic faith. Of late years (since 1881) there has been given at Rothenburg-on-the-Tauber a festival play as attractive and unique in its way as the passion plays of the Bavarian or Austrian Tyrol.

The play at Rothenburg is principally historical, but religious feeling permeates it, and is made to do effective service. The inhabitants of the district in which Rothenburg is situated are as intensely Protestant as those of Oberammergau are Roman Catholic. Since the Thirty Years' War the Bavarian province Middle Franconia, Nuremberg being its principal city, has been Protestant; and Rothenburg-on-the-Tauber is located at the extreme western side of Middle Franconia, within sight of the boundary line between Bavaria and Württemberg. Rothenburg, quaint and unique, with its walls, numerous towers, high gabled houses, and red-tiled roofs, its wealth of tradition and historical association, is a very appropriate stage for the production of a festival play by the people. Travellers and tourists are well acquainted with Nuremberg, but Rothenburg, lying a short distance from the routes travelled by European sight-seers, has been but little visited, and is comparatively unknown. The Baedeker and Mur-

ray guide-books merely mention it as an interesting old town; so its history and traditions, its beauties, quaintness, and antiquarian charms, have been left to the enjoyment of artists and chance wanderers from Munich and other more frequented places. Several years ago it was made more accessible when a short branch railroad was built, which leaves the main line between Munich and Würzburg, at a small station called Steinach, and winds its way for eight miles to Rothenburg, the Pearl of the Tauber Valley, as the inhabitants lovingly name their old town. The railroad station is outside the town: the authorities would not permit a portion of the wall to be torn down. A walk of two or three minutes from the station brings the traveller to the Roeder Gate. Between the station and the gateway is a factory for baby carriages, owned and operated by a German-American. This is the only industry of the place, and it was not permitted inside the walls. The Burgomaster last year, because of a fire that destroyed the principal buildings of the factory, did strain a point, and allow the storage of the finished work in some of the immense barns in the town that were formerly used for storing provisions for time of siege.

Rothenburg is situated on a point of land just where the plain ends in a rapid and steep descent to the little stream, the Tauber, which gives its name to the narrow valley. To the east and north the wall was surrounded by a moat, which is now filled up for a short distance; the other part of the moat retains its original formation, but is covered with grass and planted with fruit trees and flowers; the grim preparations for war are thus charmingly veiled by the evidences of the blessings of peace. A wooden platform covered by a tile roof projects from the wall on the inside and near the top of the wall, which was used by the defenders of the town in time of attack, and the entire circuit of the walls can be made on this platform, passing through the numerous towers. At one point this platform-gallery leads into an old church, which enabled the garrison to attend religious services in the midst of their warlike duties without descending from the walls.



OPENING SCENE—DIE RATHSHERREN

As we walk round on this platform we catch glimpses on the one hand of the rural scenery without the walls through the loopholes, whose rough stones make the framing of the pictures; on the other side, looking toward the town, the red-tiled roofs of the houses with their pointed gables, the towers, and the steeples of the churches produce a wonderfully picturesque effect. The walls, towers, and gateways are all preserved just as they were in former centuries, nothing permitted to go to ruin, every stone kept in its place, and every old plank and post renewed as occasion requires. While everything is old and genuine, there is no appearance of decay, nothing in ruins. In this condition of affairs lies one of the chief charms of this old place. In 1631, as the town records show, it had about six thousand inhabitants, and to-day the number is just about the same. There have been no modern industries started within its gates, no tearing down of old buildings, no new houses built; there is literally the same quiet and homely intercourse between neighbor and neighbor; the same maid-servants flocking to the fountains to gossip together while the water fills their utensils of ancient shape; the same slow-moving, heavy-featured burghers chatting before their doors, or in the public-houses over their beer, wine, and pipes—in short, the same dull daily life that in former generations made up the whole of life. It is a veritable Pompeii, preserved almost intact for sev-

eral hundred years, not by the ashes of a volcanic eruption, but by the equally effective power of German stolidity and burgher pride, combined with distance from the bustling stream of modern life.

If the town is approached from the plain which stretches far to the north and east, the absolute quiet which reigns seemingly over everything, the absence of all life outside the walls, the tangled net-work of trees, shrubbery, and vines that covers the moat, and half hides, half discloses the grim fortifications, the towers with their red-tiled roofs—all form a picture of the enchanted domain of the sleeping beauty. It would be a suitable place where all might wait in death-like sleep until the prince's kiss on beauty's lips should waken all to stirring life. On the other sides of the town the walls are not so high, being built on the hill-sides, which, terraced and planted in fruit and grapes, descend precipitately to the little stream. The road which leads from the Swabian hills, seen in the distance toward the west, and which crosses the Tauber on a double-arched old Roman bridge, is called the Calvary Road. It was a favorite route with many of the Western Crusaders, and this was a gathering-point. The little church which nestles under the wall in the valley alongside this road was built for the accommodation of the Crusaders, so that it would not be necessary for the cautious Rothenburgers to open their gates to the pious hordes, whose friendly visits were often more dis-

astrous than an enemy's leaguer. Under the walls the road divides: one branch goes through a gateway into the town; the other goes round the town and joins the main road leading to the east. Many of the Crusaders who lived to return by this same road, and who had seen the Holy City, often remarked the resemblance that the western side of Rothenburg—its walls, towers, and steep declivities—bore to Jerusalem, and the name given to the road seems to have been a suggestion from this supposed resemblance. In the town itself there is nothing to mar the impression made by the walk round the walls. The market-place, and the main streets leading from it, are lined with the old patrician houses, their gable ends, five, six, and seven stories high, being toward the street. The upper stories were and still are used for storehouses, all being provided with a projecting beam carrying a block and tackle covered with a hood. Many of the houses have a tablet let into the wall, on which is recorded that in such a year some emperor or king had been a guest there. One reads, "In 1474 Christian I., King of Denmark, lived here seven days"; another, "In this house Emperor Maximilian I. had his quarters in 1531, and Emperor Charles V. in 1540."

Nearly all the old patrician families who occupied these houses had entertained their imperial and royal visitors during the palmy days of the free city of Rothenburg, from 1400 to 1600. At night the watchman, with his lantern and pike-staff, still makes his rounds of the town, and the lamps are swung in the centre of the little squares, raised and lowered by chains and pulleys of ancient workmanship. From the tower of the Rathhaus at noon on Sundays a quartet of musicians play for a few minutes on each of its four balconies, and also upon the days when a wedding or a funeral takes place. A few steps from the Rathhaus, to the north of it, stands the Dom of the town—St. Jacob's Church. It was begun about 1373, and not finished until 1528, is of mixed architecture, and well worthy of careful examination. A street runs under the west choir, and the arch over the roadway contains a stone of a different color from the others. This discoloration is said to be the impress of a lost soul. The legend runs that a peasant was driving his sheep through the street under the

church; that they were unruly, and he swore roundly at them, whereupon the devil flew out suddenly, and dashed the wicked peasant against the arch. His body fell crushed to the ground, but the lost soul adhered to the stone, and changed its color. The Rathhaus, which occupies one side of the market-place, is an imposing building of Renaissance architecture. The stone steps running the whole length of the building are particularly fine: they have the appearance of having been hewn from the side of the sloping hill on which the building stands. The quaint round tower which stands half-way the length of the piazza is entirely filled up with the stairway, which winds like a corkscrew from bottom to top, with openings on every floor for entrance to the building proper. The Rathhaus is a constant reminder of the days when the free city of Rothenburg was of great importance, and a power in the land.

Among the many memories and traditions that cluster around the Rathhaus, none is more interesting than the story of the *Meistertrunk*, that is, the great drink of the ex-Burgomaster Nusch, which occurred in 1631, and which forms the nucleus for the festival play which celebrates that event. The descendants of the family of George Nusch still enjoy a small pension, granted because of this master-drink, and the Rothenburgers cherish with affection the memory of this incident of their town's history. When, some years prior to 1881, the spirit of progress threatened to disturb the peaceful sleep of the old town, some of the citizens, who desired to see the place remain as it was and had been for so many years, thought they might stir up the pride of their fellow-burgers by instituting a festival and play that would commemorate some of the noteworthy deeds of her ancient citizens.

The hand of the spoiler had already destroyed one of the most interesting old buildings, a gabled roof supported on six stone pillars, where the courts of justice were formerly held three or four times a year, and would soon have laid waste the evidences of stagnation and age that had heretofore held undisputed sway. So it came about that "das historischen Festspiel *Der Meistertrunk* zu Rothenburg-obder-Tauber," the historical festival play of the great drink, took shape, and in 1881, on the 250th anniversary, was first pre-



TILLY'S ENTRANCE

sented, and served to turn the thoughts of the people from modern innovations to the glories of the olden time. The story that forms the basis of the play relates that in 1631 Marshal Tilly, the general of the forces of the Catholic League, had been badly crippled by the loss of the battle of Beitenfeld, and he was compelled to hasten to the relief of some of the imperial cities of his party. These cities were being hard pressed by Gustavus Adolphus; Schweinfurt and Würzburg, not very far from Rothenburg, had already fallen into his hands; and in order to prevent his further advance into Bavaria and toward Munich, Tilly determined to occupy Rothenburg. The town had declared for the Protestant League some time before this, and its citizen soldiery had been re-enforced by a detachment of the troops of Gustavus, under the command of Cornet Conrad von Rinkenbergh. The burghers had great confidence in the strength of their walls, and relied on the promises of further assistance from the King of Sweden, who at that time was at Würzburg. The weakest point of the walls, at the northeast corner, had been furiously bombarded by the cannon of Tilly's advance forces, and upon his arrival he pressed the siege with renewed vigor, threatening the besieged with the same fate he had dealt out to the town of Magdeburg a short time before. Toward evening of the second day the tower containing the powder-magazine, near the point most vigorously assaulted, was blown up by a grenade, the white flag of surrender was then displayed, and Tilly's forces took possession, refusing any terms except the free passage of the Swedish contingent.

Tilly and his principal officers proceeded to the Rathhaus hall, and summoned before him the Burgomaster and his colleagues. He condemned them to be beheaded, and the executioner was summoned. Meanwhile the women and children of the town had been appealing to Tilly and his officers for mercy and leniency, and finally he relented and spared the heads of the town fathers, but levied such a heavy contribution from the people, and made his occupancy of the place, which lasted some weeks, so burdensome, that the town never fully recovered its former prosperous condition.

The Rothenburg legend relates that Tilly's change of mind about the execu-

tion of the Burgomaster and his associates was brought about in this wise: while waiting for the executioner, the trembling Councillors ordered wine brought from the cellars and offered to the officers. They drank freely of the wine presented them in a large pokal (goblet) by the master of the cellars. The generous wine warmed the hearts of the generals, and finally Tilly offered to pardon the Burgomaster and his brethren if one of them would empty at a single draught the large pokal from which they had been drinking. The Councillor and ex-Burgomaster Nusch made the attempt, and although the pokal held thirteen schoppen—fully six quarts—he succeeded. Tilly kept his promise, and spared the lives of the Burgomasters. The family of Nusch was pensioned by the town, and was given possession of the pokal, the pension and pokal being in the possession of the family at this time.

Upon this historical legend the festival play is founded, and combines both features—the festival and the play. It is in many respects unique, and is exceedingly interesting.

Early in the morning of the day on which the play is given, the town is alive in every direction with men costumed in the various garbs of the soldiers of the Thirty Years' War, armed with primitive muskets, pikes, scythes fastened on poles, and other rude weapons, following strictly the costumes belonging to that period preserved in the Royal Bavarian Museum at Munich. The gates of the town are guarded by these soldiers, who seem eminently fitting warders to do guard duty under the stone arches of these ancient gateways. In the market-place groups of these queerly costumed warriors collect to gossip with the peasants and citizens; up and down the narrow streets they move, with the thoughtful earnest mien of beleaguered soldiers. They are part and parcel of the play; but, judging from their carriage and demeanor, it is easily seen that they accept it as stern reality.

They are the towns-people and dwellers in the surrounding country, and are peculiarly well suited, for of such in great part were the armies of those days composed. When in the early morning I looked out of the narrow window of my room in one of the high gabled houses that overlooked the market-place, and saw these odd-looking figures stand-



ing around the square gossiping with the peasants and servants at the fountain, it was hard to realize that I had not during the night been transported backward several hundred years, the scene was so realistic. The market square, surrounded by the high, gabled, red-tiled houses and the imposing Rathhaus; the fountain, with its quaint figure of St. George slaying the dragon; the soldiers in their old armor, their leather jerkins, and superannuated weapons; the peasants and servants in holiday costumes—all combined made a living picture of the early days of the seventeenth century.

At ten o'clock the play proper begins; but in the ordinary acceptance of the phrase there is no theatrical exhibition. There is no theatre, no stage with drop-curtain, scenery, wings, and other accessories. As the whole town and the Rathhaus hall in 1631 were the theatre and scene of the transactions on that day, so now the town and the Rathhaus are again the stage for this reproduction of the events of that day. The main hall of the Rathhaus, where the city fathers had been accustomed to meet for centuries, is the scene of that part which transpires within-doors. This principal hall is a long narrow room. About three-fourths of it is fitted up for this occasion with rough wooden seats. A platform fills the other fourth, and serves as the stage, the first two rows of seats being used by the orchestra. Upon the platform are the ordinary table and chairs used by the Burgomaster and Councillors, and a large old *Schrank*, or cupboard, that contains some of the papers, documents, insignia, keys, etc., of the town. The only further preparations made for the play are two wings, which extend from the old cupboard to the walls on both sides of the room. Each wing has a practical door, affording an entrance and exit to some of the participants in the play. The walls of the hall are hung with battle-piece pictures more complimentary to the valor of the ancient Rothenburgers, whose achievements in war they are intended to commemorate, than to their artistic taste. The main doorway, through which the audience enters, is the one also used for the entrance of most of the players and soldiers who take part in the proceedings within the hall.

Here, promptly at ten, when the play begins, the Burgomaster Bezold is discov-

ered in the council-chamber just as day is breaking, communing with himself, after a night spent in wakefulness and anxiety over the dangers that threaten the town from Tilly's vigorous assaults. In a long and rambling monologue he reviews the events of the past thirteen years of the Thirty Years' War as they affected Rothenburg. He is worried by doubts of the wisdom of their abandoning the old Roman Catholic faith, and is troubled concerning the future of his beloved town. He indulges in the course of his soliloquy in personal reflections of a family nature, interesting to the Rothenburgers, but not bearing directly upon the action of the play. His remarks, however, serve to acquaint the audience with the circumstances surrounding the times, and put them in sympathy with the situation. He rings for the daughter of the castellan and cellar-master, and orders her to summon the Councillors to the hall. A few moments after she leaves the room the great bell of the Rathhaus tower rings out the call for the members to repair to the council-chamber for conference. The Burgomaster, again alone, continues his soliloquy, and, in a partial trance, foretells the misery, the suffering, and loss of power in store for himself and his fellow-citizens. Overcome by his long vigil and his keen anxiety, he finally sinks half fainting to his knees, and he is aroused by the entrance of the other members of the Council, who greet him anxiously. They then take their places at the long consultation table, and proceed to discuss the situation of the town and their future action. They all wear their official dress, which consists of a high-peaked, broad-brimmed black hat, and a long black robe with a broad white collar, the Burgomaster has in addition a jewelled collar, the insignia of his office. As they sit around the table, with serious brows and stern demeanor, anxiety and perplexity stamped on their features, the picture reminds one of a gathering of the Puritan elders of a New England town in the colonial days. They discuss the effects of the assaults that had been made, and the chances of a successful resistance. Some counsel the surrender of the city to Tilly without further effort at defence, their old habits of loyalty and obedience to their Lord Paramount the Emperor being still strong, and only smothered by their new religious zeal; others strongly advise holding out



DINNER AFTER THE PERFORMANCE.

longer, and rely upon the promises of succor from the Protestant league. The majority are about deciding to make terms with their besiegers, when the armorer and leader of the town's forces, accompanied by Von Rinkenberg, the lieutenant of Gustavus Adolphus, is ushered into the hall. These two combat most vigorously the inclination of the city fathers to surrender. The Swedish lieutenant bases his persuasion on the help he knows is approaching, sent by his master, Gustavus Adolphus, and pictures the dreadful consequences of handing themselves over to the Catholic party, the enemies of their religion and their town's freedom.

The Rothenburger captain puts his faith in their strong walls and the valor of his followers. They rally the sinking spirits of the more peacefully inclined, and infuse their own warlike ardor into them and into their troops, who have followed them into the hall. The Councilors vote unanimously to follow God and their armorer. The banner of Rothenburg is raised aloft by the standard-bearer, and the troops break out with their war-song:

“Hinaus, hinaus, du junge Schaar,
Dem Feinde frisch entgegen;
Das Vaterland ist in Gefahr,
Hinaus ihr jungen Degen!
Allezeit kampfbereit
Vertraut auf Gottes Segen.

“Frisch auf, frisch auf, mit Ketten dront
Des Feindes trotz'ge Masse;
Wir kämpfen und wenn gleich der Tod
Den letzten Mann erfasse,
Allezeit kampfbereit
Der Freiheit eine Gasse.

“Wohlan, wohlan, noch halt ein Wort
Uns heute in die Schranken,
Es ist des Glauben's heil'ger Hort;
Die Freiheit der Gedanken.
Hilf uns, O Gott, aus der Noth
Auf dass wir nimmer wanken.

“Ade, ade, lieb' Mütterlein
Ich küss dir noch die Hände,
Ade du guter Vater mein,
Mir deinen Segen spende.
Liebchen fein gedenke mein,
So den Tod ich fände.”

The above may be rendered as follows:

“Up, lads, away! With courage steady
Prepare to march against the foe,
Let every sword be drawn and ready,
Each heart with loyal ardor glow.
Trusting in God, our little band
Shall aid the imperilled father-land.

“Courage, brave hearts! The foe advancing
May threaten us with dungeon chains,
But we shall fight, ne'er backward glancing,
Till death the last brave warrior claims.
Ever prepared to fight are we,
And win the way to liberty!

“Then onward! While our watchword rises
Above the clamor of the fight;
That treasure each true heart prizes,
'Freedom to worship God aright!
O God, in all our need be near,
So shall our hearts have naught to fear.

"Mother, adieu! One last kiss pressing
 On thy dear hand, I march away.
 And thou, my father, may thy blessing
 Be with me all this dreadful day.
 Forget me not, O true love sweet,
 For thou art the light that I love!"

They all swear to do their duty faithfully, and the standard-bearer, Hans Standt, promises in their name that they will give a good account of themselves. He takes leave of his father, one of the Councillors, in a very impressive scene, and the troops, headed by Von Rinkenberg and Armorer Schaiblein, singing again their war-song, march from the hall to their several stations on the walls. Just as they are leaving, the pastor of the town appears and invokes a blessing on their righteous undertaking, and suggests that the people be summoned to religious service in the cathedral. The order is given at once, and a few minutes later the bells of the neighboring Dom ring out the call to prayer. The Councillors, about to follow the clergyman from the hall to the church, are urged by the Burgomaster to remain in their places in the council-chamber, prepared to give orders in any emergency that may arise in connection with the fight. They all kneel in prayer, while from the cathedral church near by is heard that grand old Lutheran hymn, "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott," magnificently rendered by the choir of several hundred voices. The effect of this hymn sung in the neighboring church, and distinctly heard by the audience in the hall, with the Burgomaster and his associates kneeling on the platform in reverent devotion, is exceedingly fine, and the thrilling tableau ends the first part of the play. From the commencement of the play in the hall the siege has been going on, as evidenced by the cannonading and musketry firing that is heard all the time, and that forms a sort of acoustic background all the way through.

After a ten minutes' pause the Burgomaster and Councillors appear, and take their places around the long table. They are kept informed of the progress of the siege assaults by messengers who follow one another at short intervals and give graphic accounts of the varying fortunes of the fight in the different quarters of the city. The sounds of the cannonading and the rattle of small-arms, now louder, now fainter, as from nearer or more distant points on the walls or from the field-

pieces of the besiegers, go on continuously, and produce a much better impression of a battle and war's alarms than all the devices of the modern stage. The anxious faces and care-worn demeanor of the Councillors as they receive from time to time the reports of the messengers and issue their orders fit in well with the sharp crack of the musketry and the boom of the cannon.

The first messenger brings information that a large force is seen approaching from the direction of Würzburg, and Cornet Conrad von Rinkenberg has sent him to announce that these are the troops so anxiously expected from Gustavus Adolphus. The next one tells of the furious onsets of the besiegers, and the valiant deeds of the burgher soldiers, and the part their wives and daughters took in carrying provisions and ammunition to their husbands and lovers fighting from the walls. How the Emperor's troops had gained a foothold, having crossed the moat and scaled the wall, but were met and hurled from the ramparts to the moat below by the fresh troops who had just marched from the Rathhaus hall eager for the fray. And so the messengers keep the action of the play going amid the confused sounds of the conflict and shouts of the combatants more or less distinctly heard. At length among the other sounds of combat suddenly an appalling noise is heard, a loud explosion that makes the windows of the Rathhaus rattle and blanches every face. A few minutes later an almost breathless herald comes with the unwelcome news that a powder-magazine has blown up, destroying a tower, and throwing down a long stretch of the wall, and that the fresh troops seen approaching were re-enforcements for Tilly, and were not from the Swedish King. The sounds of the combat become less frequent, more scattering, and finally cease. The next messenger announces that Tilly has demanded the immediate surrender of the town, or he will give it over to pillage; and before he finishes his report the ex-Burgomaster and Councillor Nusch comes in and tells the story of the explosion of the powder-magazine and the havoc wrought, and that he had taken the responsibility of hanging out the white flag of surrender on Tilly's demand. The last messenger, wounded and bleeding, comes in and confirms the story that all is lost; that their



captain, Armorer Schaiblein, is a prisoner; and that Tilly and his staff are on their way to the Rathhaus. In a few moments after his story is told the music and singing of an approaching force are heard, and the door is thrown wide open, and Tilly, followed by the generals of his army and a detachment of troops, with the imperial color-bearer at their head, enters the hall, and occupies the platform with the Burgomaster and his colleagues. This entrance of Tilly is made through the same streets, up the stairway, through the halls and doorway, that were used in 1631, when the events actually occurred. It is a very effective bit of spectacular parade, the costumes, weapons, and accoutrements of the officers and picked men making a good display.

The shaven monk who accompanies the officers gives the necessary touch to keep in mind that the war waged is in the name of religion. They proceed at once to discuss the fate to be meted out to the town and its leading citizens, and various punishments are advocated by the different officers. General Pappenheim advises that the Burgomaster and his Councillors should be hung as thieves, but they demand to be treated as men who fought bravely though in vain, and that an honorable death, by sword or bullet, should be their fate. Tilly finally decides that they shall choose by lot four of their number to be beheaded, and they vote unanimously to make no choice, demanding that all or none be liberated; and Tilly gives the order to bring the executioner, and let all perish in their arrogance. At this point the wives and children of the condemned come in and plead for mercy and pardon for their relatives; the cellar-master of the town accompanies them, bringing the choicest wine, which, with much praise of its quality, he offers to the unwelcome guests. He brings out the wine in a large pokal, or drinking goblet, which holds about six quarts, and invites them to drink from it a bumper of welcome. Tilly drinks and passes it to the other officers of his party, and as they find the wine excellent, they repeat several times their deep libations. When, after frequent draughts, the pokal again reaches Tilly, he declares, with evident good-humor, as he looks into it and finds it still half full: "It is, God knows, a very generous goblet. I believe the whole party of us is unable to empty it. Drink

again, my generals! It would be a shame if seven generals could not empty one pokal." The good wine has evidently warmed the hearts of the drinkers, for, upon a further appeal for mercy, Tilly, after a short whispered conference with his officers, orders the cellar-master to fill the pokal to the brim, and turning to the Burgomaster and his trembling associates, says: "There is still one ray of hope for you; the judgment has been pronounced, and, so sure as I live, you shall all be beheaded, unless one of you shall empty at a single draught this noble beaker filled with royal wine. Then, and only then, shall you find mercy." The townspeople all look amazed and indignant at what they consider heartless trifling with their serious peril. After a few seconds of conference, George Nusch, ex-Burgomaster and Councillor, the same who had hung out the white flag and surrendered the city, comes forward, takes the goblet, and proposes to make the effort, hoping that the safety of the others will be assured even if the attempt costs him his life. He drinks and drinks until, much to the surprise of all, the pokal is empty, and he falls insensible into the arms of his colleagues, saying to Tilly, as he falls: "The pokal is empty. Field-Marshal, keep your promise." Tilly swears that such a master-drink deserves reward, and that he will abide by his offer.

The joyful news that the dreaded tragedy has ended happily is soon spread among the waiting crowd without the Rathhaus, and the burghers swarm into the hall; the Burgomaster's wife and the cellar-master's daughter thank Tilly for his signal grace and mercy; and with a joyous chorus of all the participants, the play proper ends. Before this chorus is sung, Tilly expresses his gratification at the reception he has had at their hands and the appreciation shown his clemency; he invites the citizens to return his visit later in the day, and be his guests at his camp. This paves the way for the continuation of the festival, which lasts the rest of the afternoon. All the participants in the play now repair to the large hall and room in an upper story of the Rathhaus, where dinner is served. The room is a handsome old place, with oaken trimmings black with age, with long tables of solid oak and equally massive benches, picturesquely carved. The tables are laden with sausage, brown-



bread, and other accompaniments of a German spread; the beer is served in quaint old-fashioned *Krugs*. The costumed players, the girls in their peasant dresses, and the light, mellowed by the little old bull's-eye panes of glass, shining softly over the room and its occupants, form a picture in keeping with the other parts of the day's doings.

About two o'clock in the afternoon the procession is formed at one end of the town, at the *Spitalthor* (Hospital Gate), and moves through the principal street to the market square, thence to the camp outside the walls through the Würzburg Street. The first section is composed of the Rothenburgers. It is headed by a band of heralds, followed by companies of young boys and girls in festival dress, with flowers and wreaths, surrounding a decorated wagon that bears an allegorical figure of Rothenburg. The Burgomaster and his colleagues, in their official robes, with their wives and families, are escorted by a detachment of the Rothenburg soldiery. The rest of the citizen soldiers and the Swedish contingent, headed by their

officers and the standard-bearers with the banners of Rothenburg and Sweden, bring up the rear of this division. The second is made up of the imperial forces, headed by Tilly and his generals, preceded by the trumpeters. The troops on horseback, clad in mail, the common soldiers, and the cannon, with the cannon-eers, close this division.

The third, which ends the procession, embraces the camp equipage, wagons, camp-followers, plunder taken from the peasants, prisoners, wounded men, and the motley crew that form a necessary part of the train of an army. The camping-ground is just outside the Würzburger Gateway. The moat here is dry, being partially filled up and covered with grass, and studded thickly with fruit trees, shrubbery, and flowers, and is an ideal place for such a gathering. The tables are laid, beer is ready at a dozen different points, dealers in sausage, ham, bread, and other cold edibles do a thriving business, and the general entertainment begins. The soldiers, scattered in different groups, proceed with their camp preparations; the

horses are picketed, the fires kindled, the provisions unloaded from the wagons, the plunder is divided, the poultry killed and prepared for cooking. Here is a group busy gambling; there a party is seen romping with the peasant girls who throng the confines of the camp. Another party has pressed into service some musicians, who, seated on a table, play for the couples dancing on the greensward. Thus the afternoon is spent. The whole population turns out, and the people from the surrounding country are present in large numbers. The fires blazing under the camp kettles, with the grim gray walls for a background; the soldiers in quaint



MARKETENDERIN WAGEN.



CANNON IN PROCESSION.

armor and accoutrements, lit up by the fitful glare: the crowd of peasants, young and old, moving hither and thither, thoroughly enjoying their holiday—and Germans understand how to enjoy a holiday in an unobjectionable fashion—make a charming picture to close the day. As the evening shadows lengthen, the moon comes out and lights the homeward-bound to their red-tiled houses, the guards at the gates are relieved from further duty, and so ends the all-day festival play. From beginning to end it is a day of great enjoyment, and is a very interesting and remarkable exhibition. The entire absence of any theatrical attempt, the impression of absolute realism in everything done and said, is what strikes one most forcibly. All the actors in the play, all the material for the procession, and the participants in the festival belong to the town or neighborhood. In their acting of their several parts they seem to be thoroughly impressed with the reality of the whole affair. There is not the slightest evidence that any one of them

considers it an occasion for jest or slighting treatment. They do their parts so well because they are in complete sympathy with the old story, and are for the time being really the characters they have assumed. Their earnestness soon produces its effect upon the stranger visitor, and little or no imagination is required for the spectator to lose himself also, and see the actual life of a day in the seventeenth century.

The town, the walls, the Rathhaus, with its store of memories, the cathedral church—in short, the stage and all the scenery—are the real and genuine thing, no painted copy; everything combines to make the spectacle most real and life-like.

The author of the play is Herr Gläsermeister Hörber—that is, Mr. Hoerber, the glazier of the town. He is a very quiet, unassuming Rothenburger, a perfect mine of information concerning the history and legends of the place, and entirely devoted to its memories and ancient glories. It is due to his exertions mainly, both as author and as manager and promoter, that

the festival has been so successful. He has done much to infuse into all around him his ardent love of the old town, its stories, its history and legends, and he has used his talents and energy for the preservation of all the peculiar features of the place. For without his efforts and those of his co-laborers, by this time many of its unique and interesting features would have fallen a sacrifice to the modernizing spirit which has developed so largely in Germany since the Franco-German war.

Herr Hörber is a nineteenth-century Hans Sachs; he is both a poet and a glazier. He takes great pride in his daily work, always striving to impress his individuality on his handiwork. He leads a simple frugal life amid pleasant family

surroundings, ever ready to entertain any one interested in the story of his town, and able, when the occasion demands, to turn his poetical side to useful account. The absence of a mercenary spirit in all the arrangements of the play and festival is very gratifying. Money-making seems to be and really is no part of the programme. The charge for seats in the Rathhaus hall about suffices to pay the expenses of the dinner and camp, and there is no other charge. The people of the town willingly take strangers to their houses for lodging, and charge very moderately for their accommodations, which, though plain and simple, are clean, neat, and satisfactory, and the visitor leaves with a very pleasant impression of Rothenburg and its festival play.

A WINTER JOURNEY TO JAPAN.

BY LAFCADIO HEARN.

I.

—"WANT a sleigh, sir?"

My first impressions of Montreal begin with the audition of this question—pronounced in a strong Old-Country accent,—as I step from the railroad depot, not upon Canadian soil, but on Canadian ice. Ice, many inches thick, sheets the pavements; and lines of sleighs, instead of lines of hacks, wait before the station for passengers. No wheeled vehicles are visible,—except one hotel omnibus: only sleighs are passing. They have for me quite an unfamiliar picturesqueness. The driver's seat is fantastically high; and from behind it hangs down a great blanket or buffalo-robe, broad as the vehicle itself. It serves for a screen to keep the wind from blowing in one's face: above it only the driver's cap of fur and the back of his head are to be perceived by looking up...

It is quite cold, but beautifully clear: a pale blue sky arches cloudlessly overhead;—and gray Montreal lies angled very sharply in the keen air. Over the frozen white miles of the St. Lawrence, sleighs are moving—so far away that it looks like a crawling of beetles; and beyond the further bank, where ice cakes make a high white ridge, a line of purplish hills rises into the horizon. The city is very solid and very gray—a limestone city largely: comfortable, conservative-

looking. Nothing that strikes the eyes has a foreign aspect,—except a few old French houses recalling memories of New Orleans: the newer and larger buildings awake remembrances of New York and Philadelphia in their less modern quarters.

I do not obtain any strong sensation of being actually in Canada until I pass by hazard through an emigrant car while looking for a "sleeper," the *Yokohama*, which is to carry me to far-away Vancouver. A vague vision of berths through a warm lamp-lighted atmosphere, scented with tobacco smoke, comes to me as I open the door, together with a tumult of strange French speech,—a French thickened with gutturals and peculiar nasal tones,—very different from the soft speech of creoles. A rough tongue—harshened perhaps by those climatic influences which make all populations of this Northern world rugged and forceful.

... It is nearly eight thousand miles from here to Japan, by this shortest of all Western routes to the Orient; and with fair weather, I shall see Yokohama in about three weeks. Memory can remember a time,—not so long ago, when such a journey was a journey of many weary months. But all along this route, the countless what we now call "civilized," the countless, the countless, and these

seem very slow. Faster steamers and swifter trains will make the circuit of the world in thirty days a possible feat within the present generation. Only the completion of the Russian trans-Asiatic road to Vladivostock is needed to create the possibility. Taking London, the world's commercial capital, for a starting-point, the following rates of time predicted will be found easily realizable:—

	Days.	Hours.
London to Liverpool, by rail.....	0	5
Liverpool to Quebec, by fast steamer..	6	0
Quebec to Vancouver, by rail, at 30½ miles an hour.....	4	0
Vancouver to Vladivostock, by fast steamer, making 18 knots.....	10	18
Vladivostock to St. Petersburg, by rail, at 25 miles an hour.....	11	11
St. Petersburg to London.....	2	20
	33	54

A total of thirty-five days, six hours! But these calculations include slow stages of travel. Forty miles an hour on the two great transcontinental roads will reduce the time by more than five days; and such time will certainly be made in answer to commercial necessities. Already steamers swift as the great Atlantic vessels are being constructed for the great Pacific run.

Thus, by mechanical suppression of time, the planet is ever being made smaller for us.

Perhaps, when it shall have begun to seem too small, man will turn more readily to the study of that vaster world within himself,—whose deeps are yet unsounded and untravelled, whose only horizon is the infinite....

So dreaming, I feel the train rushing through the darkness; the long journey has begun.

II.

Morning. Heavily snowing out of a heavy gray sky. White drifts line the way. Beyond them, on either side, is a waste of low growths,—young black spruce and dwarf birch—straight as lances; the silvery bark of the birch, strongly relieved against the sombre spruce, gives their leafless shapes the aspect of poles stuck in the snow.

So border 1 the line rises and sinks, by long slow stages, through white valleys, and between white hills. From time to

... are passed: clusters of ... of unpainted pine, yellow snow,—with ...; or perhaps a group streaks upon the ... a log church with a by the wind: ... times a far range of

wave-shaped mountains rises in murky purple masses between the lead-color of the sky and the desolation of the snow-wrapped plains, black-streaked with spruce growths. Near the track, these low trees appear to have been partly burned,—fired perhaps by lightning, or by embers from the engine.

... Half the names of stations we have already passed are French,—names of saints and angels, alternating with harsh and commonplace English appellations: *Sainte Rose, Sainte Thérèse, Saint Augustin, Sainte Scholastique, L'Ange Gardien*;—also names that recall southern Louisiana,—*Pointe au Chêne, Deux Rivières, La Chute, Sault aux Recollets*,—violently contrast with "Thurso," "Green-ville," "Rockland," "Buckingham."

... And always as we rush west the black spruce-trees gather more thickly along the way; and always the snow heaps higher in the drifts,—until night again hides all from sight.

III.

Second day. . . A pale blue sky; the sun is on the snow. A very pallid sun—but how welcome!

The spruce muster now very densely on either side of the way, throwing unbroken shadow,—a beautiful bluish shadow, serrated along its edge,—half-way across the track. The snow at their feet has an indescribably soft woolly look. . . . We are nearing the most northern part of the road.

For a hundred miles the same solid front of spruce to left and right,—throwing the same bluish shadow on the snow. Sometimes, however, we see an opening in this dark front—like a snowy road crossing the track to curve out of sight. But it is not a road: it is a frozen river, on whose surface the snow has heaped itself up to the very sleepers of the bridge by which we pass over it.

Then a vast frozen lake,—Lake Superior,—all its islands and promontories set in snow-covered ice;—above these the brightening sky, which has become azure at last. The lake surface disappears and reappears many times,—now curtained from sight by new hosts of black spruce, now by drifts, or snow-covered embankments. But whenever the view remains open we can see far purplish elevations, —promontories beyond promontories, and islands beyond islands.

Several times we pass high cliffs on the northern side of the track, rising so steeply that no snow can cling to them;—and their faces are vermilion red, —flaming against the white of the landscape.

Then once more the desolation of dwarfed trees—spruce, birch, tamarack,—millions of leafless poles rising from the snow so thickly that looking back through them one sees nothing but a solid wall shutting out the horizon. Most are branchless and leafless;—fire has passed over them.

. . . French names are becoming rarer in the nomenclature of stations; but Indian names are multiplying—Pogamasing, Metagama, Biscotasing, Missanabie . . .

All the while it is becoming colder. Ice crystals spread, like ghosts of great decorative leaf designs, over the window-panes. . . .

IV.

Morning over an almost unchanged landscape: the same mixture of spruce and snow; the same white hillocks, white hollows, white drifts. Little variation till we reach Winnipeg,—to halt for a whole hour in the centre of the continent.

At Winnipeg it is 25° below zero, with a strong wind blowing from the north. Stove-warmed street cars and sleighs wait for passengers who might wish to see this wonderful city of a few years' growth during the halt of our train. But the scorching frost deters: we prefer to remain in the cozy "Yokohama." . . . Men come aboard wearing huge fur coats reaching below the knees, with enormous collars and cuffs . . . My only other memory of Winnipeg is the sensation of having felt for a moment what life in the arctic regions must be.

. . . Then rapid travel again between the lines of black spruce. Toward evening the spruce begins to thin away;—before sunset we have left it all behind . . . Nothing now but snow; no shadows but the shadow of our train, and the shadow of the smoke of our engine rolling over the snow,—a beautiful lilaceous blue.

V.

Then the Prairies.

The world is a bare white disk rounding to the unbroken sky-line: the vision of it gives such a sensation of space and light as one might feel on a ship's deck out of sight of land.

And the longer one gazes, the stronger

grows the likeness of the impression to that of being at sea, and of watching the horizon,—not through the window of a sleeping car, but through the port of a steamer's cabin. For all this universe of snow has been wrinkled by the wind;—and the edges of its furrowings, catching the sun, flash like foam-breaks;—and under all the milky wavelets are wide, long undulations like tide swells: the whole seeming to billow and flow by the delusion of our motion—but in a silent, spectral way. And our train sways like a vessel upon some smoothly heaving sea; and the rhythmical thunder of its rolling sounds strangely like the rumble of a steamer's propeller;—and the long white-sprinkled track across the waste,—but for the gleaming of the rails converging to a point,—might seem a wake.

. . . As the light slants and yellows with evening, the vision of a sea becomes realized in every detail! For now the spaces between the snow waves become filled with those beautiful blue shadows peculiar to this winter world, and the edges of the crests alone remain gold-white. It is the sea,—the sea as viewed on some summer day when tepid breezes barely ruffle the face of it in thin low lines,—and "the earth is still by reason of the south wind." And the snow ridges seem to roll; they appear and disappear as if rising and falling;—and the whole blue-and-white circle as we travel seems to rock as the sea-round appears to sway while one sails. . . . Nothing else to the sky.

Then twilight and darkness; and we rush on over the interminable plains against a roaring wind. The train hesitates and shivers betimes in the night as if afraid: the force of the wind, sounding like a discharge of steam, actually delays us several hours behind official time.

VI.

Another morning;—the same snowy circle; the same sensation of being out of sight of land. At immense intervals a farm, a ranch, outlines its buildings and fences against sky and snow. You wonder about the lives of those who dwell there, always ringed in by the naked horizon,—though always the same rolling of land level to the edge of heaven . . . But this will not endure; for all along this great highway to the Orant, the country is being rapidly settled; and these

solitary farms in a few years more will have grown into villages and cities.

. . . At one station we see four little snow-covered flower beds close to the track, bordered with buffalo horns; and I count the horns. Fifty to a bed two hundred in all: the relics of a herd of bison. There is not one buffalo now upon the Buffalo Plains: all have been murdered for their hides. Already a buffalo coat is worth \$75;—in a few years more the price will probably rise to \$400 or even \$500. The only traces of the extinct race are their "wallows." Two or three years ago these prairies were sprinkled thickly for a thousand miles with bison skeletons;—millions of skulls were bleaching along the way. Then some speculator contracted for their purchase and removal for the manufacture of fertilizer; and during many weeks and months enormous train-loads of buffalo bones were sent daily eastward,—hundreds of thousands of tons. And now, where there used to graze herds so vast that they would take days to pass, only an Indian could find even one skull.

From such a relic, the Indians detach the horns, to polish and mount them rudely; and even these polished horns have become rare enough to sell on the spot for two dollars a pair. Doubtless the man who paved the verges of his flower beds with buffalo horns must have done so with the belief that such articles would long continue cheap and plenty.

. . . Frequently we pass Indian tents in the vicinity of stations. At one place some Indian women,—tall, not ill-featured, and looking well in their brightly striped blankets,—board the train to try to sell a pair of horns. . . There seems to me a strange pathos in this little incident,—the spectacle of the survivors of a vanishing race offering for sale as curiosities some relics of their own God-given wild cattle, which, for unknown thousands of years, yielded them food, warmth, and shelter. The wanton destruction of the buffalo was the extermination also of a human race. And I have been reading on the train, in some Canadian paper, of Indians frenzied by hunger and reduced to cannibalism,—eating their own children! . . .

. . . Then again for hours only sky and snow,—with here and there long dark streaks upon the snow,—lines bare-swept by the wind. Then Indian *tepees* at a great

distance; then some prairie-chickens; and the bare places on the plain become more frequent and larger. It is evidently growing milder;—the temperature within the train has become warmer by many degrees. The ice crystals have disappeared from the window-panes,—leaving all clear the view of sunset over the wind-ribbed snow.

Then a succession of long ascents tells us of the approach of higher ground. Great expanses of yellowish grass pass by; and as we mount into the sunset, the air always becomes warmer instead of colder; for we are entering that region east of the Rockies where the Chinook Winds blow, and ice and snow never remain but for a little while, and cattle may be left out grazing all the year round. . .

We pause at a station as the sunset glow fades out. And a monster locomotive, summoned to our help, comes behind us, and begins to urge us forward gently. But as the slope steepens, the giant begins to work like a tempest, and hurls us up to a height of three thousand feet;—the whole ponderous train appears to have no weight before the touch of that cyclone of steam and iron.

VII.

—Morning. We are entering the mountain gates of the West,—“The Gap,”—between enormous peaked and turreted masses, spruce-clad for more than half their height. No soft undulations, no smooth curves in these huge forms: only a prodigious tossing of strata forced up at sharpest angles in straight splintering lines,—a shelving and sheeting of igneous rock, snow-powdered and grim. Peaks above peaks,—slate-gray below, white sprinkled above,—appear on either hand, and slowly pass, as with an awful slow gliding of their own;—and bases, receding, take a deep smoky blue. Our course is a valley, narrow but level as a prairie between the altitudes. And the solemn dark spruce, thickly marshalled along the way,—rank heightening Dorresquely behind rank as they climb,—tower gigantic here, and begin at last to oppress by their funereal aspect, to create fancies of endless journeying through a measureless cemetery.

Unlike anything ever seen before is this first spectacle of the Rockies to me;—this vision of a world shell rifted and wrinkled by infinite forces unknown;—

mile-thick jagged fragments of it pitched up at all angles. One mountain we pass has three jagged summits, with vast clefts between. Other peaks before us rise miles above the track; yet we are running now at an elevation of more than four thousand feet.

. . . The line becomes steeper,—sweeping upward by immense windings; and as we rise, the mountains rise always with us while the hours pass, grouping closer and closer to our track, till the valleys narrow into cañons. And the majesty of the spectacle, always growing, strikes the observers dumb. None of my fellow-travellers, watching the scenery from the platform of the "Yokohama," exchange a word,—not even two young people evidently on their wedding journey, who at other times maintain uninterrupted conversation in undertones. . . . The legions of the spruce, always preserving the same savage independence of poise, perpendicular as masts, now climb six thousand feet above us,—climb perhaps even higher, until the hems of the perpetual snows mass over them and hide them from sight. Far above their loftiest outposts, peaks are lifting glaciers to the sun. But we are too close to these immensities to understand all their magnificence. At Stephen we reach the loftiest point of the route; we are nearly five thousand three hundred feet above the sea,—but we are still walled up to heaven.

Only thereafter, as we descend, does the most colossal scene of the mighty panorama begin to unfold itself. At first the descent is slow, cautious; then it rapidly quickens into hurricane speed,—the train rocking like a ship as we rush through the cañons and gorges and valleys,—circling the hills with a roar of iron and ringing of steel magnified and multiplied in the frosty air by wondrous echoings. Then as one gazes back in amazement at the altitudes passed, which seem now to glide slowly to right and left alternately as they recede, the whole stupendous magnificence of them is seen at last. . . .

Above all, one pyramidal peak, ghost-white as the Throne of the Vision of John, ever lifts itself higher behind us as we flee away. Again and again the road turns in vast spirals as we circle the hills; we thunder through long chasms and pass continually from sun to shadow and from shadow to sun; and other moun-

tains interpose their white heads, their spruce-robed flanks and shoulders, between us and that marvellous shape—ever heaping themselves in huger maze behind us. But still, over them all, shines the eternal white peace of that supremest peak,—growing ever taller to look down upon us,—to mock our feverish hurrying with the perpetual solemnity of its snowy rest. And watching it, there returns to me, with a sudden new strange pleasure, as of fancied revelation in slumber, the words of Job:—"He maketh peace in His high places." . . .

Bride and bridegroom a moment turn their gaze from the heights to look into each other's eyes and smile. So one tiny human affection answers the silent challenge of that everlasting altitude: "Races have been and vanished in the shadow of me;—their dust is lifted by my winds: what is thy love?"

Many, many times, fair bride, through nights and days of years, there will float back to thee white memories of this mighty vision: thou wilt see again, slumbering and wakeful, through many a moment of joy and pain, the awful ghostly beauty of that peak shining above one exquisite fugitive instant of what shall have become thy Past.

Vanished forever at last, the peak; but we have scarcely the time to regret it, so sudden our rush into a vast sun-bathed valley, level as a floor,—showing a mountain vista of splendor unspeakable. Rugged and most grim the nearer mountains to our right; but upon the left is a spectacle that takes the breath away: a stupendous glory of ranges surpassing all expectant fancy,—a divine sierra of lilac peaks, all wave-shaped and snow-splashed. From every crest the white of glaciers and avalanche snows trickles down, as in thick curdled streams, which disappear all as suddenly as they begin, after descending about one-third of the height of the chain. All these shapes are mantled in spruce forests; but so far do those forests lie behind the colors of morning, that they seem only lilaceous shadow. Yet the great astonishment of the superb procession is the lined symmetry of it,—the absolute regularity of its forms and intervals,—the likeness of mass to mass as of one billow to another, each crested with the foam-splendor of eternal snows.

On the other side, along the verge of

1

in the worst winters there has yet been

larger, we can distinguish, like a thread line, the old gold trail winding along the

face of the cliffs,—but broken here and there—ground out of existence by avalanches.... Here in flood-time the rising of the river is terrific;—it has been known to rise one hundred and fifty feet....

But slowly the cañons widen into valleys, and the river broadens; and the valleys themselves flatten and expand. The mountains recede; the spruce begins to thin away, and new ranges open largely to us—all green, except their summits, lightly marbled with snow. The air is no longer cold: it is the air of a spring day. We are approaching the great Pacific sea.

Warmer and warmer the air grows about us,—till overcoats become unendurable as we stand on the platform of the car to watch the scenery. But the mountain ranges,—whether lilac behind us, or green as they open away to right and left,—still keep snow upon their foreheads.

XI.

Vancouver receives us in the light of a spring sun. A new city it seems,—full of broad bare spaces, squared off by streets largely laid out, with sidewalks of new plank. Here and there a building worthy of Chicago or New York appears in an otherwise void square—on ground doubtless bought up and held by far-seeing speculators. For, as the terminus of one of the world's greatest highways, Vancouver is destined to be a mighty city. What we see of it, as we ascend the streets sloping up from the station, is the new part only—arisen within a brief while upon the ground cleared by a fire that destroyed older and poorer structures. Part of the older city, however, remains—narrow busy brick streets of shops and warehouses. The newer city is on loftier ground, whence, over the sparsely built slope, the whole view of the superb harbor appears, with the Coast Range beyond,—beautiful purplish masses, splashed with snow at their summits. The softly colored luminous splendor of that view will never be forgotten, even by one who has witnessed it the first time with the memory of the Rocky Mountain scenery still fresh upon him. The temperature is delicious—cool in the shade, agreeably warm in the sun: yet this is winter!

XII.

... Then seventeen days on the Pacific of the North,—gray days without incident or color, each so like the other that

the memories of one are the memories of all.... Memories of heavy green seas and ghostly suns,—of an icy head-wind making it too cold to remain on deck,—roaring of rigging and spars against the gale;—and always an immense rhythmical groaning and crackling of timbers, as the steamer, rocking like a cradle, forges her way through the enormous billowing at thirteen knots an hour. Memories of the shadowy marbling reflection of water and foam, running like smoke across the white varnished ceilings of cabins;—memories of efforts to read in the wan light of the ports, darkened at brief intervals by the plunging of colossal bodies of water against the iron hull, with a crash like a thunder-roll. Never a sail, a point of remote land, on all the breadth of this dreariest of oceans. Never a sign of animate existence in flood or sky,—except at incredible distances from any coast, a flitting speck of bird life,—a "Mother Carey's chicken," sporting, by one of nature's strongest miracles, in the midst of this desolation of wind and brine. Never a variation of horizon,—except in moments when some distant snow-shower, irradiated by a rare gleam of sunlight, seems an auroral fire visible by day. Always blowing a gale, with rain, mist, or snow, or sleet: always a colorless sky; and most unfrequently, for a very little while, the vision of a spectral sun.

Still, there are curious things to be seen on board.

Forward, between decks, are more than a hundred Chinese steerage passengers,—mostly reposing in their rude wooden bunks, since it is too cold and rough upon deck for them. Some chat, some sleep, many are smoking opium;—a few are gambling. At a low table covered with a bamboo mat, the game of *fan-tan* is being played by the light of three candles. A silent ring of watchers and wagers presses closely about the table;—from surrounding bunks, others look down; and the yellow candle glare, coloring all these impassive faces, makes their placid race-smile seem as the smiling of gilded idols in some mysterious pagoda....

Deep in the hold below, sixty square boxes are,—much resembling tea-chests,—covered with Chinese lettering. Each contains the bones of a dead man—bones being sent back to melt into that Chinese soil from whence, by nature's vital chemistry, they were shapen.... And those

whose labelled bones are rolling to and fro on the black below as the pluming steamer rocks and shudders, once also passed this ocean on just such a ship,—and smoked or dreamed their time away in just such berths,—and played the same strange play by such a yellow light in ~~evening~~ ^{evening} such an atmosphere. Heavy and vaporized opium.

Very silent the playing is. . . Scarcely a word is uttered despite of losses or gains. From the deck overhead, an odd chant echoes loudly down,—the chant of the Chinese crew. First one utters a snarling sharp cry, like a cat's cry of anger—*Yow-ye!* Then all the others shrill together *Yo-wo!*—as they pull at the ropes.

"Joss paper" has been strewn about—doubtless to propitiate the gods of that most eastern East to which we westwardly sail. Perhaps those ancient gods will hearken to the prayers of their patient worshippers, and make smooth the menacing face of this turbulent sea.

. . . Meanwhile, something has dropped out of the lives of some of us, as lives are reckoned by Occidental time,—a day. A day that will never come back again, unless we return by this same route,—over this same iron gray waste, in the midst of which our lost day will wait for us,—perhaps in vain.

XIII.

. . . Lo! we are in the Kuro-Shiwo,—the vast Pacific current which warms the coast of Japan. Remembering the wondrous azure stream of the Atlantic tropics, I had hoped to look again here upon a rich blue luminous water: it is black as its Japanese name;—the sea is a waste of ink! But the water is already twenty-one degrees warmer than that gray Pacific flood over which we have been voyaging so long, and smoother—for the ship has almost ceased to roll. And faint blue shapes are visible over the black rim of the waters,—mountains of beautifully sharp shapes: the first sight of Japan.

. . . All day there is scarcely a change as we steam south: only the black sea, and the long succession of peaked forms in the horizon, slowly deepening their shadowy color as we approach. The sky is clear; and a very cold and very strong wind blows from the land. Nearer the mountains float, until, against the sunset glow, through telescopes we can distinguish foliage of great trees. The sun sinks vermilion behind a mountain cone, bringing

out sharply all the long dark blue loom of the land; and above the crimson are beautiful bronze-greens. A moment later, through the darkness, a brilliant white star shines out before us and vanishes, and reappears and vanishes again unceasingly: the revolving light of a pharos. We are approaching the best-lighted coast in the world.

XIV.

. . . On deck at earliest dawn. It is cold and clear, with an immense wind still blowing. To starboard mountains rise blackly against the splendid rose flush of sunrise. To port, another long chain of hills is now visible,—superbly undulating, with saw points here and there much nearer than the opposite land. Then with a delicious shock of surprise I see something for which I had been looking—~~the morning blue~~ ^{the morning blue}—but so ghostly, so dream white against the morning blue, that I did not observe it at the first glance: an exquisite snowy cone towering above all other visible things—~~beckoning!~~ ^{beckoning!} ~~the sea~~ ^{the sea} so faint as the distances, I cannot see—only the perfect crown, seeming to hang in the sky like a delicate film,—a phantom.

But with the rising glow of sunrise it defines: its spotless tip first pinkening like the point of some wondrous bud; then it becomes all gold-white; and streaks appear, sloping straight from the summit,—lines of rain torrents. It is all sun-wrapped—long before the keen blue ranges it overtops have yet emerged from the night. But even in the sun its beauty remains so spiritually pure,—so weirdly delicate,—that its lines alone assure the eye it is not made of white frost vapor,—some substance of cloud fleece. We keep watching it, entranced by its amazing loveliness, while the water, now smooth under sunrise, lightens slowly to a soft pale blue. Very swiftly we steam:—other mountains move backward; but that celestial cone remains always in the same place. . . .

Curious single square sails with strange designs upon them—black figurings and red—glide by in the offing; and the sunrise, flooding the horizon with light and color, discovers to us a snowy speckling of other sails, of the same unfamiliar square shape, so multitudinous as to be an astonishment.

As we advance through the brightening day, the land to port suddenly opens be-

fore us; and beyond a broad bay a beautiful little city appears,—houses fawn-tinted by distance under gray-blue roofs of tile, and foliage rising everywhere: the whole relieved against the dark green of a ring of low hills—Yokohama. High over it, in the speckless sky, still shines the snowy cone of celestial Fusi. . . We glide in through a host of deep-sea ships at anchor;—and steamers pass bearing Japanese names, all ending in "MARU,"—so closely that we can discern the Japanese faces of officers in uniform.

. . . Unimaginably beautiful this first vision of the harbor, as we anchor a mile from shore: the softness of the light, the limpidity of distances, the delicacy of the blue tones in which everything is steeped,—create a charm totally new and indescribable. Nothing is intense, though all is clear;—nothing is forceful, though all is pleasing and strange: this is the vividness, this is the softness, of dreams! And the idea of dream is enhanced by the wonderful spectral loveliness of the white shape shining above the town, above the blue volcanic ranges beyond it: its base is still invisible by reason of equality of color value with the sky—so that it appears suspended above the horizon like a mirage. . .

Then the view is suddenly interrupted by the most extraordinary thing which I eversaw in any harbor,—a whirling cloud of sea-gulls,—a living curtain of wings palpitating between us and the landscape, so closely that you could touch the creatures by simply stretching out your hand. They do not move away, but remain hovering beside us;—one is bewildered by the dazzling whirl of wings and the chippering. They have come to look for something to eat. I break up bread for them and throw it overboard: they eat it, each one in turn snatching his crumb from the surface of the water,—apparent-

ly without wetting a feather. These beautiful birds are strictly protected by law as harbor scavengers;—they show little fear of man, and visit every ship as it arrives.

Meantime many queer craft have begun to gather about us,—Japanese *sam-pans*: long flat shallow unpainted boats having high prows, and propelled by two great oars working on pegs and handled like sculls. The scullers, standing erect to their work, might at first seem, to inexperienced eyes, young women with short-cut hair; for their faces are beardless: and their outer dress is a dark blue winter robe reaching to the feet, with immensely wide sleeves. But they are really men—and powerful men, though undersized to foreign eyes. There are whole families, moreover, on some of the sampans; and after a little observation the difference in the costume of the sexes seems almost as marked as elsewhere: Japanese cooking is going on over nicely balanced charcoal furnaces, and Japanese chopsticks are being deftly used. After breakfast these picturesque crews will clamber on board our steamer, to cover the saloon deck with curios of all sorts for the temptation of passengers.

A sampan takes me and my baggage to the *Hutoba*,—the landing-place. The two boatmen, father and son, stand to their oars, putting the whole force of their supple bodies into every stroke, and send the light craft through the water with the darting speed of a fish. Trained ships' crews have been badly beaten in racing with these Japanese scullers. While wielding their oars, father and son both utter a curious hissing noise between their teeth,—a sibilant accompaniment to their efforts,—alternated at intervals of about half a minute with queer sharp wild cries. A very little while suffices to cross the harbor; and I stand on earth again, so habituated to the motion of the steamer that the soil itself seems to sway very gently for a moment or two. . . I am in Japan.

A QUATRAIN.

BY BLISS CARMAN.

I TURN the book's great leaves with childish fingers,
And every saying that my lips can spell,
Wherever all my wonder starts and lingers,
Hath some new harder secret none can tell.

MADRILÈNE; OR, THE FESTIVAL OF THE DEAD.

BY GRACE KING.

NOTHING was silent about the old cemetery but the dead themselves, nothing respectable. All the noises and confusions that had harassed their rest in life harrowed the atmosphere above their rest in death; all the mould and ugliness of an undergrowth population, the avoidances of their living feet, lay thick and fetid outside the walls ramparted with tombs that enclosed them now.

The city had grown densely round about, but the houses had backed up or sidled up, as it were, not caring to face their grim neighbor. Those which by necessity did face it had the aspect of houses accustomed to look at worse things in life than death—houses that had not enjoyed the sad privilege of falling from a higher estate or disappointing hopeful prospects, but which had been preordained from the beginning to degradation and ostracism.

A broad space had been left in front of the cemetery by the city ancestors for some beautiful boulevard or funeral parade-ground, but it had become an unsightly waste, a "common" for street children, a lounging-place for social refuse, a medium for back-door convivialities and intrigues, a dumping-ground for unmagazinable traffic, and the lower end of it the landing-wharf for a schooner fleet, which discharged daily cargoes of lumber, brick, and charcoal on to the frazzled grass, and daily crews of negroes, "dagoes," and roughs into the ill-favored coffee-houses at the corners.

Up in the air the thin fine spars of the vessels could be seen coming in from the distance along the invisible canal, gliding into and out of occultation, past trees and houses and open garden spots, and past the cemetery; and sometimes they seemed sailing or being cordelled straight through the cemetery; and then, by a fancy, the masts and spars looked as if they might be anchored there with their vessels, and the marble crosses, spires, angels, and effigies as if they might be moving, gliding along in the air, sailing on through and above the noisome foulness of the place, with its unwholesome effluviæ of corrupting morals, carrying their freight over an invisible canal to some pure, quiet, serene, distant basin.

It was a closed cemetery lifetimes ago; burial in it had become an inheritance, or a privilege of society partnership, funerals dwindling away into a steady, slow monotony, calculable to a fractional certainty. On Sundays and holidays, with strange, inexplicable regularity, the funerals, *sociétaires*, with music and banners and regalia and unlimited carriages, conducted by drivers of unlimited thirst, to the great pecuniary profit of the coffee-houses. Once a month, or perhaps not quite so often, there was a last pompous effort of some of the old *élite*, well worth looking at, if only for the ecclesiastical demonstration and the flowers and the sedate affectations of the Sunday tippling drivers. Oftenest, however, so fortunes change, it was the hearse and single carriage affair, with a fragmentary procession on foot, the furtive, almost surreptitious, admittance of the poverty as well as death stricken heir or heiress to the ancestral sepulchre. And even these were interesting, particularly in a crisis of quiet in the neighborhood, or on rainy days, for the poor seem to be buried on rainy days, as the society members on holidays.

Perhaps it was this guarantee of daily pleasure food which made the houses in the locality attractive as residences. Sure it is that the necessity of living in that one spot became the tyrannous necessity of a vice to those who once adopted it. When vacancies sometimes occurred in the shambling tenements through rent failure of tenant or patience failure of landlord, the billet seldom remained long over the threshold. If it were not a place for the industrious, it nevertheless required a certain amount of industry to live up to the daily advantages of idleness; and the countenances of the people thereabouts, if they did not show the fatness of good living, showed neither the inert vacuity of the pleasure-starved.

It was the last day of October, in its beautiful morning, with but the gentlest suggestions of autumn radiating through the atmosphere. The long, lingering summer had faded away like the febrile dream of an over-luxurious night which leaves the mind tranquil but alert, the body enervated but pleased. "It is always fine weather for 'la Toussaint.'"

La Toussaint, the Festival of the Dead, is the *fin de parade* of the city. It is a day encrystallized by time and sentiment with poetic superstitions and custom: the one day upon which the cemeteries resurrect out of the things they are, and become the things they should be: radiant sanctuaries, exhaling beauty, purity, and fragrance; when the dead—the impotent, despised dead—lie enshrouded in their tombs like saints in their shrines, to be propitiated with flowers and importuned with prayers. It is the one day in the city during which the glittering supremacy of wealth is nullified, and he who is buried finely is envied; when the good families of the past are compared with the parvenus of the present; when old romances and histories enjoy their annual blossoming out of the names on the mortuary tablets. "Oh yes, they are *grand'chose* now, but show me where their dead are buried." The most ordinary servant felt herself in a position to make that remark, and gossiping tongues, whose usual vocation was to spread reports of shameful neglect of the living, on this day busied themselves about the more shameful neglect of the dead—if such cases ever occurred. And those waifs and strays who begin life in the maternity ward and end it on the dissecting table of the hospital, and those vague asylum humanities who date from nothing recordable but a parent's death or desertion, and even the criminals who have suicided from the moral life of their kind—at no other time do they feel their deprived condition as on this day. And some—the cunning ones—go so far as to affect graves they do not possess, and sally forth on the morning of All-Saints with the emblems of remembrances and regrets they have never known, "just like other Christians," as the local comparison is.

Coming at a season when strangers yet shun the place, there is no festival that calls out as it does the full muster of the populace—a populace of unfermented original types, strong and full with the salient untempered flavors of race ingredients, a *vin brut* of humanity. If the festival could rouse a whole city to intensity of excitement, what must it produce in the neighborhood of a cemetery, and a cemetery the oldest, most aristocratic, and most important of the

city? And if the 1st of November were such a day, what must the last of October be, when, from local appearances, the whole world seemed to have been caught procrastinating, and had but a few fleeting hours to prepare their tombs for the morrow's judgment? Such hurry! Such maddening confusion!

In the cemetery itself the most extraordinary "house-cleaning" in process—whitewashing stucco, scrubbing marble, reddening brick pavements, cutting grass, trimming shrubbery, spreading clean white sand over walks, laying parterres off in fanciful designs with little shells, transplanting blooming bushes of marguerites, roses, and borders of violets into sterile beds. And the voices ordering, protesting, wrangling, hurrying, scolding, directing! One would think they had never had more than a day to prepare in.

Outside, on the banquette—the usual market scene of everything that could be required in to-day's confusion for tomorrow's ornament: hillocks of sand and shells, flowers in pots, or torn up by the roots, or loose in baskets, or wired around stiff forms—marguerites, dahlias (white, yellow, and purple), and amaranths, dropping over with their bulky, fleshy, rich redness; carefully guarded trays of plaster angels, Madonnas, infant Jesuses, Saviours, and saints, fashioned in Italian likenesses and clothed with Italian gorgeousness. And all the length of the wall, hanging on nails, wreaths, crosses, hearts, anchors, made of curled glazed paper, black or white, or black and white mixed, or of white roses with black leaves, or black roses with white leaves, or of dried immortelles (purple, black, white), all tied with shining satin ribbon, gayly fluttering in the breeze, carrying their legends in gold and silver printing. And there were not wanting, also, these for the millionaire griefs, so to speak—handsome, elaborate bead memorials, jingling and showy, carrying their succinctly pictured desolation in a medallion in the centre: a tomb, a weeping-willow, and a weeping figure, addressed in letters around the rim to all the different mortuary members of the human family, with all manner of passionate invocations from the bereavable human heart.

And wherever one could edge herself in, sat old negro women in *tignons*, before waiters of *pralines*, molasses and

cocoa-nut candy, or pans of *pain patate*, or skilletts of doughnuts frying over lighted furnaces; keeping the flies and the gamins off with long whisks of split palmetto, while they nodded their heavy sleepy heads. All the venders crying their wares at once, in the deteriorated traditions or personal perversions of half a score of dialects, with a vociferousness and persistence that proclaimed the transient nature of the opportunity.

The coffee-houses at the corner kept up their usual steady holiday business, re-alcoholizing their patrons and turning them out to doze through the time between drams on the convenient bench under the awning, or to digest in one long gluttonous sleep their one long gluttonous drink, or to drift as far as the planked crossing, where a hilarious crowd was gathering around a quadroon lad, who held the only novel feature of the day—a monkey in leash.

The long, lean, lanky animal climbed and sprang unceasingly at the end of its tether, collecting an unfailing toll of screams and fright from the passers-by, responding with human eagerness to the prompt applause of its malice. "Loulou," whispered a little negro to the quadroon, "look!"—he pointed to a figure just turning in from the corner—"Madrilène!"

The girl's height enabled her to carry her long, flat basket easily above the heads of the people who streamed over the plank walk with her on their way to the cemetery. The stiff funereal glazed paper wreaths piled in her basket stood out in ghastly becomingness above a face which, though young, seemed created to be overshadowed by the emblems of death: a thin, scraped profile skin sallow to blackness, hollow eyes, brooding brows, a mouth held rigid and expressionless by determination, and eyes fixed in studied abstraction. As she came closer to view, her costume seemed not less appropriate to her burden than her face: her worn shoes, faded stuff skirt, shrunken sacque, and the ragged bandanna kerchief tied not around her head, but under her chin.

She arrived opposite the ill-behaved group of men and boys.

"File!" whispered Loulou to the monkey in his arms.

But the wily animal mistook the aim, or substituted another one. He jumped not to Madrilène's basket, but to the

head of an unsuspecting child walking in front of her, and there poised himself, arching his serpentine tail around his bald, ashen-gray face, peering over at the child, and grinning at the terrified screams that fell upon the air.

Madrilène's expression changed to one of pure rage. She threw her basket to the ground, and, as quickly as the animal himself could have done so, she caught the monkey around the neck, throttling him as she dragged him off.

"Stop, stop, Madrilène! Curse you! stop!" screamed the quadroon boy, running to the rescue of his pet. "Stop! You are choking him to death!"

She flung the monkey to the ground to seize the boy's head by the short black curly hair. She slapped him vigorously. "Dare! dare!" she said, "dare frighten white children again!"

The monkey—his simulated distress had been but another evidence of his versatile talents—bounded nimbly from the ground, amid the loud admiring laughter of the crowd.

The boy, who had lain resistless enough in Madrilène's grasp, recovered himself as soon as released. Construing the laughter behind him as mockery to himself, he furiously sought to recover his lost prestige. Shaking his fist at the back of the girl, he shouted after her:

"Mulatresse! nigger! nigger! 'coon! 'coon!" (a localism of irritating significance to the colored), adding other insolences of his quick and ready invention; and the insolences of his class are the unrepeatable of language.

The crowd paid no attention. It was only the usual street quarrel to them, pursued with the characteristic violence of the colored. The girl walked away unheedingly. She paused at the corner, hesitating between two courses, and then slowly, as if yielding to temptation, turned to the right toward the iron cross that rose above the gate of the cemetery.

Almost unnoticed in the voluble excitement around it, a funeral was driving up.

A hush spread over the banquette, pantomime paused, and instantaneously a hedge of spectators was formed on each side of the entrance, from which, with that never-sated curiosity of the living about the dead, eager heads craned forward to look.

Madrilène waited, watching the slow

backing up of the hearse, until, struck by a thought, she turned her head toward the cemetery gate, glancing into it. "Where was the sexton, Monsieur Sacerdote?"

Pushing her way out of the throng, she ran quickly across the cleared space into the enclosure and down a path. It had been designed for a brave, fine cemetery—a fit repository for the mortal remains of aristocracy and wealth, with handsome monuments, broad avenues, gentle vistas, and pleasing perspectives. There were some costly family mausoleums in it and palatial society sepulchres—huge mortuary hotels; but death had been too indiscriminate and too busy. It appeared now the confused *plenum* of a caravansary into which tired pilgrims had been driven by stress of weather or nightfall, glad to huddle themselves together pell-mell, in any position, confident only of their fatigue and slumber. Whichever way a coffin could be placed upon the earth, there had arisen a tomb over it; and vaults had been arched upon vaults, rising higher and higher, stretching their burial capacity in the only direction left them. In the early days the sexton could not be too young, strong, and vigorous for his work. Now it was a mere somnolent porter's task to sit inside the lodge day after day, waiting for an order to open a tomb here, or a certificate that time, by making a vacancy, authorized a new lease there. And Monsieur Sacerdote—Fantome Sacerdote, as the people pronounced the "Vendôme" of his name—octogenarian, and decrepit to the verge of vital tenuity, did not find his functions taxed by his office. It was not an easy labyrinth for the feet to unravel. Life itself had not more vicissitudes than the gnarled paths, with their obsolete grave mounds for stumbling-blocks, and their fair openings damned unexpectedly into aimless *culs-de-sac*. But Madrilène ran through them swiftly and easily, without pause or breath, looking sharply from side to side, impatiently waving aside arresting voices and gestures, venturing from time to time a whispered call: "Monsieur Sacerdote! Monsieur Sacerdote!" She arrived fruitlessly at the corner where a scrubby cypress-tree had managed to rear itself to the maturity of funereal foliage, and where the tiers of rented mural sepulchres ("ovens," they are called) rise against the terminal wall. She ran her eye along the old worn slabs,

with their tottering balustrades and crumbling bases, pulled by the sinking ground into queer distortions, like a paralytic's grin. From the half-submerged bottom to the grass-covered top one, there was not a gap in the drear solidity.

"Monsieur Sacerdote!" she called, louder.

There was only the gay chattering of the people cleaning their tombs to be heard, and only their moving forms to be seen. She turned into another path, and after a few steps almost fell over the one she sought.

"As I thought—asleep!" she muttered.

One could hardly have been more so inside the crumbling brick coffin-shaped structure on which the old man lay, in face of the tomb he had just opened. His hat had fallen off, and his long white hair lay spread out like some curious lichen growing in the masonry. The warm sun gleamed on the scant silver threads and shone on the round, small, red, semi-bald head, and on the face sinking into formlessness almost as though corruption and not decrepitude were the cause. He held a piece of bread in his withered hand, and the flies buzzed over him and over the contents of an open tin bucket indiscriminately, and the lizards took his figure in as a matter of course in their frolics after the flies.

"He looks like a runaway corpse," thought the girl. "Monsieur Sacerdote!" she called, loudly, to him in French—"Monsieur Sacerdote!" She shook him by the shoulder. "Awake! awake! The funeral is at the gate!"

The old man's head rolled over into another position, and the toothless gums resumed their suspended movements of mastication. The shaking had an effect, but deafness protected his ear. She put her lips close to it, and sinking her voice to a piercing distinctness, repeated:

"Wake! Get up! The funeral is at the gate. The funeral! the funeral!"

"What is it, Marie Madeleine?"

He closed his eyes again after one feeble opening of them.

"The funeral! They are looking for you! Run! Run to meet them!"

"Eh, Marie Madeleine?" He was the only one who ever called her by her name, instead of by the vulgar contraction of it, and he kept repeating it over vaguely, as if it were a part of the degustation of the bread in his mouth.

She got him to a sitting posture and then pulled him to his feet, talking, repeating, gesticulating, coaxing the senile incomprehension out of his eyes. He finally started, as she bade him, down a certain path, trotting, with short, stiff, rheumatic steps.

"He will be caught some day, and then, yes, he will lose his place, and he will be sent to the Little Sisters of the Poor. Monsieur Sacerdote with the beggars at the Little Sisters of the Poor!"

In desperate hurry she began to clear away some of the disorder—hiding the tin bucket, gathering up the scattered tools, sweeping the débris of masonry together. She put her head close to the opening and peered through the gloom into the interior of the tomb. Undefinable accumulations rounded the sides and filled the corners. The far end was hidden in darkness, but there was a twilight path down the swept centre.

"He has done, indeed, everything. All is ready. He was only tired."

She worked over the mortar on the board and piled the bricks nearer to hand.

Never could guests arrive more inopportunately than a funeral at the cemetery at such an hour. The procession was long in coming. The pall-bearers carried their difficult load slowly through the hard extremities of narrow spaces and sudden angles, made still harder by standing buckets of whitewash, pavements slippery with soapsuds, and unremoved heaps of trash. All the bustling workers had to jump into attitudes of respect—the women, simulating prayers with their lips, while secretly tugging at their skirts; the men gingerly taking off their hats with their soiled fingers; the street urchins hurried away from their jobs, around by-paths, into positions from whence they could make grimaces and signs at the tormented-looking acolytes.

Marie Madeleine stepped back as the priest appeared, and put herself in a corner where she could see, but not be seen. Her figure was so frail and slight it looked like a shadow thrown where she stood; her face like a relieve ornament cut into the marble against which it leaned. The dazzling white surface, illumined by the full rays of the sun, made distinct the ordinarily insignificant minutæ of her features, revealing some of the mysteries of character and age which make up expression—the softness under

the chin; the deep indenture of the upper lip; the sharp claw scratches on the lower; straight, outstanding eyelashes, an irregularity in the line of the nose; the unfleshed cheek-bone; the thin, bruised rather than dark-looking skin; the opaque, dry, burned-out eye-sockets, the insignia of disease, not of passion; the eyes black and disturbed, not with hidden conflicts and rebellions, but carrying, like godless worlds, their unshaped contents in chaos. She had pushed the kerchief from her head; short rumpled strands of ill-kept black hair fell over her forehead and behind her ears.

"Her first evening here! All clean and beautiful and bright! She comes to her tomb like a bride to her home, and tomorrow it will be all flowers and ornaments and burning candles, like a celebration in her honor. Her family will come year after year to lay flowers under her name. Her friends will pass by her tomb every All-Saints and talk about her. And her family will die, one after the other, and they will all come in there and lie with her; and little children, far, far away in the future—children of her family—will be brought here, all to be buried together, all to rise together."

Self-abandoned, self-unconscious, she followed her thoughts, undisturbed by the muttered functions of the priest and the sharp outbreak of grief that followed the placing of the coffin in the vault, and the long, whining sobs that accompanied the tap-tapping of the bricks by Monsieur Sacerdote's trowel. She watched the barrier rise higher and higher, past the coffin, past the flowers on top, past the black vacant space, to the one little crack left; past that, past the breath of life, past life itself! Immured in one long dormitory, with dust of skeletons, flowers, wood. . . . But Madrilène took not this view of it.

"It is like getting at night into a bed where one's father and mother have slept. One should sleep well in that bed."

Madrilène's bed was a pallet on the floor of Madame Laïs's room.

"One should have none but beautiful dreams there, and no thoughts to chase one awake all through the night. And the walls about such a bed would not show faces to grimace at one. The night would protect one there from the day—those horrible days that come back and come back to remembrance, like dishonest duns collecting their bills over and

over again. It is a fine thing where parents leave such a bed as that for their children—regular parents.”

Very few of what are called regular parents live about a cemetery. Ties and relationships assume a voluntary and transient character in that careless neighborhood, life flowing by choice through crooked rather than straight channels. Madrilène had never lived in any other neighborhood.

“And the dead will have their festival to-morrow, and she will be among them, fresh from earth. It will be a birthday to her. To-night at twelve o'clock she will come out of her new tomb with them, and they will walk down these paths, visiting one another, and talking and laughing.” (A common superstition.) “They will hurry away at daylight, but not far away. They will be above us there in the air, watching, listening, seeing everything, knowing everything. They see who come to their tombs and who stay away; who remember, who forget, and who are ashamed, and who deny them. They will see the little orphans around the table at the gate, ‘chinking, chinking’ the money in their plates. They will see who give to the orphans and who do not. The parents of the orphans themselves will see it. But the orphans cannot see their parents. Oh no! Those who can remember them can see what they knew; but those who have not known, who do not remember, they look into the faces of the passers-by, and say, ‘Was she like that lady? Was he like that gentleman?’ The white orphans pick out white ladies and gentlemen for their parents. God leaves the photographs perhaps in the hearts of the children. But sometimes the children don’t like the photographs, and then—even the colored ones pick out white ladies and gentlemen for their parents.”

Her thoughts were leading her up to that empyrean to which human thoughts can rise from lowest depths, seeking, it may be, their heavenly source, or it may be only seeking their earthly lackings.

The funeral procession went away again, the grave became deserted, and the busy day seemed about going too. The sinking sun began to cast oblique rays over the tombs; the breeze blew the white sails stealthily along the canal outside; the noises were ebbing; the throng dispersing. Almost—almost—there was quiet in and

about the cemetery. The preliminary warning of the bell for shutting the gate rang, but the girl heard it not. As the rich and the happy do, she luxuriously let the moments pass unheeded.

Monsieur Sacerdote commenced his rounds with his long stick to make sure that no evil-intentioners nor stragglers were shut in, striking the tombs briskly to herald his approach.

“Ah, mon Dieu!” she exclaimed, as the stick found her out. “It would be good to stay here this way all the time. Monsieur Sacerdote,” she said to him, stretching out her hand to stop his staff, “how good it would be to stay here this way all the time! Never to go back—never to go back! To lie here among the clean white tombs until judgment day!” This had been her mania all her life. When she was a little child, half naked, all dirty from the streets, she had begged to be left in the cemetery, “with the dead, with the good dead, with the white dead”; and as she said then, she as childishly said now: “Maybe I might die, and you might slip me into one of these tombs here—who would know? And then on resurrection day—it would be a good thing for resurrection day to come on All-Saints, wouldn’t it, Monsieur Sacerdote?—on resurrection day I would rise with the others. We resurrect white, do we not, Monsieur Sacerdote? I would be found out otherwise. All white—white limbs, white faces, white wings, white clothes. Not yellow—not black corpses rising with their white bands.” She closed her eyes and shuddered. “Oh, the fearful sight! And if I arose with the white, would they turn me out, do you think?”

The old man raised his dim eyes to her face, and began to move his nerveless lips to answer, when a violent blow aimed from behind missed the girl; a torrent of abuse that followed was surer. “Devil! Dog! Vileness! Wretch! Filth! Detestable animal of the earth! Mulatresse! Negress!”

The assailant, a quadroon woman, came into view, making ineffectual attempts to repeat the blow. Her passion supplied words too fast for utterance, the threats and abuse choked her breath and overloaded her lips. She would hold on to one word and repeat it mechanically, until the phrase would come bursting out, carrying a spray of white foam with it.

"You think you can beat London! You think you can beat him in the streets before everybody! I will beat you! I will show you! Filth of the last gutter in the city! You shall feel the weight of this hand, I tell you! You beat my child for white children! White.... Let me get hold of you! Let me put hands on you! I will fix you! I will teach you! I will strip you! I will kill you! You...."

She seemed to be afraid of saying nothing; no term repugned her, and no impurity seemed too impure to apply to the girl, who contented herself with avoiding blows, pressing her lips tightly together, while Monsieur Sacerdote, looking bewildered, alternated his "Marie Madeleines!" with "I command you! I command you!" to the virago.

She was a large woman, well formed, and had all the points which go to make the beauty of her type. Her cheeks glowed with the only blushes vouchsafed them—the heat of passion; the blood seemed almost to start the dark thick skin, and back of her heavy black eyes it glistened like red coals of fire. A white scum settled around her lips—large, full, pampered, pulpy lips—with their inevitable subtle suggestions of immodesties. There appeared to be no lengths to which the tide of passion might not carry her.

"May I ask the price of these?"

The interruption came from a man, the unperceived spectator of the scene, and the concealed observer of the girl from the moment she awoke Monsieur Sacerdote. He pointed with his stick to the basket of paper wreaths.

The quadroon woman instantly included him in her discourse, giving the girl no space to answer in.

"A miserable creature, sir, who is always forsaking her own race to run after the whites. And she has the temper of a demon, sir. She beat my son, beat him almost to death, out there in the street! A little child—ah, but I shall make her pay for it!" Then, controlling her passion, she glided miraculously into the obsequious civility of her class to the whites, and sought to please, by voice and demeanor, and a deft flattery of prejudice. "She should stay in her class, sir; me, I stay in my class. If God made us quadroons, we should be quadroons. She tries to pass herself off for white."

The girl almost opened her lips to speak.

"When quadroons try to pass themselves off for white, it is for no good purpose, sir, as you know."

"I will buy a half-dozen of these, but you must come and put them on the tombs for me, yourself." The man turned and walked away. Madrilène sat in her same attitude.

"Go—go follow the gentleman! Don't you see he wants to buy some of your wreaths? Go, but remember—to-night!" The woman closed her eyes in a puffed-up whisper, half closing her enraged eyes.

Madrilène, after a moment's hesitation, picked up her basket and walked after the stranger. He was reading over the names on a tomb when she caught up with him.

"These, sir, are not fit for you; they are for the colored cemetery and the very poor." Her voice was low. It sounded like a voice seldom used. "I was on my way to the colored cemetery. I only stopped in here a moment."

"I shall buy some of these, all the same."

"If you would permit me—ah! I could make you some flower wreaths to-night—real flowers."

"But I would like to put them on the tombs to-day."

"Show me the tombs, sir, and I will have them decorated by daylight to-morrow. Or tell me the names, I know every tomb here."

"I will show them to you." He pointed out one or two, and then walked on rapidly through one path after the other.

"Are these all, sir?"

He started out of his absorption. "Ah, yes, yes!" and then, one would have said almost at random, he pointed out three or four other tombs.

"You can pay me to-morrow, after you see them," she said, in answer to a gesture he made toward his purse.

And then the delayed evening bell rang imperatively, ordering all out of the cemetery before the closing of the gate.

It was full early, as some discontented grumblers did not fail to remark on their way to the exit.

"That old man is so blind, he thinks it is sundown at mid-day."

"He is too old to see, he is too old to hear—in fact, he is too old to be alive any longer."

"You noticed he was not there for the funeral to-day?"

"Somebody ought to report him."

Madrilène passed out into the street. The stranger paused by the sexton, who stood holding the gate in his hand.

"Who is this girl?" he asked, abruptly.

Monsieur Sacerdote looked at the questioner; he was neither young nor handsome, nor "that kind of a man."

"Marie Madeleine, but those people call her Madrilène."

"Who are those people?"

The old man shrugged his shoulders.

"Do you think that woman will carry out her threats?"

Another shrug of the shoulders.

"Where does she live?"

"Those people keep *chambres garnies* somewhere on — Street."

The stranger seemed to understand the indefinite reference. He looked at the sexton a moment, as if to gauge the advisability of further questions, and then he too walked away through the ugly wasted boulevard.

Marie Madeleine resumed her deferred itineracy, turning the corner at which she had before hesitated, and walking down the street to the cemetery set apart for the burial of the colored.

It was more neglected, and if possible more outraged by *entourage*, than the other place. The dilapidated walls had been patched up to irregular heights, for the accommodation of vaults inside. On the high, level tomb plateaus a miniature forest grew—weeds, grass, and chance seedlings of trees, and vines that drooped almost to the banquette outside.

As she had done the length of the other cemetery, Madrilène touched the walls as she walked along with her outstretched fingers: "Dead in there! dead in there! And who were you? and who were you? All dead! all dead!"

It was only thought, and in words not her own. Her own words, from the common store of language about her, could not have expressed her thoughts; or perhaps the words as well as the thoughts were foreign to her; perhaps the thoughts were transplanted with the words from the books read aloud to Monsieur Sacerdote in surreptitious hours, in that stolen acquirement which neither Madame Laïs nor her family suspected. Reading! They would as soon have provided her with a looking-glass.

There were the same scenes around this cemetery as the other one. The same or

rather a greater throng, and greater hilarity. Nature was the same—sun, atmosphere, verdure, houses—all the same. But the faces of the people, they were different; passed over, as it were, with a color for a travesty; with an ochreous wash. Yellow, yellow, brown, black—almost all yellow. Differences of feature and expression, height and figure, were all lost in the one monotonous hue—the hue of a race creeping down, or is it a race creeping up the scale? A *patois* race.

Madrilène hastened through it as if flying from pursuit. But who can distance thoughts? And she had been fury-driven since she could think. And such thoughts—such strange thoughts! Did she think the thoughts herself, or did God, who sends so much into the hearts and minds of young girls—even to the most abject—send them to her? How could she ascertain? Could she have questioned Madame Laïs, or Palmyre—the virago mother of Loulou—or Antoinette, or Philomène, or Athalie, or any of Madame Laïs's other daughters? Or any of the yellow men who came through the back gate to visit them? Or any of the white men who rented rooms from Madame Laïs?

She might have had ample opportunity to ask these last, if, like Antoinette, Philomène, Palmyre, and Athalie, she had chosen to serve them—carry them their coffee of mornings, attend to their chambers, wash and mend their clothing for them. There could not be found more amiable servitors than the four daughters of Madame Laïs, whatever their back-yard character might be, and so they never lacked pocket-money, fine dresses, and jewelry.

But Madrilène would never serve the lodgers. At first she had to endure suffering to maintain her obstinate refusal. That was a little over a year ago, when people began to call her *cette jeune fille*. She would not have been clothed in such rags now had she yielded to Madame Laïs. Selling these wreaths on commission once a year was not a lucrative profession, and the rest of her time and service was due Madame Laïs for her food and clothing.

She entered the colored cemetery, and went down the broad central walk. Midway before her a black iron arch held a black iron cross high up against the evening sky. The tall, narrow tombs on each

side arose close together, almost touching. Were they really different from the tombs in the other cemetery, or did they only appear so to the morbid eye? They were not all black, nor all white, either, but mixed, like the people they enclosed, with infusions, trimmings, and fleckings of one color upon the other, unconsciously sinister. And the nomenclature on the tablets! Such a different reading from the tablets in the other cemetery! Names, fictitious, assumed, composed, or stolen; some of them sounding sweet in the mouth, like the anonymes of poets and poetesses; some of them that might have answered at the roll-call of Charlemagne; some of them petting diminutives, like the names of birds and lapdogs; some of them catching the eye with their antique integrity, like bits of jewelry in pawn-shop windows. But all of them one-sided names. For the black that had tinged so many fair complexions, muddled the depths of so many clear eyes, and alloyed the expression of so many noble profiles, the black that had diverted the course of so many names and destinies—all that was nameless and unrecorded, barred out, like the pure black people themselves from this cemetery.

Marie Madeleine sold her wreaths the length of the walk. The night promised so fair that over the society tombs draperies were being hung, in readiness for the morrow, the funeral trappings of a by-gone regality—black velvet palls, spotted with white tear drops; old-fashion black hangings for the outside of houses, with profuse skulls and cross-bones; and hearse and coffin ornaments borrowed from the undertaker.

When she had sold her store out, Marie Madeleine waded through the tall grass of a side path until she came to an isolated tier of vaults. As she had expected from the lateness of the hour, no one was there. Each one of all the square tablets in the rows carried its memorial—all except one. "Rosémond Delaunay" was the name it bore. Delaunay was the family name of Madame Laïs.

From under the paper at the bottom of her basket the girl took a bead medallion—the conventional tomb, weeping-willow, and weeping figure. It bore the inscription, "À ma Mère." She held it for a moment in her hand. It seemed to weigh heavy, pulling her arm down,

while she looked before her into vacancy. Returning to herself, by force of will, she hung the tribute on the nail fixed for that purpose in the tablet. The crumbling mortar loosed its hold, nail and medallion fell to the ground.

"Pas ramassez li! li tombé par terre! Bon Dié la oule!" (Do not pick it up! It fell to the earth! Good God wished it!)

Before looking, Marie Madeleine recognized the voice of old Zizi Mouton, the occult terror of Madame Laïs's life, reputed to be one of the "old people" who know everything. She was seated on the ground, her feet in the dry ditch; an old decrepit black negress; her face a bundle of wrinkles tied up in a head-kerchief; the bright little black bead eyes seeming to draw the whole physiognomy in to some interior fastening. She pushed out her long stick, and held the medallion to the earth. "Pas ramassez li, mo dit toi! Pas ramassez li!"

The girl did what Madame Laïs would have been afraid even to think. She pushed the stick aside, picked up her wreath and the nail, saying, in creole: "Let me alone, Zizi!"

"Hé, Madrilène! Viè Zizi a raison! Bon Dié a raison!" (Old Zizi is right. Good God is right!)

Like all voodooos, old Zizi professed to be the oracle of God. Madrilène hammered the nail back into its place with a piece of brick, and hung the wreath up again, and stood hiding her face in her hands.

The passers-by thought she was weeping or praying, as many others were doing around her, for these tombs, at this season, move the heart almost beyond control.

The strange gentleman who had ordered the flowers from her in the other cemetery, always walking behind her, always observing her, might have wished, as he stood there out of reach of her eye, to hide his face also, as the girl did, the thoughts that would intrude on a gentleman, not to say a moralist, like him in this cemetery being perhaps more comfortably entertained in solitude and silence, behind folded hands.

After Marie Madeleine had walked well away, old Zizi prized herself up with hand and stick from the ground, tore the wreath from the nail, and beat the nail again out of its place, muttering, "Ah, Laïs! coquine!"

When the old woman had left, the stranger approached and studied the inscription on the tomb and the inscription on the bead memorial; and then, still in pursuit of an object or an idea, walked out of the cemetery into the street, retracing his steps toward the other graveyard.

Darkness had fallen after the short twilight. Those of the "marchands" and "marchandes" who had obtained advantageous positions against the wall were preparing to hold them by camping on the spot all night. Others were slowly bundling up their wares for a reluctant departure. The coffee-houses had gathered in and were holding their noisy clients about them. Aboard the schooners in the basin, lighted fires began to show, flaming against the bottoms and sides of overhanging caldrons, casting magic circles of red brightness around lounging groups of swarthy men. Through the gloom the evil night humanity that haunt such spots could be seen beginning their quest for adventures and victims, and old Zizi Mouton, hobbling on her stick, was dropping, or pretending to drop, those voodoo charms which, picked up this night around the cemetery walls, were peculiarly potent for good or for evil.

As he had accosted the sexton, the stranger accosted the old negress, and with the same inquiry, "Who is this girl Madrilène?"

He had passed the girl on the street. She was leaning against a high board fence, her basket on her head, unobservant to blindness from inward preoccupation.

There was one person to whom Marie Madeleine could lay bare her mind—Monsieur Sacerdote. Those who dwell in the serene atmosphere of prosperity and happiness know not the findings of sympathy, love, and devotion that lie in the murky depths of poverty and misfortune. Are you unhappy, lonely, friendless? Do not despair. A friend is at hand. But the tie that bound Marie Madeleine to Monsieur Sacerdote was hardly the human confederacy known as friendship. If one called it a religion, one would more fitly describe it. Was it not a thing of the soul with her? An aspiration, an inspiration, the semblance of a hope, the invisibility of a faith? Where did she look for him when she sought him in her mind? At her level? On a platform of earthly

elevation? Or above her in those unattainable heights in which one must be born?

He was above her; born above her. Oh, there was no doubt about that! The most audacious, the most impudent, the most infuriated, the most drunken, the lightest of the light-colored, whatever they might say, in their secret hearts, she knew, never disputed that.

Was not God white to them? The Saviour white? The Virgin white? The saints, martyrs, angels, all white? The people they read of in books, were they not all white? And the people they saw on the stage? Did the whites want to change their whiteness for blackness? Did the blacks want to change their blackness for whiteness? However much they might despise old Fantome Sacerdote for his wretchedness, however much they shunned him with superstitious terror, he was what they could never be, and he was of the color of those they worshipped. The deduction was very simple and easy to Marie Madeleine. When she looked at him she saw the originals of the pictures that hang in churches; when she listened to him she heard them, and when she talked to him it was almost as if she were praying; only the prayers to God, once learned, were always the same. What she told Monsieur Sacerdote were the ever-new accumulations, the constant drippings day by day from the invisible into an opening mind. Into the busy mind of a waif and stray about fifteen, however, thoughts do not drip, but flood in storming torrents, particularly about the time of All-Saints.

The place where Monsieur Sacerdote passed his nights might have been blamed as being more insalubrious than where he passed his days. A high, close fence hid the interior from the curious eye, and a heavily bolted gate protected it from intrusion. The tall fence was responsible for some of the misery it hid, for the sun had a chance of entering that way at least. The dampness trickled down the sides of these high brick walls into the little enclosure as into a well, and from the street the green moss could be seen flourishing on the peaked roof of the low house, and planks had to be used to bridge the mud from the door-step to the gate.

The superstition was not against the sexton's office—experience all over the city refuted that. It was against the

man, about whose meanly personality the stories were never allowed to die out. He was even used as a reproach to the hovel that sheltered him, a hovel whose wretchedness and poor appearance should have rendered it below reproach; and he was used not only as a reproach, but a model of insult against Marie Madeleine, not only by Loulou in the street, but by Madame Laïs at home, and by the malicious ex-cyallier. What she suffered from her refusal to serve the lodgers was even less than what she suffered from her persistence in visiting the sexton.

Arrived at the gate with her empty basket, she did not attempt to make herself heard. That would have been a noisy process. She leaned, as usual, against the fence and waited. If Monsieur Sacerdote wished to let her in, he would come after a while and open the gate for her. If he did not, she would go on home. Is God required to answer all prayers?

If he wished to see her, the taper floating in its glass of oil would soon be creeping along the plank walk to the gate. The rusty bolt would resist, and the rusty key would squeak, but, with her weight added to the outside, the gate would finally open, and the old man would say, "My child, come in." Fancy if God should speak out and call her "my child"!

And then he would give her a book to read aloud to him—a book that for age could have been her grandparent, and she would read aloud to him in that beautiful reading he had taught her. No one suspected—Madame Laïs least of all—that she could read. Because Madame Laïs would never let her go to school, she thought that she would never learn to read. She had learned her alphabet from the tombstones, helping Monsieur Sacerdote in his work, during the first days of their friendship. In the cemetery the sexton would tell her about the people in the tombs, but in his little house he would tell her about the people in books. When she would go home at night, her head would be filled with what she had read and what he had told her, and so she could stand Madame Laïs—her tempers, her language, her atmosphere—her whole world, in fact. And while Madame Laïs lay in her bed, and Madrilène lay on the floor, as in old times slaves lay in the sleeping chambers of their mistresses, her head would be lifted far, far above her surroundings by the ideas the books gave

her. And when Madame Laïs would call her and wake her and treat her as, let us hope, few mistresses treated their slaves, it was still an affair of the body, and not of that soaring, inflated mind. It was those evenings when she did not read aloud to Monsieur Sacerdote that the walls seemed at her, and the days came back to torment her, and the close laden atmosphere of the room suffocated her, and life took on terrific features. She would look far, far back in her memory for some help, but there was none. She would look far, far ahead in the future, and still there was none. Madame Laïs behind and Madame Laïs before her, and all about her the africanized wall of Madame Laïs's children and grandchildren. Better for her, fatherless, nameless, to be lying in the tomb with the husbandless Rosémont Delaunay than live with these husbandless, fatherless nieces and sisters of Rosémont Delaunay.

What desperations, what agonizing impotencies, did she not feel at these moments! She was so ignorant, so brutalized, so blind!

No, evidently Monsieur Sacerdote was not going to let her in this evening. She must go home. The nine o'clock bell was ringing. He never let her in after nine o'clock.

Arrived at her street, she selected among the row of ill-kept, ugly-looking back doors that faced the cemetery the one that belonged to her home. As she was about to put her hand on the latch, it was lifted from the inside, and old Zizi Mouton, bending herself more double than ever, slipped out as noiselessly as a black cat, and nimbly ran down the banquette, in the opposite direction from Marie Madeleine. "She is preparing some of her *diableries*," thought the girl. "She does not imagine that I have seen her."

There was loud talking inside—Palmyre's voice. Madrilène waited with her hand on the latch, listening.

Zizi Mouton had conducted the stranger to the front door of the same house. It was as pompous as its obverse was contemptible. The placard "Chambres garnies" swung from the gallery at the end of a long wire, just over the heads of the banquette pedestrians. Here and there on the block other placards swung and fluttered—an ominous sign for the neighborhood. The appearance of the first of such placards is the appearance of

a first taint spot—a symptom of corruption, and the forerunner of depreciation in value.

Chambres garnies mean different things to different people, or shall we say, different minds. A furtive visit to an involved landlord or landlady by a hesitating, heavily veiled woman; a high rent offered and guaranteed by the confidential communication and signature of some well-known name; a new light thrown on some hitherto immaculate character, or an old one rekindled from a smouldering scandal; the hesitation on the part of the property-holder between putting an insult out of doors or putting it into the pocket—*chambres garnies* mean this to some. To others they represent only a comfortable system of lodging where landlady and servant are harmoniously one; where references are not required, and supervision is carefully abstained from; where freedom of movement and secrecy are guaranteed. To strangers they are attractive as repositories of romance, magazines of tropical poetry, studies of picturesque domesticities, a curious half-world, legitimized on the one side by prejudice, on the other by sympathy.

A ring of the bell fetches, after a long interval, a black boy or girl, scrubbing-brush in hand, thin, poorly clad, miserable-looking, as a negro must be who serves his own color: has it been said that *chambres garnies* are always exquisitely clean?

A stranger would ask for Madame Brown or Madame Smith, but a townsman asks for Madame Laïs, or maybe Laïs. He then remains standing during another long interval, glancing around him.

The hall and staircase are perfectly bare, except for the foot-fall-stilling drugget. The chambers, however, unless occupied, always stand open, offering glimpses of their handsome interiors—the velvet carpets and damask curtains, the great bedstead with lace-trimmed dressings, the *crucifix* *à la mode*; the *lavabo*, with its fine porcelains and linens; the biscuit statuettes and vases of paper flowers on the mantel. Interiors of a vague, undefined, differentiating luxury, inexplicable, or it may be simply unexplicable. . . . A scraping rather than a rustling is heard in the upper regions—a scraping from skirts sharpened as well as stiffened by unstinted starch. They scrape down

the steps slowly, for Madame Laïs is stout, and finally come to stillness and quietude before the expectant stranger. And he sees, if it is spring, summer, autumn, or winter, a long, loose, white “Gabrielle,” with elaborate trimmings of ruffles and lace, that show the yellow neck and arms underneath, a yellow face, thickly dusted with white powder, and hair smoothed into a topknot with French heliotrope pomade, and a soft, fat face, whose values, not at first appreciable, begin to make themselves felt as beauty by force of certain underlying suggestions. But what the stranger sees is infinitesimal in comparison with what Madame Laïs sees. Her eyes have been trained to see as other eyes have been trained to shoot, and men, not boards, have been from time immemorial their target. What Madame Laïs sees in a stranger decides in an instant whether she has a vacant room, the price of it, the price of laundry and personal services—serving coffee in bed mornings, attendance when ill, etc. A great many apply for rooms to find them always filled. Some never apply without finding the best one vacant and at the disposition of monsieur.

If he likes the *modus vivendi*, it is very comfortable for the stranger after he is once taken in by this or another Madame Laïs. He rarely ever seeks other lodgings, and he will travel willingly year after year from one house to the other with his *chambres garnies* hostess, who does not attach herself generally to buildings. He has his coffee punctually in the morning, and his mending and laundry without a remission. If he falls ill, he is nursed; and it is safe to say no one in New Orleans can nurse like Madame Laïs—the tenderness of a mother, the devotion of a slave, the delicacy of a wife, the unflinching patience of a hospital Sister, all combined! One never thinks of blushing before a Madame Laïs, or apologizing. One has absolutely no self-consciousness with her. One can be or do what one pleases before her with surety. There is no shocking her. That makes, in short, the merit of her class, putting them as lodging-house keepers beyond competition and rivalry. And she is comely, too, and young; or at least her daughters are, or her granddaughters, or her nieces. She sometimes nurses the stranger through life to a good old age; and when he dies, if he leaves anything—

but he rarely leaves anything. If he does, however, soon after the mortuary certificate there is generally a little testament produced, written very recently—produced by Madame Laïs herself; a testament unknown of the expectant nieces and nephews. When they read this testament they thank God perhaps that there are no other documents produced, only witnesses. When these last are forthcoming, it is a nine-days' talk in the scandal world, if the matter gets into court. And the nieces go to sewing or piano-playing for a living; that is, if the family is of the city. If they live outside or in foreign parts, they are generally saved the pain of knowing anything beyond the fact of death, unless they are contentious and sceptical. And the handsomely furnished chambers are always getting more handsomely furnished, and the petticoats are always getting stiffer, and the "Gabrielles" more elaborately trimmed, and the granddaughters and nieces wear more and more jewelry, and drift, more and more of them, into salaried positions under the government. What Monsieur Sacerdote saw with his dull vision, Madame Laïs could not fail to see: that this stranger who applied to her at nightfall for lodgings was not "that kind of a man": a grave, sedate, middle-aged scholar, with eyes that gathered as much in a glance as Madame Laïs's. They were not, however, the eyes through which occupants of *chambres garnies* look at life.

Her rooms were all full—unalterably, irrevocably full; not even a vacancy on the highest gallery, not even the bare closet he persisted in demanding.

Madame Laïs regretted it very much in her voluble, frank, amicable way, telling of houses all around her where chambers were vacant; not two doors off was a white lady, one of the best old creole families, who took boarders.

"Where is that loud talking?" questioned the stranger, inappropriately.

"Those young girls amusing themselves in the yard," she answered, shrugging her large shoulders.

He listened with ill-concealed interest.

Madame Laïs opened the door to facilitate his departure, but sprang back in dismay from the exposed threshold.

"Ah, misère! Ah, grand Dieu! Do not let them touch me! Kick them away, monsieur! For the love of God, kick them away with your foot!" She ran

backward into the hall as far as the staircase, pointing with both hands to the spot where lay scattered a dozen or more minute paper parcels. "Ah! what is going to happen to me now? It is that old voodoo! It is that old Zizi Mouton! My God, why does she not let me alone? Kick them away, monsieur—kick them away!"

At that instant a scream sounded through the long passageway—a call. The woman turned and ran in the direction from whence it came, the man after her.

"No one shall lay hands on my child! I will kill any one who lays hands on my child! My child is as good as any one!"

Madrilène listened to Palmyre's voice rising louder and louder. They always use extreme threats, the colored. Madrilène had heard her rage in the same way against Loulou himself; had she not, in fact, taken a hatchet to him more than once? The best way was to leave her alone, to take no notice of her; let her talk herself out until exhausted, when she would throw herself down anywhere on the ground, on the floor, and snore until daylight. Madrilène heard the others answering her, laughing at her. If they did that, Palmyre would keep it up all night; Madame Laïs herself could do nothing with her in that mood.

"My child is as good as any one! No one shall touch my child! I will cut any one open who touches my child!"

They were exciting Palmyre. Fools! Did they want her carried off to the calaboose, as she had been not so very long ago? Madame Laïs had to pay enough money for that temper.

"I will show you! I will show you! I will break every bone in her body! The moment she comes in you will see! Oh, I'll pay her!"

The girl outside felt a thrill of terror. Would Palmyre dare, would she dare touch her? Even Madame Laïs had never dared that but once—the day, so long ago, when she had fled into the cemetery for refuge, the first day she had ever seen Monsieur Sacerdote; the day she had begged him to leave her with the good dead, the white dead. Would Palmyre dare touch her? Would the others let her—that crowd of disorderly men and women laughing and jeering in the yard?

And the cemetery was lock-fast now, and no Monsieur Sacerdote at hand!

"I will strip her naked! I will stamp her! I will make her howl!"

She could run back, she could call, she could beat on the gate, and make herself heard of Monsieur Sacerdote! But—pass those drinking shops again? Pass all those roistering men? Go again through that dark alleyway? She was afraid. Born and raised in the streets, she was afraid of them at night; afraid of them at the very age when other colored girls frequent them. No, she was not afraid of Palmyre when she thought of the streets. Palmyre? Palmyre was afraid of her. They all were afraid of her, even Madame Laïs.

"I dare her to come in! I dare her to open that gate! I dare her like...."

The girl shrank back involuntarily. Did Palmyre suspect she was out there?

But this street was no place to stop in; this gate was known; any moment something might happen to a woman all alone at this gate, and no policeman anywhere, except perhaps drinking in the coffee-houses.

"Low scum of the gutters! Let me lay my hands on her! She will wish she was dead!"

A crowd of noisy men were coming along now, singing. They would think she was there purposely. Oh, she was afraid of men! Afraid of them? None of Madame Laïs's family were afraid of men. Afraid of ghosts and voodooes? yes; but men, no. And Madrilène was afraid of men, but not ghosts nor voodooes. The men were getting nearer and nearer, singing like firemen: firemen were the worst kind, or the men that follow firemen. In daylight her heart would jump and start if one looked at her. What was she afraid of? What could they do to her? She did not know: only she was afraid, afraid.

"Oh, I will make her dance!"

They laughed at Palmyre's wit!

The men were passing now. They had seen her. They were all around her. She flattened herself against the gate. One pinched her arm, one pinched her cheek, one— Oh, better Palmyre! She pressed the latch; the gate fell open with her weight; she was inside!

"Ha! There she is! Ha!"

"Palmyre, do not dare touch me!" she cried.

Dare? Dare? Oh, better the men outside than these blows, these scratches, this tearing of hair.

"Do not dare! do not dare!" she kept calling. She was still at the gate; she could still gain the street. She was almost outside.

"I will strip you first!"

Her sacque was torn with one jerk from her body. Palmyre had her safe enough now inside. Could the others not in the darkness see the blows descending upon her? Could they not hear them through the cursing and swearing that accompanied them? Did they not know that Palmyre carried a knife in her bosom—she carried her bosom naked enough for them to see it. Madrilène sprang from under the heavy arms of Palmyre to the steps, to the gallery above. Oh, if the lattice were only away, she could spring into the street below!

"I will catch you! I will cut you open!"

"Help! help!"

The naked fleshy mass crowding her, the blows, the darkness, the epithets, the hot puffing breath, the odor. "Help! help!" She felt the knife. It was cutting—cutting! "Help! help!" She knew not herself what her lips were screaming. It was a crucificial cry, an alarm not from herself, but from something within her driven to voice by extremity of pain and humiliation. "Help! help! Negroes are murdering a white girl in here! Help! help!"

It was a cry to awaken the dead in the cemetery overthere, to raise and arm a mob, to paralyze the fist over her, to paralyze her own lips—an unheard-of, an unknown, an uncodified cry, an unrepeatable one! She heard the air carrying it out high over the street, shrill, quavering, forking a sudden, jagged course like lightning, rebounding from high walls, echoing in hollow alleyways, leaving behind it one dark, still, stark, void moment of suspense—and armistice.

Then, hearing clotted with the answers, the sound of voices, the tramp of running feet, opening of doors, banging of windows. "Hold on! We are coming! we are coming! Hold on!" Far off in whispers, near at hand in shouts. "We are coming! we are coming!"

She had fallen. It was dark before her eyes when they came, but she saw them: heads, heads, heads, row behind row—di-

It was the stranger who lifted her up.

"She wanted to talk!" "See how well she looks!" "She's only weak!" "She's been bleeding!" "Hush! She hasn't been cut at all!" "She fell

over a hatchet!" "Hé, Madrilène, how do you feel, *chère*?" "Madrilène, did you get the dinner I saved for you in the kitchen?" "I tried to help you, didn't I, *chère*?" "See, she hears me!" "Madrilène, you remember, don't you, Toinette tried to help you?" "Yes, she nodded her head." "I never did have any use for Palmyre!" "Palmyre's temper's too quick." "I love Madrilène like my sister." "Madrilène always loved me." "Who-o-o! look at all the police!" The words caused a scramble. "Here, let me go!" "Let me get away, quick!" "For God's sake, don't take me!" "I had nothing to do with it!" "I wasn't even in the yard!" "I never laid eyes on Palmyre and Madrilène all this day!" "I swear to you I have been dressing the tomb of my grandmother!" "I came in with the crowd!" "Madrilène knows nobody was here but her and Palmyre!" "Madrilène could talk well enough if she wanted to!" "There's nothing the matter with her!" "Palmyre barely touched her!" "Take Palmyre; she was the only one!" "Take Madrilène!" "Madrilène commenced it!" "Madrilène had no right to beat Palmyre's child!" "He was doing nothing to her!" "Madrilène drew the knife first!" "I saw her do it!" "I swear I saw her do it!" "Palmyre was only funning!" "Palmyre only did it to frighten her!" "She's not hurt!" "She's only making out!" "Madame La—is!" "Oh, Madame La—is, they're taking me!" "Madame La—is!" "Where's Madame Laïs?" "She was here a moment ago!" "She ran back to hide!" "She ran back to lock up!" "That's right, Palmyre, you fight!" "Don't go with them!" "They've no right to take you!" "You let me alone!" "Take your hands off me!" "I won't go with you!" "Go to the devil!" "I won't go to jail!" "I wo—n't go to jail!" "Madame Laïs, oh, Madame Laïs, they are taking me to jail!" The women could be heard far down the street, drawing a procession after them.

The police tried to question the girl. She could not answer. They questioned the stranger. He gave them his name and address; he had heard threats, suspected rascality, etc. They questioned Monsieur Sacerdote, hallooing to make him hear.

"They have found Madame Laïs! They are arresting her!"

"Oh!"

"She won't come. They are dragging her along."

"Oh!"

"What does this mean? What are you doing here? What are all these people doing in my yard?"

Madame Laïs held her head thrown back, just as during the war, when she was a little girl, she remembered seeing her mistress, old Madame —, throw her head back when invading soldiers entered her house, and she talked to the white people about her and the police not as if they were soldiers, but negroes.

"I order you to quit these premises on the instant! Where is the girl? What is the matter with her? What does she mean by screaming in that manner? Here, give her to me. Let me attend to her."

She put forward her hands to take Madrilène from the stranger; he put them aside, and felt that they were wet with perspiration and colder than Madrilène's. Her lips were trembling, too, in spite of her efforts, and her face—quadroons do not get white, they blacken for pallors—black spots settled around Madame Laïs's mouth, under her eyes, on her cheeks. In her assurance she was white; in her fear she was all negro.

"What are you doing here? What have you to do with that girl? What is this man doing here?" she demanded of the police. "It is an intrigue; it is—"

Old Zizi Mouton, crouching out of sight behind the stranger, plucked his sleeve, and whispered, "Send her to the calaboose with the others."

Madame Laïs shook the policeman's hand off her arm. It was an arm that had become accustomed to light handling. For a moment she looked the enraged quadroon, like her daughter Palmyre.

"Do not dare touch me! I will complain to the Governor! I will complain to the Mayor! I will see the chief of police! I will have you discharged! I will sue for damages!"

"Have her arrested. Send her to the calaboose," whispered Zizi Mouton.

"I have money! I have friends who will protect me! General —, Collector —, Major —, Colonel —, Dr. —, Judge —, Senator —, Mr. —."

The police themselves fell back at her resources of money and influence. The women in the mob laughed.

"Oh, the old rascals!" "Oh, that

Laïs!" "Eh, *mon Dieu!* let me go home after that!" "You heard the names, heirs?" "Lord! Lord! Lord!" "Send her to the calaboose." Zizi Mouton plucked the stranger's arm as well as his sleeve.

"I dare you to arrest me! I dare you!" But even in the prospect of success, assurance deserted the quadroon, and fear, the ugly, gibbering African fear, took possession of her. "Sir," she pleaded to the stranger, "you were with me at the time. You know I was not here. For God's sake, don't let them arrest me. It will ruin me. The property of the boarders lies unprotected in my rooms. My house has never been visited before by the police. I will furnish bond. I— Take Palmyre! Punish her! Take the girl. Do what you please with her. Take her! take her!" Her mind was in a panic. God only knew what she feared.

The crowd made suggestions. "She is afraid they will search her house!" "She is afraid her boarders will be coming in!" "They are gentlemen who do not like to get their names in the papers!" "There might be sensations!" "It will be all up with her then!"

"What are you afraid of? Do you think I am going to run away?" continued Madame Laïs. That must have been it, for they hemmed her in, and held her arms, and looked in her face, and the stranger made no sign of intervention in her favor.

"You want my name? Here it is."

Ah, she had a choice of names. She had only to put her hand out and take from the community. Who could contradict or deny were they graven all over her, as they were over the tombstones in the colored cemetery? But, in extremity though she was, she was discreet. She gave a name *de circonstance*. She would save the others for the great emergency.

"What is the name of the girl?"

"The name of the girl? Let her give her own name. She can talk."

She was slowly coming to assurance again.

"Make her give the name or send her to the calaboose." Zizi Mouton jostled and shook the stranger's arm.

"Everybody knows her name—Madrilène, or Marie Madeleine, if you will."

"Marie Madeleine what?"

"Marie Madeleine—nothing," shrugging her shoulders. They must understand that, these men.

"White or colored?"

A routine question—mere formality, police etiquette. But that scream! What made the girl scream that? She had often enough been asked the question, for the girl was light-colored, and Laïs had answered it glibly. She had been asked about one or two of her own children. What made Madrilène scream that? What made her scream it? Who put it in her head? What was that stranger doing there? Could he be— And old Fantome Sacerdote? Fantome Sacerdote, he knew her of old—knew her as well as the Collectors and Senators and other official military and civil dignitaries. And the time was passing. Her house must be silent, dark, discreet by midnight.

"White or colored?" the officer of police repeated, pencil and note-book in hand.

Who was that stranger? . . . White? Oh no! Say Madrilène was white! before that crowd! There was Madrilène herself. "Col . . ."

Whence came that lean, crooked, bent black figure on the floor in front of her? a little bent black figure with brilliant snake eyes, and a raised stick of curling, twisting, coiling vines like snakes.

Had the room only been dark that Madame Laïs could not have seen it? But they were still fetching in lamps, candles—lights from everywhere. She opened her mouth again to answer, and she inflated her breast; her tongue was dry—a bone—and her breast too heavy to move. She lifted her head again and again. Always that stick raised before her eyes; always those eyes fastened on her face. Why, a glance from them blighted! Spells were flying around them like candle bugs; she was sending them in swarms over her: Laïs!

White powders and black powders, babies' bones and snake eggs, and those hideous hobgoblins of chicken feathers that come in pillows and mattresses, rooster combs and crossed keys, the herbs and grasses, the signs and symbols that haunt the day, the black June nights, the flame of spirits, the coiled serpent, the writhing dance of naked black forms, the orgiac round circling in and out of shadows and light, the casting away of clothes of decency, the "tam tam" of the gourd drums, and the monotonous chant—Laïs saw them all in the floor before her,

and the omnipotence of the "Evil One," and the omnipotence of the "old people" and the patient vindictiveness of old Zizi Mouton, setting, setting, hatching vengeance year after year, and blackness and fear rolling over and engulfing her. She felt her eyes grow haggard, her limbs shake. "My God! My God!" She beat the air with her nerveless hands.

But the devil, the god of Zizi Mouton, he was the stronger god. Laïs felt that; she knew that; now, here. The god of the negro against the God of the white man!--voudooed! voodooed! voodooed!

And the burden in the stranger's arms—it rose stiff and stark before her. Was that death in the long, thin, white face? Ah, *she* got *white* when she paled; they could all see that. Were those staring eyes gazing into eternity? At God, or at her, Laïs? Was that tall, thin, pale white woman Madrilène, her servant, her drudge? Was it *rigor mortis* that held that bruised arm extended, pointing, pointing at her, Laïs, those staring eyes looking at her, those opened falling lips? Had Palmyre been voodooed too, to commit murder? Had Zizi Mouton brought the gallows too to Laïs—the gallows and hell, burning, flaming hell?

"Colored? No, no! White! White, I tell you! Do you hear me? White!" Take that woman away! Take her away! Voodoo! Snake-charmer! African!

Zizi flung Madrilène's black and white bead memorial on the floor before the quadroom.

"No, no! Take her away! She is not the daughter of Rosémond Delaunay! My God! my God!" She fell her length, with hysterical wailing.

"Eh, Laïs, coquine! Ta pé payé.

chère!" (Ah, Laïs, rascal! I have paid you up!)

In the long-worked-for moment of triumph, Zizi Mouton renounced her supernatural pretensions in favor of enjoyment of human revenge.

"The 'coon gets ahead of the nigger when she is young, but the nigger lives long, and gets even with the 'coon at last. Didn't I tell you the truth, monsieur?" To the stranger. "I was there when the gentleman died. I knew she was his child. But I waited—I waited! Ah, Laïs, coquine, you took my man—hein? Ta pé payé, chère!"

"White! White!" Oh, the other cry was nothing to this! That one filled a street, this one the world! White! It joined past to future. It lifted a being from one race to another. But it fell like the weakest sigh, this cry from the lips of Madrilène. This time she did not rise in her unconsciousness; she sank down, down, through sightlessness, dumbness, *deafness, to nothing.*

"Get her to a bed quick! Not in there!" Zizi Mouton arrested them at the door of Madame Laïs's room. "In the fine front room! In the fine front bed! Madame Laïs knows why. White young ladies do not sleep in the bed of negroes." She lead them to the bed herself; she undid the girl's garments, flinging the head-kerchief aside. "Eh, Laïs! White young ladies do not wear tignons like negroes! Hé, monsieur! I knew—I knew all the time, but I waited. Send for the doctor; he will know, he will remember. Ask Fantome Sacerdote; he will remember; he buried him. Rosémond Delaunay, ha! Who said that? Madame Laïs!" Sucking the words like sugar between her toothless gums. "Ah, Laïs, coquine, ta pé payé, chère!"

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY.

BY PROFESSOR W. M. SLOANE.

COMPASS varies about the character and value of life in the various great *districts* with a *hierarchy* of race, and other factors divide the domain of the United States, but not about the existence of different characteristics. There was once an enterprising "educator" who located his university, as he extensively advertised, "midway between the North and the South, the East and the West," that

he might secure the advantages of all the cardinal virtues in their totality for his nursling. But the points of the compass and the essential features of the three or four great zones into which our country naturally falls alike refuse to blend. Fortunate land if only sufficient difference persists to prevent the stagnation of perfect homogeneity! To be cosmopolitan in character is in our time to be common-

place. So far the older, pre-revolutionary colleges of America have escaped this reproach, the new-comers are still too young to declare a settled and mature individuality.

Princeton therefore accepts with gladness the place so often assigned her as a type, and finds honor in leading and guiding a great cohort to the warfare which sound education makes the condition of its favor. In a land where the conditions of overgrown, self-conceited, and boisterous youth prevail as they do in ours, there are but two barriers against a relapse into barbarism—morality and intelligence; these, of course, are both included in the highest education, and the former is synonymous, except for the generation or two which discards the motive power of faith and runs by inertia, with religion. But within the limits of so broad a generalization there is abundant room for wide divergence in detail. While it is to be hoped that all the great universities seek the same treasure, they vary widely in their traits and in their methods. The interaction between them is very constant, and develops strong personality. Students and their advisers are instinctively, though often not consciously, aware of it, and in general the patronage of each seat of learning corresponds to its historic development.

The divergence of opinions at New Haven which led to the foundation, in 1746, of Princeton was in some respects but another manifestation of the essential difference between Puritan and Covenanter. They were always harmonious enough in the presence of a common danger, but, whether in the mother-land or in America, they were also sufficiently divided by race and instinct to seek divergent paths in the absence of pressure from without. Accordingly a place was chosen in the very heart of the Middle States, as they then were the focus of the Scotch and Scotch-Irish life, which was destined to transform itself into that pure Americanism which has been in evidence from the days of the Mecklenburg declaration until the present. To this influence was associated a very potent one with neither Scotch nor Scotch-Irish blood, namely, that of the English Quakers on one side, and of the neighboring Dutch to the north and the northwest on the other. The catholicity, therefore, of the college was as characteristic in its foundation as

it has been in its history, especially as four of the first board of trustees were members of the Church of England. And so, at the suggestion of the colonial Governor, Belcher, the first great structure was christened Nassau Hall, after William III., of glorious memory. Just as the New England of the last century now stretches westward within the northern line of States to the Pacific, the Middle States have kept their relative size and influence in the broad band of commonwealths which they have either populated entirely or share with men of New England origin across the Mississippi Valley and the Rockies to the Golden Gate. While the Princeton, which is still in New Jersey, does not equal in numbers the Yale in New Haven or the Harvard in Cambridge, she does not yield to them in her wider influence, for she has been the mother of many colleges, about twenty-five directly and indirectly, which are now scattered from Rhode Island—for Brown University is her daughter—to California.* Many of these have long since put off all tutelage to become centres of independent influence, but there is a sense in which with their parent they belong to one system and represent one definite aim. The bonds of friendship with New England have never been severed, they have rather been strengthened by separation, and knit firmer in the interaction of systems sufficiently different to foster individuality, but enough alike to cherish in each respect and admiration for the other. On the other side her relations with the South have been close and intimate. The history of the southern Atlantic and Gulf States might almost be written in the biographies of Princeton graduates. In proof of this we

* The following are some of the colleges founded by Princeton men or under Princeton auspices: Brown University; Union College; Hamilton College, which sprung out of Hamilton Oneida Academy, founded by Rev. Samuel Kirkland, but was organized as a college under the auspices of Yale; Washington College, Pennsylvania; Jefferson College, Pennsylvania; Washington-Lee University, which was first Liberty Hall, then Washington College, and is now as above; Hampden-Sidney College; Washington College, Tennessee; Greenville College, Tennessee; the University of North Carolina; Winsborough College, South Carolina; the University of Georgia; the University of Ohio; Cumberland University, Tennessee; Austin College, Texas; the University of Cincinnati; Washington College, Indiana; Transylvania University, Kentucky. For the others, facts sufficient to justify publication are not in the author's possession.

have but to recall names like those of Ephraim Brevard, Gunning Bedford, James Madison, of the Lees, Bayards, Dabneys, Davies, Pendletons, Breckinridges, Caldwells, Crawfords, Baches, Hagers, and Johns, and many others which shine in the pages of Princeton history. It was her arduous labor, moreover, which destroyed the virus of French influence in Southern education, inoculated as it was into Virginia and the Carolinas by Quesnay's scheme of a French Academy and Jefferson's sympathy. It was likewise through the teaching of her sons that religious tolerance was secured in Southern colonies dominated by the English Church.

Princeton, moreover, stands second to none of our American colleges in the part her graduates have played in the general history of the United States. Her roll of fame is long in proportion to her numbers. It would be a waste of space to enumerate names, but she has given to her country nine of the fifteen college graduates who sat in the Constitutional Convention, one President, two Vice-Presidents, four Justices of the Supreme Court—one a Chief Justice—five Attorney-Generals, and fifteen other cabinet officers, twenty eight Governors of States, a hundred and seventy-one Senators and Congressmen, a hundred and thirty-six judges, forty-three college presidents, and a hundred and seventy-five professors, eighty of whom have been appointed since Dr. McCosh became President. It is a safe assertion, therefore, that in the Middle and Southern States no single educational influence has been as powerful as that of Princeton.

Her relation to the history of the United States stands visibly embodied in Nassau Hall, the most historic college or university building in America. When first completed it was visited by travellers as the largest building then in the colonies. Within the walls of this now venerable and still stately pile were quartered the troops of contending British and Americans in the revolutionary war. The Continental Congress used it for their sittings when driven from Philadelphia, and adjourned in 1783 to attend the college Commencement in a body. Its walls still bear the imprints of the cannon-balls used in the battle of Princeton, and a portrait of Washington, painted by Peale, and paid for with the money given as an

individual gift by the former, for the use of the building by his troops, hangs in the same frame once filled by the effigy of George II.

Nine signers of the Declaration of Independence frequented its halls—two were graduates, and three were officers of the corporation which controlled it—and its windows blazed with light in a grand illumination when the news of the signing reached the town. Aaron Burr studied in its class-rooms, and his body was borne from its walls to the neighboring graveyard.

For all these reasons, therefore—her age, her history, her leadership in founding colleges throughout the South and middle West, and in furnishing them with professors, the distinctive character of her education, and the relation she bears to one of the three great race elements which have combined in our aboriginal and primitive Americanism—Princeton asserts a position among the foremost universities of America, and struggles to fulfil the solemn duties of a vanguard in the development of a certain type of life, manners, and thought.

How far she is justified in the hope that her future will shine with greater lustre than her past can only be shown in an account of her equipment and the plan of education to which she adheres. The corporate title is the College of New Jersey, and in that State lies the town of Princeton, midway on the old King's Highway, which became later the stage route between New York and Philadelphia—the two great cities which so far outstrip all others of the Middle States in intelligence, wealth, and population. The village lies on the first swell of the foothills which develop into the Appalachian range. The university buildings stand in a commanding line along the crest of this ridge, overlooking to the southward the farmsteads, orchards, and fertile fields which fill the horizon as it stretches away in green billows to the sea. The soil of the township is loam underlaid by sand and gravel, and thus the inhabitants enjoy good natural drainage, ample water supply, a fruitful husbandry, and a mild and genial climate. The nearer view caught by the approaching traveller, and the more distant one from the windows of the express trains which hurry by three miles to the south, alike display a scene of rural beauty and rich landscape

which recalls Gray's familiar lines on a distant view of Eton.

The effect of this central position upon the organic life of the college and its correlated and affiliated schools has been marked throughout history. She has never been slack in her duty to her own State, whose leaders in politics and the Church have largely been trained by her; but she has been from the beginning unprovincial to a very high degree, as the introductory remarks to this sketch abundantly prove. While endowed and wisely ruled by a corporation the majority of which consisted of men of one State and one denomination, yet the minority has been most influential throughout, and her advantages of site and studies have drawn to her lecture-rooms since the beginning men from each metropolis, from all the States, and from every religious sect. The ease of access to Princeton—and once in a lifetime every American, several times in each year many Americans pass between the commercial and political capitals of the land—will always insure her against narrowness either in creed or clientage. On the other hand, her quiet home amid groves and lawns and gardens will always assure the "atmosphere of quiet studies," so difficult to create elsewhere than in the repose of a country neighborhood.

It is well known that Princeton has no School of Medicine, though she has a thoroughly equipped School of Biology. She has had and will almost certainly have again a School of Law. The School of Theology is closely allied, but has not the same corporate relation to the university as the divinity schools of Yale and Harvard, which, either wholly or partly, are free from denominational control. It is, however, the largest in the land, and independent and autonomous as it is, has an identical moral force as regards the completeness of university life in the academic character of Princeton. For our purposes, therefore, and under these reservations, we shall use the caption at the head of this article inclusively. All told, but excluding the residences of professors, there are thirty-three completed buildings in the town devoted to educational purposes. One more, a large dormitory, is under way, and by the time these pages are published still another of extraordinary importance will be finished, namely, a complete chemical laboratory, among

the largest in dimensions and of the most perfect equipment.

It must be confessed that the arrangement of this great number of edifices, most of them large and commodious, many of them very costly and architecturally admirable, while presenting a splendid front to the street, is otherwise the result of hazard and caprice. At least that is the effect produced by the commixture of a series of plans formed under successive boards of trustees, with varying notions of the ultimate size of the college. Nature alone has forced the semblance of a plan by the conformation and contour of the grassy expanses which they fill. Another element of unity is the material of which most are constructed, a durable brownish sandstone, soft in color and variegated in tints, which comes from quarries either close at hand or at no great distance, near either Newark or Trenton. But the general effect is the pleasing one of order in disorder, and the splendid trees and rich lawns form a kind of solvent, in which the virtues of each ingredient appear perhaps at their best.

First to be mentioned of that which these buildings contain are the libraries, which number in the aggregate a hundred and thirty-seven thousand volumes, excluding pamphlets, and which by the liberality of their management and generous gifts to their funds constitute in a high sense the focus of academic life in Princeton. As far as statistics have been available, it is believed that the number of volumes distributed to readers is a trifle larger in proportion than anywhere else. There are also five museums; namely, of the History of Art, of Geology and Paleontology, of Comparative Anatomy and Natural History, of Mineralogy, and of Biblical Antiquities. The first three of these have large buildings, provided with galleries, lecture-rooms, and workshops. There are two astronomical observatories, one of which contains the great equatorial of twenty-three inches aperture, and all the appurtenances of such a splendid instrument on a proportional scale; the other is the observatory of instruction, fully equipped with a nine and a half inch equatorial, with reflecting telescopes, transits, prime vertical, chronograph, and a computation-room, all devoted entirely to the use of students. Besides these there are the

usual laboratories, physical, chemical, mineralogical, and biological, all on a scale which has been ample until within five years, but which to meet new demands are soon to be nearly doubled as to accommodation, and fitted with the most perfect apparatus. There are in addition recitation-rooms of various sizes and amphitheatres sufficient in all for the instruction of a thousand students—a speech hall, and the nearly completed new buildings of the large and flourishing literary societies. We have been recalling, of course, only structures devoted entirely to strictly educational aims. There are in connection with them the splendid Marquand Chapel, the building of a religious association, the gymnasium, and eleven dormitory halls, with sleeping accommodations and chambers for about six hundred students when not packed beyond the bounds of comfort. But these also, like those of the other class, are entirely inadequate to even the present wants of the university. To preserve that precious collegiate life which once characterized all institutions of the higher learning in the United States, and which still survives in perfect development in Princeton, there must be new and larger dormitories, or, better still, hostels or inns of colleges, whatever they should be called, which would attract to their walls men of similar tastes and standing, and under the careful supervision of the university give their inmates food as well as lodging.

It will no doubt astonish many to know that the cause of Princeton's reticence as to her money affairs has not been due to opulence. It is true that the munificence of her patrons and benefactors for the last quarter of a century has been a superb illustration of private benevolence. But it is none the less true that the establishment thus created has rendered her endowments and foundations at the present low rate of interest ridiculously inadequate. It is a well-known paradox that no university can be prosperous which is not on the verge of bankruptcy.

The helmsmen of Princeton's course have been and are practical men of wide financial experience and devoted loyalty. They have shunned many a hidden rock and sunken reef by the private liberality of themselves and others, but it is becoming evident that the public must soon be taken into their confidence. Every stu-

dent in our great universities who pays every fee demanded is yet a founder's beneficiary, because the actual cost of his tuition is nearly double what is ever exacted, and the trifling charge for the use of libraries, laboratories, recitation-rooms, and apparatus is merely to guard against wanton destruction. It is clear, therefore, that every additional student is a charge to the foundation, and that educational prosperity may mean pecuniary impoverishment. Splendid buildings, well-equipped libraries, and learned professors draw numbers of students and stimulate zeal. They are the permanence of the structure, but they do not increase the supply of vital energy which must be gathered and expended day by day on every incoming and departing generation of eager youth. The disproportion between the apparent energy or potential and the kinetic or actual work done is preposterous. In fact, if it were not for the steady subscriptions of the few unknown givers who make up deficiencies, and the self-denying devotion of many underpaid workers, the activity of Princeton would often be curtailed where it is now most beneficent. She has to face the constant diminution of income from vested funds, due to the reduced rates of interest. The greater number of students calls for more instructors and for means to supply the teaching force, to which, as has been said, any possible increase of income through tuition fees would be utterly inadequate. Without contemplating new co-ordinate schools of professional education, the existing Faculty of Arts must be increased by the addition of several departments and the subdivision of some of the existing chairs. The library fund, moreover, is altogether inadequate.

The most immediate and crying want of Princeton is that of new lecture and recitation halls, and these, if built, would, without special endowment, be a charge on the college funds, not to speak of the fact that such buildings yield no revenue. In this connection it should be remarked that for the men of rare gifts but slender means who are so often the glory of seats of learning, her present endowments are far too slender. Fellowships have proven themselves to be priceless in the furthering of research and the training of teachers. The demand at Princeton by worthy candidates is sadly

disproportionate to the supply. Finally, many of the wisest friends of the university contemplate the establishment in the near future of a School of Law, for which of course large funds will be needed. Even aside from this last project it seems not too much to say that a million dollars could worthily be employed at once. Indeed, it would be more frank to say that without it the institution will almost immediately be dwarfed in its legitimate and wholesome development.

There are forty-two professors, nine instructors, and eleven assistants and administrative officers in all the Princeton institutions, and a total of about a thousand students in all departments. There are also twelve fellowships, some open only to graduates of Princeton, others, as part of the broader university work, open to all candidates. These yield from four to six hundred dollars a year, and enable their holders to devote their entire time to research. About thirty-five hundred dollars in money or gold medals is annually distributed in various prizes to stimulate generous endeavor in learning. The number of scholarships yielding free tuition to their undergraduate holders is eighty. A circle with a radius of six or seven miles drawn around the village would include three hundred and fifty more boys and young men preparing for college, including, as it would, the Lawrenceville School, the Pennington Academy, and the Princeton School—the three employing in the aggregate a corps of about twenty masters. The onset of such a battalion of academic forces, men and officers, is comparable to that of any great educational centre, and in some respects is beyond that of most. For, in the first place, the teachers and the students have a singleness of purpose hard to preserve amid the temptations and distractions of large cities; in the second place, Princeton stands third, if not second, in the number of her students pursuing the strictly academic course—which varies but little from that which was once called the college course, or the preparatory course for professional training, but which is now beginning to be called the education of a gentleman—and first in its theological students, who pursue the science next akin to philosophy and all humanistic learning; and thirdly, no less than thirty-nine States furnish each

its quota of students, and there are representatives from five foreign lands. The number of living graduates is not far from four thousand.

The writing of autobiography is always ticklish work, and particularly when it is supposed to illustrate heredity. In other words, to write your life before you were born, while you are living, and after you are dead must be the task of either a philosopher or a humorist. Hence, in one who is neither, caution in attempting to depict the Princeton type of education, either in the past or the future, is very necessary. As to the past, however, some things are clear. Until the first years of Dr. McCosh's brilliant administration the course was almost entirely a required one. It was substantially the same as that of other first-rate institutions, compounded in well-trying proportions of the standard specifics, to wit, the classics, mathematics, belles-lettres, science, and philosophy. The last two were given as much prominence as was compatible with old-fashioned notions, and the names of Dod, Henry, and Guyot will illustrate both their close alliance and the sterling character of the doctrine. That there was real vigor and initiative in both school and laboratory is proven by names like Philip Freneau, Boker, Leland, and William C. Prime in literature and art criticism, or by those of the Alexanders, Hodges, and Millers in theology and the pulpit, or in public life by the long array of names already given. The annals of the medical profession and the bar would afford similar testimony. But, on the whole, Princetonians pride themselves on their contributions to public life in men in action and in literature more than all else. There has always been something in political Calvinism favorable to state founding on lines of liberty and authority duly blended, and to administrative and public life according to the American type.

Only the initiated understand how thoroughly unsettled are educational theories at the present day the world over. On the revival of learning and science after the war, our most ambitious and adventurous youth flocked to Germany, because she alone was supposed to have solved the problem of university education. Several things happened in the ensuing years as a consequence: a sudden drift from the pursuit of letters to the study of linguistics, a tremendous up-

leaval of scientific studies, which was wholesome, but unduly emphasized their proportionate value in education, a consequent disorganization of the old college plan by the aggregation of new professors and departments, and an un-American boldness in relying on theory for a solution of the new questions, with a corresponding disregard for our own very respectable historical growth in the educational line. I refrain from recalling the Continental views as to text criticism and text-making in the Scriptures and the classics, as to state socialism in political science, the tremendous emphasis of Teutonism in history, and other exotic cuttings in philosophy and science which were at once engrafted on our own stock, wherever their ardent discoverers got a seat in professorial chairs.

The general result was *tohuwabohu*. As the light breaks in upon the chaos, we find that common-sense is reasserting itself, the real value, immense as it is, of German educational impulse is on the whole understood in a judicious application of reforming principle, but of neither foreign experience nor foreign environment to our own universities, rooted as they are in the soil of our separate and independent national life. In fact, our young and daring adventurers are growing older, and the nation draws them back to their bearings. A few brilliant and useful experiments are being tried in lately founded institutions, and one or more of them seem destined to survive. In the case of the oldest three American universities it is gratifying to observe that they have been receptive and cautious, although in different proportions. The outcome, startling enough at first, is yet just what might have been expected. With open arms for the new, they have yet taken a firm stand on their previous experience, and kept enough of the old to preserve unbroken their historic continuity. To illustrate Princeton's position, it must be explained that of the three, Harvard departed furthest from the old norm common to all, and Yale has kept the closest.

By an intricate system of maximum and minimum requirements, by a minute subdivision of her old standard of admission into subjects, and the addition of certain subjects in science and modern languages, which might be substituted for or added to the old, Harvard broadened

the basis of admission and elevated her demands somewhat. Yale modified her requirements by the addition of modern languages, and by demanding improvements in the character of preparation in English and the classics. Princeton made almost no change except to increase both the quantity and the quality of what was to be offered in the old subjects. The result is that candidates for all three universities are trained side by side in the same schools and according to the same standards until within three months of the entrance examination, when they are separated to be specially trained for the respective variations in preparation for each.

The Harvard student is after entrance substantially free from all restraint in choice of his studies. Or rather he was, for experience has shown that he is not quite fit for such absolute emancipation, and now an adviser in the faculty is provided for every candidate for a degree. In Yale no liberty is allowed throughout the Freshman and Sophomore years. The high-class students are taught according to their capacities in separate divisions, but every Yalensian pursues for two years the same general course as every other. Even in the Junior and Senior years certain courses are prescribed, which occupy in the former six out of fifteen hours, and in the latter three out of fifteen. For the remaining nine and twelve hours respectively, the coming teacher, theologian, lawyer, or physician has his free choice from a full dish, lavishly provided, of such courses as may lead up to his chosen profession or supply his personal yearnings. Princeton has had for about the same time, perhaps for a little longer, a plan similar but different, and, since the advent of Dr. Patton to the presidency, substantially modified. All the studies of the Freshman year, including one course in science (which Yale has not), are required, provision being made for advanced instruction. In the Sophomore year the standard branches—classics, mathematics, English, and history, with a proportion of time devoted to science, logic, and modern languages—are again required, but in Latin, Greek, mathematics, and modern languages the student elects either two or four hours each as he may choose, thus enabling him to devote himself with greater zeal to one or other, as he hopes in the riper years to become a candidate for hon-

ors in literature, science, or philosophy, or as his tastes dispose him.

The prescribed studies of Yale are Greek, Latin, mathematics, English, and the modern languages, excluding all science in the two lower years, and physics, astronomy, logic, psychology, and ethics in the two upper years. To these Princeton adds in the lower years logic, history, and science, namely, chemistry, botany, zoology, and anatomy, and in the upper years political economy. The time devoted to required studies in the upper years is substantially the same in both, with a slight preponderance on Princeton's side.

It will thus be seen that with what seems at first sight a striking similarity to that of Yale, the tendency of Princeton's system is fundamentally different from hers and from that of Harvard. In the first place she has so far yielded to modern agitation as to require of all her graduates a knowledge of at least the elements of six natural sciences. Two of these, physics and astronomy, and possibly chemistry, have sufficient time allotted for great thoroughness. The others are given in outlines merely. Some will say such courses have no place in university training, and should either be given in preparatory schools or left to the option of each student. But they are nevertheless strenuously supported by others as giving every educated man a chance to pursue the natural sciences under more competent guidance than can be had in schools, and so fit him to fairly weigh their claims when he comes to years of choice, and not disdain them from sheer ignorance or inherited prejudice. By this procedure, moreover, no window into the scientific "palace of delight" is darkened for the man of culture. He has his glimpse, even if he does not enter in.

The prescribed studies of the Princeton system, therefore, are not alone those of the olden time, but the area is increased by the addition of much science. General training is broadened, if not intensified. These central studies are logically and consecutively introduced, and elasticity in providing for individual wants secured as early as Sophomore year by leaving each student free to take more or less Latin, Greek, and mathematics, as his inclination prompts, but requiring a substantial amount of these from all. In this way it is believed that the value of the much-coveted degree of Bachelor of Arts is in

no way diminished, nor its meaning materially altered, though everything essential has been conceded to the scientific reformers. In the upper years the rights of that age of choice which falls somewhere between nineteen and twenty-four are fully respected by providing various and numerous elective courses in classics, English and modern languages, in mathematics, the correlated and the natural or biological sciences, and in philosophy pure and applied in all its branches, in history and its cognate subjects.

And this brings us to the second important peculiarity of the Princeton system, in that it is compelled by the structural arrangement of the studies of Freshman and Sophomore years to emphasize the grouping of electives. This is because the required studies embrace an introduction to every great department of elective work. The invaluable class of "general excellence" students have the same open and inviting door as of old. The subtle influences of the time card—that is, of hours allotted to certain branches—are all used to draw them to standard subjects. But the born or developed specialist has from the opening of Junior year a fair chance to rival the other in the race for honors. The elective courses fall naturally under certain rubrics in their announcement, and the hours are carefully so arranged that he may fill all his open time by courses in his chosen line of work, and special honors are provided for him. The elective system thus affords the maturer mind of the man whose profession is chosen the opportunities either for intense application to a scholar's specialty, or for such a propædæutic as shortens by one year at least, perhaps by two, the special training for life-work in the learned professions. And so, finally, the examinations fall unconsciously into a kind of tripos system, in which every regular student puts about two-thirds of his elective time into the divisions of some one line of work for thoroughness, and another third into a different course for general culture.

The trend, therefore, of academic training in Princeton is toward the cultivation of aptitudes, and the creation of that small but precious aristocracy of scholars, men who from childhood ride their hobby because they early recognize their gifts, and so attain heights which serve as landmarks for the great mass of broadly edu-

cated men. At the same time she hopes she has saved for the nation, within the lines of her influence, that general training which made educated Americans of earlier generations so habile and adroit, and still makes the professional men who have had it the superiors of those who have not, whether their work is in science, philosophy, or the arts. The circumference of liberal training is, according to her system, segmented into schools of philosophy, of history and political science; of jurisprudence, of classical literature, of art and archæology, of English literature, and of the modern languages for the humanities; on the scientific side, of mathematics, of natural and physical science, and of biology. It is hoped soon to add a school of Semitic languages, or rather to develop the one already tentatively instituted. Most of these have both graduate and undergraduate divisions, securing thorough scientific treatment according to various stages of advancement, and holding out inducements to students of the highest attainments.

If it were possible to enter more into detail, mention should be made among many other important matters of the great impetus given to the study of pure philosophy in the last twenty years by the great energy of Dr. McCosh. That impulse bids fair to be lasting, for his successor has the interests of that department at heart, and at this moment the number of students enrolled in it is very large. Great care, moreover, has been given to the arrangement of English studies. They are ranked equal to any others, and the learning and zeal given to their furtherance awaken a feeling of just pride in all Princetonians.

The School of Science in Princeton was founded with a most interesting end in view, to relieve the academic department of undue pressure for the introduction of science, and to provide a corresponding liberal training for youth who wished to substitute modern languages for the classics, science for philosophy, to get a somewhat wider knowledge of applied mathematics, and to secure manual training in the use of apparatus in laboratories and drawing-rooms. The degrees to be given were Bachelor, Master, and Doctor of Science, and every undergraduate was required to take certain academic branches as a liberalizing element in his education, but as a supplement a course

in civil engineering was incorporated in the same plan. Beautiful quarters, with a luxurious equipment, were provided, and the academic departments of physics and chemistry were put under the same roof. It was supposed that graduates of the School of Science would have the same broad and untechnical training as other college graduates, and would then proceed to their specialties, whatever those might be.

The school has been in operation for nearly seventeen years, and it seems as if an intelligent opinion might now be formed as to the success of the original design. There was certainly no relief to the pressure for admission of science into the academic department, as no college in the land makes such demands on its required course in that respect. Last year sixty per cent. of its students were in the School of Civil Engineering, and certainly one-half the remainder in training for other technical professions; and this year there are in addition many entering the new School of Electrical Engineering. The writer recalls a very small number who have either pursued graduate work for a professional degree, or advanced to learned professions by study elsewhere. That is to say, the school has found its success and justification elsewhere than was anticipated; for the great majority of its graduates are men with practical technical training, fitting them to enter at once on the duties of professional life.

It is hoped and believed by many, however, that powerful influences which have been at work from the beginning may prove equal to realizing the aim of general culture, and produce a large number of unprofessional graduates. Such forces are those exerted by the instruction of both scientific and academic students in the same classes by instructors in psychology, politics, and literature. All scientific students, moreover, are carefully trained in the writing of essays in their regular course, and, as will be seen further on, in the student associations.

Along this line of technical education it is a splendid success, its numbers increase year by year, the standard of admission is steadily rising, and by the addition of new schools it is widening the sphere of its influence and usefulness. There are some who see in such rapid development of professional schools parallel with the college course a menace to the in-

fluence and prestige of liberal education. Such anxiety is not well founded. When universities first sprang into existence, it was by establishing different faculties in different places. That plan survived until a recent date in France, and has, from the necessity of the case, been extensively followed here. Central and southern Europe, on the other hand, gathered all the faculties as far as possible to common centres, into close propinquity and relation to each other. The result is obvious in the history of education. The collective intellectual labor of men who all live by their brains creates community of interest and strength of movement. Mutual appreciation takes the place of mutual distrust among students and professors of various subjects. The narrowness of the humanities offsets the narrowness of science and the practical rigidity of the useful arts. Most men bred in universities have learned more from their association with fellow-students than from their teachers. In every line of investigation and mental drill there are educational value and liberal training, much more in some than in others, but much in all. Large bodies of men who do such work interact wholesomely on each other when brought into daily contact by vicinage. If the humanities are weakened or profaned in such association, or the pursuit of science and knowledge for its own sake is endangered, then the boasted self-effacement of their votaries and the vaunting strength of ideals ought to be shown up as unfit in the struggle for existence. But such is not the fact. On the contrary, they nowhere shine with such brightness, nor work with such success in leavening the whole lump of educated men.

But these truisms receive special emphasis in Princeton by the fact that all the students of whatever stripe are eligible to membership in the great literary societies, or "halls," as the college parlance shapes its phrase from their respective buildings. These associations are now absolutely unique, as the older colleges which once had similar literary societies have, with a few exceptions, now lost them. The two Princeton halls were founded respectively one by James Madison and associates, the other by Robert Ogden, William Paterson, Luther Martin, Oliver Ellsworth, and Tapping Reeve. Of these six men, three were afterward fra-

mers of the Constitution, one was Chief Justice of Connecticut, one was Attorney-General of the United States, one was Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, and one was President. There is no need to describe the character of these associations thus founded, nor the impress they put upon them. That character has persisted to the present day, although the quaint first names of Plain-dealing and Well-meaning have been changed to Whig and Closophic.

They have handsome and solid buildings, as near alike as possible, so that their keen rivalry may be purely literary. Their management is absolutely without interference by the faculty, except as graduate members in that body have the same privileges as others. The nights on which they meet have a place in the student's calendar as "hall night." In a high degree they conduce to the political and literary training of their members, as the rivalry for their honors is intense, and the large membership—249 in one, and 305 in the other—insures a dignified and critical audience, and gives field enough for selection to guarantee high abilities and a thorough training in those who rise to the top. Their public contests are in oratory, debate, and composition. Since 1876, of the 42 first honors, 19 have gone to one and 23 to the other. It is an open secret that they are modelled as closely as may be on the House of Representatives, with a view to training their members for public life and making them familiar with parliamentary custom.

These few words will indicate the high value of such auxiliaries. They afford that distinction which noble youth so earnestly covets not only in the palaestra, but in the forum and the porch. The largeness of their interests trains men to leadership without reference to the pettiness or grandeur of enterprises. They more than double the regular training of the university in politics, history, and literature. They form a charming social centre, democratic and American in the numbers which have access to the hearthstone. They secure the somewhat inconsiderate and rude but invaluable training of youth by youth under restraints which prevent its degradation into brutality. They give every man that fair chance among his equals which restrains effrontery and cures bashfulness and develops efficiency. Their enthusiasm is as great

to-day as it was in the last century, and they are better equipped than ever for their work.

Since the great movement was inaugurated which established athletics as a permanent element in school and university life, Princeton has not been without glory in out-door sport. She has from the outset been a doughty opponent to both Yale and Harvard, and in those games which she plays has had her due mead of victory in intercollegiate contests. Her success has certainly been great in proportion to her numbers. This is not a matter of slight significance nor of college advertisement, and at the risk of running counter to public prejudice, I venture a few words of serious comment on a theme of the highest importance. The subject should be viewed from several aspects. The first one is trite enough, that as patriots and educators college managers are bound to provide physical education as well as moral and mental. This is admitted on all hands; the question is how to reach the result. Some would have military drill, discipline, and uniforms, with an instructor from the officers of the regular army, as provided gratis by the general government. Others would take the dimensions of every limb, the proportions of the body, and auscultate for every defect in lungs and heart, and then, under medical supervision, provide the apparatus needed to expand the chest, or draw down a shoulder, or decrease the waist, and send the young Apollo with his perfect proportions and graceful walk on his journey through the world. A third method is to provide a free gymnasium, also with a competent instructor, leaving its use in preparation for sports of various sorts to the option of those who engage in them, or wish to, and provide a stimulus for the largest possible number to use it by the development of the glorious and exhilarating out-door games—base-ball, foot-ball, lacrosse, and rowing—in the management of the students themselves.

It is clear that the first of these propositions would add a new study to the student's already overburdened course, and emphasize unduly the military conception of life in our civil institutions. The second must go down under the simple consideration that it makes work out of play, and like the former destroys all spontaneity and initiative on the part of

the student. If military drill and gymnastic exercises are really a portion of a liberal education, make them so openly, incorporate them in your scheme, but still leave time for recreation. The third one, therefore, is the correct conception. We firmly believe in the value of physical training, but athletics is quite another thing, for it includes the moral element in the conduct of sport, which is second to no other. A great Frenchman, distressed by the dull and heavy temper of the *Ly-céen* and the gloom of his life, has recently advocated the introduction of American and English plays into his native land. He wishes to bring with them the joyousness, the robust vigor, and the initiative of English and American boy life. We may not give our young men liberty in their studies—we know how that leads to sciolism; nor yet in their morals—bitter experience precludes that; where, then, shall they have freedom? In their sports. I do not quote, but give as correctly as possible from memory what I read a few weeks ago.

This has been in substance the Princeton practice and system from the beginning. The time of college years is too precious to be devoted to the work of mere physical training. Yet recreation is essential. When young men, therefore, play from the love of it, they get both. And as intercollegiate sports were managed for many years, they get far more, namely, the experience of large enterprises; the character of generous submission to defeat, with perseverance to begin all over and try again; and self-restraint, with courtesy to the weaker, in victory. This was so when out-door sports were conducted for the sake of sport, as they once were, and will be again when the true bearings of harmonious co-operation and pluck upon winning shall be rediscovered. It is certain that in the intense rivalry of such contests victory will go only where fine traditions are guarded, and spirit perpetuated by the active interest of every man according to his powers. There can be nothing vicarious in athletics; neither the power of money, nor the influence of social rank, nor the supervision of committees can replace the unity of movement which combines a whole society into one uplifting, forceful effort at the crisis.

Any in-door recreation or exercise, while

it has its place, is, after all, a poor shift for out-door sport. It is a serious truth that other nations wonder at the proud position of the Anglo-Saxon race, and that they attribute the fine ripe qualities of maturer life to the beginnings born on playing fields and matured in the seriousness of conflict. These mimic battle-fields demand the same qualities as real ones, and no great game is won without the moral support of the non-combatants. Union, organization, enthusiasm, pluck, high principle—every one of them is as much the price of athletic as of martial victory. It is humiliating, when we have the precious possession of taste and power in such a matter, to find it belittled and discouraged in so many ways. Instead of being grateful for the Spartan element in the training of its youth, America is either ignorant of its value or opposed to its exercise entirely.

The social side of Princeton life differs by the whole heavens from that of any other university on our side of the water. It is a strange combination of town and country which produces this effect. It is nearer to the great cities than any college which is not in and of them. A run of an hour and a half in an express train brings it to them and them to it. Yet that is sufficient distance to secure entire isolation from the influence of the counting-house and the "street," or from the attractions of the drama or the whirl of winter gayety. The morning paper from New York or Philadelphia is on the breakfast table, but *Vanity Fair* is behind the lenses and screens of the diorama. Most of the time, therefore, Princeton is left to its own resources, but in the intervals it has the stimulus from without which gives a strong enough fillip to make the blood course freely. The town itself, moreover, has but one interest. There are no manufactures, no courts, no fairs. With the exception of a few gentle families of independent means, who either belong to the old gentry of the State or find the village a pleasant place of retirement, the inhabitants consist of the professors or other attachés of the college and seminary with their families, and of those who in some direct or indirect way provide for their necessities.

It is evident that such a social organism must have very exceptional traits. The steady habits, plain living, and absorbing duties of professors all tend to

retirement and isolation. The occupants of the various chairs, moreover, are brought from wherever they may be found, and if fitted for their position they have that sturdy individuality which does not easily blend into homogeneity or bow to traditional habits. The association of families like these, therefore, might be expected to show something of conscious effort and restraint. But, except for a trifle of old-fashioned formality, the new-comer is not aware of any eccentricity, because the limitations of small number prevent the formation of cliques, and constant companionship soon produces ease and a quiet toleration of individuality in others. There is plenty of entertaining—teas, receptions, suppers, and quiet dinners, simple and unostentatious, but warm with hospitality and genial enjoyment. For the men there is a social club, the "Nassau," which at intervals, like other similar country associations, opens its doors to women also. The constituent elements in such society never quite combine in chemical union to the extent of personal obliteration, but their very persistence has the charm of the unforeseen. And to this is added greater variety by the constant visits of strangers from at home or abroad, drawn by the presence of some friend in the college, or by curiosity and the ease of approach. Princeton society lies away from the hurly-burly of the great world, but it is on that account neither uninteresting nor fossilized. Free from affectations, its danger is in self-complacency rather than in envy.

There exist in Princeton three learned societies, with a total membership of about sixty, or an average of twenty members, though they are not of equal size. They are composed exclusively of professors, fellows, and graduates, and are styled the Science, Philosophy, and Literary clubs respectively; and the first has now thrown off two sections—mathematical and biological. The sphere of each is kept so large that they enclose all the intellectual activity of the university. Each meets twice a month, and divides its meetings into two classes—those for original papers, and those for the reports of what the world is doing in its line. The proportion of the former to the latter is as two to one approximately. These societies are the most potent influence in stimulating to research, and the creative ac-

tivity of their members is largely enforced by the necessity of keeping step in a progressive body. Many of the original contributions are printed either in learned journals or in the *Bulletin*—a quarterly appearing during term-time, and devoted to the interests of the trustees and faculty. It is not uncommon either for the papers thus offered to be again read in what is known as the library meeting. The President's mansion is very large, and at intervals he throws open his library and the adjoining rooms to the upper class men—Juniors, Seniors, and graduates. An essay by a professor, fellow, or some invited guest is read. Then follows a discussion, introduced by some one versed in the subject of the paper, and afterward thrown open to all present. Such meetings have been very frequent for twenty-one years, and are prized by the aristocracy of scholars among Princeton students as the most invaluable opportunities of their university life. The attendance is as high as a hundred and fifty, and the session often lasts two hours and a half with unflagging interest. All stiffness and coldness are banished from both the club and library meetings by the fact that they are not ordinarily held in public rooms, but in the inviting privacy of a friendly home, under the shade of a hospitable roof-tree.

The assurance of any one not a student in aspiring to delineate even the salient features of student life is simply incalculable. If it be true—as, alas, it is true—that one-half of the world ignores the doings of the other, and if even parents in the intimacy of domestic life meet with such surprises in the lives of their children, what shall be said of the privacy with which the student cloaks himself before all except his fellows? And yet there are some matters of interest which cannot be hidden. Princeton students come, as was noted in another connection and according to the last catalogue, from some thirty-nine States and five foreign lands. While New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania furnish the largest quotas, yet there are so many and different towns, cities, and rural districts represented that no social class or local influence or professional clique can determine standards of living and thinking. Then, too, there are no Greek letter fraternities to gather in and crystallize social sets, although, of course, where men congregate like will

more or less foregather and colloquy with like. So it happens that there is a constant flux, arrangement, and rearrangement of associates. The poor are not debarred by the costly machinery of life from meeting the richer, nor these by the existence of self-consciousness from the invaluable intimacy with the self-supporting. In fact, the whole scale of expenditure is comparatively low, necessary expenses running from three to seven hundred dollars a year, and this begets social equality. The friends of Freshman year are, moreover, not necessarily those of Senior year; in general experience quite the reverse is the case.

The community of social life depends on what may be called the home life of the students' chambers, and on the intercourse at table in the various boarding-houses scattered throughout the town. This latter matter is one of very serious import. Some influential man gathers together a number (ten or upward) of his acquaintance, and secures board for them where accommodation is to be had. He is in a measure responsible for the character of the food and cooking, and intermediates between the Boniface and his guests. In return for these services he has his own seat at table without charge. This is, of course, one of the best known ways of supplementing slender means. The scale of charges differs according to circumstances, and furnishes food at various prices to suit every purse. A generous friend once provided a spacious hall, with all the appurtenances of an excellent restaurant, large enough to seat two-thirds of the young men, and for a year or so furnished excellent food at a reasonable price. But his customers (!) finally fell away. For some it was too dear, for some too cheap, and for all too public. It was one of the sights to visit the "commons" at dinner-time, and the diners would have none of it. The old institution of eating-houses or clubs, with their uninspected dietary and precious privacy for talk and joke and debate, has long since reasserted itself. It seems to have been largely the social element which reinstated them, and it is certainly that element which sustains them.

Princeton college rooms are, on the whole, very commodious and reasonable in price. There are far from enough of them, and, as a consequence, they are in great demand. The athletics of spring

and autumn keep nearly all but the most diligent out-of-doors in recreation-time. In addition to the fine large athletic field, with its double diamond of smooth turf and its cinder track, there are several other grounds available for base-ball, foot-ball, and lacrosse, and there are tennis-courts galore. Every vista in those seasons shows at the proper hours groups of students clad in flannels and absorbed in games. Boating has unfortunately fallen out of the list of Princeton sports, although there is an admirable boat-house nearer to the centre than at either Yale or Harvard, and the Delaware and Raritan Canal affords better facilities for rowing than either the Isis at Oxford or the Cam. But in the long evenings of the winter term the undergraduates' chambers are his delight. Adorned with every trophy and souvenir dear to the heart of youth, many of them are most attractive. And when the logs—literal logs still in Princeton—are heaped on the hearth in the early, and sometimes the late evening too, song and joke mingle with the tinkle of the guitar and mandolin, or often the louder tones of the piano and the cornet break through the curtained windows and float vaguely to the passers' ears.

Student associations are very numerous. There are, of course, the various boards of athletic management and the gymnastic associations, but there are besides the glee club, the banjo club, the dramatic association, the chess club, the hare-and-hounds club, the kennel club, and more of the same class. Then there are always a number of debating clubs for private practice, and of late there have been very enthusiastic Shakespeare, Browning, and other literary associations. They all have their active supporters, and keep up a vigorous interest and vitality. In addition there are three social organizations with an average membership of about twenty, which is largely confined to upper class men, that rise to the dignity of houses in which there are dining-rooms, reading-rooms, bedrooms for graduates, and all the various paraphernalia of a club. If the Princeton man is largely thrown for society upon himself and his fellows by the abnormal conditions of a small town, he is amply able to meet the emergency.

Yet the social intercourse of many with the families of their instructors and governors is very constant—as constant, in fact, as they care to make it, for they are

very welcome with their budgets of news and the latest joke and their bubbling spirits. But, on the whole, it must be confessed they prefer their own kind, and when there is to be a great social event, as at Commencement or at intervals during the winter, the undergraduates like to organize and manage it themselves, and have their friends from home share their pleasures. Youth is not slow to express opinions or give utterance to the passing impression. Those of old Nassau are no exception; they demand all sorts of things through the medium of their press, which is, however, conducted with admirable gravity and self-repression. They want lectures and music and entertainment; but when the lectures and the like come, it must be confessed that they are not very much run after, or even very well supported. They frankly censure what they consider censurable in their daily paper, and in their excellent monthly magazine they discuss all sorts of things without restraint, but with force and good-nature.

Si l'esprit sert à tout, il ne suffit à rien.

No account of Princeton, or of any other seat of learning for that matter, would be complete without mention of her attitude to religion. The oldest and largest seminary of the Presbyterian Church is situated in Princeton. For years its theology and the name of the town have been associated in the public mind, and they have been so compounded into one word that the parts may never be separated. Logically enough, however, when you consider, the college proper has always been unsectarian, containing nothing whatsoever in its charter to compel the election of its officers from any denomination or profession. It has always taught the Bible as a part of its course, and continues to do so. There is instruction by the President in the Evidences of Christianity, and a chair of the Harmony of Science and Religion. There are daily chapel services, when alone is seen impressively the unity of the university. These have been conducted for the most part by clergymen, but are often enough in charge of officiating laymen. There is an old and distinguished religious society, the Philadelphian, ever characterized by piety and missionary ardor. There is throughout the institution an active, intense, spontaneous religious life. But, like all wholesome activities, it all comes from personal impulse and conviction. The university

exists for the sake of sound learning. The instruction given in the philosophical and historical departments shuns no difficult questions because of their relation to faith. But it has no conscious aim to turn out men machine-made in their conscience and convictions. Men of all sects, including Roman Catholics and Jews, are heartily welcomed. They can and do avail themselves of its advantages without any sense of illiberal treatment, or narrowness and bigotry in the spirit of the place.

After all that is said in the fashionable philosophy of our day about organisms and organic life, society is formed by individuals, and resolves itself into individuals. When, therefore, we weigh a state, or a family, or any other phalanstery of men, our first inquiry is, where and what is the individual—the race can take care of itself.

In this series every writer holds a brief for the university which is his theme. He must be pardoned for blindness to fault and kindness to virtue. It is notorious that the loyalty of Princetonians often rises into rapture, and so, to be outdone by no other, I must close with an effort to sketch the Princetonian as it is hoped that others see him, and so throw in his weaknesses first and in shadow.

Thomas Jefferson was a man very careless in dress, and without even an affectation of that strange but desirable thing we call style, as Mr. Adams, the latest and best historian of his first administration, testifies. Evidence, however, is adduced to show that he was in this respect like the class of Virginia gentlemen to which he belonged. Something of that old influence still lingers in the university where so many of them were educated, and there is a lounging easiness of garb and manner in the student at work in Princeton which many would gladly see at the vanishing-point. Athletics have introduced motley costumes, from the head-gear to the shoes, and these too often appear where they have no relation whatever to the matters in hand at the time. Born perhaps of the same parentage, but incidental to young manhood, is a certain wilfulness, or rather proneness to accept very little on authority. In former days there was an old-fashioned attitude of defiance toward the faculty which came of separation and misunderstanding. Two splendid institutions have caused

that to vanish and leave no trace—the transformation of the college paper into a newspaper, and the conference committee of students and faculty, which meets when the students have a grievance or a suggestion to make to the ruling powers, or when the faculty desires to communicate with the students, or wishes to give reasons for some edict. And yet headstrong movements, which sometimes go too far, now and then originate with swift development. There is always the crumpled rose leaf, and where wellnigh the whole undergraduate life is independent, having its initiative within itself, whether as to choice in work, or in the literary societies, or in the managements of gymnastics, sports, and intercollegiate contests, it is not unnatural that something of the same force should go over into departments where the youth is still in tutelage and under the strong hand of control.

On the other hand, the absolute equality and democracy produced by the meeting of all sorts and conditions of men from everywhere compel the wiping off of old prejudice and predisposition. Nothing is so pre-eminently characteristic of Princeton student life as this. The university puts its stamp indelibly on the renewed surface, and the Princetonian is ever amenable to just discipline, and submits with grace to regulations which must be stringent where the exercise of the civil power is largely in the hands of men dependent for a livelihood on the good-will and patronage of the students, in a community where, therefore, the highest exhibition of law and its majesty is in the fiat of the university administration. Such a combination of needful obedience and equally needful command in young men produces strong character, and in the great centres and among the learned professions Princetonians hold their own, with a body of experience behind them as valuable in real life as it was in the schools. The Princetonian is perhaps bluff, but he is also tender; he sees straight and behaves promptly, but not ruthlessly; he marks down a sham quickly, and is not given to toadying; he has reverence for much in this world and the next, and is not given to theoretical "isms," honestly respecting things which have their roots in the experience of the past and in the institutions of his country, himself among the number.



CENTRAL RAILWAY STATION, SANTIAGO.

URBAN AND COMMERCIAL CHILE.

BY THEODORE CHILD

THE Chilean capital, according to the fashion prevalent in the days when pirates and buccaneers flourished, is situated in the interior of the country, at the foot of the great Cordillera of the Andes, and at a distance of four hours by express train from its port of Valparaiso. It is a pleasant and rich city, very beautifully situated, highly favored in point of climate, and destined to become in the course of time one of the handsomest cities south of the equator. At present it is in a transition stage; the pavement of most of the streets is antique and irregular; palaces and paltry dwellings are next-door neighbors; the inadequate attention paid to keeping up the promenades and gardens still savors of provincialism; the public buildings are rarely models of architecture; the hotels for the accommodation of visitors are rather poor for a national capital; the business blocks have not that special *cachet* of commodiousness and practicality which our modern ideas demand. Nevertheless Santiago is unmistakably a capital, and in many respects it is the Paris of Chile, the city to which all Chilean eyes are turned, and to which all Chilean fortunes sooner or later find their way.

Santiago, with its steeples and towers and its wooded hill of Santa Lucia, lies toward one end of a broad plain, hemmed

in by mountains which are always visible. The climate is delightful; rain falls only during the four winter months; the mean temperature in summer is 70° Fahr., and in winter 52° Fahr.; day after day for weeks together the thermometer scarcely varies, and the sun shines in a clear sky with a constancy that conduces to filling the soul with placidity and contentment. The plan of the town is the usual rectilinear chess-board arrangement of uniform *cuadras*, or blocks, with a grand central square, and an avenue, or *alameda*, of overarching trees. On one side of the plaza are the cathedral and the Archbishop's palace; on the other the Municipalidad, or town-hall, as we should call it, and the post-office; and on the two remaining sides portales, or arcades, with shops on the ground-floor. The architectural monuments of the plaza call for no special commendation, excepting the Post-office, which is conveniently arranged on a North-American model, and served by obliging ladies and by male clerks, the latter as morose and obstinate as post-office employés in Latin countries generally appear to be. The plaza is the centre of all the movement of Santiago, the terminus and starting-point for the tramways, the great station for hackney-coaches, the fashionable evening promenade, when the

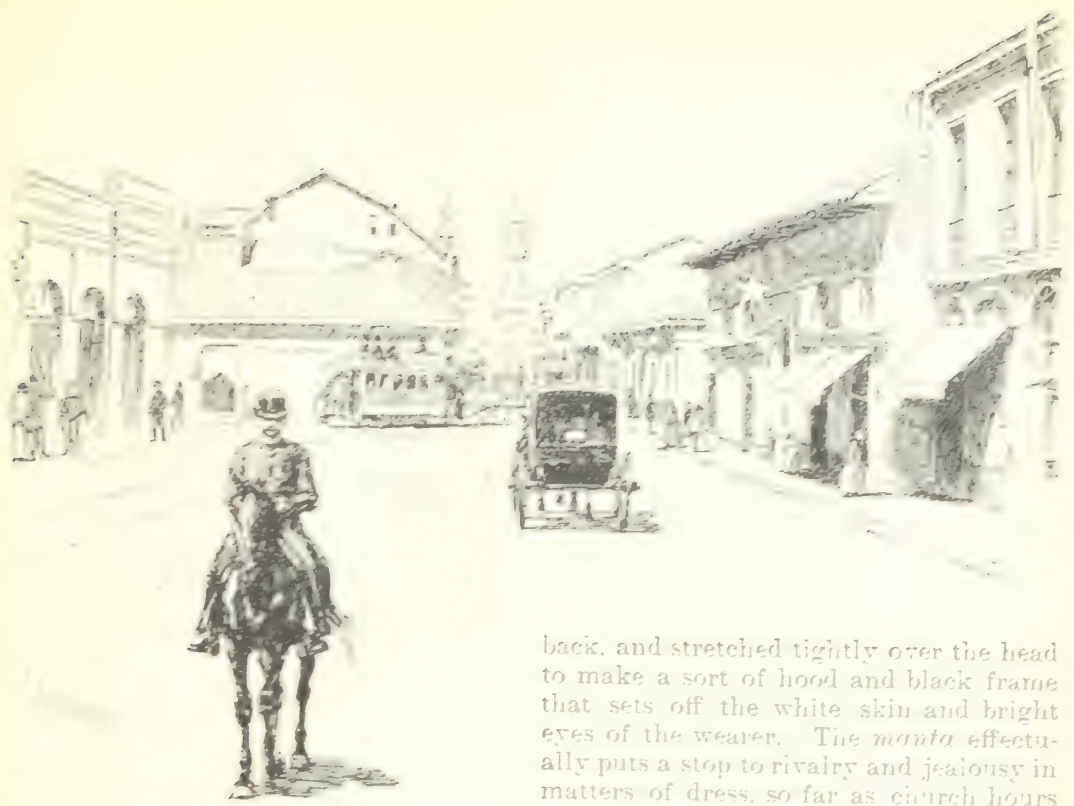
and plays in the native fiasco. All the features of this movement are interesting to the visitor. At any hour of the day, from early morning until late at night, the observer will find there something to note, something to reason about and speculate upon. How pleasant this plaza is! what an important rôle it plays in the life of the town! and what a pity it is that the builders of Anglo-Saxon towns in new countries do not profit by the wise precepts of the old Spaniards, whose first care was always to provide their cities with lungs, breathing-grounds, and agreeable meeting-places, that formed, as it were, the common hearth around which the citizens gathered both for pleasure and for business—the continuation, in fact, of the old Roman forum! The plaza, the cathedral, the town hall, the Governor's palace, representing the Church, the municipality, and the central authority, invariably form the centre of the Hispano-American towns, and invariably you will find some effort to make of this spot a point of entertaining resort. Even in the smallest village of Spanish South America there is always a plaza, planted with trees and furnished with benches, for the accommodation of the citizens, the mothers, and the nurse-maids; for the plaza is not only the promenade of the grown-up persons, but also the play-ground of the young folks,

who, however, amuse themselves in a quiet and orderly manner, having none of those boisterous games and violent exercises which are needed to develop the conquering muscle of Anglo-Saxon youth. The plaza of Santiago is of fine proportions, and rendered very charming by the shade trees planted around it, and by the small but luxuriant garden and trellised walks around the central fountain, which in summer plays amidst a brilliant mass of perfumed flowers carefully protected by iron railings and a vigilant policeman, who locks the gates at ten o'clock, so that the garden and its blooming riches may not be carried away surreptitiously by night. As I was informed by an Irish lady who has had thirty years' experience of Chili at the head of a charitable institution for orphan girls: "The vice of the *country* is thieving. Protective measures are therefore necessary."

In the daytime the plaza is visited only by a few people of the lower classes, who sit on the benches to rest or to loaf. Other people cross it diagonally on their way to and from different parts of the town. The coachmen wait for customers for their two-horse landaus and barouches which stand around the plaza—a select few presenting a marked contrast with the ordinary broken-down, rickety, and dirty Santiago street carriage, drawn by a pair of miser-



ARCHBISHOP'S PALACE AND CATHEDRAL, SANTIAGO.



CHOLITO, THE PONY-BOY, SANTIAGO

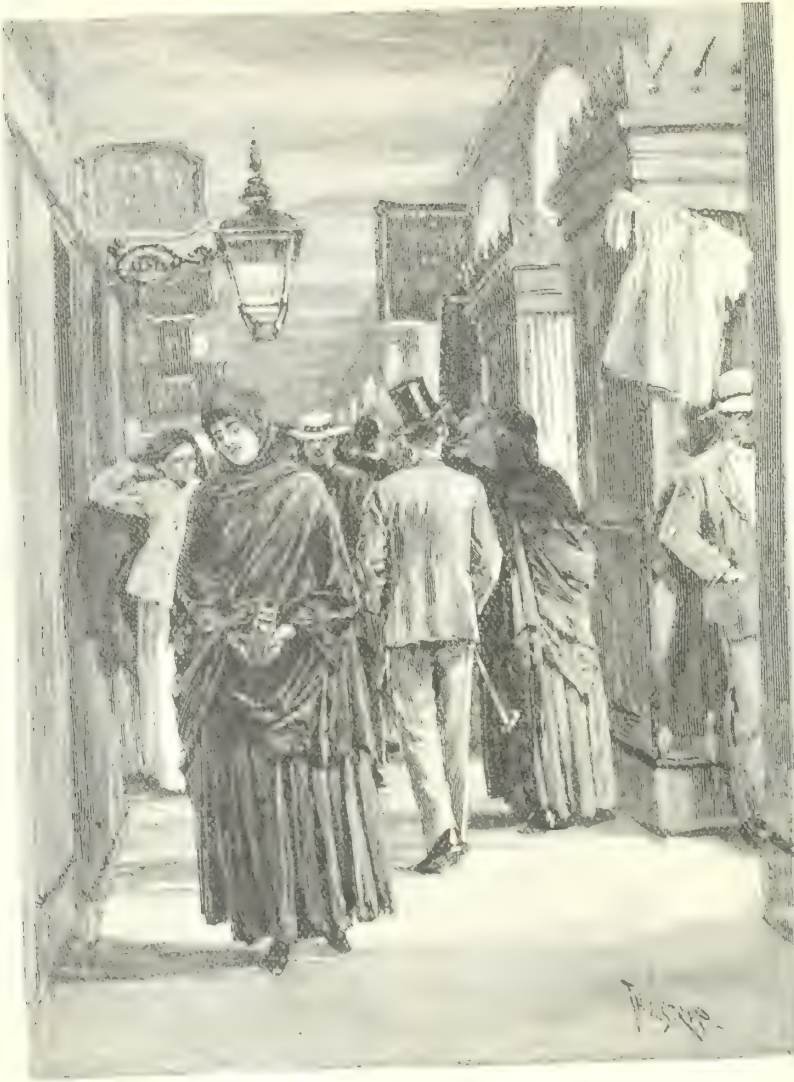
able horses, and driven by a disreputable and stupid human being, who sits under a hood in front of the coach. The traffic in the streets around the plaza, besides the tramways and cabs, consists of carts drawn by three horses or mules harnessed abreast, and one of them ridden by the driver, armed with an active whip; teams of four bullocks lowering their heads under the heavy yoke, and preceded by a man carrying a long bamboo goad, who prods the beasts with a bucolic dignity that Virgil forgot to analyze; men riding on horses or mules, and wearing *ponchos*, and very wide-brimmed Panama hats with broad black ribbons to tie them under the chin; *Cholo* cross-breed women with a parting at the back of the head and two long braids of coarse black hair hanging over the shoulders; *Cholitas* and *Chilenas* wearing the black shawl or *manta* which is the universal morning attire of South-American women, both of high and of low degree. A Chilian woman never enters a church except clad in this almost monastic uniform of a plain dark skirt and a *manta*, worn as a shawl in a point at the

back, and stretched tightly over the head to make a sort of hood and black frame that sets off the white skin and bright eyes of the wearer. The *manta* effectually puts a stop to rivalry and jealousy in matters of dress, so far as church hours are concerned. Nothing can be more decorous and touching than the sight of all these women sitting or kneeling on the cathedral floor, the *Cholas* obeying the instincts of their Indian blood and frankly squatting on the flags. There is no distraction, no danger of a fair worshipper's thoughts being diverted from her prayer-book to the criticism of her neighbor's new bonnet. And yet there is room for the display of coquetry in so simple a garment as a black *manta*: it may be of

with more or less elegance, the folds

The *baratillos* are a great feature of the

closed at night, with their shutters, look like big cupboards set against the wall. In these booths are sold cigars and cigarettes, toilet articles, toys, mercery, flowers,



IN THE ARCADES SANTIAGO

and fruit, while the other side of the arcade is lined with regular shops. In the blocks adjoining the plaza are some handsome passages full of shops, where French, German, and English manufactured articles of all descriptions are displayed for the temptation of the fair sex. The principal streets for retail business and also the market being close to the plaza, this centre is well adapted during the daytime for the study of *mantas* and their wearers. The shops of Santiago are not remarkable for stylishness; on the contrary, they are rather shabby and provincial-looking. The goods are displayed generally pell-mell, and the great art of window dressing is yet unknown. On the other hand, there is a good assortment of things for sale, and a large place given

to objects of luxury. A point worthy of notice is the large number of important book-shops, comparatively with other South-American cities, and the serious class of works offered for sale, although in all of them you will also find a prominent place given to French publications, particularly French novels, including the most libertine productions of the modern Parisian artistic pornographers. For that matter, I may say that in all the towns I have visited, from the Volga to the Pacific, these naughty French books, with a black-stockinged but otherwise nude heroine depicted on the cover, have always appeared most obtrusively *en évidence*, so that the above observation cannot be taken as a special reproach

to Santiago. Indeed, far be it from me to make any reproaches. The statement of a fact need not imply the passing of a judgment. To return now to the shops, it may be noted as typical of creole indolence that toward five o'clock in the afternoon the shutters are put up for two hours, and at half past eight or nine all the stores are closed; there seems to be a desire to devote as little time as possible to business, and as much as possible to cigarette-smoking, gossip, and meditation. This is not a reproach either; it simply means that the Chilean temperament is averse to early rising, continuous effort, or excessive energy; where these qualities are needed, the foreigner is called in. Hence the cosmopolitan names on the sign-boards, the

groups of unmistakable Englishmen in various businesses, and the equally if not more numerous specimens of blond, ponderous, and highly accomplished Germans. Wherever the Chilians are left to themselves and their own devices, there will invariably be found evidences of indolence and slovenliness, although they profess to be the Yankee of South America, and the most progressive and civilized nation between Cape Horn and the Caribbean Sea. Take the public library of the capital, for instance, now lodged in the old Congress Hall. This collection comprises 70,000 volumes, in course of being catalogued; 16,000 volumes for the outdoor lending department, already catalogued; and a very large collection of colonial archives and documents, some 25,000 pieces of the greatest value for the history of New Spain. The librarian informed me that as many as a hundred readers a day made use of the large reading-room, but on the day of my visit there were only nine persons there. However that may be, I could not fail to be struck by the untidy aspect of the establishment, and particularly by the fact that both readers and employes are allowed to

smoke freely cigars or cigarettes as they please, and that, too, in the very room where the archives of the nation's history are stored with inadequate care and respect. The only place where the Chilians



WOMAN CAR CONDUCTOR, SANTIAGO.

do not smoke is in the church, which for that reason perhaps is not much frequented by the men. The priests smoke constantly in the streets; in the tramways and the railway trains absolute liberty of smoking prevails.

It is always interesting, on arriving in a strange city, to wander about the streets, and receive some rudimentary and unbiassed impressions before kind friends find you out, and proceed to show you the sights and introduce you to representative men, who fill you with information, statistics, and opinions, which it becomes your arduous duty to assimilate and to control. We have seen the plaza, the arcades, and the passages which have a certain character and originality. The other streets are interminable straight roads, crossed at regular intervals by other straight roads; some fairly paved, others badly paved; some lined with old-fashioned buildings bristling with flag-poles, others lined with mansions interspersed with poor plebeian houses; some streets planted with trees, others devoid of shade, and all of them sufficiently monotonous. When you have seen two or three streets in Santiago, together with the plaza, the alameda, and the hill of Santa Lucia, you have seen the whole city; the rest is all sameness and repetition spread over an expanse of many square miles, for Santiago occupies a superficies out of reasonable proportion with its 189,000 inhabitants, who require to be conveyed from point to point by a railway and an important net-work of tramways. Since the war against Peru, it appears, women have been employed as conductors of the horse-cars, and at one time an attempt was made to employ women as drivers too, but it failed. Chilian beasts of draught are obstinate, and require a stronger hand than a woman's to manage them. As it is, all over Chili, in the large towns as well as the small ones, the tramway conductors are girls, whose uniform consists simply of a man's straw hat, a money-bag, and a white apron, the rest of their costume being left to individual taste. These girls have a seat at the back of the car, and seem to perform their duties modestly, and to the general satisfaction. The pretty ones, or rather the least bad-looking—for the Chilian women of the lower classes are not blessed with much fairness of face—rarely remain long in the service; they soon find hus-

bands, or get otherwise provided for. The horse-car girl is one of the peculiarities of Chilian street life. As far as I know, it is the only country in the world where women are engaged in such work. The telephone being very popular in Santiago, the main arteries of the town are planted with tall white posts and crossbars carrying innumerable wires, which do not augment their beauty. As for the houses, the majority are built of adobe or sun-dried bricks, and the second story, if there be one, of Guayaquil cane, the whole plastered over with mud and stucco, and colored and ornamented in a greater or less degree. Most of the houses have but one story, and are built as lightly as possible, for fear of earthquakes; but the more modern houses are built of brick, for the first story at least, with very thick walls and strong foundations, often of stone; and if the second story be built of brick also, the whole structure will be braced together with iron, so that no mere trembling earthquake could shake it down. Of late some three-story houses have been erected. Many of the private houses in Santiago are of patriarchal proportions, covering four or five hundred feet square of ground, and having accommodation for three generations of a family, and dining-rooms where fifty or sixty people can sit at ease. Many of them have considerable architectural merit, always within the traditions of the Renaissance style and its derivatives; often, too, the painted stucco and elaborate mouldings of the façades are enriched with slabs of real marble. But, as a rule, stucco and paint of the most delicate shades of blue, rose, green, yellow, and brown are thought sufficient, and imitation of everything that is good and bad in architecture is here carried to a degree that would make a Ruskin frantic. Alas! although Don Pedro de Valdivia founded the city of Santiago three hundred and fifty years ago, the inhabitants have not yet had time to acquire for themselves a distinct personality; themselves, their life, manners, and surroundings are reflections of the Old World from which they came; and like too many of the nations of old Europe, when they finally determined to embellish their city with new monuments, they could conceive nothing more novel and original than to seek inspiration in a Greek temple of the age of Pericles, and a castellated stronghold of the epoch of

the Crusades; hence the Congress building, the new cathedral, and the towers of Santa Lucia. Does it not seem strange that in the land of the Incas, about whom nothing precise is known; in the land of the conquistadores, who had seen the grace and splendor of the Alhambra; in the land of these modern Chilians, whose representative men have travelled in many countries and speak many tongues, besides being otherwise highly intelligent and ambitious of national distinction—does it not seem strange to find the Senators and Deputies holding their sittings inside a vast pile of rose terra-cotta-colored stucco correctly conceived in the Corinthian style, and adorned with tall columns and elaborate capitals whose acanthus scrolls are prodigies of lath and plaster?

Does it not seem still more strange, in a land where the fear of earthquakes is always reasonable, and in a land where stone adapted for the carver's chisel is unknown, that men should be found to order, and an architect to construct, a cathedral in the Gothic style with rose-windows laboriously built of brick, trifoliated columns that have no *raison d'être*, and floral capitals of plaster that are at best a miserable sham? A similar absence not only of originality but of the most elementary ideas of appropriateness to the end of utility, of comfort, of personality, in short of any kind, may be noticed in many of the private mansions which wealth and vanity have erected. One man has built himself a Pompeian house, magnifying the proportions to a scale the model was never intended to support. Another citizen delights in a gloomy pseudo-Tudor home. A third has

thought that nothing could be more original than a Turco-Siamese villa with gilt domes and minarets on the roof. The most famous of all the show houses of Santiago, that of Señora Isidora Cousiño, is even more devoid of originality than the others. It is a handsome two-story mansion with Ionic pilasters and panels of blue and yellow faience tiles set in the façade to form plaques and cornices, and so relieve the flatness of the white stuccoed walls. Around the house is a garden, not kept with the abundance of flowers and minute care which characterize



THE COUSIÑO HOUSE, SANTIAGO.

European horticulture. This house was designed by a French architect, and entirely decorated and furnished by French artists and artisans. Here we are in the capital of Chili, thousands and thousands of miles away from Europe, in a country that has its own flora and fauna, its incomparable mineral wealth, its characteristic scenery of mountain, valley, and sea-coast, its interesting aboriginal inhabitants, its popular customs, its special methods of agriculture. Surely there are themes for the decorative painter in these sources of inspiration. Señora Cousiño

thinks differently, and so she has commissioned M. Georges Clairin to paint for her entrance hall and staircase the four seasons such as they do not appear in the Southern Hemisphere, together with strangely frivolous Parisian scenes—a masked ball at the Opera; the corner of the boulevard where the Café de la Paix stands; the tribunes at Longchamps, with some well-known *cocottes* in the foreground; and the Place de la Concorde, with more *cocottes* in front of the fountain. M. Clairin has executed these panels with his usual facile skill, and there they stand, glaring, ineloquent, and incongruous, beneath the glorious Southern Cross. The rooms of the Cousiño house are all most richly furnished in the best modern French taste; the wall hangings and curtains are particularly magnificent, and the *ensemble* is handsome and in good current taste. The pictures, sculpture, and *bibelots* are poor in the extreme. Indeed, had it not been so famed in Chili, and so much talked about by travellers, I should not have thought of speaking about this house, for, after all, it is only remarkable as an instance of French influence. Every detail is French and nothing in it at all Chilian, except the inhabitants, and they are cosmopolitans. The genuine Chilian house is the old Spanish house built around one or more court-yards, and shut off from the street by an open-work wrought-iron gate, and by heavy wooden doors that are closed at night; it is the house that we have seen in Cordoba or Seville, with its blind side turned toward the public, and revealing through the elegant scrolls of its protecting iron screen a glimpse only of the orange-trees and flowers that sweeten the privacy of the *patio*; it is the semi-Oriental dwelling of Andalusia, sacred to family life and not readily opened to strangers. Of these old colonial houses, with far-projecting roofs, carved rafters, nail-studded doors, and strongly barred windows, many may still be seen in Santiago. The genuine creole mansions are built on the same plan, with severe exterior and impenetrable interior, courtyard behind courtyard withdrawing the intimacy of family life farther from the scrutiny of indiscreet gazers. Such, too, is the plan even of the more modern houses that make a show of gay colors, ornaments, and precious marbles on their façades, but still withdraw the living-

rooms into the stillness of sheltered court-yards. The poor alone live in public, either in the unhygienic sheds and cottages of the city, or in the rudimentary cane huts of the suburbs, where the *peones* and their families squat on the ground like wild Indians, and manifest fewer evidences of civilization than the miserablest of the Russian peasantry. For the *peones*, life is truly a question of the survival of the fittest, inasmuch as none but the very strongest can live through the trials of childhood.

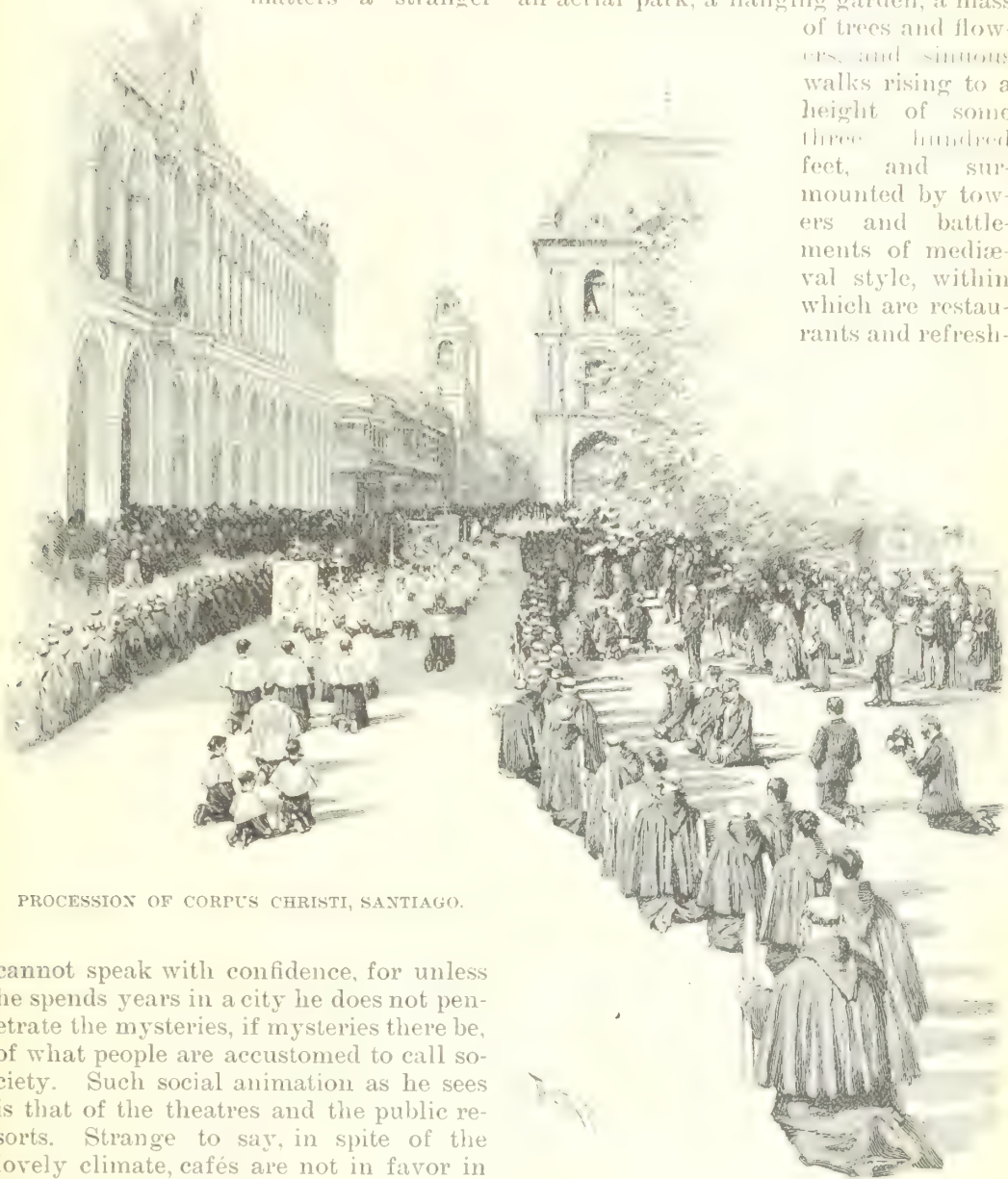
Thanks to the fearful dens in which the poorer classes of Chili live, the infant mortality is enormous. On the other hand, the *peones* and their women folk are prodigies of hardy endurance; they are indeed the fittest and strongest of their generation, all the weaker having died in the first few months or years of their struggle against insalubrious circumstances and conditions. These infant victims of defective sanitary arrangements do not occasion grief or mourning by their premature departure from this world; their mothers believe that the little souls immediately go to paradise and become angels, and so they are called *angelitos*, and their death is a pretext for rejoicing, and inviting neighbors to drink and dance. The little corpses are kept for days and days; often you will see women in the trains and the horse-cars with dead babies in their laps; the photographers, too, are constantly having infant corpses brought to them to make souvenir portraits. In the country the death of an infant will interrupt work for a week or more. In one village that I happened to visit an epidemic of measles had made half a dozen *angelitos*, and for nearly three weeks no work had been done for many miles around. The whole population had been keeping up a continuous wake, dancing, singing, and drinking around the *angelitos*, who were dressed up like church images, and surrounded by burning tapers. This belief in *angelitos* and the custom of wakes also prevail in Peru, Bolivia, and the Argentine.

The fine houses of Santiago, I am told, are not often opened for entertainments. The invitation to dinner is not so freely given as in Anglo-Saxon countries; the family circle is more close; the family life of two or three generations is self-sufficing. The means of social intercourse

is the *tertulia*, the reception, or *médianoche*, where the young people dance and the old people gossip; these, however, I am told, are rare, so that there cannot be said to be much social movement in Santiago. But of these matters a stranger

on the top of Santa Lucia offers light and digestive operetta and *zarzuela* on the warm summer evenings. This delightful hill is an example of intelligent city improvement. A few years ago it was a barren plutonic rock lifting up its untidy aridity in the midst of the city; now it is an aerial park, a hanging garden, a mass

of trees and flowers, and sinuous walks rising to a height of some three hundred feet, and surmounted by towers and battlements of mediæval style, within which are restaurants and refresh-



PROCESSION OF CORPUS CHRISTI, SANTIAGO.

cannot speak with confidence, for unless he spends years in a city he does not penetrate the mysteries, if mysteries there be, of what people are accustomed to call society. Such social animation as he sees is that of the theatres and the public resorts. Strange to say, in spite of the lovely climate, cafés are not in favor in Chili. Nowhere do you find those dainty little tables on the sidewalk, as in Paris, where you can sit and enjoy the *spectacle de la rue*.

Santiago has a very large, commodious, and elegant theatre, which has its opera season every year, and the usual wind-falls of travelling companies during the winter, while the pleasant little theatre

ment bars and the theatre — the last a very pretty and comfortable place, and often fertile in contrasts, so far as concerns the audience. One night that I was there I had for neighbors the ladies of a whole family of civilized Araucanian Indians, who spoke the language of Cer-

vantes, and heartily applauded an indifferent performance of the *Mascotte*. Such surprises are nowadays only too common; facility of communications destroys local color, and sows disappointment in the path of the traveller.

The view from the top of Santa Lucia on a moonlight night is of unsurpassed charm. The whole plain is spread out before you, with its dark enclosing mountains, and at your feet lies the expanse of the town, with its reddish-brown tile roofs, its *patios*, from which rise here and there masses of foliage, its cloistered convents, its churches and towers, its *alameda* of tall trees—the whole plunged in mysterious black permeating shadow, dotted at rare intervals by street lamps, and relieved with patches of silver sheen wherever the moonlight strikes the roofs and salient objects. Between the point where we are standing and the foot-hills of the Andes, the vast plain stretches darkly, and, to close in the perspective, the imposing silhouette of the mountains towers up like a silvery phantom, above which the moon resplends with a pure brilliancy of dazzling intensity. The landscape is so admirably composed, the picturesque arrangement so perfect, and the management of the light and shade so ideally excellent, that one cannot help remarking how suggestive the view is of nature corrected by art, as she generally needs to be; it reminds one of an ideally beautiful piece of theatrical scene-painting. Indeed, as we have already seen, the situation of the town of Santiago is admirable, and if heroes in their eternal sleep still take interest in the things of this world, its founder may well be proud of his choice, and of the honor paid to his memory. On the hill of Santa Lucia, overlooking the town, is a white marble statue of the conquistador, with the following inscription:

Don Pedro de Valdivia
valeroso capitan estremoño
primer gobernador de Chile
Que en este mismo sitio
Acampo su bueste
de ciento cincuenta conquistadores
el 13 de Diciembre 1540
dando a estas rocas el nombre de
Santa Lucia
i formando de ellas un baluarte
delineó i fundó la ciudad de
Santiago
el 12 de Febrero 1541.

The alameda of Santiago, a magnificent

avenue of trees, with a broad roadway on each side, lined with houses of high and low degree, ought to be the Champs Élysées of the Chilian capital. Here should be the great public buildings, the fine mansions, the favorite promenade of the citizens amidst the monuments of the past and present glory of the nation. Here, indeed, are the statues and busts of heroes—General San Martin, whose march across the Andes entitles him to be compared with Hannibal and Napoleon; Bernardo O'Higgins, Carrera, Bello, Freire, and others whose names should awaken patriotic echoes in Chilian breasts. But the marble and the bronze are neglected; the alameda is not a fashionable resort, except in one small section where the carriages congregate on certain days of the week, and the gentlemen pay their respects to the ladies, who sit in their coaches under the trees. The rest of the fine avenue is lonesome, badly paved, absolutely deserted. In the morning you see the country people milking their cows there, while under the trees are piles of watermelons, elementary tents or booths, and gypsy fires, where the workmen obtain a simple and inexpensive meal. The alameda is typical of Chilian men and things in general. It possesses all the elements necessary for excellence, but from want of energy, attention, and continuous effort it remains inchoate, unsatisfactory, and irritating.

Of an evening the plaza is the great fashionable and popular resort for young and old people alike. In an elegant kiosk, surrounded by sentries with grounded arms, one of the military bands plays European music, waltzes, operatic pieces, and what not, while the public sits or walks round and round the square, the men in many cases wearing tall silk hats and black coats, the women and children dressed in Parisian costumes that often have a savor of excess, as if they were extravagant models which the good taste of the French capital had refused to adopt, but which the unscrupulous exporters had sent out beyond the seas, as they send out corrosive liquors with special labels, "bon pour nègres." Beautiful girls abound in Santiago, and it is a pleasure to sit and see them pass, and to attribute to them in fancy all the moral and intellectual qualities which they must have in reality. This discreet inspection, however, does not satisfy the



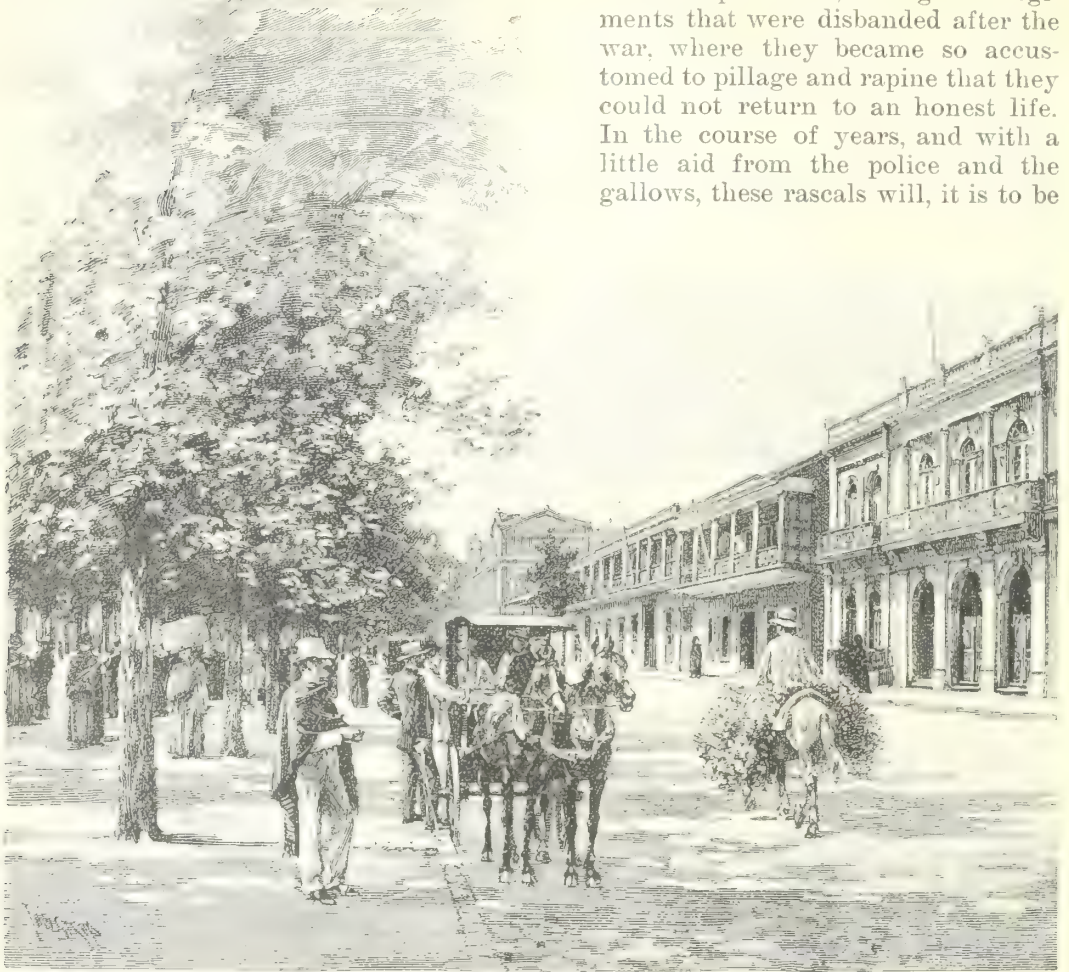
SANTA LUCIA.

youth of Santiago. Following the custom prevalent in Buenos Ayres, the young men simply stand in line along the promenade and stare at the pretty girls as they walk by, in a manner that seems to a stranger to be a little indelicate. Such, it appears, is the creole custom, which it is none of our business to criticise. I cannot, however, help remarking the useless existence led by the very numerous *jeunesse dorée* of the capital, composed of young men who for the most part have spent a year or two in Paris, and now endeavor to continue in Santiago the life of frivolous dissipation which was all they saw of France. These young men have no respect for women. Their thoughts, conversation, and way of life are wholly pernicious.

While examining the promenaders on the plaza, where the finely dressed ladies and gentlemen are interspersed with men wearing *ponchos* and big straw hats, and with dark-skinned women with straight black hair and flattened, moony faces, dressed in cotton dresses and black shawls, we note the very strong differentiation of classes. On the one hand, the white men, the *caballeros*, and on the other,

the *peones*, or footmen. These latter are semi-Indians, who toil, get drunk, and multiply, have no morality to speak of, no fear of death, and in their present intellectual condition no marked tendencies to be dissatisfied with their lot. In contrast with the white upper classes, whose looks and dress are European and devoid of any particular character, the *peones* make a strong appeal to the traveller's attention, for it is they who impart to the landscape in town and country its Chilian aspect, and it is they who formed the conquering armies of the regenerated republic. Here on the plaza you see both the rank and file of these armies and the

purloining education from Italian liquor-sellers, and who practise in the newly settled Indian territory and the southern provinces, belonged to regiments that were disbanded after the war, where they became so accustomed to pillage and rapine that they could not return to an honest life. In the course of years, and with a little aid from the police and the gallows, these rascals will, it is to be



THE ALAMEDA.

officers—the latter fine men of Spanish type, for the most part wearing uniforms imitated from the French, and looking thoroughly military; the former those dark-skinned semi-Indian soldiers, who showed in the late war against Peru that they could fight like demons, and kill, plunder, and burn with a savage ferocity that few soldiers can equal and none surpass. Still, we must not judge the whole Chilean army by the conduct of the troops in Peru. In order to raise men for that campaign the government relaxed perhaps its severity of selection, and accepted many bad characters, which now remain a curse to the country. Many of the brigands and professional horse-stealers, who have received their special

hoped, disappear, and leave the poor colonists to live in peace and security.

The war and its great prize, consisting of the rich provinces of Tarapacá and Antofagasta, have made Chili wealthy, proud, and hateful to all her neighbors. In a way the Chileans are the Prussians of South America, overweening talkers, arrogating to themselves the first place in war and in peace amongst the republics of the Southern Hemisphere, and taking measures to make their pretensions a reality. Thus in Santiago enormous and costly buildings are being constructed for barracks and military schools, and much prominence is given to military matters, there being, besides the Escuela Militar, an Academia de Guerra, a military club



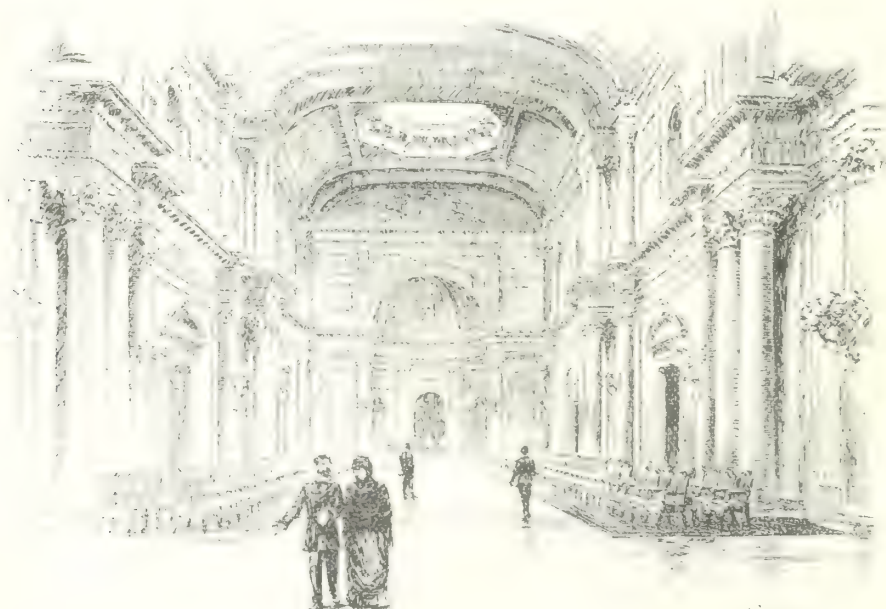
THE PLAZA AT NIGHT, SANTIAGO.

and periodical subsidized by the state, and an Institute of Military Engineers, while a committee of officers is travelling in Europe to study the armies of England and the Continent. Meanwhile the standing army has been much reduced within the past few years, and by the law passed in December, 1889, the total number of men under the colors cannot exceed 5885, distributed in two regiments of artillery, one battalion of sappers and miners, eight battalions of infantry, and three regiments of cavalry, plus one battalion of coast artillery of 500 men. The number of officers in active service is 943. Besides the regular army there is the Guardia Nacional Sedentaria, consisting of artillery, 8970 men, and infantry, 42,120 men, making a total of 51,090 organized for mobilization when needed. The government has, furthermore, made a contract with a Prussian ex-officer to build fortresses at various points along the coast, and large purchases of guns are being made.

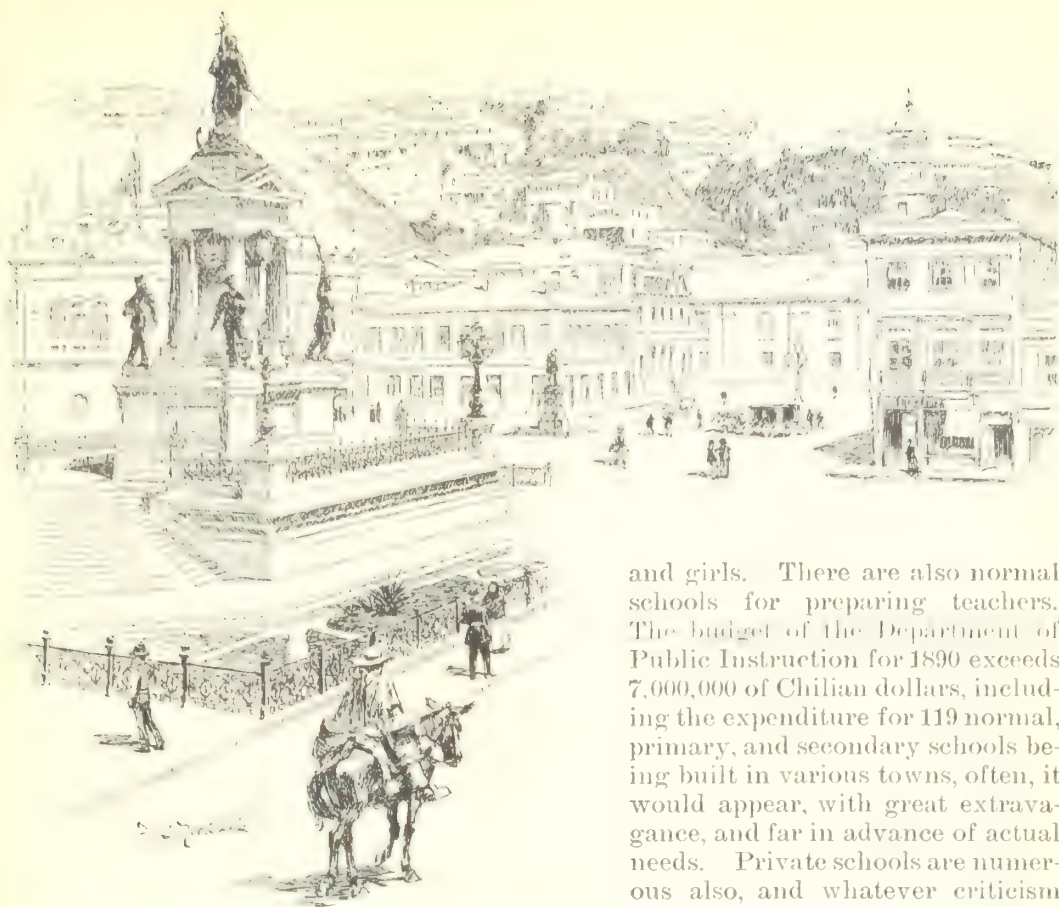
The Chilian navy is a matter of even more national self-satisfaction than the army. It now consists of two iron-clads, each of 2033 tons, a Monitor of 1130 tons, two corvettes of 1101 tons, one corvette of 1075 tons, two gun-boats of 660 and 775

tons, a cruiser of 3000 tons, another of 465 tons, ten torpedo-boats of from 40 to 400 horse-power. An iron-clad of 6902 tons and two cruisers of 2080 tons each are being built in France, and two torpedo-boats and other material in England. The naval forces consisted in 1889 of 123 officers, 180 engineers, pursers, inspectors, etc., and 1285 sailors and men of the crews, making in all, including servants, a total of some 1600 men. There is an excellent naval college at Valparaiso, a naval club and periodical, and in Santiago a hydrographic office. All this may seem very insignificant to those who are accustomed to read about the great armed forces of Europe, but to the Chilians their navy seems to be the commencement at least of a mighty future. At any rate, they can ask any of their neighbors to show something better before they begin to sneer. One weak point in this navy is that it possesses no arsenal. If a ship needs docking or repairing, it has to be taken over to Europe.

The expenses of the national armament are being paid out of the revenues produced by the export tax on nitrate, or, in other words, out of the riches taken from the Peruvians in the late war. The ministers of Public Instruction and of Public Works are also accomplishing great things



CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES, SANTIAGO



THE ARTURO PRAT MONUMENT, VALPARAISO

with funds derived from this source. Education is the great hobby of the actual President, José Manuel Balmaceda, more particularly primary education. Santiago is naturally the great educational centre of Chili. In the alameda is the university, which counted 1175 students in 1889, and has already turned out more doctors and lawyers than the country needs, whether for professional purposes or for the more sterile and disastrous occupations of politicians, Deputies, and Senators. Near the Hospital of San Vincent de Paul and contiguous to the cemetery is an Escuela de Medicina, a terra-cotta-colored stucco monument in the always popular Periclean Greek style of architecture. Then we have for higher and secondary education the Instituto Nacional of Santiago, with 1200 pupils, and 25 provincial *liceos* with a total of 3800 pupils. Finally come the free primary schools throughout the country, numbering more than 1000, and having a total attendance of 57,000 boys

and girls. There are also normal schools for preparing teachers. The budget of the Department of Public Instruction for 1890 exceeds 7,000,000 of Chilian dollars, including the expenditure for 119 normal, primary, and secondary schools being built in various towns, often, it would appear, with great extravagance, and far in advance of actual needs. Private schools are numerous also, and whatever criticism may be made of the Chilians, it cannot be countersaid that both the men and the women of the upper classes are very well edu-

cated, well informed, and well provided with knowledge of foreign languages, particularly French and English. I was much interested by some conversation that I had with the Superior of the Convent of the Sacred Heart one morning that I visited that most fashionable school for Chilian girls, now presided over by a North-American Sister. "During the last ten years," she told me, "English has become the foreign language *à la mode*, to the detriment of French, which was formerly in favor. If the girls are punished for neglecting their English lesson, the parents say it serves them right. If I punish them for shortcomings in the French class, the parents plead for indulgence. Nowadays in Chili if you know English you are supposed to be sure of going to heaven." This last *boutade* elicited a reproachful burst of laughter, and a scandalized "Oh, Mother, what are you saying?" from the other Sisters who were taking part in the conversation.

But the Madre Superior persisted in her paradox, and I found the confirmation of her remark both in actual experience of men and women in Chili and also in the success of a private school called Santiago College, which is in high favor with the liberals, and prospers only because it gives a good high-school course *with English text-books and English teachers.*

Santiago has incipient museums of interest, notably that of Natural History, in the handsome exhibition palace in the park of the Quinta Normal, comprising sections devoted to zoology, mineralogy, botany, geology, palæontology, and ethnology. The museum is rather a dead place, betraying that lack of initiative and active care which we have so often to remark in Chili. It is not sufficient to found a museum, a library, or a school; it must also be kept up and improved with equal and

It is, however, interesting to note that in this ancient city of the conquistadores the citizens are beginning to take some interest in matters artistic and intellectual, and also that they have, besides the annual Salon, a school of painting, which now boasts four pupils, and a school of sculpture, with two pupils. The government ministerial report announces with no small satisfaction that the pupils who most distinguish themselves in these arts will be sent to Europe, with pensions of \$1500 a year. The Santiago Conservatorio de Musica, I am told, has realized great progress within the past few years, and possesses a fine concert-room. I am also informed that the state spends \$220,000 Chilian a year to keep up the above interesting establishments, which all show a laudable desire to imitate foreign nations, more especially France.



THE PASSENGER MOLE, VALPARAISO.

continuous attention. A somewhat similar museum exists in Valparaiso. In the palace of the Quinta Normal there is also a Museo de Bellas Artes, which disposes of considerable sums for the purchase of works of art, both native and foreign, and for the publication of a *Revista de Bellas Artes*. The museo already possesses a small collection of native paintings and sculpture. Santiago also enjoys an annual Salon, where an average of 400 works are exhibited, and compete for prizes of a total value of \$2500 Chilian. I did not have the pleasure of seeing one of these exhibitions, so that I cannot advance any opinion as to contemporary Chilian art.

While still speaking of intellectual matters, I may state that in Chili are published 400 daily, weekly, monthly, or intermittent periodicals. Santiago has eight daily four-page papers, which are stated to publish all together more than 30,000 copies a day. One of these, *El Ferrocarril*, may be seen all over the south and centre of the republic. As far as I could judge from careful reading during a couple of months, these papers satisfy the limited wants of the public, and dole out in an indolent and dignified way a certain quantity of news, the obtaining of which has not cost the reporters much effort, or caused the editors to go to bed

late, or even to sacrifice a single contemplative cigarette. These journals, like those of France and Spain, publish a feuilleton novel, which is almost always a translation from Ohnet, Malot, Maupassant, Loti, or some other French genius. The capital publishes sixteen literary, artistic, administrative, and scientific reviews, and ten various periodicals, none of which calls for special mention. In Valparaíso four daily papers are published, with a total circulation of 20,000 copies. One of them—*El Mercurio*—is more than fifty years old. One or more newspapers are published in each of the capitals of departments. Other manifestations of intellectual life are the forty literary and scientific societies which exist in Santiago, at the two most important of which public lectures are given in season. But of these I cannot speak from experience. There are also nine social clubs in Santiago, of which the most important is the Union, commodiously lodged in a handsome house, well kept, and frequented by the best men of the republic. At the Union you will hear the political situation of Chili discussed three times a day round an excellently served table, and after dinner there is plenty of money to be lost and won in the card-rooms at poker or *rocambole*.

Politics in Chili, as in all the Southern republics, is an interminable subject of conversation, and perhaps it has never been more ardently pursued than during the administration of President Balmaceda. The cry is reform and progress. The government of Chili is nominally popular and representative; the republic one and indivisible; and the Constitution is supposed to be modelled on that of the United States. The President is elected every five years by electors appointed directly by the provinces, at the rate of three electors for each deputy to which the province has a right. The President is not eligible for re-election except after an interval of one term. He administers through six ministers, chosen by himself, and a Council of State composed of eleven members, six elected by the Congress, and five appointed by the President himself. This Council is not remunerated, and is of little importance, owing to the great powers held by the President, who really directs the whole administrative and elective machinery. Thus the President appoints and removes at will the *intendentes*,

or governors of provinces, and the *gobernadores*, or governors of departments. These latter appoint the subdelegates, who preside over the subdelegations, and in their turn appoint inspectors, who preside over districts. In this way the President controls absolutely the political administration of the republic in its divisions and subdivisions of province, department, subdelegation, and district; all the officials are his creatures, and dependent for their position on his good-will. The municipal authority is vested in city Councils, elected every three years by the people; but their activity is very limited. The judicial power is vested in magistrates appointed, under certain rules, by the President of the republic; but they cannot be revoked without legal cause. The legislative power resides in a national Congress, composed of a Chamber of Deputies, elected directly by the departments, in the proportion of one deputy for every 30,000 inhabitants and fraction of the same not less than 15,000, and of a Senate, whose members are elected by popular vote by the provinces at the rate of one senator for every three deputies and fraction of two deputies by which the province may be represented. Deputies are elected every three years, and the Senate renewed in half its numbers likewise every three years, each senator thus remaining in service six years.

During the past six administrations, we may say without fear of contradiction, the government of Chili, in spite of its name, has been an oligarchy, composed of the best families of Santiago, who have controlled everything, and, on the whole, governed well and to the general satisfaction, the more so as no attempt was ever made to suppress the farce of universal suffrage, which amuses the people if it does not convince them of their so-called sovereignty. The outgoing President has invariably named his successor, and brought all the necessary machinery into play to secure his election. The great point at issue in Chili, as indeed it is the great point in all the South-American republics, is whether or not the President shall continue to wield the enormous power which the Constitution gives him, and whether or not his intervention in electoral matters shall cease; in short, whether republican institutions, representative government, and local autonomy shall become a reality in these countries, and not a mere illusory pro-

gramme. Roughly speaking, the political parties in Chili are the Conservatives, who are now identified with clericalism, and the Liberals, who demand great liberality in all matters of creed and in the interpretation of the Constitution. There is also a small and talented radical party, forming the advanced guard of the Liberals, but not differing from the latter on any questions except those of opportunity. President Balmaceda has had the rare privilege, which has not fallen to the lot of any of his predecessors, to have made himself exceedingly unpopular by his individualist pretensions and his obstinate refusal to bend in conformity with the opinion of the legislative body; and the consequence is that both Liberals and Conservatives are united in a strong majority against the "jefe supremo," as the President is called, and some notable reform of the Constitution seems imminent. Let us hope that the people will be ready to take advantage of their new powers, and be able to exercise them wisely.

A point on which the Chilian radicals express strong views is the large surplus that the Treasury holds, and to diminish which vain efforts are being made by expenditure on schools, railways, armaments, and public works. Amongst South-American republics Chili has the rare privilege of being not only solvent, but also of having excellent credit. According to M. Leroy Beaulieu's classification of the credit of nations into seven categories, corresponding to the interest and type of their loans, Chili comes in the third category, and stands on a level with France. This state of affairs is thoroughly satisfactory. The radicals, however, consider the present considerable surplus to be a danger to the country so long as the Constitution and the powers of the President remain unmodified. The idea is that the disposal of these funds facilitates the efforts of the government to tamper with electoral matters by direct or indirect bribery. Too much importance, however, must not be attached to these political questions; none of them is likely to interfere with the tranquillity and peaceful development of the country, for Chili has long outgrown the period of dictators and revolutions, and her political evolution must henceforward be always constitutional and never violent. On the other hand, this evolution is not likely to be very rapid.

A great item of expenditure, provided for out of the nitrate royalties, is the extension of the Chilian railway system. At present the lines belonging to and managed by the state are those between Santiago and Valparaiso, with a branch to Los Andes, and from Santiago to Talcahuano, with branches to Palmilla, Los Angeles, Traiguén, and Collipulli, measuring in all 1068 kilometres. In 1888 these lines represented a value of \$49,911,073 Chilian, and gave a clear profit of \$1,599,886, or 3.11 per cent. on the capital. They carried within the year 3,016,313 passengers, a figure almost equal to that of the total population of the republic, which is estimated at 3,165,000, of whom 50,000 are Indians. This number, considering how vast Chili is and how thinly it is populated, is worthy of notice, and to be accounted for to a great extent by the natural restlessness of the people; the lower classes especially are always travelling by railway or steamer; any pretext is sufficient to send a whole family off with beds and baggage to a fresh place. In addition to the above lines the state has purchased the line from Chañaral to Animas and Salados, 65½ kilometres. Then we have the following private lines, beginning from the north: Arica to Tacna, 63 kilometres; the nitrate railways and branches between Iquique and Pisagua, 300 kilometres; Patillos to Salitreras, 93 kilometres; Mejillones to the Cerro Gordo mine, 29 kilometres; Antofagasta to Ascotán and Huanchaca, 440 kilometres; Tal-tal to Cachiuyayal, 82 kilometres; Caldera to Copiapo and branches to Puquios, San Antonio, and Chañarcillo, 242 kilometres; Carrizal Bajo to Carrizal Alto and Cerro Blanco mine, 81 kilometres; Coquimbo to Serena, 15 kilometres; Coquimbo to Ovalle and Panucillo, 123 kilometres; Serena to Vicuña, 78 kilometres; Tongoi to Tama-ya, 55 kilometres; Laraquete, in the bay of Arauco, to Maquegna, 40 kilometres; making a total of 1611 kilometres. There are also short lines in the coal districts of Coronel, Lota, Lebu, etc., and the line of the Arauco Company from Concepcion to Curanilahue, which, when completed, will measure 66 kilometres. Some twelve other private lines, all in the mineral and nitrate zone, are being studied or constructed, and the state, by means of the Bernstein and subcontracts, is building lines from Huasco to Vallenar, Ovalle to San Marcos, Vilos to Salamanca, Calera to

Ligua and Cabildo, Santiago to Melipilla, Pelequen to Peumo, Palmilla to Ancones, Talca to Constitucion, Coihue to Mulchen, Victoria to Tolten, Tolten to Valdivia and Osorno, all to be finished within periods of from two to five years, dating from November, 1888, and making a total of nearly 1000 kilometres. Meanwhile amongst the great private lines in construction are Clark's transandine, by way of Los Andes, the Uspallata Pass, and Mendoza, which will put Valparaiso and Buenos Ayres in direct communication, and the Ferro-Carril Interoceanico, between Buenos Ayres and Talcahuano, of which the concessionnaires are Francisco Bustamante and Co. This line starts from Buenos Ayres, passes through the heart of the rich province of the same name, touches a point in communication with the port of Bahia Blanca at Carhué, and so through the pampa and the towns of General Acha, Chadileuvu, Rio Colorado, and Rio Neuquen, then over the Andes by the Antuco Pass, and down to Yumbel, where it joins the Chilean state lines. This line, measuring 1412 kilometres, has great advantages over the Clark transandine railway. First of all, it is easy to construct. On the Argentine side, where there are 1255 kilometres, the maximum gradients are 1.9 per cent., and on the Chile side, 2.5 per cent.; whereas on the other transandine line there are 5 per cent. grades, necessitating the employment of the rack system. At the same time the Clark line is one metre gauge between Mendoza and Los Andes, at which points goods and passengers will have to be transferred, while the Bustamante line is five and one-half feet gauge, the same as that of the Chilean state railways, thus rendering through traffic possible and cheap. The country through which the Bustamante line passes in the Argentine is full of fine valleys and vast cattle runs, and will be certainly further developed by the new railway. The Antuco Pass is only 2000 metres above the level of the sea, whereas the Uspallata Pass is more than double that height. The construction of this line is being actively pursued, and will be completed in about five years from the present date. Another line, called the Ferro-Carril Trasandino del Norte, is projected, to run from Copiapó, in Chile, to Cordoba, in the Argentine, and to bring the port of Caldera into communication with those

of Rosario, Santa Fe, and Buenos Ayres, passing through the provinces of San Juan, La Rioja, and Catamarca. The Chilean government has already granted the concession for this line, which will doubtless be built in the course of time, and certainly prove to be of the highest commercial importance.

After the capital, the city that plays the greatest rôle in Chilean urban life is Valparaiso, which consists of a blue bay very dangerously exposed to the north winds, a vast sweep of quays, three parallel streets, and at the back an amphitheatre of hills covered with houses—hills of red brown rock and earth rising to a lofty ridge, whose aridity is rendered more evident by a scant mantle of black scrub. The houses are built on the spurs of this ridge, called *cerros*, three of which are built over with decent villas, enlivened with gardens, trees, and verandas, commanding a magnificent view of the bay. The other *cerros* are inhabited by the poorer classes, who dwell in sheds and shanties built of all kinds of old lumber, fragments, and débris, such as sardine boxes, oil cans flattened out, lead out of tea-chests, broken trunks, wreckage of ships and railway cars—the whole patched up with sacks and sheets of corrugated iron. The very road up the *cerro* is a rickety piece of patchwork held together with boards and cross timbers. The *cerros* where the foreigners live are provided with decent roads, and many of the villas are commodious, pleasant, and elegantly furnished. The business town below is not remarkable for its architectural monuments. Indeed, almost the only monument is that to the memory of the hero of the war against Peru and Bolivia, the hero of Iquique, as he is called, Arturo Prat and his companions. Valparaiso is a business town; its streets are well provided with fine shops; but the shops are in a minority compared with the offices, banks, warehouses, and merchants' establishments. The port is provided with a landing-place for passengers, who come ashore in small boats, and with a fine mole, called the Muelle Fiscal, provided with excellent hydraulic machinery for hauling trucks and working cranes. This mole, however, is inadequate for the traffic of the port, and consequently all the loading of cargo is executed by means of lighters, the quay being used only for unloading ships with cargo from foreign

parts. The quays are formed by a seawall, strengthened by old iron railway rails, which are put to most varied uses in Chili: and the fine semicircle is now being extended toward the north, much land being gained from the sea and filled in, so as to give the city room for expansion. Near the Muelle Fiscal are the immense buildings of the Custom-house and bonded warehouses: on the top of the hill, the military school; and then beyond, along the cornice road, forts, navy store-rooms, and a light-house. From this point may be viewed the admirable panorama of the town climbing up the hills, terrace above terrace: the bay, with its torpedoes, iron-clads, steamers, sailing ships, and busy shoals of lighters and small boats: and the distant boundary hills that close in the glistening bay, and stretch their jagged promontories into the calm blue waters of the Pacific.

Valparaiso, the port of Santiago, and the principal port of the republic, is quite an English city. "The Chilians will not be pleased to read that statement," suggests a friend at my elbow. "Can it be denied?" I ask. "Is not the whole aspect of the place English? Is not the bay full of English ships? Do you not hear English spoken everywhere as soon as you get ashore? Do not the public-houses bear the familiar old sign-boards of the 'Royal Oak,' the 'Queen's Arms,' the 'Red Lion,' 'All the World's Corner'? Here is the suave English chemist, whose speech is so precise; the English bookseller, three or four of them with fine shops; the English doctors by the dozen; English grocers, who sell bacon and pickles, and style themselves 'Italian warehousemen,' according to the classical tradition of their guild; English shop-keepers of all kinds; English hotels, and, of course, an English newspaper. What are all those tall and slender girls, with blond hair, queer hats, loosely fitting dresses, a rather ungraceful although athletic walk, an incomparably fine quality of rose and white flesh, such as Reynolds—Sir Joshua, I should say—loved to paint, are they not unmistakably English girls? Up there on the hill do I not spy an English church? All these business blocks, house after house, are not the firms English, with an intermixture of German? If you take away the English firms from Valparaiso, what remains?" "True," replied my friend. "It is quite true." "I

will even go further, and ask what is left of Chili if you take the foreigners away, particularly the English and the Germans?" "Good gracious! I hope you are not going to put these fearful ideas into print. You alarm me." "What will you?" I replied. "A stranger visiting Chili for the first time, and imagining vaguely that it is some far-away and delightful Paul and Virginia country—as it truly is—a country of great wealth and beauty, vast in extent, varied in aspect, and still full of the energy and chivalry of the conquistadores, is surprised to find that the descendants of the conquistadores are very few in number relatively to the extent of their territory and the age of their settlement. He is struck, above all things, by the prominence and ubiquity of foreigners in the practical management and organization of the great business enterprises, and even of the great private fortunes of the land. You, who are living here, do not notice the phenomenon so much as one who has arrived freshly. For instance, we will suppose you come to Chili by way of the Strait of Magalhaens. In Tierra del Fuego you are astonished to find a station of English missionaries, who have taught the Indians to be kind to shipwrecked mariners, and not to eat them as they formerly did. In Punta Arenas the great sheep-farming enterprises are in the hands of Englishmen. Valdivia is simply a German colony, the most flourishing and charming in the republic, troubled only by too numerous bands of cattle-lifters and brigands, who also plague the English, French, and Swiss colonies in the old Araucanian territory. Now we come to the coal coast, and the first proprietors we find are the 'Arauco Company, Limited, London,' also owners of a railway, at the hands of whose English managers I received kind hospitality. The Lota and Coronel mines belong to Chilians—the Cousiño family—but the managers are all English. The managers of the Cousiño agricultural estates are likewise English. In Talcahuano and Concepcion all the business on a large scale is done by English or Germans. The railway from Talcahuano to Santiago and Valparaiso was built by English engineers; many of the higher employés are English; so, too, are a majority of the engine-drivers. All the state railways, be it remembered, were paid for almost exclusively with the money ob-

tained from British loans. Valparaiso is incontestably English. In the mining districts Englishmen and English capital predominate.

"In Taltal and the neighboring nitrate beds and gold and silver mines the English and the Germans are working hand in hand, the former having provided the capital. Antofagasta is controlled by English capital and management. Tarapacá is almost wholly an English province, owned by London joint-stock companies. You cannot land at a single port of any importance along the Chilean coast without finding a little group of Anglo-Saxons who are making or trying to make their fortunes. Every little port has its 'king,' its great man, who controls business there, and has a finger in all sorts of pies. And how often does this 'king'—your Don Alfredo, Don Juan, or Don Julio—prove to be a stalwart Englishman with a very red face and a violent hatred of Mr. Gladstone, or a gigantic Teuton of the Fortschrittspartei, who weeps on your bosom when he speaks of Bismarck's retirement? In those queer little wooden towns in the north, where all the houses smell close and acrid, like an attic bedroom under sunburnt rafters, you invariably find two or three pleasant and well-kept houses, and genial meetings of an evening, when the Spätenbrau flows freely, and those hearty and accomplished Teutons play Beethoven, Schumann, and Strauss, while the English gentleman who manages the railway looks on through his eye-glass, correct and reserved in manner, just as he would be if he were sitting in the smoking-room of the Reform Club or the Travellers'. Where are the Chileans? They too abound, but are less prominent, at any rate in what the French call the extractive industries. The Chileans have their vast agricultural estates, their vineyards—managed invariably by French or Italians—their mines, too, and their interest in various enterprises. There are fine business heads amongst them, remarkable intellects, able financiers, and large fortunes. Errazuriz, Urmeneta, Brown, Edwards, Matte, Cousiño, and a score other names could be mentioned in connection with great and stable wealth, but for some reason or another it would appear that the Chileans have not studied business investments for their money until quite lately. Their natural temperament perhaps inclines them to passive enjoyment;

they are satisfied with the easy and indolent life of Santiago and the mild excitement of a little card-playing for heavy stakes. Enormous fortunes have been made by Chileans in mines, but most of these have been dissipated as soon as acquired, and not a few have found their way to Paris and Monte Carlo, where their reckless spenders have contributed to create the composite and imaginary type known by the name of *rastaquouère*. Now we know that these rastaquouères are over, and that the Chileans are going to do wonderful things, and become a great nation, and ultimately an industrial nation, they say, like England, Switzerland, and the German provinces of the Rhine, in the realization of which aspirations foreign immigration and the completion of interior and transandine railways are to play a great rôle. At present, however, this grand and self-sufficing national development is more or less remote, and meanwhile it must be admitted, in presence of incontestable evidence, that English capital and English initiative are the chief agents in opening up and utilizing the riches of Chili."

But what have the Chileans been doing, we may ask, all these long years since Pedro de Valdivia founded their capital three hundred and fifty summers ago? How does it happen that this enormous territory, measuring 753,216 square kilometres, and consequently larger than any European country except Russia, has a population of only three millions and odd? The natural increase in the course of three centuries ought surely to have produced a greater total. The only explanation that we can suggest is the terrible infant mortality. From the beginning, we may presume, the lower classes have lived in the same unhygienic conditions which may still be observed; and from the beginning the majority of the children born have died in infancy, as they do at the present day, and as they will doubtless continue to die for many years to come in spite of the wider dissemination of primary education. The Chilean *peon* loves his hut of mud and cane. His women folk, true to the blood of their Indian progenitors, disdain chairs, and delight only in squatting on the earth. And the *peon* and his wife alike prefer to buy of the squatting open-air dealers rather than to patronize a clean and well-arranged shop. A proof of this may be

seen on the quay at Valparaiso, where the *Chola* women, with patches of sticking-plaster on their temples, leaves in their ear-holes, and melon seeds stuck in their nostrils—queer traditional nostrums for the cure of real or imaginary ills—still spread out their wares in the dust, and get all the popular custom, although there are good modern stores just across the way. What influence education will have on these *peones* it is hard to say, and President Balmaceda himself has perhaps not thought of the future in his zeal for building fine school-houses. As it is, the *peon* is an excellent miner, though he does pocket the choicest bits of gold and silver ore. He is an indefatigable worker at agriculture or anything else, very docile when treated justly, and easily manageable when handled in the right way. He has his faults and his shortcomings, but withal he is by no means wanting in intelligence, and when the socialists begin to preach in the land they will certainly find him an apt disciple. Then there will be a fine upsetting of things in general, and of the existing white oligarchy in particular.

The Chilean *peones*, especially the more intelligent miscellaneous workers, known as *rotos*, or ragged men, are truly wonderful creatures for strength and endurance, and no European can compete with them. To see them working in the mines is most curious. Half naked, they run along the low galleries, scramble up a notched pole, and then up the ragged rock stairs of the old Spanish crooked shafts, all the time carrying a hundred-weight of ore in a leather pouch slung on their shoulders. When they reach the top they just shrug their shoulder, the ore falls on the ground, and they remain a few seconds gasping for breath, and then, all of a sudden, they run down the mine again, whistling as if nothing had happened. And so they work nine or ten hours a day. So it is with stevedores in the Chilean ports, also *rotos*. These men have immense physical strength, disdain all mechanical help, and carry enormous weights, always on their heads and shoulders. Both the miners and the stevedores are like overgrown children in the government of their lives. What one does the others do; and with fair words they can be led to do anything, except to work when they think they have worked enough. Then it is useless to offer them more dollars.

They have as many dollars as they want for the moment, and so they say, "No quiero trabajar mas, patron," in the most friendly way possible, and an hour later all of them are drunk and dancing furious *cuecas*. Thus they all work by fits and starts, spend their earnings to the last cent, and never look to the future. When a *roto* gets old, which rarely happens, for bad liquor, heart-disease, and pulmonia carry most of them off in the prime of life, or when he is no longer able to work, he goes and lives with a more prosperous brother, for all these *rotos* are *compadres* and *tocallos*, or namesakes, and full of kindly feeling toward each other, except when they quarrel at times, draw knives, and use them. The *rotos*, however, are now emigrating in large numbers to the Argentine, where they get better wages than the father-land pays, and so Chili is losing some of her best working-men.

In conclusion, I say, with grateful souvenirs of the unfailing kindness shown to me in all parts of the country, that the Chileans are pleasant and agreeable people to deal with and to live amongst. Their land is full of natural beauties and mineral wealth. The climate is perfect, except in the extreme south, where it is severe in winter, but less so than the north of Scotland or the extreme zone of the United States; and of all the places where a man could go to settle away from the father-land, Chili is certainly one of the most favored in certain respects. On the other hand, it is difficult to foresee for Chili a very much greater development in wealth and in civilization than that already achieved, the former being precarious, inasmuch as it depends upon mineral riches of uncertain duration, and the latter being superficial and imitative rather than sincere. The Chileans have remarkable facility and singular faculties of imitation and adaptability. But they are not *gründlich*, as the Germans say. They are pleasant, hospitable people, having a certain outward semblance of refinement; but it is preferable not to probe the surface too deeply.

As regards colonization, serious reserves are to be made, for the reasons indicated in a previous article. At present I am speaking not so much of Chili as a haven of rest for the humble agricultural laborer, but rather as a field for the merchant, the business man, and the capitalist, and more especially for the North-American

capitalist. The ground is already very much taken up, it is true. English capital and German trading enterprise have implanted themselves far and wide over the territory; but there is still plenty of room for young men commanding a certain amount of capital who would be content to go to Chili, learn the language, study the people and their ways, and simply live quietly, wait and watch until they saw their chance of getting into the "swim." In the mining business, particularly gold, silver, and manganese, and perhaps coal in the extreme south, there are no doubt fortunes to be made.

For that matter, the mineral deposits of Chili contain every known metal. All that is needed for success is capital, energy, patience, and good luck. There is much to be done also in public works, not only railways, but moles, docks, and harbor works. Finally, there would seem to be room for banking establishments, both metropolitan and provincial, the profits of the existing public and private banks being unusually large. The Bank of Valparaiso, for instance, paid a dividend of 18 per cent. in 1889, with \$1,000,000 in its reserve fund, and the provincial Bank of Concepcion a dividend of 16 per cent.

ON WAKING FROM A DREAMLESS SLEEP.

BY ANNE FIELDS

I WAKED: the sun was in the sky,
The face of heaven was fair
The silence all about me lay
Of morning in the air.

I said: where hast thou been, my soul,
Since the moon set in the west?
I know not where thy feet have trod,
Nor what has been thy quest.

Where wert thou when Orion passed
Below the dark blue sea?
His glittering, silent stars are gone—
Didst follow them for me?

Where wert thou in that awful hour
When first the night wind heard
The faint breath of the coming dawn,
And fled before the word?

Where hast thou been, my spirit,
Since the long wave on the shore
Tenderly rocked my sense asleep
And I heard thee no more?

Thou hast shown me no fair cities,
No glories once I knew,
Nor those my fancy paints for me
Where skies are ever blue.

My limbs, like breathing marble,
Have lain in the warm down;
No heavenly chant, no earthly care,
Has wakened smile or frown.

I wake; thy kiss is on my lips;
Thou art my day, my sun;
But where, O spirit, where wert thou
While sands of night have run?

SWITZERLAND AND THE SWISS.

BY S. H. M. BYERS.

A NATION that has been governed for five hundred years by its own people and without the help of kings challenges attention. It is already more than five hundred years since the victory of Morgarten and the founding of the first Swiss league. Empires and kingdoms have risen to glory and become extinct since that handful of patriots in the Alps founded a government by the people and for the people that should reach the climax of democracy away on in the nineteenth century. Of course the degree of real freedom enjoyed by the Swiss people has varied in form from century to century; so, too, has the character of the alliance between the states or cantons. For ages the states comprised not a government, but a confederacy, with full rights reserved to each canton to do as it willed as to laws, treaties, and war. But each little canton remained a republic in itself. The liberty of the Swiss people was always intact, and the governing power remained in their hands in all these five hundred years. The fact would almost seem to settle the question whether a people can for a long time rule themselves. That some of the little republics comprising the Swiss confederacy were in themselves tyrannies, history assures us often enough, but they were tyrannies of the people's own choosing. Often the worst tyrannies and the worst laws are those inflicted by a people upon themselves and by their own votes. We Americans need not to look away from the government of our own large cities to realize the fact.

However, what interests political students as to the sister republic most is the character of the institutions and people of Switzerland to-day. There is no question but they have a thorough-going republic there now, full paced and of ancient pedigree.

The Swiss constitution has been amended repeatedly; notably in 1830, 1848, and 1872, and each step in the amendment has carried the confederacy on to a more advanced union, a more central whole, though never restricting the complete liberty of the individual. It is the cantons, not the people, that have been shorn of many unjust powers by the amended

constitution. The laws are now more largely common all over the country than before. There is a Supreme Court (a new thing there) now, common coinage, federal customs, and a fine federal army—all outside the control of the cantons.

Greater individual liberty exists nowhere; a more complete government of the people by the people is not to be found; and nowhere in the world are the state officers, law-makers, and courts so absolutely the servants of the public as in Switzerland. Unless the people say it, either by their votes or by their silence, the laws of the Swiss Parliament are not laws at all. If a single canton demand the submission of an act of Parliament to the popular vote, it must be submitted; or if even thirty thousand people petition for such submission, it must be granted. Such petitions are usually placed in post-offices and public buildings, and the securing of the number of signers required is a matter of no trouble whatever; hence this plebiscite is often resorted to. Frequently a number of laws will be submitted at once, and on some Sunday morning after church (the usual time for voting) the Swiss citizen, with his silent ballot, will defeat a dozen acts of Parliament. In some of the cantons this same practice prevails as to the local laws of the cantonal government.

Under the Swiss system the President of the confederacy has no more authority than a member of the cabinet. The head of the government is a Council elected by the Parliament. This Council selects a chairman from its members, who thus becomes President of the republic, and assumes a cabinet portfolio, usually that of foreign affairs. He is clothed with no powers of appointment to office; his co-members of the cabinet, even the judges of the Supreme Court, are all elected. He can serve but a single year; hence his time and talents, instead of being devoted to filling offices and seeking a re-election, are given to the service of his country. He is helped in his efforts for pure and economical government by a corps of trained statesmen.

The country possesses a firmly established, long-tried, and perfectly satisfac-

tory civil service system. No inducement could lead the patriotic Swiss to go back to the miserable and corrupting practice of turning the offices of the government over to a horde of "practical politicians," to be corruptly dealt out to their followers and associates. In fact, the term "politician" is scarcely known, or, if known, only spoken of with contempt and disgust. Political "bossism" would be a deadly calling there. Men are trained to fill all minor offices, and are promoted to high posts only on proven merit. The system has proven wonderfully economical for the government, and better and fitter public servants than formerly are found in all places of trust and honor. Civil service in Switzerland has not caused the people to lose interest in the government or the welfare of the country. On the contrary, they are proud of the high excellence of their officials, and look with contentment upon a system that assures the people public economy and the state honor.

The salaries of all officers are small, so that public officials do not and cannot assume the style and the extravagance so unbecoming to a people's government, or an official extravagance that only comes, as a rule, with high salaries, short terms of office, and consequent temptations to be corrupt. A dishonest official cannot clear his skirts there by resigning and going back to work in his political party till his crime is forgotten. One dishonest act, and he will never hold office again.

"By their fruits ye shall know them." Switzerland is a republic like our own—a government of the people by the people—yet its system of civil service has not only saved millions of money, it has increased the patriotism of its citizens, and brought honor on the country.

A single glance at the government outlays demonstrates how economically the Swiss people are ruled under a civil service system. A few years ago it cost them but a trifle over three dollars a head for all government expenses. England at the same time was paying twelve dollars, and France something like fifteen dollars per head. What it costs to govern in our own great republic, with its colossal opportunities for extravagance, corruption, and waste, we seldom care to contemplate. We have rarely the courage to count the awful figures.

That low salaries and long terms of

service for public officials are measures of prudence and economy worthy adoption by all governments, none save the "practical politicians" who live by the corruption of government longer care to dispute.

There are other measures that look to the economy in state affairs in Switzerland not less than to the welfare of the individual. Among them are savings-banks for working-men, co-operative stores, factory laws, cheap insurance, often compulsory insurance, and all kinds of manual or industrial training schools. Industrial schools for the training of youths to become good artisans, instead of mere day-laborers, is a feature as favorable to the welfare of society and the state as it is to the youth himself. Factory laws, enforced by the most careful government inspectors, looking to the full rights of the lowest employee, as well as to the rights of the richest manufacturer or incorporation, are not only just measures but economical ones, inasmuch as they secure good machinery, careful management, and prompt settlement of wages and debts.

Economy, however, is not a result of Swiss law only, it is a Swiss trait in every walk of private or industrial life. Do things well first, cheaply afterward, is the true Swiss economy. It is as noticeable in their farms as it is in their factories. Their farms are cared for like expensive gardens, and every foot of land, by thorough fertilizing, scientific culture, and constant economy, is made to produce to the full. Grape land and fruit land in general are very dear and very profitable. A thousand dollars and more an acre is no uncommon price for grape land on any of the lake sides, and even good grass land well situated is worth one hundred to three hundred dollars an acre. Of course on such priced land economy must be practised, and even then many a Swiss farmer groans under a mortgage that keeps his nose not far from the metaphorical grindstone. The lands of the country, cheap or dear, are largely distributed among the whole people. One can almost believe that some time or other there must have been an agrarian law in the country limiting the amount of land a man might hold. Of some six hundred thousand householders in the republic about five hundred thousand in round numbers own a bit of land. The

greater number of these little farms are devoted to grass, stock growing, and fruit culture. Only a twelfth part of the people, it is estimated, live in towns, and yet the country is not a land of farming and stock-growing only.

Few countries in Europe have more diversified industries. Every mountain river is turning the wheels of cotton and silk mills. Tens of thousands of Swiss are making watches, fine instruments, and wood carvings, while thousands are weaving silks, ribbons, and embroideries. They are an ingenious, hard-working race, and their inventive skill is scarcely second to that of the Americans.

They buy and sell with all lands of the world, and their extended commerce is making them rich. Their very necessities make them a people to trade with the world. They are compelled to import largely, spite of their home industries. Their Alps, grand to the eye, furnish little to the physical development of the country. A large percent. of everything the Swiss eats and wears comes from abroad. Cattle, horses, wheat, and flour are brought from Hungary; cotton and petroleum from America; raw silk from Italy, France, and China; while every pound of coal used for machinery or for fuel is bought in the Rhine district of Germany. The Alps themselves produce almost no useful ores, metals, or coal. Even three-fourths of the wood used in the country is imported; yet with it all the country sells more than it buys, exports more than it imports. It is a country of great mountains and little cities. The capital itself contains only 50,000 or 60,000 people, and Zurich, the commercial centre, but 25,000 more. Geneva, often called the Swiss Paris, numbers only some 85,000 souls. In short, the whole population of the country scarcely exceeds three millions, and the territorial area only equals that of Iowa or Illinois. What the country lacks in population, however, it makes up in interest. As already said, there is not so free a people elsewhere in the world as these Swiss. They are the Athenians of modern times—Athenians in more senses than that of extreme freedom. They are the best-educated people of the world; that is, if universal education is the best. Thoroughness, too, even in the lowest grades of learning, is characteristic of their system. There are no shoddy educators, there is no superficial

cramming, and the country is not crowded with one-horse colleges. Compulsory education, free schools, and almost free text-books are fundamental principles of the Swiss educational system.

Everybody in the country agrees as to these things. The state's first business is the education of the youth. Teachers must, first of all, be university graduates, or else be graduates of high, very high class normals. They are employed for long terms, almost for life, and are pensioned when grown old in the public service. The schools stand at the head of everything; even the army costs less than their schools do.

Their system contains six kinds, or grades, of preparatory schools below the university. There are the primary, the secondary, the repeating, the special, the R  al schools, and the gymnasium, the last answering in rank to the American college. The first two of these schools are compulsory and free, but the pupil may choose between attending the secondary school and the repeating school. This latter is intended mostly for the benefit of the very poor, who cannot spare the children from labor after they have finished with the primary school. These repeating schools, intended simply for fixing in the child's mind what he has already learned, are held two forenoons in the week. Sometimes they are held in the evening.

The child enters the primary school in his sixth year, and attends till he is twelve. Each year pushes him forward one grade. The last three years of the elementary school are termed R  al classes, but are not to be confounded with the higher R  al schools, which are but a step short of the college.

In the classes of city and town schools the boys and girls are usually separate. There is no study room, the studying being all done at home. It is noticeable that the school opens without Bible reading or prayer, but later in the morning one of the town pastors will enter the rooms of the higher classes and give a half-hour's instruction, mostly concerning the characters of the New Testament. The scholars will be asked about the lives of Peter and Paul and the scenes of the Holy Land, the interest of the pupil depending wholly on the ability of the teacher to entertain him. The talk of the half-hour seems to be devoted more to

Bible biography than to religious training. The preachers, however, have an up-hill row of it, for hundreds of the Swiss teachers are infidels.

The pay of these Swiss teachers, looked at from an American stand-point, is insignificant. It averages less than \$100 per year, and rarely exceeds \$800; but then house-rent and fuel are free, the term of service is almost for life, and promotions for merit are constant. Here, as in all matters of public benefit in Switzerland, the man best fitted and trained for his place keeps it. There is no turning competent men out simply "to give some other fellow a chance to get in," as with us.

There are twenty-seven institutions in Switzerland for the education of teachers, not including a military training school, where specialists are prepared for teaching classes in gymnastics and military drill.

Gymnastics, by-the-way, are taught in every Swiss school, and a proper gymnasium with all its belongings is attached to every school-house. The Swiss seminaries for the preparation of teachers are open to both sexes, and some of the best teachers in the public schools are ladies, though the number engaged is very small, perhaps not ten per cent. of the whole. Their pay, too, absurd though it seems, is some thirty per cent. less than that of male teachers. There are no young inexperienced girls teaching in the schools, and no young men using the school desk while waiting for something better to turn up. School-teaching is a serious business there, and the calling of a lifetime.

The Swiss school-hours are very long—twenty-seven hours a week for the primary classes, and only eight weeks' vacation in the year. The studies in these earlier classes comprehend religion, good manners, German, arithmetic, elements of geometry, natural history, geography, history, singing, drawing, gymnastics, and, for the girls, female industry. The girls may skip the geometry class, if the parents so choose. In the secondary schools, where the pupils are from twelve to fifteen years old, the studies are mostly a continuation and repetition of those passed in the primary schools, except that natural history is enlarged upon greatly, especially in its bearings on farming and other industries. More attention, too, is given to gymnastics and drill. These

classes are attended thirty-three hours a week, and forty-four weeks in the year, exclusive of much time spent in gymnastics. The course is for three years. Text-books are rarely changed. Great care is observed in their adoption, and their cost is but trifling, even for the poor. There are, in fact, private schools in the country where *no text-books at all* are used, and where the Pestalozzian system of teaching by objects is applied to advanced pupils with signal success. The first class, mornings, at Swiss schools is at seven o'clock, an early hour for a boy to have breakfast over and the school road behind him.

The long hours and the hard work of the Swiss school are made less tedious by the many interesting excursions taken by schools and teachers together, where the boys, girls, and masters romp to their hearts' content. Another relief is found in the music of the schools. The Swiss all sing, and a master who could not lead his school with the violin would be an anomaly. There is constant singing and marching and entertaining. It may be noticed, too, that the many, very many hours of school attendance are not wholly devoted to new things; the old lessons, the old exercises, are gone over and over and over till the boy knows them forever. This repetition is, of course, easier than learning new lessons would be; besides, the talks in the classes, especially in natural history, by teachers who are interesting and competent, make the long hours seem short enough, and it is seldom that a Swiss school-boy would not rather be in the school-room than anywhere else. Playing "truant" is an unknown vice there. The relations between boy and master are kindly in the extreme. The Swiss school-boys love their teachers, and they love their schools. The lessons of the text-books are by no means the only lessons they have learned in the school-room. They have been taught good manners, respect to their elders, cleanliness, neatness, and how to behave on all occasions. Aside from what they have learned from their books, they can sing well, write well, appear well, and are liable to be pretty expert gymnasts and riflemen. Whether they enter the university, or go out into the wide world in search of a livelihood, the memory and advantages of their school-days go with them, for the school-room in Switzerland does more

than the home to make men and women

Once out of the preparatory schools, the industrial schools are open for boys all over the country. They are as interesting in their methods and as thorough in their advantages as are the ordinary schools, and are of inestimable benefit to the poor boy who aspires to get above the hard tread-mill of a day-laborer.

The means for pursuing knowledge among the Swiss youth are found in the country.

The country has more circulating books in libraries than any state of equal population in Europe. Zurich canton alone has 267 libraries, while every café, inn,

is furnished with papers and magazines, whose contents are digested with the bread and cheese. Of course intelligence is widespread, and some learning universal.

In a sixteen years' residence in the country I never saw a Swiss who could not read the history of his country, nor one who was not an intense patriot. Of such stuff it is safe to make republics. We are interested in observing what a people of so

much intelligence do with these numerous advantages that were once thought the gifts of the gods. Lowell said America was the land where every man does just as he "dam" pleases. He was thinking of the average American's defiance of all restraint; a defiance born, in his case, of too much liberty. Liberty, however, affects different nations differently. Among our money

is abused. The more liberty a Swiss has,

If he is gifted with freedom, he is also the public

lie the difference between liberty in Swiss lands

people trying to govern for themselves is the question of revenue. Where is the money to come from? Taxes, the bug-

His method of raising them in some of

the cantons is alike interesting and novel. No official assessment is made of property. Blanks are distributed to every house, to be filled in by its occupants. The system is known as the "progressive" tax scale.

A, who owns \$4000 worth of property, pays taxes only on half of it; B, who owns \$25,000 worth, pays taxes on eight-tenths of it; while C, with his \$100,000 worth of property, pays taxes on the whole. The result is that C pays not the proportional twenty-five times the amount of A's taxes, but fifty times as much. The income-tax is managed after a similar fashion. The rich pay out of all proportion to the poorer classes. They probably would not change places with the poor, however, even to save what they deem as unjust taxation. The plan is not always a popular one. Leaving every man to assess himself has the disadvantage that the rich, with stocks and bonds, sometimes do not make return of them. When a rich Swiss dies, however, the government control of his estate quickly makes amends for all his past misdeeds in the way of assessments, and every penny of taxes held back is now deducted, together with compound interest and fines.

The railroads are strictly under the control of the government, and fares, freights, etc., are closely watched by inspectors. All earnings of railroads above certain fixed profits go to the government. Rather than pay over these excesses of profits, the railroad managements expend them for better roads, better stations, and better service, so that the public is the gainer after all. In times of danger the railroads transport the troops free of charge. It is a small gratuity, however, for, barring the little rebellion of 1847, it is a hundred years since the country had a war. The war of 1847 was but a petty rebellion of some of the cantons, put down in a few months by the celebrated General Dufour, and the expenses paid by the rebels, together with the cantons that tried to remain neutral in such a crisis.

Switzerland is prepared for war always. Her militia, or National Guard, numbers about 200,000 men. Her militia regiments, however, are real soldiers, and no mere skeletons of undrilled battalions kept up for the display of officers and feathers, tin swords and gay epaulets. In short, every Swiss is a soldier not by

courtesy, but in fact. There is no evading military duty. These men are well trained, well equipped, and well officered. In three days Switzerland could have a thoroughly trained army of 200,000 drilled sharp-shooters on her frontier, guarding her bulwarks of the Alps.

Spite of the drawbacks of three national languages, three sets of habits and

customs, and two national religions, the Swiss unity and the Swiss patriotism are complete. Switzerland first, self afterward, is the teaching from childhood on. Their institutions are based on universal intelligence and universal liberty. The Swiss working-classes, poor as they often seem, are better off than the working-classes of any other nation on the continent.

PORTRAITS.

BY ELLEN DANA DEEPEL.

I HAD already achieved considerable success as a painter of portraits when I received a note which caused me to hesitate before replying, and finally to consult my good friend Jonathan Russell, the American.

The note came from Mr. Temple, a citizen of the United States then living in London, who had recently bought from its improvident owners the famous estate of Elmscourt.

I knew something of the man, but not enough to make me at once accept his proposition, which ran as follows:

"ORIENT CLUB, *Tuesday, December 2d.*

"MY DEAR SIR.—I desire to have a large portrait painted of my daughter.

"I have decided to avail myself of your distinguished services, and I am happy to offer you two thousand pounds for such a picture as I shall direct. The sittings will begin on the 2d of January, and will take place at Elmscourt, where a suitable room is prepared for the purpose.

"I desire this picture, when finished, to be exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery.

Yours very truly,

GORHAM TEMPLE.

"To SEBASTIAN HOLT, Esq."

In our time portrait-painting as a profession is complicated by other than purely artistic considerations, and early in my career I had learned that to the painter who depicts the wrong kind of people, the right kind will not come. Some of my best work had been done among the quiet surroundings of home life, and I had often thought that a more truthful portrait could be made where the characteristic tricks and methods of the subject could be watched in daily association than in the occasional forced sittings by appointment in the painter's studio.

The year before I had stopped for two months at Clagmohr, and had made delightful pictures of those two beautiful Mohr sisters.

Then the Duchess sent for me to Longmeath, where I had enjoyed the constant charm of her wit, and succeeded in painting an excellent portrait, for which the whole family was grateful.

Clagmohr was then the only house in the county.

Diana Mohr was the most interesting girl in London that season, and there was no better house than Clagmohr. But in the case of Mr. Temple I could not feel contented to seclude myself among people of whom I knew almost nothing, for the sake of a subject whom I had never seen.

I therefore consulted Russell.

Russell was a long thin person, the blackness of whose hair seemed to be emphasized by the white threads that began to show among it. He was a silent man, lonely, and rather sad. He was possessed of most extraordinary artistic understanding and keenness; and while he lived with the greatest simplicity, beautiful things came into his possession and remained with him, as only wealth and the love of beauty could compel them.

I had never known Russell to say a weak or worthless thing, possibly because he spoke rarely, and I was surprised at the eloquence of his speech when I showed him Mr. Temple's letter and asked for his advice.

"It is an excellent house," he said. "You will be perfectly comfortable. Mr. Temple is an interesting man, full of curious itinerant information that occasionally fits his surroundings admirably. He is a powerful man, with a good deal of common-sense. He will pay well, probably very well, for a really good article," he added, with a smile. "The mother is a

harmless creature, if you do not take her too seriously."

"The mother?"

"I mean his wife—Mrs. Temple. She has the most enormous but undefined ambition. I am curious to see in what direction it will be expressed; money has not satisfied it. She has been rich longer than Temple. Her father made pills—I forget whether it was catarrh or liver, but certainly pills. She is quite used to money, and has really forgotten it. Temple, on the other hand, is still cordially conscious of its possession. He loves to use it, loves to give it away, loves to keep it. He has passed the period of mere money-making, but has not advanced so far as his wife in his financial development. He is not arrogant in the least, but still pleased and surprised at his wealth. He is one of the most gentle and kindly of men. I am glad you are to do this work. I am glad you are going to Elmscourt."

"But the girl whose picture I am to paint—you say nothing of my subject—what of her?"

While we talked, Russell had been smoking leisurely, standing in front of my fire, and letting the cheerful influence of its warmth steal gently up his spine.

As I asked this question he turned and threw the end of his cigar into the fire, and then some object on the mantel-piece seemed to occupy his attention, so that I did not see his face.

"Florida Temple," he said, "is radiantly beautiful; she is the loveliest of women."

I reached Elmscourt late in the day, and was at once taken to my room, where Mr. Temple came for a moment to welcome me, and to assure me that I had plenty of time. "We always have here. What's the good of dining before we are ready for dinner? Come down when you're ready; you'll find us below."

Fifteen minutes afterward I descended the famous staircase, and at the turn where seven broad steps lead into the great hall, I stood a moment in delight, seeing for the first time the lady whose portrait I had come to paint.

Before me stretched a long vista of dark carved oak panels, which in their sombre coloring served as a frame to that place at the end where light and glory seemed for the moment to be concentrated.

A high swinging lamp shone full upon a group of armor and a shield of dull steel inlaid with flecks of gold. Standing in front of this, one hand raised touching the shield, the other resting, lightly holding a scarf of lace across her breast, in the full glow of the light, stood the most beautiful woman I ever saw.

Her dress was absolutely simple, of heavy white material, with the scarf of black Spanish lace that hung over her shoulders and fell unevenly among the folds of her skirt. So I saw her first, and so I painted Florida Temple.

My experience at Elmscourt was pleasant in every way. Life was luxurious and worth living. The people of the house were hospitable, the guests were clever and prepared to be agreeable. But for me the chief charm was in my work and the refreshing beauty of Miss Temple. I have never painted so delightful a subject. Her poses were naturally full of power and of peace, and she possessed an accomplishment rare among American girls—when she sat down she sat still.

Her face was at all times gentle, but also dignified and commanding. There were no dimples in her cheeks, no sudden shifting electric lights in her eyes to confuse the expression and make my work unsteady.

The hours spent in her society were cheerful and interesting, never monotonous. We were together more than half of every day that I spent at Elmscourt, and we came to be good friends, talking without restraint of many things, and yet I was conscious of never approaching the shrine of her dearest life.

Through the freedom of their wealth, her parents had been enabled to give to Florida much that they themselves could never possess, to open to her mind ways that their thoughts had never frequented. This had made her rather a lonely spirit in the household, with a certain reserve, almost of sadness, beyond which I could never penetrate, and I came to respect this nameless feeling, and not to seek its awaking.

I painted her as she stood that first evening in the great hall. The shield and armor made a most harmonious background for her bright head, and Mr. Temple had the carved oak panel and shield removed to the studio. Mrs. Temple was particularly satisfied with this arrangement. To her mind, the old oak cast a

certain glamour of noble and romantic heredity over the picture in which her daughter was fittingly placed.

I wrote to Russell, and told him of my pleasure in the work and its progress. It struck me as rather curious that he did not come to Elmscourt after my letter.

"I cannot," he wrote in reply, "trust my too critical spirit near your picture until it has gained the power of full growth. This portrait is a matter of deep interest to me, but I must wait till it is completed. I will see it in London."

Once I got Miss Temple to speak of Russell.

"Yes," she said she knew him; "a friend of papa's. He makes me very uncomfortable. I think he does not quite approve of me. I think he always expects me to do things better than I really can, and is always a little disappointed. He never says anything unkind, but he has a curious way of looking at me which makes me a little nervous. I think—But perhaps he is a great friend of yours?"

I said that he was a particular friend of mine. Then she blushed deeply, and I could not again induce her to speak of him.

The portrait was finished and sent up to town. The family was satisfied, delighted, elated. I think as a portrait it was admirable. As a picture, I came to be immensely proud of it. I had painted nothing so good.

We arranged that it should first be taken to my studio, and the day before its removal to the Grosvenor Gallery my rooms were thrown open, and many people came to examine my year's work.

I was called away on some urgent business just before the picture was hung, and I came back to the studio only in time to know that my men had obeyed orders, that the lights and draperies were right, and to stand by and receive the compliments or criticisms of the little public who presently filled my rooms.

Russell again surprised me by not appearing.

In the evening I was about to light my lonely cigar after dinner, when the servant told me that Mr. Russell had gone up to the studio, and would wait for me there.

My studio is a long room, having an entrance on the side at about the middle. Quite at the end, and opposite to the place where my last piece of work was hung, is a small and seldom-used door, entering

from the back staircase. I hastened by this means to join Russell. As I opened the door, still holding the latch in my hand, I saw him sitting at the end of the room with his head buried in his hands. At the noise of my approach he sprang up and pointed toward the picture.

"My God, Holt!" he said earnestly "what does it mean?"

At the same instant my gaze sought the canvas, and I trembled at the unutterable shock I then received.

In the same frame, with the same surroundings, the same lights, I saw not alone the beautiful woman whose form I had painted there (and had left with admiration not an hour since)—not only Florida Temple's perfect face, but resting softly on her neck, her hand seeming to caress its cheek, ghastly pale, the portrait of a man.

The face was not without interest, an intellectual face, but horrible from its pallor and a certain cunning look, which was enhanced by a curious scar that disfigured the brow, and seemed to have caught up the corner of one eyelid in a constant leer.

The shock lasted only for a moment, and I cried, cheerfully, to Russell: "Nonsense! Do you not understand? Come nearer."

We approached the picture and the hideous thing vanished. My work stood clear and beautiful before us.

"You must forgive me, Holt; I am quite unnerved. Something must be done about this. It is not too late yet. Come, get your brushes; get to work. The picture must go in to-morrow."

"It cannot go," I said.

It shall go," he replied. "Look at it with me. See here!"

Back and forth through the long room we went together, always finding that other picture in the frame—finding at last how, from that angle of view where we entered by the little door, the lace of her scarf apparently twined its meshes into the jet-black hair and beard, how the soft undulations of her neck made the broad white forehead, and her wrist formed the mouth and chin, where the outlines were lost again in the heavy beard under the lace. An evil face, nestling in the very arms of the beautiful woman, excluding our vision, now lost among the folds of the scarf, now again clear and defined in its luxurious calm upon her breast.

It was terrible to us both. Russell was certainly pale. He grasped my hand at last.

"You shall paint it out before the morning, Holt—you shall! I beg you to do it. I—I—love the girl," he said.

Had the devil held my brush and wrought this curse upon the canvas? The man's face was wholly unknown to me, yet with a certain look of power and individuality that marked it forever in my memory.

I threw my coat off, and, compelled by Russell's strong emotion, grasped my palette and brushes.

"There is not time," I said, "to change the picture, I can only hide it; I will draw in a handful of roses."

He and I worked all the night. It seemed to me that, strive as I would, that evil face looked forth at me from its warm pillow. I could not cover it nor distort its calm. I put my roses on the canvas just as a soft bit of color that changed the monotonous black and white of the picture. I drew them well, and laid on the tender yellow of their petals with light and dexterous touch. Afterward they were much praised; but under the leaves, hid among the roses, I still saw the face.

Russell, who had stood near, or paced softly up and down the room, at last drew a sigh of relief, and sank into a chair.

"I am satisfied; it is perfect," he said.

I smiled in a ghastly way and put my brushes down; I could work no more. His words had snapped the strain of my effort. I did not tell him that the thing was as plain as ever to my eye.

"Come," he said, "get to bed; I will turn out the lights here."

I nodded without speaking, and left him. I could not sleep, and presently went forth into the dull glare of a London dawn. I walked for a long time, scarcely conscious of the distance I passed over, and when I again sought my own apartment sleep came to me heavy and unbroken until my servant awoke me. He told me that Miss Temple's picture was already gone.

After a few days I went to the Grosvenor, and was glad to find that one of the most important places had been granted to the portrait.

In wandering here and there among the ever-changing crowd I heard many words of cordial praise, and some of in-

telligent criticism, and some of arrogant and groundless fault-finding. I heard no suggestion of the hidden face. Apparently it was concealed; but I saw it, and hated my work.

Shortly after this I left England. I spent more than a year on the Continent, sometimes studying my art in the great galleries, sometimes making a little money by painting a portrait. It was a happy, lazy method of living, with no definite limit save my own will.

It was in the early spring, and nearly two years since I had seen Miss Temple, that I one day walked into Rome.

I was alone, and felt that divine exaltation of spirit with which the most mundane of us may be filled on entering the Immortal City.

It was afternoon, and the streets were full of life and color and the glow of sunshine. Many carriages and gay people met and passed me as I walked on toward the lodging that was prepared for me in the Via Scaldi.

In the wide square just in front of Santa Maria del Popolo I was forced to stand a moment because of the crowd, and close in my way came a splendid equipage—so close that the occupants could have touched me, and I clearly heard my name: "Oh, how delightful! Mr. Holt!" But I stood dumb and amazed, for I beheld Florida Temple, and beside her a man, every line of whose scarred face I knew too well, though I now saw him for the first time. The terrible pale face—the cruel, cunning face, of my picture, that I had tried to bury out of sight with roses.

I staggered back among the people; some of them stared at me as I grasped the wrist of a gendarme. "Tell me," I gasped, "who are they in the carriage that departs?"

"Willingly," he answered. "It is the beautiful lady of America."

"And the cavaliere?"

"It is the renowned Duca of Bianconiere."

I knew him then. A man whose princely name only sufficed to adorn his poverty, and to make more famous his scandalous history.

Was this, then, the end of Mrs. Temple's ambition, upon which I had so often speculated? Had it demanded this sacrifice? In some mysterious way I had been prescient of its fulfilment.

The Quaker Lady

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL, M.D., LL.D.

MID drab and gray of mouldered
leaves,
The spoil of last October,
I see the Quaker lady stand
In dainty garb and sober.

No speech has she for praise or
prayer,
No blushes, as I claim
To know what gentle whisper gave
Her prettiness a name.

The wizard stillness of the hour
My fancy aids; again
Return the days of hoop and hood
And tranquil William Penn.

I see a maid amid the wood
Demurely calm and meek,
Or troubled by the mob of
curls
That riots on her cheek.

Her eyes are blue; her cheeks are red -
Gay colors for a Friend;
And Nature with her mocking rouge
Stands by a blush to lend.



The gown that holds her rosy grace
Is truly of the oddest:
And wildly leaps her tender heart
Beneath the kerchief modest.

It must have been the poet Love
Who, while she slyly listened,
Divined the maiden in the flower.
And thus her semblance christened.

Was he a proper Quaker lad
In suit of simple gray?
What fortune had his venturous speech,
And was it "yea" or "nay"?

And if indeed she murmured "yea,"
And throbbed with worldly bliss,
I wonder if in such a case
Do Quakers really kiss?

Or was it some love-wildered beau
Of old colonial days,
With clouded cane and 'broidered coat,
And very artful ways?



And did he whisper through her
curls
Some wicked, pleasant vow,
And swear no courtly dame had
words
As sweet as "thee" and "thou"?

Or did he praise her dimpled chin
In eager song or sonnet,
And find a merry way to cheat
Her kiss-defying bonnet?

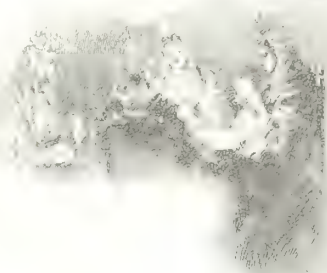




And sung he then in verses gay,
Amid this forest shady,
The dainty flower at her feet
Was like his Quaker lady?

And did she pine in English
fogs,
Or was his love enough?
And did she learn to sport the
fan,
And use the patch
and puff?

Alas! perhaps she played
quadrille,
And, naughty grown
and older,
Was pleased to show a dainty neck
Above a snowy shoulder.



But sometimes in the spring, I think,
She saw, as in a dream,
The meeting-house, the home sedate,
The Schuylkill's quiet stream.

And sometimes, in the mmet's pause,
Her heart went wide afield,
To where amid the woods of May
A blush its love revealed;

Till far away from court and king,
And powder and brocade,
The Quaker ladies at her feet
Their quaint obeisance made.



IN NOVEMBER

BY ARTHUR CLIMM

WITH hermit soul and quietude
Hence in the lone September sky
I wandered in the woods, and found
A scene which my own heart would
Was sprinkled with these stumps and fires,
And the old wreck of forest fires.
It was a bleak and sandy spot,
And all about the vacant plot
Was peopled and inhabited
By scores of mulleins long since dead.
A silent and forsaken brood
In that mute opening of the wood.
So shrivelled and so thin they were,
So gray, so haggard, and austere,
Not plants at all they seemed to me,
But rather some spare company
Of hermit folk, who long ago,
Wandering in bodies to and fro,
Had chanced upon this lonely way,
And rested thus, till death one day
Surprised them at their compline prayer,
And left them standing lifeless there.

There was no sound about the wood
Save the wind's secret stir. I stood
Among the mullein stalks as still
As if myself had grown to be
One of their sombre company.
A body without wish or will.
And as I stood, quite suddenly,
Down from a furrow in the sky
The sun shone out a little space
Across that silent sober place.
Over the sand heaps and brown sod.
The mulleins and dead golden-rod.
And passed beyond the thickets gray.
And lit the fallen leaves that lay.
Level and deep within the wood.
A rustling yellow multitude.

And all around me the thin light,
So sere, so melancholy bright,
Or shadow of some former dream:
A moment's golden revery
Poured out on every plant and tree
A semblance of weird joy, or less.
A sort of spectral happiness:
And I, too, standing idly there,
With muffled hands in the chill air,
Felt the warm glow about my feet,
And shuddering betwixt cold and heat
Drew my thoughts closer, like a cloak,
While something in my blood awoke.
A nameless and unnatural cheer,
A pleasure secret and austere.

PORT TARASCON :

THE LAST ADVENTURES OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS TARTARIN.

BY ALPHONSE DAUDET, TRANSLATED BY HENRY JAMES.



BOOK THIRD.

IV

A Trial in the South.—Conflicting Evidence.—Tartarin swears before Heaven and the whole Company.—The Art of Embroidery at Tarascon.—Rugimabaud eaten by the Shark.—An unexpected Witness.

MERCY on us, no! They didn't come from there, poor Tartarin's judges, as you might have seen on the fine August afternoon when the case was opened in the great crowded court-room.

I must tell you that the month of August at Tarascon is the climax of the oppressive heat. It's as hot as Africa, and the precautions against the vertical blaze of the sky are very much the same. The recall of the troops is sounded at eleven in the morning; from that hour till four o'clock they never stir out; even the cavalry are confined to barracks. You may therefore imagine the temperature of a court-room stuffed with an inquisitive public, packed so close that no one could budge, with all the ladies, in feathers and furbelows, piled in the gallery at the end.

Two o'clock rang out from the old clock face, with the images that go in and out, on the town-hall; and through the high windows, flung wide open and draped in long yellow curtains that acted as blinds, broke the deafening shrill of the cicadas in the tropical-looking trees of the Long Walk—big trees with white, dusty leaves. This sound was accompanied by

the uproar of the crowd who couldn't get in, and by the cry of the water-venders, familiar in the bull-baiting days, in the old Roman arena that does duty at Tarascon as a modern circus: "Water, fresh water! Who'll have a glass?" This was a much more interesting spectacle than even the bull-baiting, and the public trial of the great Tartarin drew an audience from the whole country—from Nîmes, from Arles, from Avignon, even from Marseilles.

But you had to be from Tarascon to resist the heat, the sort of heat in which a man under sentence of death (if he be not a native) goes to sleep while it's pronounced. The most prostrate of all were the three judges, especially Mr. Justice Mouillard, from Lyons, with an air of austerity and a long, hoary, philosophic head, which made him look, if not like a French Swiss, at least like a Swiss Frenchman, and the mere sight of which filled you with a desire to weep. The very names of his two coadjutors, Van Iceberg and Roger du Nord, sufficiently attest how little they also were to the manor born.

At the very beginning of the business these three sages sank, in spite of themselves, into a vague torpor, fixing their eyes on the great squares of light cut out behind the yellow curtains, and ending by undisguised slumber during the interminable roll-call of the witnesses, at least two hundred and fifty in number, and all for the prosecution.

The constables, who didn't come from

there either, and who had been cruelly left to sweat under their heavy toggerly, also slept the sleep of the just; the very flies, the terrible full-blown flies of mid-summer, slept in their swarms on the ceiling.

These were certainly very bad conditions for dispensing true justice. Happily the judges had studied the case in advance; without that they wouldn't have understood a word of it, as in their dozing vagueness they heard nothing but the racket of the cicadas and a far-off hum of voices.

After all the witnesses had filed past, the Public Prosecutor, Monsieur Bompard du Mazet, began to read the indictment.

This time, I grant you, you have nothing to do with the North. Imagine a little hairy dwarf, with a paunch, all made up of a black crop and a black beard, and of starts and jumps and popping eyes, the instruments of a perpetual pantomime, in which he indulged as freely as if his great hot snoring voice didn't split your ears like a brass band. When he cried, he shed real tears as big as pease; when he laughed, his huge reverberating guffaw caught up the furthest men in the crowd, stationed under the open doors and windows.

He passed for the glory of the Tarascon bar; but what rendered his requisitory still more interesting, what gave it a peculiar attraction, was the relationship of the orator to the hapless Bompard, one of the first victims of the sad episode of Port Tarascon.

Never did an accuser seem to thirst more for the blood of his victims. Lord, how he treated our poor Tartarin, seated there with his secretary between two constables; how dear he made him pay for his past triumphs!

Pascalon, overwhelmed with shame and despair, hid his head in his hands; but Tartarin, superior to that sort of thing, calm and decorous, listened to everything, endured everything, conscious of his decline, but also of the purity of his motives and the stainlessness of his honor. Meanwhile, M. Bompard du Mazet, more and more insulting, held him up as a vulgar impostor who had taken advantage of a reputation that would bear no scrutiny—of lions that he perhaps never killed, of mountains that he perhaps never climbed—to associate himself with an adven-

turer, an obscure if not pretended Duke, who had not even an address to give the authorities. He represented Tartarin as even more guilty than the Duke himself, inasmuch as the mysterious stranger could not be accused of having plucked his own countrymen. The peculiar infamy of Tartarin was to have speculated on the Tarasconians, to have stripped them to their skins, scattering ruin and misery round. "However," the orator demanded, "what could you have expected of the man who would fire upon the blessed Tarasque, upon our general grandmother?"

At this peroration there was a burst from the benches of patriotic sobs, which were re-echoed in howls from the streets, where the Prosecutor's voice had been heard; and he himself, moved to tears by his own eloquence, began to choke and sputter so loud that the judges woke up with a start.

Bompard du Mazet had spoken for two hours.

At this moment, though the heat was still very great, a tiny fresh breeze from the Rhone began to flutter in at the windows.

Mr. Justice Mouillard now managed to stay awake; to keep him so, indeed (for he had only lately been called to Tarascon), his growing bewilderment would soon have sufficed, so abundantly was it fed by the inventive genius of the Tarasconians, their unconscious and imperturbable mendacity.

The principal accused was the first to set this wonderful spirit in motion.

During a portion of his examination, which we are obliged to abbreviate, Tartarin suddenly raised to heaven his extended hand:

"I swear before heaven and all the company that I never wrote a word of that letter!"

The letter was the letter he had sent from Marseilles to Pascalon, then editor of the *Gazette*, to wind him up, to make him lay it on a little thicker.

Well, now it appeared that Tartarin had never written it; he absolutely denied and he energetically protested. Perhaps the so-called Duke, not present—

Here Monsieur Mouillard interrupted him: "Please hand this letter to the accused."

Tartarin took it, looked at it, then replied, quite simply: "Oh yes, I see it is

my hand. I did write it, but I couldn't just remember!"

A moment later came a similar performance on the part of Pascalon, in regard to an article in the *Gazette*, describing the great reception in the town-hall of Port Tarascon—the reception of the passengers of the *Farandole* and the *Lucifer* by King Nagonko, the natives, and the first settlers, accompanied with many details about this civic edifice, of which, as we know, not a brick had ever been laid.

Pascalon listened to the reading of this effusion, which provoked the crowd to inextinguishable laughter and still more inextinguishable ire: he himself was indignant—not a word of it was his, never in his life had he put his signature to such a pack of lies!

They placed before his eyes the printed article, signed with his name and illustrated with little pictures based on hints he had given, together with his manuscript, which had been picked up at the printer's.

"It's crushing," the unhappy youth then admitted, stuttering and weeping. "It had completely escaped my mind!"

Tartarin took up the defence of his secretary. "The truth is, my lord, that, believing blindly all the stories told by the person De Mons, not present."

"He has a broad back, the person De Mons, not present," the Prosecutor interpolated.

"I gave to this unhappy child," Tartarin continued, "the idea of an article to be made of them, saying to him, 'Now embroider on that.' And he embroidered."

"It is true that I never did anything but embroi — broi — broider!" Pascalon timidly panted.

Oh, of the art of embroidery, Monsieur Mouillard was not to want for specimens, now that

he had begun the examination of the witnesses, all from Tarascon and all inventive, denying to-day exactly the thing they had categorically affirmed yesterday.

"But this was what you said in the preliminary inquiry."

"I? I said that? I never opened my mouth!"

"But you signed it."

"I? I signed?"

"Here is your signature."

"Lord love us, it's true! Very well, no one can be more surprised than I!"

It was just the same for all of them; no one remembered anything about anything. The judges turned wan, sat confounded and bewildered at this appearance of flagrant bad faith, unable, in their character of men of the North, to make the allowances indispensable in the case of the South—to make so many fantastic declarations and negations square in the least with the facts.

One of the most extraordinary depositions was that of Costecalde, when he re-



TARTARIN TAKES THE OATH.

lated how he had been driven from the island, forced to abandon his wife and children by the exactions of Tartarin, romantically represented as a ferocious tyrant. Nothing could be more exciting, more thrilling, than his adventure in the long-boat, the frightful successive deaths of his unhappy companions. He sobbed as he depicted the last moments of Rugimabaud, swimming near the boat to freshen himself up a little, then abruptly gobbled up by a shark, cut quite in two.

"Ah, my poor friend's smile—I see it still! He held out his arms to me and I was dashing toward him, when suddenly his face is contorted, he disappears: nothing is left—nothing but a circle of blood that spreads over the surface of the water." And with his clinched hand Costecalde sketched a great circle in the air.

Hearing the name of Rugimabaud, the two justices Van Iceberg and Roger du Nord, roused but a moment before from

has just been hearing as witness for the prosecution a certain Rugimabaud who arrived here this morning. May he not be by chance the same person as the hero of your anecdote?"

"Yes, indeed—rather! I *am* the same: it's me!" roared the ex-Commissioner of Agriculture.

"Bless me, Rugimabaud is here!" exclaimed Costecalde, not in the least disconcerted. "I didn't see him; it's the first I've heard of him."

"He wasn't eaten up by a shark, then, as you've just described?"

"I think I must have confounded him with Truphénus."

"Oh, I say, *I'm* here," protested Truphénus in turn.

"At any rate, be it one or be it the other, what I know is that somebody or other was eaten by a shark."

And with the utmost calmness Costecalde continued to answer questions as if nothing had occurred.

Before he stepped down one of the judges desired to know, by his estimate, the exact number of victims of one kind and another.

"Forty thousand!"

He rolled so the *rs* of his "for-ty" that, as if for the pleasure of hearing him do it again, the judge exclaimed: "How is that? How many?"

"Forty thousand!"

"You say forty thousand?"

"At the very least, your Honor."

Now the records of the colony were there to attest that at no moment whatever had there been on the island more than four hundred Tarasconians.

Confronted with this kind of evidence, the be-

wilderment of his Honor could only grow. It was shared by his august colleagues, now completely awake, who perspired with amazement as much as with heat, never having been present at such a trial as this, and thinking that every one concerned in it must be simply mad. There was nothing but violent interruptions and flat contradictions, which increased as the



CARRYING OUT THE CONSTABLES

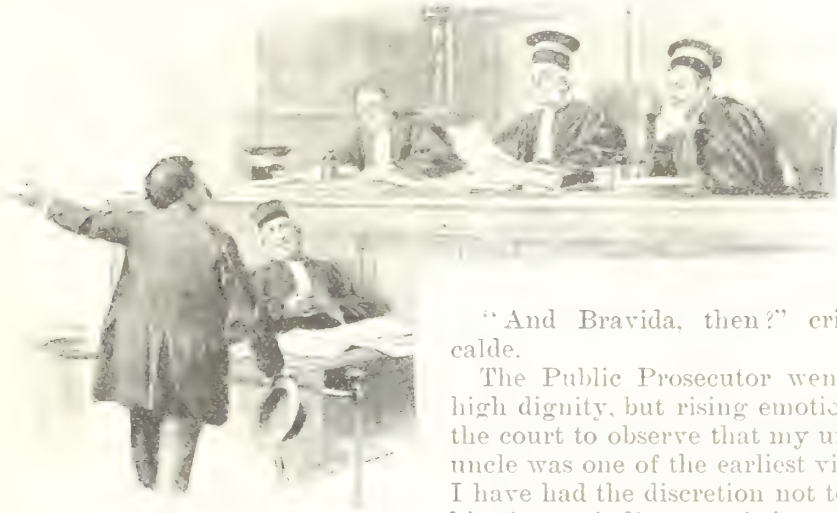
their slumberous gloom, leaned toward their colleague, so that amid the unanimous outburst of sobs that filled the court as an accompaniment to Costecalde's tears, the three big-wigs were seen for a moment to confer together.

Then his Honor addressed the witness: "You say Rugimabaud was eaten up by a shark before your eyes? But the court

row of witnesses grew longer, all jumping up and down, gesticulating, talking at once, snatching the words out of each other's mouths. A preposterous trial indeed; a tragicomedy exclusively consisting of people eaten, drowned, cooked, roasted, boiled, devoured, tattooed, who yet had turned up there together in the

over, with his judge's cap a little askew, "In short, in the lot, it seems to me that the only thing that has not come back is the Tarasque."

At this, M. Bompard du Mazet, the Public Prosecutor, sprang up with a movement of a jack-in-the-box, "And my uncle, then?"



BOMPARD AT THE BAR.

same row, all in perfect health, and with their full complement of limbs.

In regard to the few who had not answered to the roll, you couldn't say they were really dead any more than the others; that they wouldn't rise again the next minute like their friends: which is the reason why M. Bonicar, the magistrate, more intimately versed in the nature of his countrymen, had recommended Monsieur Mouillard to leave out the question of manslaughter through criminal neglect.

The unhappy Mouillard, submerged in the rising flood of contradictory evidence, demanded silence without getting it, and had repeatedly to threaten to clear the court. The spectators, in their zeal for one side or the other, paid not the least attention to him; so that, giving it all up, he leaned his elbows on his desk, and held his head with his hands as if it would burst.

During a short comparative lull, M. Roger du Nord, a little old man with long white whiskers and a sarcastic smile, who was not without wit, said aloud, bending

"And Bravida, then?" cried Costecalde.

The Public Prosecutor went on, with high dignity, but rising emotion: "I beg the court to observe that my unfortunate uncle was one of the earliest victims. If I have had the discretion not to speak of him in my indictment, it is none the less true that this particular absentee has not come back, and will never come back—"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Prosecutor," interrupted the principal worthy on the bench, "it so happens that your uncle at this very moment sends in his card to me, and requests to be heard."

This piece of news produced an immense rumpus. The public, the witnesses, the accused, all sprang to their feet, scrambled upon the seats, waved their arms, shouted, and exhibited astonishment and curiosity in the good Tarasconian fashion: while his Honor, to restore order, directed the court to rise for a few moments, of which advantage was taken to remove two or three constables who had fainted, and were half dead with heat and mystification.

V.

Bompard has crossed the Bridge.—History of a Letter with Eight Red Seals.—Bompard appeals to All Tarascon, but All Tarascon doesn't take it up.—But read the Letter, Devil take It!—The Liar of the North and the Liar of the South.

"It's he! It's Gonzago, I say! Did you ever!"

"Bless us, how he has filled out!"

"Mercy, how he has bleached!"

"You'd take him for a Turk!"

The crowd stretched forward agape, so long had honest Bompard been removed from its ken. He had been tremendously lean of old, dry, brown, and mustachioed like a Greek brigand, with the eyes of a crazy goat; but now he was well rounded out, but showing in his big puffed face the same swaggering mustache and the same nonsensical eyes.

Looking neither to right nor to left, he followed the usher into the witness-box, where Monsieur Mouillard began to examine him.

"There's no doubt about your identity, Gonzago Bompard?"

"To tell the truth, your Honor, I almost doubt of it myself when I see"—here he let off a noble gesture in the direction of the accused—"when I see, I say, our purest glory on that bench of infamy, and when, within these walls, I hear insult heaped upon the soul of honor and probity!"

"Oh, thanks, Gonzago!" cried Tartarin from his place, suffocated with emotion.

He had borne without wincing every calumny, but the sympathy of his old comrade made his heart burst, filled his eyes with the tears of a pitied child.

"Yes, yes, my gallant friend," Bompard went on, "you won't remain there long on your filthy bench. I bring with me the proof—the proof!"

He fumbled in his pockets, drew out a clay pipe, a knife, an old flint, a match-box, a piece of string, a yard measure, and a little case of homeopathic medicines, all of which objects he laid one after the other on the table of the clerk of the court.

"Come, Mr. Bompard," said his Honor, out of patience, "just mention it when you've done."

"I say, uncle, hurry up a bit," added M. Bompard du Mazet.

His uncle turned toward him. "Ah yes; you'd better meddle, you wretch, after the beautiful line you have taken.

Treating our dear old friend as a swindler. Just wait till I get round there, and cut you off with a shilling, little scoundrel!"

The nephew kept sufficiently cool under this threat, and the uncle, continuing to fumble, and arranging before him a whole museum of fantastic objects, found at last what he sought.

"Here, your Honor, is a letter which makes it as plain as day that the so-called Duc de Mons is the biggest villain on earth, a regular vagabond and gallows-bird, the only guilty one, the only one who ought to be laden with chains and on the bench of infamy."

"That will do. Give me the letter."

Monsieur Mouillard took the letter, read it, and passed it to his two colleagues, who in turn began to examine it, and turn it upside down and inside out. During this examination the faces of the three judges remained inscrutable and impenetrable. You could see they were real judges of the North. Staring at their inexpressive masks, it was very hard for the public to get an idea of what the mysterious letter contained; the only thing that could



TRYING TO FIND THE LETTER.

be gathered was the extreme importance of the document.

Every one stood on tiptoe; some screwed round their heads as if to get a look; the hubbub of voices increased; the wave of curiosity broke in the depths of the gallery.

"What is it? What's in it? What is it all about?"

And the agitation in the court gaining the crowd outside, to which the successive phases of the case were communicated through the open windows and doors, there rose an uproar on the Long Walk, a confusion and a clamor, like the surge of the sea in a stiff breeze.

The good constables accordingly waked up; the flies forsook the ceiling and began to buzz about; the waning afternoon brought with it a few wandering airs, so

that, as the Tarasconians dread nothing so much as a draught, the spectators who were near the windows began to shout for them to be closed; they were afraid of "catching their death."

For the hundredth time the unhappy Mouillard bawled, "Silence, silence for a moment, or I clear the court!" Then he continued the examination.

Question. "Witness Bompard, how and when did this letter come into your hands?"

Answer. "When the *Farandole* was starting from Marseilles, the Duke, or so-called Duke, handed me my papers as Provisional Governor of the settlement, and at the same time he slipped into my palm this big letter, fastened, though it contained no money, with eight red seals. He told me I should find in it his very last instructions, and he directed me particularly not to open it till we should reach some islands or other—the Admiralty Isles—in the 144th degree of longitude. It's marked there on the envelope: you can see."

Q. "Yes, yes; I see. And then?"

A. "Then, your Honor, you see I was suddenly taken awfully ill, as you must have been told. It seemed to be a sort of catching thing, so that, although I felt near my end, they put me ashore at the Château d'If. Once ashore I was doubled up with pain, but the letter was in my pocket; for in my agony I had forgotten to give it to Bézuquet when I handed him over my credentials."

Q. "It is a pity you forgot! Well, then?"

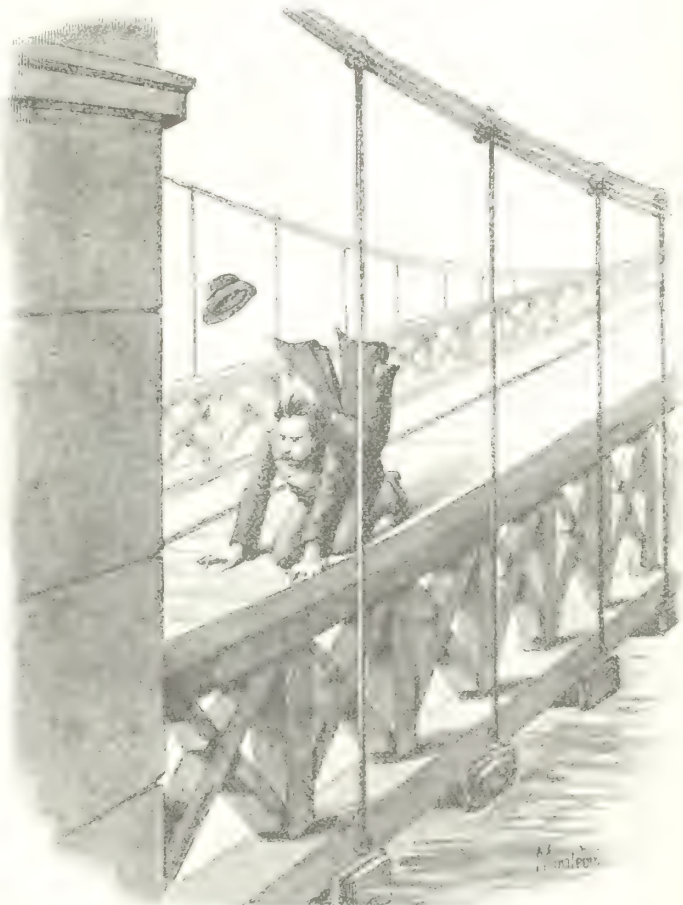
A. "Well, then, your Honor, when I got a little better, and was able to get up and put on my clothes again—it was a good bit later, a long time—one day I happened to put my hand in my pocket by chance, and, lo and behold, there was the blessed letter with the red seals!"

Here Monsieur Mouillard interrupted the witness with great severity:

"Witness Bompard, would it not be more conformable to truth to say that this letter, destined to be unsealed only four thousand leagues away from France, was by preference opened by your hand on the spot, on the very deck of the ship, so that you might see what was in it; whereupon, acquainted with its contents, you shrank from the immense responsibilities it entailed upon you?"

"You don't know Bompard, your Honor," this personage replied. "I appeal to all Tarascon, present in this court."

The silence of the tomb greeted this oratorical flight. Enjoying on the lips of his fellow-citizens the sobriquet of the Impostor, Bompard perhaps went a little far in calling on them to back him up. Tarascon sounded, therefore, gave back no echo; which, however, did not prevent the speaker from going on imperturbably:



"OBLIGED TO GO DOWN ON ALL-FOURS."

"Your Honor sees, silence, as the proverb says, means consent." And continuing his story: "When it came to that, when I found the letter, Bézuquet, who had left so many weeks before, was too

amount of leisure, as you may believe, and from the top of the old tower, with a good glass, I watched on the other side of the Rhone the agitation of my unhappy compatriots, all bustling for departure. And I gnawed my heart, I wrung my hands, I held out my arms to them, bawling to them from afar, as if they might have heard me: 'Stop, stop! Stay, stay! Don't go; turn round and go

home!' I even tried to warn them back by means of a bottle. Tell his Honor, Tartarin, tell him that I tried to warn you."

"Yes, it's true," said Tartarin, from the bench of infamy.

"Ah, your Honor, what I suffered when I saw the *Tootoopumpum* really set sail for the land of dreams! But I suffered still more when they all came back, and when I learned that opposite to me there the greatest of my countrymen was languishing in

far away for me to overtake him; so that I made up my mind to see what *was* in the confounded thing. Acting upon this, imagine my horrible situation!"

A horrible situation, most horrible, too, was that of the audience, still perfectly ignorant of the contents of the precious document under discussion, tormentingly fingered by the judges.

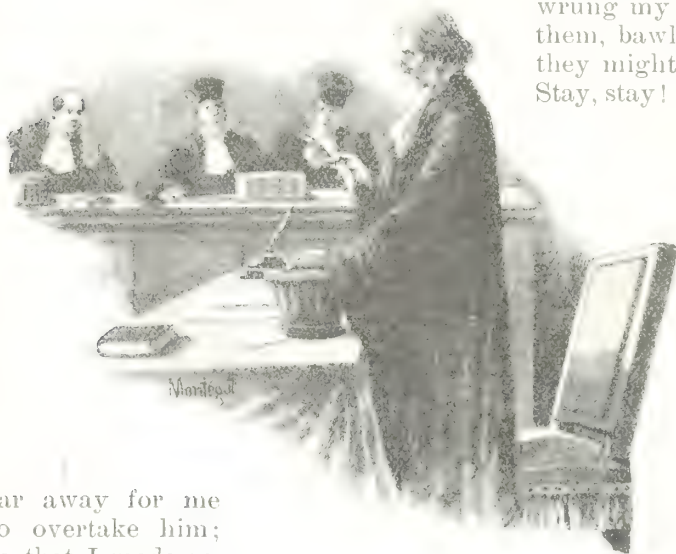
It was vain to crane over, it was vain to stretch and stare, the coveted knowledge was out of reach; nothing was visible but the big red seals of the wrapper.

"What was I to do, miserable me," Bompard went on, "after I had read such horrors? Was I to strike out and try to swim after the ship? Alas, it was beyond my strength. Was I, by making public my abominable missive, to prevent the *Tootoopumpum* from sailing? Was I to dash with cold water the enthusiasm of the panting remnant of our party? They would have risen in their wrath and stoned me! I was in such a dreadful dilemma that I was afraid to show myself at Tarascon. At last I made up my mind to go and hide over opposite, at Beaucaire, where I should be able to see everything without being seen. I succeeded in obtaining simultaneous possession of two offices there—that of Warden of the Fair Grounds and that of Conservator of the Castle. I had a certain

fetters. To know that he was immured in that dungeon and under a false charge—it was really too much! You will tell me that I ought to have produced the proof of his innocence sooner; but when once one is started on the wrong road, it's the deuce and all to get back to the right one. I began by saying nothing, and it had become more and more difficult to speak at last. Then you don't count the bridge, the dreadful bridge that I should have had to cross again! So long as the preliminary inquiry lasted I hoped the whole thing would be quashed; but when I saw that you were really going on, knew that Tartarin was really dragged into the dock between the myrmidons of the law, then I could hold out no longer; I let myself go; I crossed the bridge! I crossed it this morning in a terrible tempest. I was obliged to go down on all-fours, the same way as when I went up Mont Blanc. You remember that, Tartarin?"

"Remember it?" Tartarin rumbled.

"When I tell you that the bridge was swinging like a pendulum you'll believe I had to be brave. I was in fact heroic. But here I am, at any rate, and this time I bring you the proof—the irrefutable proof."



THE CLERK READS THE LETTER

Of the irrefutability of the proof, neither of the three gentlemen on the bench seemed particularly convinced; and the senior, in his cold, calm voice, expressed their common doubts.

"Who guarantees that this strange letter, buried so long in your pocket, is really by the person De Mons? You see, we have to leave a margin with all you good people. Such a flood of lies as I've been listening to for three hours!"

A long murmur rolled through the room, surged in the galleries.

Tarascon hardly liked this; Tarascon protested. As for Bompard, he answered simply, with a smile:

"So far as I'm concerned, your Honor, I won't absolutely claim that I'm the most literal creature in the world—no, I won't go so far as that. But see here; just ask a question or two of my friend there." And he waved his hand at Tartarin. "In the way of the literal, he's about the best thing we have here."

"Usher, hand this letter to the accused," said the judge.

Tartarin took it, examined it, declared that he recognized the handwriting and the signature of the person De Mons—a handwriting and signature unfortunately too familiar to him; then, still erect, turning toward the bench, with a light in his eye, a ring in his voice, and the famous letter brandished in his hand: "In my turn, your Honor, armed with this cynical lucubration, I summon you to acknowledge that all the impostors don't come from the South. Ah, you call us liars, us poor performers of Tarascon! But we are only people of imagination and of overflowing speech—people who hit it off, people who embroider, people whose fertile fancy throws off things on the spur of the moment, and who are themselves the first to be taken in, even when they are surprised by their own ingenious readiness. How different from your liars of the North, deliberate, elaborate, and perverse, with their rascally practical machinations—such a one, for instance, as the signer of this letter! Yes, thank God, one may say

that in the way of lying, when the North tries its hand, the South is no match for it at all!"

Launched on this theme, with his good sense and eloquence, Tartarin ought to have raised the house. But it was all over. The great man had decidedly forfeited public favor. No one had an ear for him. Exasperated curiosity had no ear and no eye for anything but the mysterious missive with eight red seals that he waved up and down in his hand.

Devil take it, what *could* there be in this tantalizing scroll which they handed to and fro without coming to the point and reading it out?

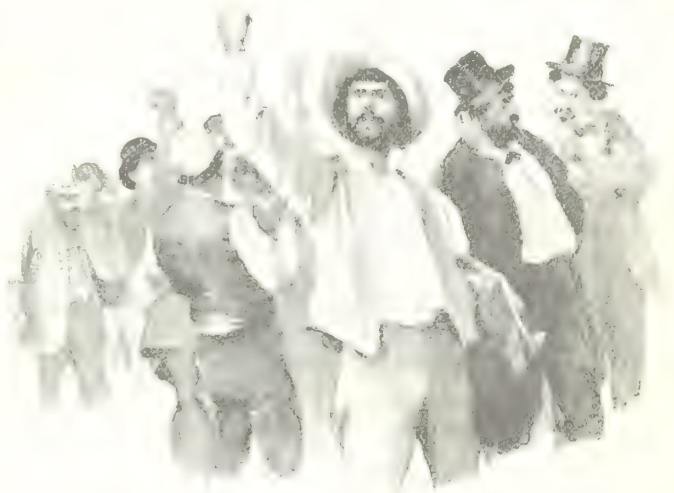
Tartarin would have liked to go on, but the impatience of his fellow-citizens gave him no chance. They only shouted from all sides: "The letter! the letter! Read us the letter!"

Monsieur Mouillard again threatened to clear the court if they didn't keep quiet, but at last, yielding to the popular desire, and addressing the accused:

"So I am to take it from you that this is really the writing of the person De Mons?"

"You may take it from me. The hands are identical, your Honor."

"Hand the letter to the clerk of the court, so that he may read it out."



AFTER THE TRIAL.

A huge "Ah!" of relief greeted these words, and was followed by a silence so deep that you could hear nothing but the buzz of the flies within and the shrill of the insects without. Every one sat mo-

tionless in his place, cocking his head on one side to hear better.

Amid this solemn attention of a whole people, the clerk of the court, in a slow, monotonous, nasal voice, began to read the letter with the eight red seals.

"To Mr. Gonzago Bompard, Provisional Governor of the Colony of Port Tarascon: to be opened in 144° 30' longitude east, opposite the Admiralty Isles:

"MY DEAR MONSIEUR BOMPARD,—There is no joke good enough to be kept up forever. Put straight about, and come quietly back with your Tarasconians.

"There is no island, there is no treaty, there is no Port Tarascon, there are no acres nor concessions nor distilleries nor refineries—there is nothing of any kind. Nothing, at least, but a splendid operation by which I have pocketed some millions, which are now, I am happy to say, in as safe a place as my person.

"What it has all come to is a nice little Tarasconnade, which your fellow-citizens and illustrious chief will certainly forgive me, since it has afforded them occupation and recreation, and revived their taste, which they had rather lost, for their delicious little town.

DUKE DE MONS."

thing could restrain the roars, the yells; the howls of rage that broke forth and reached the street, the Long Walk, the Esplanade, resounded through the whole town. Ah, the Belgian, the dirty Belgian! How they would have chucked him into the Rhone if they could only have got hold of him!

Every one lent his voice—men, women, and children—and it was in the midst of this appalling din, the racket of an angry hive, that Monsieur Mouillard pronounced the acquittal of Tartarin and of Pascalon, to the great despair of Cicero Franquebalme, who was obliged to keep to himself his great speech, to pack up again the solid blocks of his argument, all his whatsoevers and whensoevers and wheresoevers—to swallow, in a word, his masterpiece, his compact cemented Roman aqueduct.

The public poured forth from the court, spread over the town, surged through the Walk Round, through the squares and bits of squares, continuing to relieve itself in wild vociferations. Ah, the Belgian! the dirty Belgian! His name was everywhere mingled with the cry that has ever since remained the bloodiest insult that a Tarasconian can utter, "Liar of the North!—liar of the North!"



BÉZUQUET LOOKS AT HIS TATTOOINGS.

"P.S. No more a Duke than Mons is his duchy. Scarcely known in the neighborhood."

Ah, this time his lordship could only threaten in vain to clear the court. No-

VI.

Continuation and Conclusion of the Memorial.

October 8th.—Resumed my position in Ferdinand Bézuquet's pharmacy. I have regained the esteem of my countrymen, and recovered the tranquillity of my for-

mer existence on the bit of a square between the two jars, the yellow and the green, of the shop front. There is only this difference, that poor Bezuquet now sticks fast to the back shop, as if he were the apprentice, where he works the pestle from morning to night, pounding his drugs in the marble mortar in a kind of rage, as if he hoped they may feel it. He only stops from time to time to take a little mirror out of his pocket and look at his tattooings. Poor Ferdinand, neither poultice nor plaster can touch them, there is no help for him even in the nice little garlic broth recommended by Dr. Tournatoire. He has got them for life, his infernal illuminations.

Meanwhile, I put up little parcels, I write little labels, I exchange little remarks with little customers, and I find a sufficient amusement in the little gossip of the little town. On market-days we have always a lot of people. Since the wine crop shows signs of mending, our peasants have begun again to dose and drug themselves: in the country about Tarascon there is no more cherished pursuit. On Tuesday and Friday the pharmacy is crammed.

The rest of the week it is sufficiently quiet, the sharp bell tinkles less frequently. I pass my time in looking at the superscriptions of the great glass bottles and the great jars of white earthen-ware ranged on the shelves—the *sirupus gummi*, the *assafœtida*, and the *φαρμακοποιία*, in Greek characters, between two serpents, over the counter.

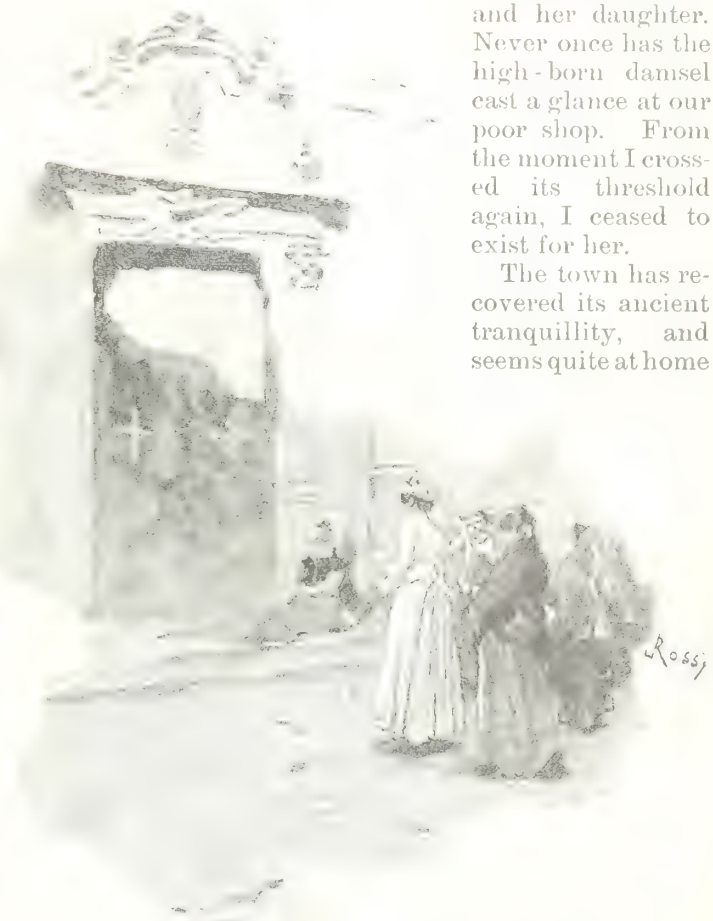
After so many agitations and adventures, this lull in my existence is rather enjoyable. I am preparing a volume of

verses in our dear old dialect—*Li Gin-joulo*—"Drops of Jujube." In the North the jujube is known only as a pharmaceutical product; but here the tree, with its thin foliage, produces a different fruit, a kind of charming little red olive that melts in your mouth. I shall collect in this volume my little landscapes and my love poems.

Woe is me! I sometimes see her pass, my long and flexible Clorinde, skipping over the sharp cobble-stones of the bit of a square with the same motion that on the island we used to compare to that of the kangaroo. She's going to second mass, her prayer-book in her hand, followed by the valuable female domestic who used to patch up our roofs and "shin" up our flag-staffs, and who, since our return to Tarascon, has passed from the service of Mademoiselle Tournatoire to

that of the Marquise and her daughter. Never once has the high-born damsel cast a glance at our poor shop. From the moment I crossed its threshold again, I ceased to exist for her.

The town has recovered its ancient tranquillity, and seems quite at home



"CLORINDE SKIPPING OVER THE SHARP COBBLESTONES."

again. We stroll on the Long Walk and on the Esplanade: in the evening we go to the club and to the play. Every one has come back except Brother Bataillet, who stopped over in the Philippines to set up a new community of White Fathers. Here the convent of Pampérigouste has opened its doors

a little — just

and the Rev. Father Ve-zole (God be praised!) is settled in it again with a few other holy men. The bells have begun to tinkle gently—eversogently.

Who would ever believe that we have made so much history. How far it all seems now, and what rare fellows we are to forget! To appreciate this you must see our sportsmen, the Marquis des Espazettes at their head, start out every Sunday morning, in brand-new trappings, to shoot game that doesn't exist.

On my side, on Sunday, after breakfast, I go and pay my respects to Tartarin. It is there still, at the end of the Long Walk, the little house with the green blinds: the little bootblacks are there still before the gate, but somehow they are stricken with silence, and everything is lifeless and closed. I lift the latch, and passing in, I find the hero in his garden, turning round the tank of goldfish, with his hands behind him: or else in his study, surrounded by his poisoned arrows and other outlandish weapons. At present he never even looks at his beloved collections. The setting is the same, but how the man has changed! It was fruitless for them to let him off: they couldn't give him back his honor: they couldn't give him back his glory. The great man feels that

that glory has waned: this is the secret of his sadness.

But we talk together, and sometimes Dr. Tournatoire comes in, bringing to the melancholy house his good-humor, and his somewhat primitive, his even questionable, medical jokes. Franque-

balme also comes on Sunday. Tartarin having confided to him the protection of his interests. He has a law-suit at Toulon with Captain Scrapouchinat, who is trying to recover from him the expenses of the return trip: another suit, too, with the widow of Bravida, who has brought it as the guardian of her bereaved children. If my poor dear master loses either of these cases, how in the world will he keep afloat? He has al-

ready sunk most of his substance in the lamentable adventure of Port Tarascon.

Would to heaven I were rich! Unfortunately the money I get from Bézuquet isn't the sort of thing to enable me to assist my noble friend.

October 10th.—My "Jujubes" are to appear at Avignon, with the imprint of Roumanille. I'm awfully happy about it. Another piece of good luck is that they are getting up a great procession in honor of St. Martha, whose feast is on the 19th, and in honor, too, of the restoration of our race to the soil of France. Doulaudoure and I, perched on an allegorical car, are to represent Provençal poetry.

October 28th.—Yesterday, Sunday, our procession came off. A long stream of cars and cavaliers, the latter in historical costumes, holding out on long wands



THE HERO IN HIS GARDEN.

butterfly nets for money. A tremendous crowd of people, a cluster of heads at every window, and yet, in spite of everything, a visible want of real animation. The ingenious managers of the *fête* had vainly endeavored to make up for the absence of our dear Old Granny; every one was conscious of a gap, of a void—the ear of the Tarasque was not there. Smothered rancor woke up again at the thought of the dastardly shot discharged in the far Pacific; as we passed

before Tartarin's house the mutter of resentment might have been heard in the ranks. As at this moment Costecalde's ill-conditioned gang tried to work up the

THE GREAT PROCESSION.

crowd, the Marquis des Espazettes, who was dressed as a Templar, turned round on his horse. "Quiet there, you know, gentlemen!" He had quite the grand air, and the disorder was instantly checked.

The *tramontana* was blowing, and there was unmistakable snow in it, as Dourladoure and I were cruelly conscious in our picturesque habits. We had borrowed our dresses—of the period of Charles VI.—from the opera troupe that happens to be here now; and seated, each of us, on the battlements of a tower (for our chariot, drawn by six white oxen, was supposed to represent King René's castle in wood and painted pasteboard), we were pierced through and through by the rascally blast, so that the verses we recited to our big lyres chattered as much as the speakers. Dourladoure remarked to me that we were simply freezing. But we had to freeze; we couldn't get down for want of ladders, those on which we had clambered up having been inconsiderately removed.

"I REPEATED A FEW LINES."



"TO BE 'MARRIED TOGETHER' THIS VERY NEXT MONTH."

On the Walk Round our sufferings were more than we could bear; and, to finish them up, what did I do but bethink myself—oh, vanity of love!—to take a short-cut, and pass directly in front of the residence of a certain high-born family!

So behold us squeezed into the narrow streets of that part, with only just room for the wheels of the car. The noble mansion was closed, dark and dumb behind the black stones of its old walls, with all its shutters drawn to show how the aristocracy sniffs at the pleasures of the Rabblebabbie.

I repeated a few lines in my quavering voice, and poked out my little bag to beg; but nothing stirred—no one appeared. Then I ordered the driver to move on. But it was impossible; the car was stuck—wedged in. It was vain to pull it from its front or to drag it from behind: it was simply held fast between the high walls.

Close to us, between the slits of the shutters, on a level with our ears, we heard a smothered giggle; in the face of which we had to stay ridiculously perched on our pasteboard turrets, numb with cold, in spite of our burning shame.

Decidedly King René's castle didn't

bring me much luck. The oxen had to be taken out and ladders to be brought to get us down—all of which seemed interminable!

October 28th.—What is it, then, what can it be, the ache for glory? It is clear that when once one has known it one can't live without it.

Last Sunday I called on Tartarin, and we talked together in the garden, strolling along the sanded paths. Over the wall the trees on the Long Walk scattered their leaves down in heaps, and as I noticed the melancholy in his eyes, I tried to remind him of the glorious hours of his life. But nothing could bring him round, not even the various similitudes between his career and Napoleon's.

"Oh, don't humbug me with your Napoleon! When I fell into that the sun of the tropics had muddled my brain. Don't ever talk of it again, please; I shall be obliged to you."

I looked at him in stupefaction. "Well, but, my dear friend, the Commodore's lady—"

"Leave me alone with your Commodore's lady; the Commodore's lady was making a fool of me!"

We took a few more steps in silence,

while an occasional cry from one of the little bootblacks (they were playing jack-stones on the other side of the wall) mingled with the gusts that whirled the dry leaves. Tartarin added, in a moment:

"I see through it now; the Tarasconians have opened my eyes. It is as if I had been operated on for cataract."

He smexed me as extraordinary.

Later, when I was going, he suddenly said, as I pressed his hand: "Do you know, my dear child, I'm going to have a sale? I've lost my suit against Scrapouchinat, and the other one against Madame Bravida as well, for all the dialectics of Franquebalme. The fellow builds too big; it tumbles down on top of you, and buries you beneath its weight."

Ever so timidly I offered him my little savings. I would have given them to him with all my heart, but Tartarin wouldn't listen to it.

"Thank you, my child; I dare say my arms, my curiosities, my rare plants, will bring in enough. If it's not enough, I'll sell the house. After that, we shall see. Farewell, dear child: these things are nothing!"

Dear me, what philosophy!

October 31st.—To-day I've had a great sorrow. I was in a shop, serving Madame Truphénus with a remedy for her baby, who has measles, when a creak of wheels on the bit of a square made me raise my head. I had recognized the sound of the springs of the great coach of the old dowager of Aigueboulide. The old woman was inside, with her stuffed parrot beside her, and opposite sat my Clorinde, with another person whom I couldn't see very well, as the sun was in my eyes—a person in a blue uniform and an embroidered military cap.

"Who in the world is with those ladies?"

"Why, the dowager's grandson, Vicomte Charlexis d'Aigueboulide, an officer in the light cavalry. Didn't you know that Miss Clorinde and he are to be 'married together' this very next month?"

It gave me a blow. I must have looked like a corpse.

After all, I had still had a hope.

"Oh, you know, it's quite one of your love-matches," continued my clumsy customer. "But do you know what we say—"

"When you marry to your taste,
Your nights and days you're sure to waste."

Lackaday, that's the way I should have liked to marry!



THE SALE AT TARTARIN'S.

November 5th.—Yesterday poor Tartarin's auction came off. I was not there, but Franquebalme came to the shop in the evening and told me all about it.

It seems to have been heart-rending. The sale hasn't brought a penny. It took place outside, before the door, according to our old custom. Literally, not a penny, and yet there were a lot of people. The arms of all countries—the poisoned arrows, the assegais, the yataghans, the revolvers, the Winchester, the thirty-two shooter—not a single sou did they fetch. The same

with the splendid lion-skins of the Atlas, the same with the great alpenstock, his glorious staff of the Jungfrau; there was only here and there a preposterous bid for these curiosities, these treasures—the real museum of our city. Yes, faith is dead.

And then the baobab in its little pot—the wondrous 'exotic that for thirty years has been the admiration of the country! When it was placed on the table, when the auctioneer described it as "*Arbos gigantea*, whole villages are often covered by its shade," it seems there was a universal guffaw.

Tartarin heard this profane mirth from the other side of the wall: he was taking a turn or two in his little garden with a couple of friends. He said to them, without bitterness:

"They, too, our good Tarasconians, have been through the operation for cataract. Yes, now they can see; but they're cruel."

The saddest thing of all is that the sale is far from having produced enough to clear off his debts. He has been obliged to dispose of his house to the Espazettes, who mean to give it to their young couple.

And he, the poor great man, what will become of him? Will he cross the bridge, as has been vaguely stated? Will he take refuge at Beaucaire with his old friend Bonnard?

While Franquebalme, standing in the middle of the shop, dwelt on this dismal episode, Bézuquet in the background, just peeping, with his ineffaceable blazonry, through a gap in the door, tossed us, with the laugh of a Papuan fiend, a "Serves him right! Serves him right!" as if it were Tartarin himself who had tattooed him.

November 7th.—It is to-morrow, Sunday, that my kind master is to leave the city and cross the bridge. Can it be possible? Is Tartarin of Tarascon to become Tartarin of Beaucaire? Just see what a difference, if only to the ear! And then the bridge—the terrible bridge to cross! I know very well that Tartarin has run other risks and surmounted other obstacles; but, all the same, those are things that you say in anger; you don't really do them. I can't believe it yet.

Sunday, December 13th.—Seven o'clock in the evening. I've come in quite prostrate; I've hardly strength enough to jot down these words.

It's done; he's gone; he has crossed the bridge!

Three or four of us had agreed to meet at his house; there were Tournatoire and Franquebalme and Beaumevielle, and we were overtaken on the way by Malbos, one of the veterans of the militia.

My heart sank dreadfully at the sight of the wretched bare walls and the ravaged garden. But Tartarin didn't even look round him.

That's the good side of our Tarasconian nature—our incurable mobility. It helps us to be less sad than other races.

He gave the keys to Franquebalme: "You will hand them to the Marquis des Espazettes. I bear him no grudge for not having come; it's quite natural. As Bravida used to say:

"The love of the great
Is brittle friendship.
As soon as they've done with us
They turn their backs."

Turning to me, he added, "You know something about that, dear child."

This allusion to Clorinde touched me. To think of *me* in such a peck of troubles!

When once we had got out on the Long Walk, we found it was blowing fearfully. Each of us thought to himself, "Mercy on us, look out for the bridge presently!"

Tartarin didn't seem to be looking out for it at all. The mistral had blown every one out of the streets; we met nothing but the garrison band coming back from the Esplanade, the soldiers, bothered with their instruments, holding fast with the other hand their capes that were flapping and flying away.

Tartarin talked slowly, strolling between us as if he were taking the air. He talked about himself. "You see, the trouble with me has been that I have had in an extraordinary degree the affection we all have. I've fed myself too much on *regardelle*."

At Tarascon we call *regardelle* everything that tempts desire, everything we long for and yet can't put our hand upon. It is the food of the dreamer, of imaginative people. And Tartarin told the truth; nobody has eaten more *regardelle* than he.

As I was carrying my hero's valise and bandbox, as well as his overcoat, I walked a little behind and didn't catch everything. Some of his words were blown away in the wind; it blew ever so much stronger as we approached the Rhone. I gathered that he was saying he bore no-

body a grudge, talking of his

"That ragamuffin of a Daudet has said somewhere that I'm Don Quixote in the skin of Sancho Panza. Well, I suppose it's true. This type of the fat Don Quixote, the Don Quixote comfortably potted in his flesh and always falling below his dream, is rather frequent at Tarascon and in its neighborhood."

A little further, down a side street, we saw, capering along, a back that we recognized. It was Escourbaniès crying: "A lot of noise! let's make a lot of noise! Long life to Costecalde!" as he passed the shop front of the armorer, who, as it happens, was this morning appointed a municipal councillor.

"I come to slay the monster, even against *him*," said Tartarin. "And yet such a fellow as that represents the most horrible side of our Tarasconian South. I don't speak of his everlasting chatter, though he really chatters more than is necessary, but of that dreadful desire to please, to be amiable, which makes him do the vilest and most abject things. He's with Costecalde to throw me into the Rhone. He would be with me, if any good were to be got by it, to do the same



THE CHILDREN OF TARASCON.

for Costecalde. But except for that, my children, we are not so bad. It's a nice little race, without which, long ago, our poor old France would have died of pedantry and ennui."

We had reached the end of the bridge at a wild sunset, a few clouds high in the air. The wind seemed to have fallen a little, but all the same the bridge was not tempting. We stopped at this end of it; he didn't ask us to go further.

"Well, then, my dears, farewell!"

He embraced us, beginning with Beaumevieille, as the oldest, and ending with me. I was wet; I was perfectly dripping with tears, which I couldn't



HE NEVER TURNED ROUND."

age, encumbered as I was

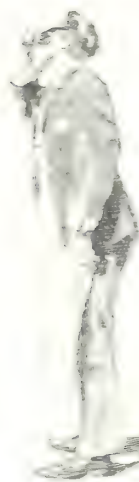
hand. At last Tournassire said to him:

there, the mortality at Beaumais.
A little gentle breeze: don't forget

"The further she went the more she
learned, and the less she wanted to
die." "I shall be like the old woman."

the cables, a little heavy, but with a
good step. The bridge was lurching
stopped to catch his hat, which was
from the distance, but without budg-

He never turned round. He an-
swered nothing: his feelings were too



in it still, of which I take ad-
has been in circulation since

For three months we have
had no news of him. I have
Barnard, whom he has been
Fair Grounds and watch over
come back, after all, to the old
regardable. I have pined for
I have had twenty minds to

One day, looking over tow-
ard the Castle of Beaumais, it
seemed to me that I saw some-
body perched upon it with an

presently returned with a companion, a



very stout party, who had a look of Tartarin. This companion also took the glass, but lowered it presently to wave his arms as a sort of a sign; the thing, however, was so far off and slight and sketchy that I was not quite so much excited by it as I ought to have been.

This morning when I got up, I felt awfully uneasy, but without knowing why. I went out to the barber's, as I do every Sunday, and was struck with the curious, muffled, sallow sky, one of those thick, dead skies that make the trees and branches, the pavements and houses, so strangely distinct. When I reached the barber's—I always go to Marc Aurèle—I called his attention to it.

"What a funny sun; it doesn't warm, it doesn't light! Is there an eclipse coming off?"

"Why, don't you know about it, Monsieur Pascalon? They've been expecting one since the beginning of the month."

And at the moment he had got hold of my nose, and had his razor just under it.

"And the news—I suppose you know the news, eh? It appears our great man is no longer of this world."

"What great man?"

When he named Tartarin, I only wanted a little of making him cut my throat.

"That's what it is to leave home. Without Tarascon he couldn't live."

My friend Marcus Aurelius didn't know he was so near the truth.

Without Tarascon and without glory it was very certain Tartarin couldn't live.

My kind old master! my dear great friend!

The coincidence is awfully striking—an eclipse the day of his death!

What a funny people we are, after all! I'll bet anything that there's not a creature in town who isn't saddened by the news, which, however, won't prevent every one from trying to look as much as possible as if he didn't mind it.

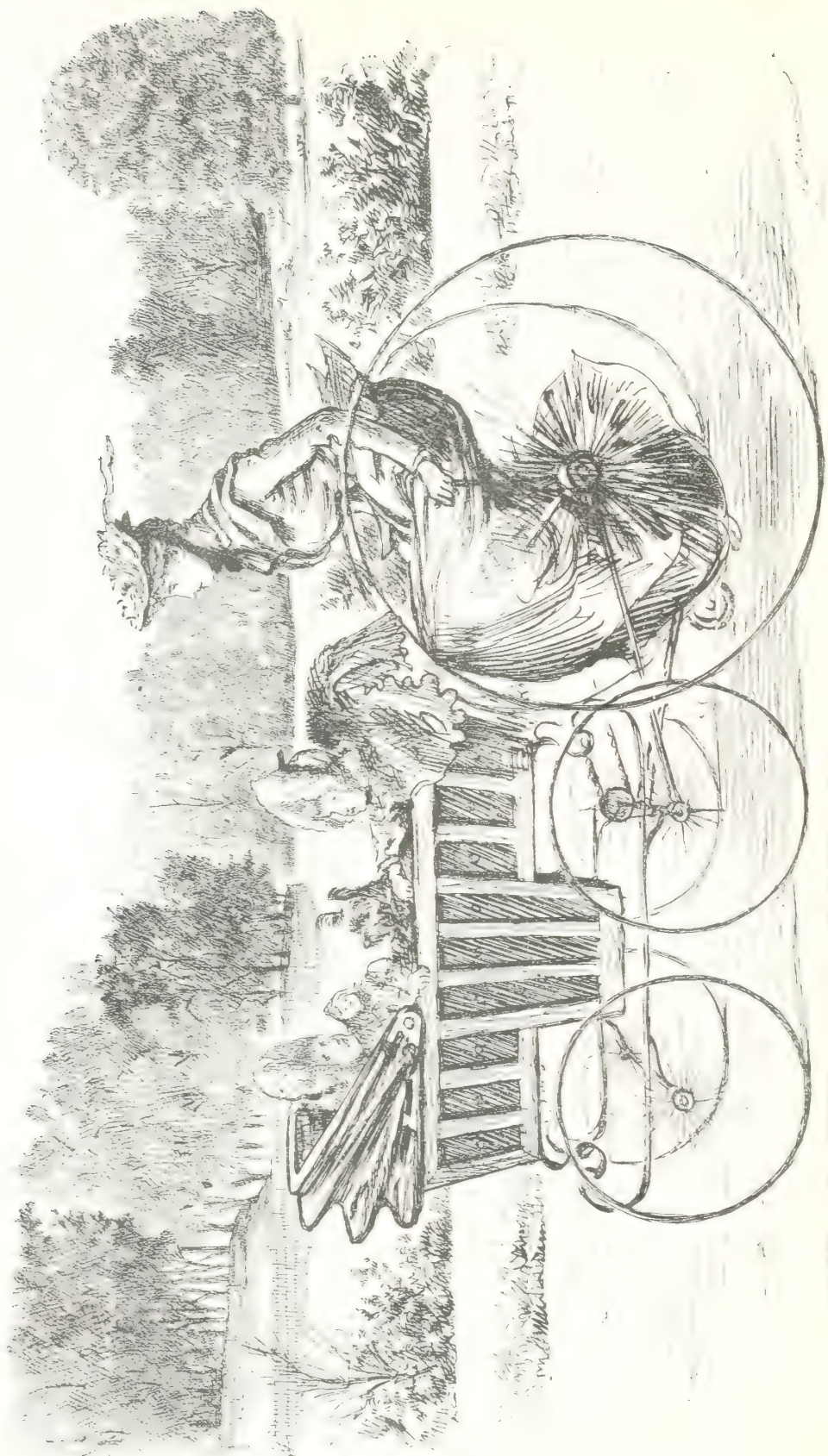
All this because, ever since we made such fools of ourselves out there, showing ourselves so hoaxing and so hoaxed, we have all wanted to take the other line and appear to have learned, once for all, the lesson of steadiness and sobriety.

The truth is, however, that we've not learned any lesson at all; only now, instead of saying too much about anything, we say too little; we lie by understatement.

We no longer say that yesterday in our old arena there were at least fifty thousand people; we say it's putting it strong to call them at the very most half a dozen.

It's only another kind of exaggeration!

THE END.



HAPPY THOUGHT DRAWN BY GEORGE DU MAURIER.

SAATCHI & SAATCHI

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE Easy Chair went up lately to the hills to enjoy the annual dinner at Arcadia. It is a summer feast which tradition assigns to some old academy in those parts, supposed to have been founded by a pastor of the village in the ante-railroad days, when there was no path to Arcadia except that which is still sometimes pursued. It is a winding sylvan way through woods and by singing streams and solitary farms, journeying by which you feel yourself penetrating farther and farther into the country to which the modern world has hardly found its way, and where you might expect to surprise a peaceful community of ancient rural New England, as in threading the remoter recesses and heights of the Catskills you might come upon a party of Hendrik Hudson's crew.

In this seclusion of the hills the young pastor, who was in delicate health and unmarried, relieved the sombre severity of clerical life by teaching a few boys and girls. By that fond indirection he let in fresh air and natural music and sunshine upon the dry routine of his unmated days. The cheerless solemnity of the life of the country clergy in those times it is hard to imagine. The missionaries to East London in these days tell us that the peculiar characteristic of that vast region, swarming with human beings, is want of entertainment. The people there do not laugh. They have no diversion. There is nothing pleasant to see or to hear. It is a huge stone mill in which human life is ground up in an endless and barren monotony of hard work. It is odd to trace any resemblance to it in a life so different; but the old-fashioned Calvinistic divine in his small country parish, revolving in an actual world of petty details, and another world of grim theological speculation and absorption in the contemplation of death, must have seldom smiled. The young pastor was bound by no vow of celibacy, but he knew that his life must be brief, and he gladly surrounded himself with children in the guise of pupils, and when he died he left a Bible to his church, a small sum for the education of heathen youth in America, some manuscript sermons to his parents, and the rest of his little property to found an academy for godly youth.

This at least is the usual tradition. But when Silvertongue came once to the dinner he put it aside airily as a pleasant fiction, and averred that the final cause of the annual feast was simply to glorify two legendary friends of the town and enjoy them forever. This had a sound that contrasted not inaptly with the seriousness of the hills, and suggested an origin not unlike that of the feasts in the Lacedæmonian worship of the Dioscuri. Still another theory which is like to grow with time associates it with the memory of two strangers of benignant aspect, who appeared suddenly in the village like the gray-haired regicide at Hadley, and aiding the townspeople not with a sword, but with a bounty, departed. They are all pleasant tales. But the earliest tradition is likely to be the truest. It was the good pastor who sowed the modest seed which has now sprung up a hundredfold.

This year the text of the afternoon, for the dinner begins at one o'clock, was the report of the census that the town is declining in population. The guests were a conclave of the people of the hills. They came from a circuit of a score of miles. The dinner is served cold, and the guests feast

"In summer, when the days are long,
On dainty chicken, snow-white bread,"

and by two o'clock the blue gauze is spread over the remnants, the benches are turned so that the whole company faces the speakers, and then speech begins. It was the verdict of the hills upon the report of the census that if the numbers of individuals are decreasing, the number of families is not. The ancient quiverfuls are disappearing, and the number of children in a family is diminishing. But the general welfare of the family is increasing, while the marvellous facilities of communication bring all resources into the hills, and the remote little village of the old pastor is practically becoming a suburb.

If a higher general welfare prevails, what matter if the population somewhat declines? Quality is better than quantity. If, as a Senator of Massachusetts says, the people of the hills are merely descending into the valleys, who can complain if they bring with them the simple and

hardy virtues which grow upon the hills like the great agricultural staples? Let the census say what it will, statistics need not frighten until they show a decadence of character as well as a decline of population. If, however, character is decaying, if the primary conditions of that fundamental life of the country are changing, a general change may be anticipated. But in Arcadia those signs do not yet appear. Whether there are more or fewer persons than there were fifty years ago, the comfort, the resources, the opportunities are constantly greater. Undoubtedly they bring their dangers and disadvantages. But the same steady force of character that dealt with the old difficulties can deal with the new.

Perhaps the trouble lies less in the depletion of the hills than in the surfeit of the shore. The dragon of the glittering scales that threatens American youth and maidens may be rather Sybaris by the sea than Arcadia on the hills. It may be also rather the annual half-million of utter aliens that come from other lands, strange to us in everything that fosters a homogeneous national life, rather than our hundred who come down morally as well as numerically from the uplands nearer heaven.

So in the larger academy which the young pastor unconsciously founded the various voices of suggestion, experience, and reflection spoke. Then along the winding hill roads in the late and beautiful afternoon, and later in the light of the full moon, the guests dispersed, weaving the fragmentary hints of speech into completer views and purposes of patriotic life, as the child of the fairies wove the scattered shreds of gold into a shining garment.

MANY years ago there was an entertaining book published called *Random Recollections of the House of Commons*. It described the appearance and conduct of that assembly of gentlemen as they were observed from the gallery. The book must have been published about the time of the Reform Bill, and it was a curious and interesting glimpse that it opened. The English gentleman was described in the novels and by oral tradition not as a dandy, a Brummel, or D'Orsay, in whom there was a second-rate quality of tinsel gentility, a gentility of cravats and coats and waistcoats, to be ordered at a fashion-

able shop. This was the kind of first gentleman in Europe that George the Fourth offered for the admiration of mankind.

But the English gentleman proper was a different figure. He was not a coxcomb, nor a swell, nor Vivian Grey, nor Pelham, but a quiet, simple, refined, cultivated, manly person, who might, under changed conditions, suggest the Black Prince and Sir Philip Sidney, Falkland and Sir Harry Vane—the type, the symbol, the personification, of the grave, earnest solid character that has made England England. It is essential to this figure that his manner should be commensurate with his character, and neither perplex its impression nor satirize it. The manner is the man in a very essential sense. It is not possible to conceive Milton with the manner of Sir Piercie Shafton, nor John Hampden as a simpering sentimentalist. Excellent persons may have follies of manner. But there are persons of large and steady and solid qualities of character who cannot have such follies.

So from the English gentleman decorum is expected, a self-restraint and moderation which forbid excess of demonstration of every kind. This, however, sometimes leads to an amusing affectation of its own. Some years ago the English manner was the affectation of indifference. It was the application of Talleyrand's exhortation, *surtout, pas de zèle*, to the drawing-room. The greatest pleasure, the most crushing sorrow, must produce no manifestation of extreme feeling. The tradition, indeed, was as old as Queen Anne. Pope's familiar line,

"And mistress of herself, though China fall,"

indicates it; and the tradition, like the affectation, paid homage to an excellent quality.

The impassive manner was the portrait of that self-command which belongs to the manliest and finest character. Excessive or uproarious laughter from a man like Dr. Channing, for instance, would be painful. Hysterics in Lady Elizabeth Hastings would not have been a liberal education, except in undeception. Self-command is of the essence of fine manners. But it need not go so far as with Aristogiton, who had been long separated from his friend Harmodius, and, home returning after many months, happily

espying him in the Louvre, Harmodius stole up unperceived behind him and touched him upon the shoulder. Aristogiton turned, and seeing his dearest friend, ejaculated quietly: "Ah, how are you? Do you see that lovely tint on the hand?" and pointed to the picture which he was observing. Even Bacon permits occasional excess. But Aristogiton's excess of self-command was not within the Baconian permission.

In this view of the English gentleman who is supposed to supply the membership of the House of Commons, the descriptions of the occasional conduct of that body which Mr. Grant gave in his *Random Recollections* were a little appalling. It appeared from his account that while in the legislature of Britain one English gentleman was gravely speaking, other English gentlemen were crowing like cocks, and braying like donkeys, and yelping like curs, and bleating like sheep, and grunting like swine, and in every way trying to silence the speaker and disgracing the Parliament. Indeed, when Mr. Disraeli—whose right to the name of gentleman might perhaps have been challenged on the ground of velvet coats and blazing waistcoats and a gaudy profusion of jewelry—essayed to speak in the Commons, the future Prime Minister of England was overpowered by the roaring battery of the barn-yard, and was fain to shake his fist in the faces of the other gentlemen, screaming that one day he would make them hear. Which, as Mrs. Gamp might say, he kept his word; and a little later, English gentlemen, crowing and braying no longer, held in homage his velvet coat, transfigured into a train, as he marched with a coronet on his head to the Peers, the first subject of the Queen.

It was not easy to harmonize these barn-yard manners with the ideal deportment of the English gentleman. But it is delightful to reflect that we are not forced to that ordeal in the case of the American gentleman. In an antiquated and effete despotism like Great Britain, the gentlemen of its Parliament may behave like louts and bumpkins in a village school. Poor effetes! What else can be expected under a crown? Gentlemanly conduct in high places can be seen only in our Congress of American gentlemen. There no word is spoken which Mrs. General would not commend with the most praiseworthy prism fervor to the admiration of the

young American female. There one gentleman, with the keen and glittering rapier of his wit and the flashing fence of his trusty blade of logic, will slice off the head of another gentleman's argument so exquisitely that only when he shakes it does he know that it is gone. "Do you see that tint on the hand?" he seems to say. For it is an intellectual tourney of gentlemen, not of scavengers and haunters of the stews, nor of the unmannerly varlets and vulgar roisterers whom Mr. Grant depicted in his *Random Recollections*.

Manners make the man. When, therefore, you hear a feigned barn-yard broken loose in a parliamentary hall, you exclaim, with sorrow and sympathy, "Poor ungentlemanly England!" And when language, compared with which the barn-yard chorus is dulcet music, is shouted angrily in a Congressional chamber, and the whole country is disgraced and ashamed, you instinctively exclaim, "Poor dishonored—Ashantee!" But the benign fate that made us Americans has provided for us a legislative chamber in which no unseemly, still less any unpardonable word is ever uttered; and in which, should an excess of speech occur, the self-respecting assembly itself would hasten to show its stinging sense of shame. Yankee Doodle is naturally grateful that his is not as other Parliaments are.

NEW YORK in the vacation, or New York out of town, was the subject of a little essay in the *Evening Post* one afternoon this summer. Like "Oxford in the vacation," it was a record of the observations of a saunterer among familiar scenes, and gave an excellent picture of the deserted city, although the summer desertion of New York is unlike that of Tarascon, and the million and a half of people who are still left supply an adequate population for one of the great cities of the world.

"The town" is a phrase of peculiar social significance, like "society," or "the world," or "the season." None of these words when used technically, so to speak, mean what they are understood to mean. Town, in this sense, means a very few inhabitants of a town; the world, a handful of persons; society, a mere group of the multitude; as season means neither spring nor summer nor autumn nor winter, but the few weeks or months during which a

small company of people amuse themselves. These words are currently used like the word *classic*, which describes an author of the first class, and therefore *the* class, as if there were no other. Society comes to mean not society in general, but a certain society. Used as an adjective—society women, society journals, society manners—it is an epithet as disagreeable and vulgar as that which describes an office by its salary, as a twelve-hundred-dollar postmastership, or a bishopric as a seven-thousand-dollar office, or the Presidency as a fifty-thousand-dollar place.

The use of the word *town* descends to us from the mother country. The court circle of London was the town, like the Four Hundred in New York—a phrase which as a mere barren numeral is admirably chosen, since our "town" is susceptible of no description by any recognized privilege, or rank, or descent, or hereditary quality. The town of 1990 may be to-day busy in Baxter Street, as that of 1890 was not a leisure class a hundred years ago. Society with us is mainly a game played with money. Certainly, if we judge from the past, it is not likely to furnish all the leaders and famous figures of the coming century. In the mother country, if famous figures are seen there, it is largely because they are rewarded by being placed there. "Society" was a prize. "A peerage or Westminster Abbey!" said Nelson. It is not known that any young hero of our civil war, as he marched into battle, cried, "The Patriarchs or Trinity!"

Yet without titles or any insignia of rank, without a royal drawing-room to determine the social status, with the gilded lists practically open to all comers, and black spirits and white, red spirits and gray, constantly commingling in the changing caldron, there is yet an appreciable meaning in the words *town* and *society* and *season*, and there is unquestionably, as the observer in the *Post* remarks, a changed aspect in the city, a different impression from the spectacle of the streets, when the world is out of town and the year is out of season.

The interest in "the town" is undeniable. It might seem incredible, if the fact did not prove it, that there should be any public concern in the circumstance that rich Mr. and Mrs. A. dined yesterday with rich Mr. and Mrs. B., and that more or less rich Messrs. and Mesdames C., D., E.,

F., G., H., I., and J. dined with them, all dressed in their best clothes. If these good folks were in any way distinguished, if they had done or said or written anything, if they had painted fine pictures, or carved statues of mark, or designed noble buildings, or composed beautiful music, if they had effected humane reforms, had effectively cheered or ennobled or enriched human life, or in any way had made the world better and men and women happier, the curiosity to hear of them, and to see them, and to read of their daily course of life, would be as intelligible as the pleasure in seeing the birthplace of Burns, or walking in Anne Hathaway's garden, or seeing Washington's bedstead and sitting in his chair.

But to read day after day in the paper, this golden domesday-book, the lists of rich people who ate terrapin together, or danced together in lace frills and white cravats afterward, and to read it with avidity, is a curious phenomenon, an extraordinary performance. You might say that nobody does it, but the column of the newspaper which is devoted to this narrative, contrasted with the few paragraphs in which the important news from every country is discussed, conclusively establishes the fact which you doubt. The newspaper understands itself. It is a shrewd merchant who supplies the demand in the market.

But is there no other than a humiliating explanation of the fact? Is it only snobbishness, a mean admiration of mean things? Are we all essentially lackeys who love to wear a livery? Or is it not rather—all this interest in the small performances of those who if distinguished for nothing else are the distinguished favorites of fortune—the result of the ceaseless aspiration for a better condition, and the instinct of the imagination to decorate our lives with the vision of a fairer circumstance than our own, and to revenge the tyranny of fate by the hope of heaven? If the fine Titania could sing to Bottom,

"Mine ear is much enamored of thy note,

* * * * *

Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful,"

why should not our liberal fancy sing the same song to the Four Hundred? They may be deftly enchanted to our eyes if to no others, and to our view our Bottom also be translated.

It is not what they are, but what we

believe them to be, of which we read in the newspaper. The poor sewing-girl as she stitches her life away "in poverty, hunger, and dirt," seeing unconsciously the fairy texture and costly delicacy of the robe she fashions, follows it in fancy to the form which is to wear it, and which needs must be that of a most lovely and most gracious woman, because none other would that soft splendor of raiment benefit. The lofty and benignant lady must needs also mate with her kind, and move only among those "learn'd and fair and good as she." All the circumstances of life must conform, and amid light and perfume and music the unspeakable hours of such women, such men, glide by.—The girl's head droops. For one brief moment she dreams, and that charmed life is real.

In a less degree, in our prosaic and plodding routine, we invest the life of the favorites of fortune with an ideal charm. It is, to our fond fancy, all that it might be. Those figures are not what Circe's wand might show them to be. They are gods and goddesses feasting, and in happier moments we feign ourselves possible Ixions to be admitted to the celestial banquet. In the streets of the summer city their palaces are closed, their brilliant equipages are gone; they do not sparkle and murmur in their opera boxes, nor roll stately in slow lines along the trimmed avenues of the Park. But still the celestial life proceeds, a little out of sight, its lovely leisure brimmed with deeds becoming those who have no care but to do good and to transfigure their own good fortune into a blessing for the world. We read the gross details of dress and dinner. But they remind us only more keenly of the ample resource, the boundless opportunity which our favorites of fortune enjoy.

Thus we ponder the society column not because we are snobs, but because our imaginations take fire; the dry narrowness and hard conditions of our lives are soothed as we contemplate those who have no excuse not to be benefactors; and what they should be, our imaginations, benevolent to ourselves, assure us that they are.

A LAW was passed last winter in Massachusetts prohibiting the sale of ardent spirits to be drunk at a counter standing, and requiring every person to seat him-

self at a table and order his drink. It was ridiculed as a grotesque and absurd law, illustrating the folly of "extremists"—an incautious sneer, because it is extremists, or, like Strafford, those who are "thorough," who achieve results. It would be hard to find two sturdier extremists than Columbus and Martin Luther. "If drinking is to be permitted at all," it was objected, "what possible difference can it make whether the drinker stands or sits?" "'More than you would at first suppose,' said my grandfather, deliberately, whenever he was asked what any remark had to do with the question."

The law requiring the drinker to sit at a table and order his drink was founded upon the great truth that the first practical step in temperance reform is to make drinking difficult. When the Easy Chair once asked Wendell Phillips whether he supposed that a prohibition law would stop drinking, he answered, "No; but it will make it difficult." That is the first parallel, and when that is carried, it is easier to carry the others. Probably the law prohibiting perpendicular drinking would not have been proposed if the prohibition of blinds and curtains had not been found useful. When the striped pig appeared, it was supposed by many persons that the folly of stringent license laws had been demonstrated. The striped pig, it was said, shows that if people wish to drink they will drink.

The striped pig, as may not now be remembered by all who smile at virtue by act of Congress, was a phenomenon of nature offered to view in a tent at a cattle-show or muster in Maine just after the passage of the law requiring liquor to be sold only in quantities of five gallons. The admission to the show was but five cents, and the number of persons who were interested in the study of the curious freak of nature was very large. It was observable also that it was composed largely of citizens who were accustomed "to take suthin" during the morning. In fact, closer investigation revealed the truth that the exhibition enabled such persons at once to gratify their love of natural curiosities and their taste for ardent spirits by paying five cents to see the pig, which had been striped by a paint brush, and to partake of a glass of "suthin" gratis. It was a very neat and simple device, but still the drinking was not so easy as it would have been could the

noble army of tipplers have filed into the grog-shop as usual. A barrier had been interposed.

The practical obstruction and difficulty of drinking were illustrated in the device of the striped pig, and the series of obstructive laws may be regarded as the progeny of that animal. So when, in Maine and other states, in order to drink a glass of wine in a hotel, it was necessary to descend into a cellar and to carouse in a dim and damp closet underground, at a table consisting of a board laid across two barrels, with a black bottle and sundry clouded glasses upon it, revelry was difficult. Under such circumstances the flame of hilarity expired utterly, and even Dick Swiveller could not have fanned it to life, nor passed with ardor the constructively rosy.

Educational laws take no account of the tough veterans of illiteracy; they contemplate the infants, the youngling illiterates, whose minds are not stiffened into immobility against the alphabet. Restrictive liquor laws likewise leave the old toppers to their probable fate, and address themselves to those who may be

saved from acquiring the habit. If the young brokers about Broad and Wall streets could not dash in to a convenient counter and dash down a nipper, but were obliged to seat themselves and take their turn, and to drink with the deliberation which such conditions compel, some brands would be snatched from the fire, some slipping feet take hold of firm ground, some half-fledged drunkards be saved to sobriety.

It is certain that until public opinion in regard to actual prohibition greatly changes, prohibitory laws will not generally be sustained by the sentiment which alone really enforces law. The progeny of the striped pig, which consists in ingenious forms of evasion of the law, will unquestionably abound. But so will obstruction. The force of the sentiment of temperance in the community will be tested not by attempted prohibition, but by ingenious obstruction. It will not say, probably, that there shall be no public drinking, but that public drinking shall be accompanied with full responsibility, shall be deliberate and without concealment.

Editor's Study.

I.

THOSE of our fellow-Aryans who have been reposing like ourselves in the comfortable belief that our race all came from a definitely described area on the plains of Asia, where its rude nonage was nurtured upon sun myths and mare's milk till it mustered strength enough to overrun Europe and supplant the primeval peoples of that continent, will be considerably shaken up by Mr. Isaac Taylor's book on the *Origin of the Aryans*. Perhaps they will be altogether shaken out of their firmest prepossessions, and will end by thinking with him that the European Aryans did not come from Asia at all, but in their several varieties were themselves the first inhabitants of the regions they now occupy; and so far from having overrun Europe from Asia, have done all their overrunning in precisely the opposite direction. Mr. Taylor, whose whole book is extremely interesting, arrives at his conclusions from a study of the facts of archæology. The inventors of the theory which he rejects, and which

may be distinguished for convenience as the philological theory of the origin of the Aryans, relied almost wholly upon philology; but Mr. Taylor admits the philological evidences only where they agree with those of archæology. A conquering people often adopts the language of the vanquished, but almost never the shape of their skulls; and it is from the prehistoric skulls and their measurements that Mr. Taylor prefers to read the race of the people who did their thinking in them. Oddly enough, it appears from these in some cases that peoples of the race we call Aryan were not the puissant, always conquering invaders we have too eagerly supposed them: they were the autochthons, whom another race sometimes subjugated if not dispossessed; they were the earliest, and not the later Europeans.

II.

These conclusions are not those alone of the eminent English scholar who writes this essay on the origin of the Aryans, but are held in common with many, or

indeed most, of the ablest continental students of the subject. If we understand Mr. Taylor aright, no modern-minded inquirer now accepts the theory of our race origin which was so confidently assumed and so fully accepted such a very few years ago. In view of this fact it is interesting to recur to the bold and sweeping question of the philological theory made by Mr. J. W. De Forest in a paper printed in the *Atlantic Monthly*, some time in the later seventies. Mr. De Forest based his question of that theory not upon the archaeological facts accumulated by Mr. Taylor and the later scientific students, but upon the historical evidences to the contrary, and urged its total want of probability in all respects as sufficient reason for discarding it. His very entertaining and really important paper embodied the conjectures and the convictions of a keen and independent thinker, which are now gratifyingly confirmed by the investigations of scholars, but which could then have no weight with a race enamored of primordial sun myths and mare's milk, and disposed to have little patience with the bold agnostic who said there was no real proof of the invasion of Europe by the Asiatic herdsmen, but many proofs that the invasive movements of the peoples had usually been from west to east, and not from east to west. It is pleasant, however, to know that Mr. Taylor, to whose knowledge Mr. De Forest's paper has been brought since the publication of his own essay, has recognized its interest and value, and expressed his regret that it had hitherto escaped his notice and the notice of the German scholars. It was merely a logical forecast of conclusions which these *savants* have since ascertained in the scientific way, but it is worth while to remind the reader of its existence, and it is pleasant to know of Mr. Taylor's hearty acknowledgment of its importance.

III.

We have given his own theory in the barest outline, and we are aware that we have imparted little notion of the charm his book has apart from its value as a contribution to knowledge. It is a little late to recommend it as an agreeable and wholesome substitute for the great mass of summer reading among the Aryan peoples; but if some even of the ladies of that race would take it up in the first revulsion

of sober thought on their return from their various leisures and vacations, they might fortify themselves for the pleasures and duties of the winter by an acquaintance with the life of the ladies of the prehistoric period. These ladies, who are for the most part only craniologically known to our time, probably assisted in the philological development of neolithic culture, but they seem to have led a less positive life than the men of our race, and archaeology exhumes few traces of their usefulness. It is very likely, however, that the kitchen-middens, or bone and shell mounds of prehistoric Denmark, are monuments of their first house-keeping, when the highest dreams of domestic sanitation did not go beyond the simple act of throwing the broken victuals out into a heap beside the door of the dwelling. If this conjecture is as true as it is bold, then it is owing to the primitive efforts of woman in what the enemies of her rights insist is her heaven-appointed sphere, that the archaeologist of the present is able to peruse the history of the remote past of our race. He indeed delves in the forgotten graves and determines from the size and shape of the skulls he finds whether the people who possessed the land were Aryans or not, but it is in the "relic-beds" near their long-vanished dwellings that he reads their slow, far-off approaches to our present polite condition. In these beds, resting one upon another, he finds not only the weapons and implements fashioned by men, and determines from their material the period which they belonged to, but he finds the bones of the animals which they used to feed on, and which the deft and dainty touch of woman prepared for her liege lord on his return from the chase, or the round-up of his prehistoric cattle. If these are the bones of wild animals, he knows that the people who dined on them were less advanced; and if they are the bones of domesticated creatures, that they were more so. In northern Italy he finds acorns, hazel-nuts, and cherry-stones, which primitive woman gathered for primitive man's simple desserts; or else primitive man knew the reason why. It is not to be supposed that primitive man altogether idolized primitive woman; or if he did he made his divinity pay for any failure to come up to his expectations, as primitive man does yet. She probably managed to get round him in various ways, but he had usually been at consid-

erable pains or expense to secure her, first by going hunting for her, and bringing her in like game, and in a later age by trading for her, or buying her. Then she not only cooked for him, but sewed the skins he wore with bone needles, while he was away in the woods or pastures, or was lying round the house, fashioning flints into arrow points and spear heads, and swapping myths with the other men, and so laying the foundations of the romantic fiction, which survives in all its neolithic ingenuousness to our own day.

We say she, but we grieve to explain that the word must be taken in a plural sense, for the neolithic Aryan was generally a polygamist. His polygamy is another feature of his social life which survived till a late period in North America, (whither a branch of the race had migrated), either through the ease and frequency of divorce, or through the direct re-establishment of the institution among the inhabitants of a whole province. The custom of human sacrifice, which Mr. Taylor tells us "prevailed among the Celts in Cæsar's time, and among all the Teuton tribes," persisted to the close of the nineteenth century among the American Aryans, who began about that time to put men to death by electricity, as archaeology has proved. In the relic-beds of the neoelectric period, portions of baked skulls and fragments of the metallic chairs of sacrifice were found, and the philological evidences lead to the belief that the victims were offered up to appease and propitiate the goddess Society, much worshipped in that day.

IV.

The whole chapter on neolithic culture in Mr. Taylor's book is delightful reading, and presents a most interesting example of the methods of the scientific spirit in reconstructing a probable and credible image of a past condition from its refuse heaps and immemorial charnels. As one reads, it is difficult to realize that these dismal sources of information supply nearly all the materials which the historian of the prehistoric times employs. The philological evidences he uses sparingly, and with much misgiving where the graves and the kitchen-middens and relic-beds do not corroborate them. Some of those accepted are rather picturesque, as the proof that the primitive Aryans were a pastoral

people, from the fact that their only names for colors were those of the usual colors of cows: green and blue were unknown to them. They had names for only two seasons, summer and winter; the name for autumn was invented last, when the Aryans began to gather harvests, and ceased to be a purely pastoral people. Marriage was their only social institution, and the relations which result from it have names which are believed to be primitive, as father, son, daughter, sister, son-in-law and step-mother, "though they are wanting in one or more of the Aryan languages." The names for mother, brother, and father-in-law are alone "found in every branch of Aryan speech. . . . The last is of especial value, as it affords a conclusive indication of the institution of marriage, and of orderly family arrangement among the undivided Aryans." Among the other "recent results of philological research, limited and corrected as they have now been by archaeological discovery," are the facts that the Aryans had no property in land, but only in cattle; that they believed in a future life, but had no gods, worshipping "in some vague way the powers of nature." They had devised a decimal system from the five fingers, and could count up to a hundred. They had a name for a month, but not for a year; and the week was "not a primitive conception, the months being divided into half-months by the light half and dark half of the moon."

To the general reader nothing is more interesting, more edifying, in a study of this kind than the curious proofs it presents of the survival of primitive customs and the reversion to them in the most recent times. The state tenure of land, which so many now regard as the true relation of a people to the soil, was practically realized among the earliest Aryans; the single-tax man of our day derives from the primeval herdsman of the remotest past; and he survives side by side with the monopolist of the syndicate variety, the latest, most precious flower of civilization.

The lake-dwellers of Switzerland advanced successively from the condition of wild huntsmen, feeding upon the game they killed, to that of shepherds and quasi-husbandmen, domesticating first the ox, then the goat, then the sheep, then the pig, last the horse. Among the neoelec-

tric Aryans of North America those conditions were found existing chronologically side by side: the cattle king of the great plains cow boyed his innumerable herds in the far West, while in the vast middle region of the continent the more advanced and enlightened husbandman counted his pigs (the pig came later than the ox) by millions, and supported the prosperity of the second city of the hemisphere by their multitude. At the same time a branch of the race, still in what may be called the goat epoch, pastured its domestic animals upon the tomato cans and scrap-iron in the rocky acclivities of upper New York. These goatherds dwelt in habitations little better than those of the neolithic Aryans of Britain, who lived in "pits carried down . . . to a depth of from seven to ten feet," roofed with "interlaced boughs coated with clay," and "entered by tunnels."

"The taste for fish and the art of fishing seem to have been developed at a comparatively late period," and so it is not so surprising to find both the taste and the art so widely diffused among the neoelectric Aryans of this continent. Their kitchen-middens were as rich in fish bones as those of prehistoric Denmark; whole highways were faced with oyster-shells; and there is philological proof that the recurrence of the first moon with the letter *r* in its name, when oysters began to be eaten after the summer fast, was a time of national rejoicing.

One of the facts which the philological theorists were surest of was that the horse was brought with them into Europe by the first Aryan immigrants from Asia. But, as Mr. Taylor shows that the Aryans did not come from Asia, it is easy to suppose that they did not bring the horse with them from Asia. "The Latin name *equus* is common to all the Aryan languages. . . . But recent archaeological discoveries have. . . . shown that the common name must have referred to the wild horse which roamed in immense herds over Europe, and formed the chief food of the palæolithic hunters." In view of this fact the movement among a branch of the palæoelectric Gauls to return to the horse as a food is one of the most striking cases of reversion known in the life of the race. It is to be paralleled perhaps only by another reversion, but in this case it is a reversion to the primitive dress rather than diet. Scraps of linen

fabrics are abundant. Mr. Taylor says, in the Swiss pile-dwellings, but "there is no sign of any garments having been fitted to the figure. The first trace of any such advance in the art of tailoring is afforded by the word 'breeks,' which, as proved by the old Irish *braca*, must, at the period when the Celts still inhabited central Europe, have been borrowed from the Celts by the Teutons and Slaves. No distinction seems to have been made in early times between the dress of the women and the men," and in the latest moment of the neoelectric epoch we find a distinct return, in the divided skirt of the Americans and Britons, to the epicene *braca* of the Celts of three or four thousand years earlier: the first tailor-made suits worn by the ladies of our race.

V.

The chapter on Neolithic Culture, which we have here been synopsisizing and commenting, is by all odds the most attractive in Mr. Taylor's book; but we are by no means sure that it is the most important. Perhaps the chapter on Aryan Mythology is even more important; for if it does not deal so constructively with the matter in hand, its critical value to those who are still in the darkness of the old philological superstition must be almost incalculable. This belief embodies the doctrine that the Aryans possessed a very full if not perfect system of mythology, which they held in common from a common source. But Mr. Taylor altogether denies this. "It has been shown," he says, "that the primitive Aryans were not, as was formerly supposed, a semi-civilized race who, in the bronze period, some fifteen centuries B.C., migrated from Asia into Europe, but rather that they were the descendants of the neolithic people who occupied Europe for unnumbered ages. Can it be supposed that these rude barbarians, clad in skins, ignorant of agriculture and metals, unable to count above a hundred, who practised human sacrifice, were capable of elaborating a complex and beautiful mythology? or if they invented it is it likely that the names and adventures of dawn maidens and solar heroes could have been handed down orally in recognizable form through so many millenniums during which the art of writing was unknown?"

Mr. Taylor is rather of opinion that

such myths as the Aryans can be really proved to have held in common were such as travelled from people to people by hearsay, and were not independently derived from the same remote source as the comparative mythologists assume. "Religious myths, like folk tales and popular fables, have an astonishing faculty for migration.... In any case it is clear that the conclusions which were in vogue thirty years ago as to the nature and extent of the primitive Aryan mythology are based upon assumptions as unwarranted as the theories of the successive migrations of the Aryan nations from the East."

It is not practicable to follow Mr. Taylor through the facts and reasons by which he comes to these conclusions, and we will not ask our reader to take our word that they are convincing. It will be better for him to go to the book for them, where they are open to all. The author recognizes himself that "the work of the last ten years has been mainly destructive," but at least the ground has been cleared for the true theories. "The whilom tyranny of the Sanscritists is happily overpast, and it is seen that hasty philological deductions require to be systematically checked by the conclusions of prehistoric archaeology, craniology, anthropology, geology, and common-sense." The last is the qualification which most of us will think we can bring to bear upon Mr. Taylor's essay, and no one can read so far as these closing words of it without being gratefully sensible of the author's own willingness to employ it. In some sort it seems a pity to have the old theory of our origin overthrown. It was very simple, very intelligible, very portable. Any one could grasp the notion that the whole Aryan race came first from a certain spot in central Asia, and spread itself all over Europe, carrying to the different localities a common language and religion and civilization, which in the course of ages became just enough varied to require the scholarship of their polished descendants for their exploration back to the common source. This done, the affair was ended. Besides being so complete, the old theory flattered our race vanity with the attribution of antiquity and prowess and strangeness. We were a very old family, we came from far, and we possessed the land of the vanquished.

VI.

But perhaps it is right that all these comfortable considerations should be surrendered for the sake of the truth. Even in matters of fact the truth is desirable, and in science a fact is almost as valuable as a conjecture. You may have to go farther, and wait longer for it, but it seems to be better worth having.

In contemplating such a complete overturning of a long-established doctrine as Mr. Taylor offers us the spectacle of, one is reminded how much of science is still conjectural in other directions. The atomic theory is still a theory, the nebular hypothesis still a hypothesis; the missing link in the Darwinian chain is missing still. The bases of knowledge are not the rocks of fact in all cases, but are often the shifting sands of speculation; one respects, admires, the zeal and courage of the adventurers among them, but prefers to wait before going in on the ground-floor at the first proclamation of solidity. Better than science seems the scientific spirit, and after many theories and hypotheses have fallen to ruin this will remain. It is the spirit which denies nothing in wishing to prove all things; which neither grovels nor persecutes, and seeks only the truth. There was one little time not so very long ago when it seemed as if the votaries of this pure spirit were willing to erect a scientific papacy, with the Survival of the Fittest in its Vatican. But that evil moment passed, and the moral world, the world redeemed by the supreme sacrifice and suffering of every martyr, was relieved from its menace. It cannot be denied that a certain brutalization resulted from the mistaken application of that ideal. It appeared from this that the physically fittest was alone meant to survive; but a more enlightened conception modified this, and now we know that what is altogether fittest will survive.

The lesson of all this seems to be that we need not hastily surrender any long-cherished beliefs at the behest of science, which one day affirms and another denies. With science as with revelation, it is the spirit which giveth life, and the letter which kills. Yesterday we all came from Asia; this morning we perceive that we were immemorially European; to-morrow afternoon we may have dropped from the clouds. But the very errors of science teach wisdom, and the effect of the rising

and falling waters of theory is to

Free space for every human doubt

That the soul's afterman will doubt

in the untrammelled search for truth.

"To swim on sunshine measureless as wind"

is what this genius of inquiry enables the soul to do in a world where the first speech that rises to the lips is in question of its mysteries. But to enjoy this precious

privilege no one need abandon any belief that truly comforts or shelters him. Some dogmas indeed we must hold passively, till science has ceased to change her mind, and declares finally and fore-
[illegible] that the world is round and moves. Till she does this in each case, and none of her votaries question her decision, we may keep our creeds intact, even those of us who find consolation and moral support in a personal devil.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 17th of September.—Congress. The following bills passed the Senate: R. R. and Harbors, Aug. 1st, 1891; General Deficiency, August 18th; Sundry Civil (conference report), August 26th; Tariff, September 10th.

The following bills passed the House: conference report of Indian Appropriation, August 15th; anti-Lottery, August 16th; Agricultural College, August 16th; M. R. R. (conference), August 20th; Sundry Civil (conference report), August 25th; Eight-hour and Lard bills, August 28th; amendment to Alien Contract Labor Law, August 30th.

The following nominations for Governor were made in State conventions: Nebraska, Democrats, August 15th, James E. Boyd; Wisconsin, Republicans, August 20th, W. D. Hoard; Pennsylvania, Prohibitionists, August 22d, Charles W. Miller; Idaho, Democrats, August 27th, Benjamin Wilson; Nebraska, Prohibitionists, August 28th, B. L. Prime; Michigan, Republicans, same day, James M. Turner; Wisconsin, Democrats, August 26th, George W. Peck; South Dakota, Republicans, August 28th, A. C. Mellette; Kansas, Republicans, September 3d, L. A. Humphreys; New Hampshire, Prohibitionists, September 9th, Josiah M. Fletcher; Minnesota, Democrats, same day, Thomas Wilson; Delaware, Republicans, same day, H. J. Richardson; Michigan, Democrats, September 10th, E. B. Winans; South Carolina, Democrats, September 11th, B. R. Tillman; Connecticut, Democrats, September 16th, L. B. Morris.

State elections: Carroll S. Page, Republican, was elected Governor of Vermont, and James P. Eagle, Democrat, Governor of Arkansas, September 2d; Edwin C. Burleigh, Republican, was re-elected Governor of Maine, September 8th; Francis E. Warren, Republican, was elected Governor of Wyoming, September 11th.

A treaty of peace between San Salvador and Guatemala was signed August 28th, and quiet was restored in both countries.

A treaty of commerce between Germany and Turkey was signed at Constantinople August 26th.

The triple alliance treaty was extended, September 13th, to 1897.

The elections in Brazil resulted in favor of the government.

The body of Captain John Ericsson was transferred from the American war ship *Baltimore* to the custody of the Swedish authorities at Stockholm with imposing ceremonies September 14th.

DISASTERS.

August 19th.—Tornado at and near Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania. Fifteen persons killed and nearly two hundred injured.—Accident on Old Colony Railroad, near Quincy, Massachusetts. Twenty killed.

August 22d.—The British steamer *Redbrook* sunk in collision with the American steamer *Amérique*, off St. Nazaire, France. Three persons drowned.—In a railroad accident at Reading, Pennsylvania, four persons killed and sixteen injured.

August 26th.—Tokay, Hungary, destroyed by fire. One thousand families made homeless.

August 28th.—Keneshma, Russia, nearly destroyed by fire. Loss estimated at 3,000,000 rubles.

September 1st.—Mine explosion at Boryslav, Austria. Eighty miners suffocated.

September 2d.—Fire steamer *Portsmouth* exploded near Anegada Island, British West Indies. Ten lives lost.

September 4th.—At Prague, Bohemia, thirty persons drowned by the collapse of a bridge.

September 5th.—A dynamite explosion at La Rochelle, France, causing the death of ten men.

September 6th.—Accident on the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, near Adobe, Colorado, resulting in the death of five persons.—Eighteen men killed by a blast explosion at Spokane Falls, Washington.—Destructive floods in many parts of Europe. In Prague 45,000 persons were made homeless.

September 16th.—Great damage by fire to the palace of the Alhambra, in Granada.—Twenty-five miners killed by an explosion in Rhenish Prussia.

OBITUARY.

August 21st.—In Boston, Frederick Henry Hedge, D.D., LL.D., aged eighty-five years.

August 25th.—In Washington, D. C., Hon. L. F. Watson, member of Congress from Pennsylvania, aged seventy-one years.

September 4th.—In Cincinnati, Edward Follen, ex-Noyes, ex-United States Minister to France, aged fifty-eight years.—In Paris, France, Alexandre Chatrian, novelist, aged sixty-four years.

September 8th.—In Lansing, Michigan, Isaac Peckham Christiancy, ex-United States Senator, aged seventy-eight years.

September 10th.—In Weston upon Mare, England, the Rev. Henry Parry Liddon, canon of St. Paul's Cathedral, aged sixty-one years.

September 12th.—In Concord, Major A. B. Thompson, Secretary of the State of New Hampshire, aged fifty-seven years.

Editor's Drawer.



THIS ingenious age, when studied, seems not less remarkable for its division of labor than for the disposition of people to shift labor on to others' shoulders. Perhaps it is only another aspect of the spirit of altruism, a sort of back-handed vicariousness. In taking an inventory of tendencies, this demands some attention.

The notion appears to be spreading that there must be some way by which one can get a good intellectual outfit without much personal effort. There are many schemes of education which encourage this idea. If one could only hit upon the right "electives," he could become a scholar with very little study, and without grappling with any of the real difficulties in the way of an education. It is not more a short-cut we desire, but a road of easy grades, with a locomotive that will pull our train along while we sit in a palace car at ease. The discipline to be obtained by tackling an obstacle and overcoming it we think of small value. There must be some way of attaining the end of cultivation without much labor. We take readily to proprietary medicines. It is easier to dose with these than to exercise ordinary prudence about our health. And we readily believe the doctors of learning when they assure us that we can acquire a new language by the same method by which we can restore bodily vigor: take one small patent-right volume in six easy lessons, without even the necessity of "shaking," and without a regular doctor, and we shall know the language. Some one else has done all the work for us, and we only need to absorb. It is pleasing to see how this theory is getting

to be universally applied. All knowledge can be put into a kind of pemican, so that we can have it condensed. Everything must be chopped up, epitomized, put in short sentences, and italicized. And we have primers for science, for history, so that we can acquire all the information we need in this world in a few hasty bites. It is an admirable saving of time—saving of time being more important in this generation than the saving of ourselves.

And the age is so intellectually active, and so eager to know! If we wish to know anything, instead of digging for it ourselves, it is much easier to flock all together to some lecturer who has put all the results into an hour, and perhaps can throw them all upon a screen, so that we can acquire all we want by merely using the eyes, and bothering ourselves little about what is said. Reading itself is almost too much of an effort. We hire people to read for us—to interpret, as we call it—Browning and Ibsen, even Wagner. Every one is familiar with the pleasure and profit of "recitations," of "conversations" which are monologues. There is something fascinating in the scheme of getting others to do our intellectual labor for us, to attempt to fill up our minds as if they were jars. The need of the mind for nutriment is like the need of the body, but our theory is that it can be satisfied in a different way. There was an old belief that in order that we should enjoy food, and that it should perform its function of assimilation, we must work for it, and that the exertion needed to earn it brought the appetite that made it profitable to the system. We still have the idea that we must eat for ourselves, and that we cannot delegate this performance, as we do the filling of the mind, to some one else. We may have ceased to relish the act of eating, as we have ceased to relish the act of studying, but we cannot yet delegate it, even although our power of digesting food for the body has become almost as feeble as the power of acquiring and digesting food for the mind.

It is beautiful to witness our reliance upon others. The house may be full of books, the libraries may be as free and as unstrained of impurities as city water, but if we wish to read anything or study anything we resort to a club. We gather together a number of persons of like capacity with ourselves. A subject which we might grapple with and run down by a few hours of vigorous, absorbed attention in a library, gaining strength of mind by resolute encountering of difficulties, by personal effort, we sit around for a month or a season in a club, expecting somehow to take the information by effortless contiguity with it. A book which we could master and possess in an evening we can have read to us in a month in the club, without the least intellectual effort. Is there nothing, then, in the exchange of ideas?

Oh yes, when there are ideas to exchange. Is there nothing stimulating in the conflict of mind with mind? Oh yes, when there is any mind for a conflict. But the mind does not grow without personal effort and conflict and struggle with itself. It is a living organism, and not at all like a jar or other receptacle for fluids. The physiologists say that what we eat will not do us much good unless we chew it. By analogy we may presume that the mind is not greatly benefited by what it gets without considerable exercise of the mind.

Still, it is a beautiful theory that we can get others to do our reading and thinking, and stuff our minds for us. It may be that psychology will yet show us how a congregate education by clubs may be the way. But just now the method is a little crude, and lays us open to the charge—which every intelligent person of this scientific age will repudiate—of being content with the superficial; for instance, of trusting wholly to others for our immortal furnishing, as many are satisfied with the review of a book for the book itself, or—a refinement on that—with a review of the reviews. The method is still crude. Perhaps we may expect a further development of the "slot" machine. By dropping a cent in the slot one can get his weight, his age, a piece of chewing gum, a bit of candy, or a shock that will energize his nervous system. Why not get from a similar machine a "good business education," or an "interpretation" of Brown-

ing, or a new language, or a knowledge of English literature? But even this would be crude. We have hopes of something from electricity. There ought to be somewhere a reservoir of knowledge, connected by wires with every house, and a professional switch-tender, who, upon the pressure of a button in any house, could turn on the intellectual stream desired. There must be discovered in time a method by which not only information but intellectual life can be infused into the system by an electric current. It would save a world of trouble and expense. For some clubs even are a weariness, and it cost money to hire other people to read and think for us.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

HOPELESS.

THERE are Mr. Malaprops as well as Mrs. Malaprops, and Mr. Bunkerton is one of them. Standing before a Rubens not long since, Mr. B's friend, an enthusiastic admirer of that master, called Mr. Bunkerton's attention to the antiquity of the canvas, that being the most likely manner of impressing that eminently practical person.

"Just think of the age of it!" said he.

"How do you know it's old? How do you know it wasn't painted five years ago?"

"Why, it's a Rubens—a Rubens."

"That's all right," returned Bunkerton. "I know that as well as you do. But how do you know it ain't a new picture?"



AN ASIDE.

"What does your friend Mr. Featherblow do?"

"He doesn't do anything, for fear of doing something stupid."

ASCERTAIN YOUR WEIGHT

A JUDICIAL REFRAIN

In public places nowadays there stands a handsome scale,
Without proprietor or clerk to tell its simple tale;
But passers-by may read the words engraved upon a plate,
To "Drop a nickel in the slot and ascertain your weight."

A moral's here, good people, if you'll take a moment's thought,
A lesson for life's guidance 'tis and most succinctly taught;
For if it be the part of man to have a bout with fate,
It surely is the thing to do to "ascertain your weight."

So, if you think that politics affords you widest scope,
If to pull the wires deftly is your purpose and your hope,
If you fancy that your destiny's to glorify the state,
Just drop a nickel in the slot and ascertain your weight.

If you dream that you're an actor, and imagine you're endowed
With graces and with gifts to win the plaudits of the crowd,
If sock and buskin visions fill your soul with joy elate,
Just drop a nickel in the slot and ascertain your weight.

If you feel that you're a poet, and by right divine belong
To those whose wings have borne them to Parnassian heights of song,
If ballades, rondeaus, triolets, you long to incubate,
Just drop a nickel in the slot and ascertain your weight.

If you deem your forte the story, and you only ask the chance
To run a tilt with Haggard in the regions of romance,
If another *Robert Elsmere* you are eager to create,
Just drop a nickel in the slot and ascertain your weight.

If you see yourself a lawyer, or a doctor, or a judge,
If you think that as a lover you could make a towering show,
If you deem society the field you ought to cultivate,
Just drop a nickel in the slot and ascertain your weight.

In short, whate'er the path to which ambition points the way,
Repeat this legend to yourself ere yet you make essay,
For it is well that modesty, before it is too late,
Should drop a nickel in the slot and ascertain its weight.

WILLIAM L. KEESE.

IN A SUBMISSIVE MOOD.

Mr. L——, who holds the position of chaplain to the government penitentiary at D——, tells this story:

A life prisoner on whom he had for years in vain tried to make an impression at length lay at the point of death. The dying man having requested the attendance of a minister, the anxious jailer asked for whom he should send, Methodist, Presbyterian, Episcopal, or others. After due reflection, the old man made answer.

"Oh, send for the old chap *as has the contract*."

GOING INTO DETAILS.

Mrs. H—— was travelling West with her twin daughters, then about two months old. In the central part of the State a typical "maiden lady" boarded the train, and immediately was captivated with the babies, when the following dialogue took place between her and Mrs. H——:

"What sweet babies!"

"Yes."

"And are they twins?"

"Yes."

"Both boys?"

"No."

"Boy and a girl?"

"No."

"Both girls?"

"Yes."

"And are you the mother?"

"Yes, I am the mother."

"Of both?"

OF VITAL IMPORTANCE.

The oldest inhabitant of Williamsburg gives the following reminiscence of the old place:

"Williamsburg, you know," the old lady begins, "is dead, and, more than that, it's laid out. Seventy odd years ago one of its inhabitants, a Mason, died; and his brethren, wishing to bury him with Masonic honors, sent post-haste to a larger town for a brass band. Not knowing for what purpose their services were needed, it was discovered on their arrival that these musicians could only play two tunes—'Hop light, Ladies,' and 'The Virginia Reel.' A solemn council was held, and it was decided that they should retire to the woods outside of the town and practise the former tune to the time of 'The Dead March.' At length the hour for interment arrived. The Masons formed in line, and as they stepped solemnly down the street to 'Hop light, Ladies,' a small colored boy was seen rushing madly along.

"'Stop!' he said, waving frantically to the horseman at the head of the procession.

"The officer motioned him to be silent, and kept on.

"'Stop!' the boy repeated. 'Missis say for de Lor's sake stop an' come back! *You done forgot de corpse*!'"



IN THE SANCTUM.

EDITOR. "Bobbie, Mr. Bronson has called about some jokes he left here last week. Have you seen them?"

BOBBIE. "No, sir. We read 'em, but we couldn't see 'em."

OFF THE BENCH.

"WELL, I am an idiot," said the judge.

"How's that for contempt of court, your Honor?" asked the lawyer.

"I sha'n't commit myself," replied the justice.

ANOTHER CONTROVERSY.

THE two dear old ladies were reading the newspaper together, when one of them remarked,

"They're gettin' up a fight now over who discovered America."

"I thought everybody knew Columbus did it."

"Well, they useter think he did, but they

sorter incline to believe another man named Colon had a hand in it."

SCALING THE HEIGHTS.

It takes a small brother to inform the world of a big brother's accomplishments. Two boys, bragging each of the respective merits of his elder brother, the one was overheard to say:

"My brother's doin' a big business. He makes ten dollars a week for sittin' at a big desk and doin' sums."

"Poh!" returned the other, scornfully. "My brother writes poetry. He's had two half-calf books printed already."

DESERTING HIS POST.

AMONG the recruits sent from the Highlands of Scotland to Wellington's army in Spain during the Peninsular war there was a certain John McDonauld, whose massive frame and six feet five inches of stature amply bore out his nickname of Big John. Those of his classmates who were already in the British ranks naturally looked for some wonderful exploit on the part of a man whom they had always regarded as the recognized champion of their tribe; and, in fact, John's first week of soldiering was marked by an achievement which is not forgotten yet.

In those days of constant fighting fresh men were often shipped off to the seat of war with very little preparation, and Big John was still very "green" on the subject of military rules and regulations when he was set to mount guard over a field-piece in one of the batteries of a British fort on the frontier of Portugal.

The night was wet and stormy, and McDonauld, though he would have cared nothing for being drenched to the skin while following the trail of a stag over his native mountains, found it rather uncomfortable work to pace slowly up and down a few yards of wet, muddy pavement. At length, finding things getting worse and worse, our friend John, little dreaming that he was committing one of the worst crimes in the whole military code, took the gun off its carriage, and bearing it on his shoulder to the barrack, lay down beside it in his usual place, and was soon fast asleep.

Now just then Master John's colonel, who had been vaunting the discipline of his garrison to some friends that were dining with him, was leading them round the fort to show them in what good order everything was kept. But, unluckily for his credit, the first thing they came to was John's vacant post, where the cannon was missing as well as the sentry.

"I say, Gardiner," cried one of the guests, "it don't say much for your 'discipline' that the very first sentry on the line should have deserted his post."

"And pocketed the cannon before doing so," chuckled a waggish junior captain.

The colonel, boiling with rage, went straight to the barrack, and found the deserter sleeping peacefully, with his head pillowed on the gun that he had been set to watch.

"How dare you desert your post, you rascal?" roared he, shaking him furiously.

"Nay, you can't say *that*," put in another officer, pointing to the gun, "for you see he has brought his post along with him."

At sight of the cannon the colonel's rage changed to amazement, and he asked, hastily, "How on earth did you bring that gun here?"

"John carried ta gun herself," answered big John, simply.

"Carried that gun yourself?" echoed all his hearers with one voice. "Nonsense!"

"Seeing's believing," said Colonel Gardiner.

"If you can carry that gun back to its place, my man, I'll let you off scot-free."

John obeyed at once, to every one's astonishment; and the junior captain remarked, with a grin, that although he had often heard of soldiers "carrying" a battery, he had never till now seen them do it one gun at a time.

DAVID KER.

MR. VENEERING'S LIBRARY.

His shelves were covered up with row on row
Of small flat boxes—books of wood and paint—
The labelled backs of which all seemed to show
That he with letters was right well acquaint.

His neighbors, knowing well no book was there,
That all was but a yellow pine veneer,
Were wont to laugh at him and at his lair;
But he ignored their laughter and their sneer.

"You've books, I notice, on your shelves," said he.
"Real books are they, for which you've richly
paid.

You never read 'em, though, and I can't see
Why you should jeer at me, and so upbraid.

"An empty box well painted and designed
Is good as any book I ever knew,
If one's not of the literary kind,
And, better still, a great sight cheaper, too."

Now as I think of him who took this stand,
And then of those who own yet scan no page,
I deem the latter class a sorry band,
And him a rather level-headed sage.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

AN ODD DECISION.

IN a South Carolina city, not many years ago, a fight occurred on the street between two citizens. One of the belligerents, breaking away from the other, rushed into the middle of the street and picked up a stone, which he threw at his antagonist with great force. The other dodged, and the missile smashed through a plate-glass window in the front of a store. The proprietor ran out hurriedly, and soon had the two men taken before a police magistrate for trial. The case hinged upon who should pay for the broken window. The justice heard a good many witnesses, and when he had taken the testimony of the fighters themselves he pondered for a few moments, and then delivered himself about as follows:

"There is no doubt that a window was broken. Who is to pay for it? There is no doubt that the man who threw the stone had no intention of inflicting any damage on the window. He threw it at his antagonist. Had the latter remained still, he would, in all probability, have been struck by the stone, and the window would not have been broken. Now, therefore, in view of the fact that the thrower of the stone had no desire to break the window, and as it was done only when the other man dodged, I declare that the damages for the window are to be charged to the man who would have been struck had he not stepped aside in order to be safe from the stone. The other prisoner is discharged."

G. A. LYON, JR.

